

SCHOOL BOARD
OF
GLASGOW.

Commercial and Advanced
Evening Classes.

SESSION 1894-95.

Napierhall SCHOOL.

PRIZE
FOR

*Drawing and
Painting the Cast*

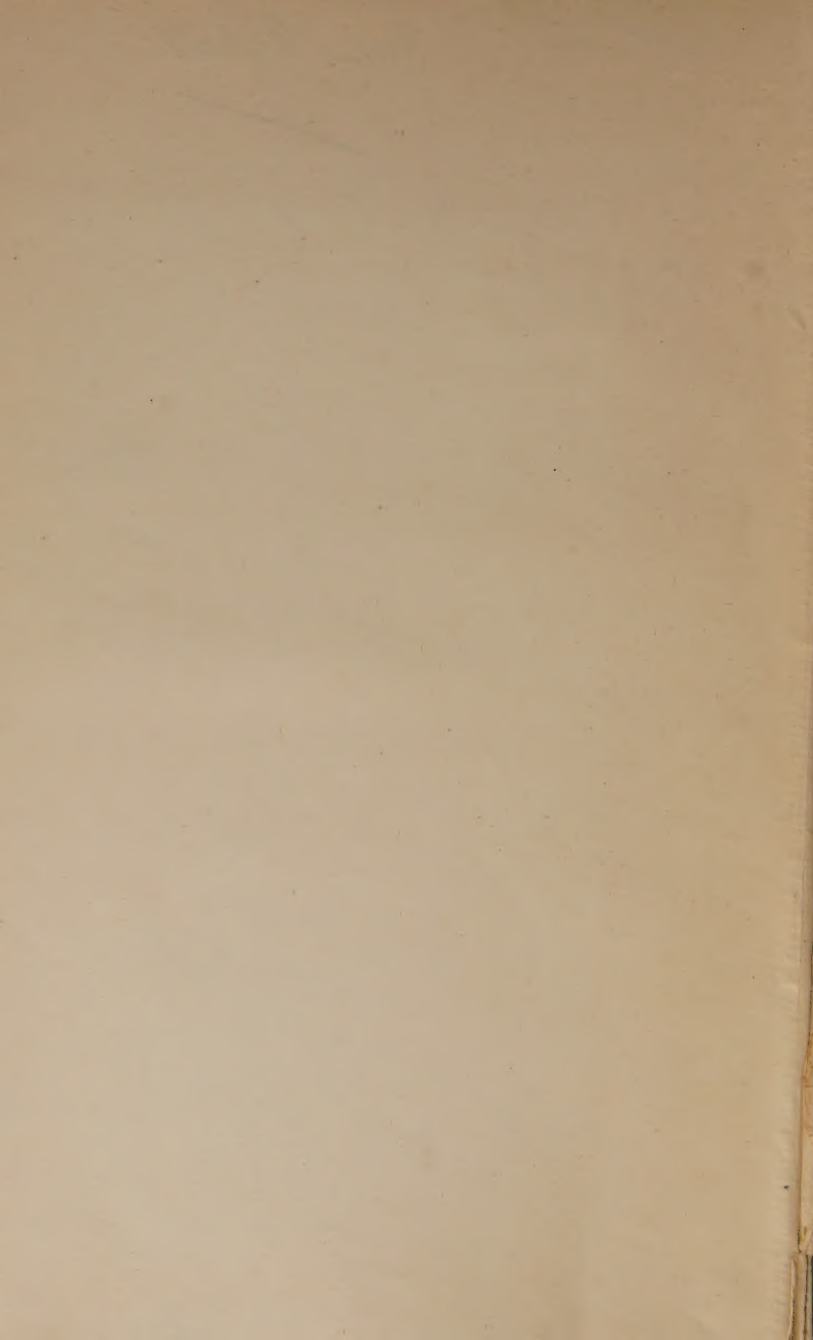
AWARDED TO

Alex^r Ogilvie

G. W. Alexander CLERK TO SCHOOL BOARD.

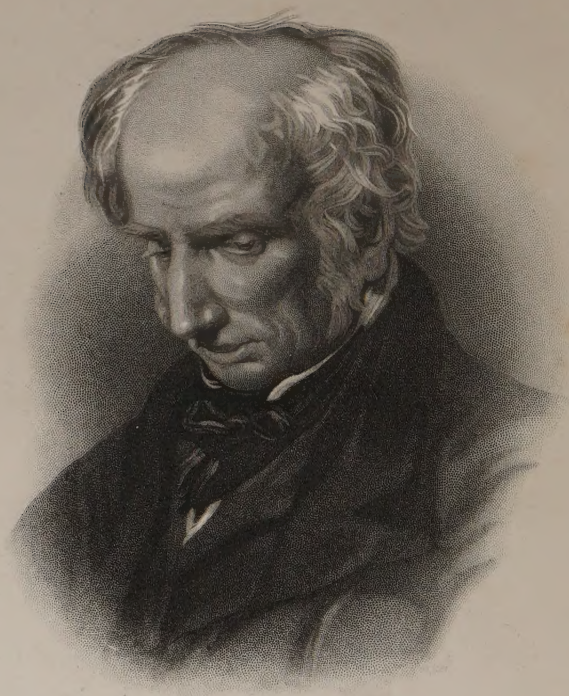


Jean Ogilvie



THE
COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH





Engraved by G. J. Stodart, after Lupton's Engraving of Haydon's portrait.

London. Published by Macmillan & Co. 1868.

THE
COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
JOHN MORLEY

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
AND NEW YORK
1891

First printed 1888
Reprinted 1889, 1890, 1891

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION Page li

A LIST OF WORDSWORTH'S POEMS ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER,
AS FAR AS CAN BE DETERMINED FROM ACCESSIBLE DATA.¹

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>	1785 to 1797	PAGE
1785	1850	Written as a School Exercise at Hawkshead, anno ætatis 14 . And has the Sun his flaming chariot driven.	1
1786	1815	Extract from the Conclusion of a Poem composed in anticipation of leaving School Dear native regions, I foretell.	2
1786 (probably)	1807	Written in very Early Youth Calm is all nature as a resting wheel.	3
1787-89	1793	An Evening Walk. Addressed to a Young Lady Far from my dearest Friend, 'tis mine to rove.	3
1789	1798	Lines written while sailing in a Boat at Evening How richly glows the waters' breast.	9
1789	1798	Remembrance of Collins, composed upon the Thames near Richmond Glide gently, thus for ever glide.	10
1793	1793	Descriptive Sketches taken during a Pedestrian Tour among the Alps Were there, below, a spot of holy ground.	10
1793-94	1842	Guilt and Sorrow ; or, Incidents upon Salisbury Plain [One-third of this poem was published under the title of " <i>The Female Vagrant</i> " in 1798.] A Traveller on the skirt of Sarum's Plain.	21
1795	1798	Lines left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree, which stands near the Lake of Esthwaite, on a desolate part of the Shore, commanding a beautiful Prospect Nay, Traveller ! rest. This lonely Yew-tree stands.	33
1795-96	1842	The Borderers. A Tragedy The troop will be impatient : let us hie.	34
1797	1800	The Reverie of Poor Susan At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears.	72

¹ In every instance of a Poem published during Wordsworth's lifetime the title is that which he adopted in his final edition. The first line of the Poem follows in smaller print. When no title was given—as in the case of many of the Sonnets, etc.—the first line alone is printed.

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1795	1842	The Birth of Love, translated from some French Stanzas by Francis Wrangham When Love was born of heavenly line.	72
1798			
1798	1815	A Night-Piece ——The sky is overcast.	73
1798	1798	We are Seven ——A simple Child.	73
1798	1798	Anecdote for Fathers I have a boy of five years old.	75
1798	1798	The Thorn There is a Thorn—it looks so old.	76
1798	1798	Goody Blake and Harry Gill. A true Story Oh! what's the matter? what's the matter?	79
1798	1798	Her eyes are Wild Her eyes are wild, her head is bare.	81
1798	1798	Simon Lee, the old Huntsman; with an incident in which he was concerned In the sweet shire of Cardigan.	82
1798	1798	Lines written in Early Spring I heard a thousand blended notes.	83
1798	1798	To my Sister It is the first mild day of March.	84
1798	1800	A whirl-blast from behind the hill	84
1798	1798	Expostulation and Reply "Why, William, on that old grey stone.	85
1798	1798	The Tables Turned. An evening Scene, on the same Subject . Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books.	85
1798	1798	The Complaint of a Forsaken Indian Woman Before I see another day.	85
1798	1798	The Last of the Flock In distant countries have I been.	87
1798	1798	The Idiot Boy 'Tis eight o'clock,—a clear March night	88
1798	1798	Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a Tour, July 13, 1798 Five years have past; five summers, with the length.	93
1798	1800	The Old Cumberland Beggar I saw an aged Beggar in my walk.	95
1798	1798	Animal Tranquillity and Decay The little hedgerow birds.	98
1798	1819	Peter Bell. A Tale There's something in a flying horse.	98

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>	1799	PAGE
1799	1845	The Simplon Pass ———Brook and road.	112
1799	1809	Influence of Natural Objects in calling forth and strengthening the imagination in Boyhood and early Youth (<i>published in</i> "The Friend") Wisdom and Spirit of the universe !	112
1799	1800	There was a Boy There was a Boy ; ye knew him well, ye cliffs.	113
1799	1800	Nutting ———It seems a day.	113
1799	1800	Strange fits of passion have I known	114
1799	1800	She dwelt among the untrodden ways	114
1799	1807	I travelled among unknown men	115
1799	1800	Three years she grew in sun and shower	115
1799	1800	A slumber did my spirit seal	115
1799	1800	A Poet's Epitaph Art thou a Statist in the van.	115
1799	1845	Address to the Scholars of the Village School of ——— I come, ye little noisy Crew.	116
1799	1800	Matthew If Nature, for a favourite child.	117
1799	1800	The two April Mornings We walked along, while bright and red.	118
1799	1800	The Fountain. A Conversation We talked with open heart, and tongue.	118
1799	1800	To a Sexton Let thy wheel-barrow alone.	119
1799	1800	The Danish Boy. A Fragment Between two sister moorland rills.	120
1799	1800	Lucy Gray ; or, Solitude Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray.	120
1799	1800	Ruth When Ruth was left half desolate.	121
1799	1800	Written in Germany, on one of the coldest days of the Century A plague on your languages, German and Norse.	124
1800			
1800	1800	The Brothers These Tourists, heaven preserve us ! needs must live.	125
1800	1800	Michael. A Pastoral Poem If from the public way you turn your steps.	131

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1800	1800	The Idle Shepherd-boys ; or, Dungeon-Ghyll Force. A Pastoral The valley rings with mirth and joy.	138
1800	1800	The Pet-lamb. A Pastoral The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink.	139
		Poems on the Naming of Places—	
1800	1800	It was an April morning, fresh and clear	141
1800	1800	To Joanna Amid the smoke of cities did you pass.	141
1800	1800	There is an Eminence,—of these our hills	143
1800	1800	A narrow girdle of rough stones and crags	143
1800	1800	To M. H. Our walk was far among the ancient trees.	144
1800	1800	The Waterfall and the Eglantine "Begone, thou fond presumptuous Elf."	144
1800	1800	The Oak and the Broom. A Pastoral His simple truths did Andrew glean.	145
1800	1800	Hart-leap Well The Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor.	147
1800	1800	'Tis said that some have died for love	150
1800	1800	The Childless Father "Up, Timothy, up with your staff and away!	150
1800	1800	Song for the Wandering Jew Though the torrents from their fountains.	151
1800	1800	Rural Architecture There's George Fisher, Charles Fleming, and Reginald Shore.	151
1800	1800	Ellen Irwin ; or, The Braes of Kirtle Fair Ellen Irwin, when she sate.	152
1800	1800	Andrew Jones I hate that Andrew Jones ; he'll breed.	153
1800	1800	The Two Thieves ; or, The Last Stage of Avarice Oh now that the genius of Bewick were mine.	153
1800	1800	A Character I marvel how Nature could ever find space.	154
1800	1800	Inscription for the Spot where the Hermitage stood on St. Her- bert's Island, Derwentwater If thou in the dear love of some one Friend.	154
1800	1800	Written with a Pencil upon a Stone in the Wall of the House (an Out-house) on the Island at Grasmere Rude is this Edifice, and Thou hast seen.	155
1800	1800	Written with a Slate Pencil upon a Stone, the largest of a Heap lying near a deserted Quarry, upon one of the Islands at Rydal Stranger ! this hillock of mis-shapen stones.	155

Com- posed.	First Published.	1801	PAGE
1801	1807	The Sparrow's Nest Behold, within the leafy shade.	156
1801	1815	Pelion and Ossa flourish side by side	156
1801 Dec. 5	1820	The Prioress' Tale (from Chaucer) "O Lord, our Lord! how wondrously," (quoth she).	156
1801 Dec. 8	1842	The Cuckoo and the Nightingale (from Chaucer) The God of Love— <i>ah, benedicite.</i>	160
1801	1842	Troilus and Cresida (from Chaucer) Next morning Troilus began to clear.	165

1802

[Miss Wordsworth's MS. Journal enables us to fix the dates of the composition of the Poems of 1802 more accurately than those of any other year, and also to correct several of the dates given by the Poet himself to Miss Fenwick in 1845.]

1802 March	1807	The Sailor's Mother One morning (raw it was and wet).	167
1802 March	1807	Alice Fell; or, Poverty The post-boy drove with fierce career.	168
1802 March	1807	Beggars She had a tall man's height or more.	169
1802 March	1807	To a Butterfly (first poem) Stay near me—do not take thy flight!	170
1802 March	1807	The Emigrant Mother Once in a lonely hamlet I sojourned.	170
1802 March 26	1807	My heart leaps up when I behold	171
1802 April 12	1807	Among all lovely things my Love had been	171
1802 April 16	1807	Written in March, while resting on the Bridge at the foot of Brothers Water The Cock is crowing.	171
1802 April 18	1807	The Redbreast chasing the Butterfly Art thou the bird whom Man loves best.	172
1802 April 20	1807	To a Butterfly (second poem) I've watched you now a full half-hour.	172
1802 April 23	1807	Foresight That is work of waste and ruin.	172
1802 April 30	1807	To the Small Celandine (first poem) Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies.	173
1802 May 1	1807	To the same Flower (second poem) Pleasures newly found are sweet.	174
1802 May 7	1807	Resolution and Independence There was a roaring in the wind all night.	174

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1802 May 21	1807	I grieved for Buonaparté, with a vain	177
1802 May 29	1815	A Farewell Farewell, thou little Nook of mountain-ground.	177
1802 June 8	1807	The Sun has long been set	178
1802 July 30	1807	Composed upon Westminster Bridge, Sept. 3, 1802 Earth has not anything to show more fair.	178
1802 August	1807	Composed by the Sea-side, near Calais, August 1802 Fair Star of evening, Splendour of the west.	178
1802 August	1807	Calais, August 1802 Is it a reed that's shaken by the wind.	179
1802 August 7	1807	Composed near Calais, on the Road leading to Ardres, August 7, 1802 Jones ! as from Calais southward you and I.	179
1802 Aug. 15	1807	Calais, August 15, 1802 Festivals have I seen that were not names.	179
1802 August	1807	It is a beauteous evening, calm and free	179
1802 August	1807	On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee.	179
1802 August		The King of Sweden The Voice of song from distant lands shall call.	180
1802 August	1807	To Toussaint L'Ouverture Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men !	180
1802 Aug. 29	1807	Composed in the Valley near Dover, on the day of landing Here, on our native soil, we breathe once more.	180
1802 Sept. 1	1807	September 1, 1802 We had a female Passenger who came.	180
1802 Sept.	1807	Near Dover, September 1802 Inland within a hollow vale, I stood.	181
1802 Sept.	1807	Written in London, September 1802 O Friend ! I know not which way I must look.	181
1802 Sept.	1807	London, 1802 Milton ! thou should'st be living at this hour.	181
1802 Sept.	1807	Great men have been among us ; hands that penned	181
1802 Sept.	1807	It is not to be thought of that the Flood	182
1802 Sept.	1807	When I have borne in memory what has tamed	182
1802 Oct. 4	1807	Composed after a Journey across the Hambleton Hills, Yorkshire Dark and more dark the shades of evening fell.	182
1802	1815	Stanzas written in my Pocket-copy of Thomson's "Castle of Indolence" Within our happy Castle there dwelt One.	182

CONTENTS

xi

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1802	1807	To H. C. Six years old O Thou ! whose fancies from afar are brought.	184
1802	1807	To the Daisy (first poem) In youth from rock to rock I went.	184
1802	1807	To the same Flower (second poem) With little here to do or see.	185
1802	1807	To the Daisy (third poem) Bright Flower ! whose home is everywhere.	186

1803

1803	1807	The Green Linnet Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed.	186
1803	1815	Yew-trees There is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale.	186
1803	1807	Who fancied what a pretty sight	187
1803	1807	It is no Spirit who from heaven hath flown	187

Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803—

1803	1827	1. Departure from the vale of Grasmere, August 1803 The gentlest Shade that walked Elysian plains.	188
1803	1845	2. At the Grave of Burns, 1803. Seven years after his death I shiver, Spirit fierce and bold.	188
1803	1845	3. Thoughts suggested the Day following, on the Banks of Nith, near the Poet's Residence Too frail to keep the lofty vow.	189
1803	1807	4. To the Sons of Burns, after visiting the Grave of their Father 'Mid crowded obelisks and urns	190
1803	1807	5. To a Highland Girl Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower.	191
1803	1807	6. Glen Almain ; or, The Narrow Glen In this still place, remote from men.	191
1803	1807	7. Stepping Westward "What, you are stepping westward?"—Yea.	192
1803	1807	8. The Solitary Reaper Behold her, single in the field.	192
1803	1827	9. Address to Kilchurn Castle, upon Loch Awe Child of loud-throated War ! the mountain Stream.	193
1803	1807	10. Rob Roy's Grave A famous man is Robin Hood.	193
1803 Sept. 18	1807	11. Sonnet. Composed at ——— Castle Degenerate Douglas ! oh, the unworthy Lord.	195
1803	1807	12. Yarrow Unvisited From Stirling Castle we had seen.	195

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
		[Memorials of a Tour in Scotland— <i>continued.</i>]	
1803	1807	13. The Matron of Jedborough and her Husband . . . Age ! twine thy brows with fresh spring flowers.	196
1803	1815	14. Fly, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere-dale ! . . .	197
1803	1807	15. The Blind Highland Boy . . . Now we are tired of boisterous joy.	197
1803 October	1807	October 1803 . . . One might believe that natural miseries.	200
1803 October	1807	There is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear . . .	200
1803 October	1807	October 1803 . . . These times strike monied worldlings with dismay.	200
1803 October	1807	England ! the time is come when thou should'st wean . . .	201
1803 October	1807	October 1803 . . . When, looking on the present face of things.	201
1803 October	1807	To the Men of Kent. October 1803 . . . Vanguard of Liberty, ye men of Kent.	201
1803 October	1807	In the Pass of Killicranky, an invasion being expected, October 1803 . . . Six thousand veterans, practised in War's game.	201
1803 October	1807.	Anticipation. October 1803 . . . Shout, for a mighty Victory is won.	202
1803	1845	Lines on the expected Invasion . . . Come ye—who, if (which Heaven avert !) the Land.	202
1803	1815	The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale . . . 'Tis not for the unfeeling, the falsely refined.	202

1804

1804	1807	To the Cuckoo . . . O blithe New-comer ! I have heard.	204
1804	1807	She was a Phantom of delight . . .	205
1804	1807	I wandered lonely as a cloud . . .	205
1804	1807	The Affliction of Margaret ——— . . . Where art thou, my beloved Son.	205
1804	1845	The Forsaken . . . The peace which others seek they find.	206
1804	1820	Repentance. A Pastoral Ballad . . . The fields which with covetous spirit we sold.	207
1804	1807	The Seven Sisters ; or, The Solitude of Binnorie . . . Seven Daughters had Lord Archibald.	208
1804 Sept. 16	1815	Address to my Infant Daughter, Dora, on being reminded that she was a Month old that Day, September 16 . . . ——Hast thou then survived.	208

CONTENTS

xiii

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1804	1807	The Kitten and Falling Leaves That way look, my Infant, lo !	209
1804	1807	To the Spade of a Friend (an Agriculturist). Composed while we were labouring together in his Pleasure-ground . . . Spade ! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his lands.	211
1804	1807	The Small Celandine (third poem) There is a Flower, the lesser Celandine.	212
1804	1845	At Applethwaite, near Keswick, 1804 Beaumont ! it was thy wish that I should rear.	212
1804	1807	From the Italian of Michael Angelo. To the Supreme Being . The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed.	212
1805			
1805	1807	Ode to Duty Stern Daughter of the Voice of God !	213
1805	1807	To a Skylark Up with me ! up with me into the clouds !	213
1805	1807	Fidelity A barking sound the Shepherd hears.	214
1805	1807	Incident characteristic of a Favourite Dog On his morning rounds the Master.	215
1805	1807	Tribute to the Memory of the same Dog Lie here, without a record of thy worth.	215
1805	1815	To the Daisy (fourth poem) Sweet Flower ! belike one day to have.	216
1805	1807	Elegiac Stanzas, suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm, painted by Sir George Beaumont I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile !	217
1805	1845	Elegiac Verses in memory of my Brother, John Wordsworth, Commander of the E.I. Company's ship the <i>Earl of Aber- gavenny</i> , in which he perished by Calamitous Shipwreck, February 6, 1805. Composed near the mountain track that leads from Grasmere through Grisdale Hawes, where it descends towards Paterdale The Sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo !	218
1805	1815	When, to the attractions of the busy world	219
1805	1807	Louisa. After accompanying her on a Mountain Excursion . I met Louisa in the shade.	220
1805	1807	To a Young Lady, who had been reproached for taking long Walks in the Country Dear Child of Nature, let them rail !	220
1805	1820	Vaudracour and Julia O happy time of youthful lovers (thus.	221
1805	1815	The Cottager to her Infant, by my Sister The days are cold, the nights are long.	225

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1805	1819	The Waggoner 'Tis spent—this burning day of June.	225
1805	1810	French Revolution, as it appeared to Enthusiasts at its Com- mencement [<i>first published in "The Friend," 1810</i>] . . .	234
1799- 1805	1850	Oh! pleasant exercise of hope and joy!	
		The Prelude Oh there is blessing in this gentle breeze.	234
	1888	The Recluse Once to the verge of yon steep barrier came.	334
1806			
1806	1807	Character of the Happy Warrior Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he.	345
1806	1807	The Horn of Egremont Castle Ere the Brothers through the Gateway.	346
1806	1807	A Complaint There is a change—and I am poor.	347
1806	1807	Stray Pleasures By their floating mill.	348
1806	1807	Power of Music An Orpheus! an Orpheus! yes, Faith may grow bold.	348
1806	1807	Star-gazers What crowd is this? what have we here! we must not pass it by.	349
1806	1807	Yes, it was the mountain Echo	350
1806	1807	Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room	350
1806	1807	Personal Talk I am not One who much or oft delight.	351
1806	1807	Admonition Well may'st thou halt—and gaze with brightening eye!	352
1806	1807	"Beloved Vale!" I said, "when I shall con	352
1806	1807	How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks	352
1806	1807	Those words were uttered as in pensive mood	353
1806	1820	Composed by the side of Grasmere Lake Clouds, lingering yet, extend in solid bars.	353
1806	1807	With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the sky	353
1806	1807	The world is too much with us; late and soon	353
1806	1807	With Ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh	354
1806	1807	Where lies the Land to which yon Ship must go?	354
1806	1807	To Sleep O gentle Sleep! do they belong to thee.	354
1806	1807	To Sleep A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by.	354

CONTENTS

xv

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
806	1807	To Sleep Fond words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep!	355
	1882	Two Translations from Michael Angelo, and a Translation from the Latin of Thomas Warton Grateful is Sleep, my life in stone bound fast.	355
806	1807	From the Italian of Michael Angelo Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace	355
806	1807	From the Same No mortal object did these eyes behold.	355
806	1807	To the Memory of Raisley Calvert Calvert! it must not be unheard by them.	356
806	1807	Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne	356
806	1807	Lines composed at Grasmere, during a walk one Evening after a stormy day, the Author having just read in a Newspaper that the dissolution of Mr. Fox was hourly expected Loud is the Vale! the Voice is up.	356
806 Nov.	1807	November 1806 Another year!—another deadly blow.	356
806	1815	Address to a Child, during a boisterous winter Evening, by my Sister What way does the wind come? What way does he go?	357
803-6	1807	Ode. Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream.	357

1807

807 Feb.	1807	A Prophecy. February 1807 High deeds, O Germans, are to come from you!	360
807	1807	Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland Two Voices are there; one is of the sea.	361
807 March	1807	To Thomas Clarkson, on the Final Passing of the Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade Clarkson! it was an obstinate hill to climb.	361
807 pring	1815	The Mother's Return, by my Sister A month, sweet Little-ones, is past.	361
807	1807	Gipsies Yet are they here the same unbroken knot.	362
807	1807	O Nightingale! thou surely art	362
807	1807	To Lady Beaumont Lady! the songs of Spring were in the grove.	363
807	1807	Though narrow be that old Man's cares, and near	363
807	1807	Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, upon the Restoration of Lord Clifford, the Shepherd, to the Estates and Honours of his Ancestors High in the breathless Hall the Minstrel sate,	363

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1807	1815	The White Doe of Rylstone ; or, The Fate of the Nortons From Bolton's old monastic tower.	365
1807 Sept.	1815	The Force of Prayer ; or, The Founding of Bolton Priory. tradition "What is good for a bootless bene?"	A 386
1808			
1808	1815	Composed while the Author was engaged in Writing a Tract occasioned by the Convention of Cintra Not 'mid the world's vain objects that enslave.	387
1808	1815	Composed at the same Time and on the same Occasion . . . I dropped my pen ; and listened to the Wind.	387
1808	1839	George and Sarah Green Who weeps for strangers? Many wept.	387
1809			
1809	1815	Hoffer Of mortal parents is the Hero born.	388
1809	1815	Advance—come forth from thy Tyrolean ground	388
1809	1815	Feelings of the Tyrolese The Land we from our fathers had in trust.	388
1809	1815	Alas ! what boots the long laborious quest	388
1809	1815	And is it among rude untutored Dales	389
1809	1815	O'er the wide earth, on mountain and on plain	389
1809	1815	On the Final Submission of the Tyrolese It was a <i>moral</i> end for which they fought.	389
1809	1815	Hail, Zaragoza ! If with unwet eye	389
1809	1815	Say, what is Honour?—"Tis the finest sense	390
1809	1815	The martial courage of a day is vain	390
1809	1815	Brave Schill ! by death delivered, take thy flight	390
1809	1815	Call not the royal Swede unfortunate	390
1809	1815	Look now on that Adventurer who hath paid	390
1809	1815	Is there a power that can sustain and cheer	391
1810			
1810	1815	Ah ! where is Palafox ? Nor tongue nor pen	391
1810	1815	In due observance of an ancient rite	391
1810	1815	Feelings of a Noble Biscayan at one of those Funerals Yet, yet, Biscayans ! we must meet our Foes.	391
1810	1815	On a celebrated Event in Ancient History A Roman Master stands on Grecian ground.	392

CONTENTS

xvii

Com- posed.	First Published.		PAGE
1810	1815	Upon the same Event	392
		When, far and wide, swift as the beams of morn	
1810	1815	The Oak of Guernica	392
		Oak of Guernica ! Tree of holier power.	
1810	1815	Indignation of a high-minded Spaniard	392
		We can endure that He should waste our lands.	
1810	1815	Avant all specious pliancy of mind	393
1810	1815	O'erweening Statesmen have full long relied	393
1810	1815	The French and the Spanish Guerillas	393
		Hunger, and sultry heat, and nipping blast.	

Epitaphs translated from Chiabrera—

1810	1837	Weep not, beloved Friends ! nor let the air	393
1810	1810	Perhaps some needful service of the State [<i>published in "The Friend," Feb. 22</i>]	394
1810	1810	O Thou who movest onward with a mind	394
1810	1815	There never breathed a man who, when his life	394
1810	1837	True is it that Ambrosio Salinero	395
1810	1815	Destined to war from very infancy	395
1810	1837	O flower of all that springs from gentle blood	395
1810	1815	Not without heavy grief of heart did He	395
1810	1815	Pause, courteous Spirit !—Balbi supplicates	396
1810	1842	Maternal Grief	396
		Departed Child ! I could forget thee once.	

1811

1811	1815	Characteristics of a Child three Years old	397
		Loving she is, and tractable, though wild.	
1811	1815	Spanish Guerillas	397
		They seek, are sought ; to daily battle led.	
1811	1815	The power of Armies is a visible thing	398
1811	1815	Here pause : the poet claims at least this praise	398
1811	1842	Epistle to Sir George Howland Beaumont, Bart. From the South-West Coast of Cumberland	398
		Far from our home by Grasmere's quiet Lake.	
1811	1842	Upon perusing the foregoing Epistle thirty years after its Com- position	403
		Soon did the Almighty Giver of all rest.	
1811	1815	Upon the sight of a Beautiful Picture, painted by Sir G. H. Beaumont, Bart.	404
		Praised be the Art whose subtle power could stay.	

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1808	1815	In the Grounds of Coleorton, the Seat of Sir George Beaumont, Bart., Leicestershire The embowering rose, the acacia, and the pine.	404
1811	1815	In a Garden of the Same Oft is the medal faithful to its trust.	404
1808	1815	Written at the Request of Sir George Beaumont, Bart., and in his Name, for an Urn, placed by him at the Termination of a newly-planted Avenue in the same Grounds Ye Lime-trees, ranged before this hallowed Urn.	405
1811	1815	For a Seat in the Groves of Coleorton Beneath yon eastern ridge, the craggy bound.	405
1812			
1812	1820	Song for the Spinning-Wheel. Founded upon a Belief prevalent among the Pastoral Vales of Westmoreland Swiftly turn the murmuring wheel!	406
1812	1815	Composed on the eve of the Marriage of a Friend in the Vale of Grasmere What need of clamorous bells, or ribands gay.	406
1812	1827	Water-Fowl Mark how the feathered tenants of the flood.	406
1813			
1813	1815	View from the top of Black Comb This Height a ministering Angel might select.	407
1813	1835	Written with a Slate Pencil on a Stone, on the Side of the Mountain of Black Comb Stay, bold Adventurer; rest awhile thy limbs.	407
1813 Nov.	1815	November 1813 Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright.	408
1814			
1795- 1814	1814	The Excursion 'Twas Summer, and the sun had mounted high.	408
1814	1815	Laodamia "With sacrifice before the rising morn.	530
1814	1820	Dion (see Plutarch) Serene, and fitted to embrace.	532
Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1814—			
1814	1820	1. Suggested by a beautiful ruin upon one of the Islands of Loch Lomond, a place chosen for the retreat of a solitary individual, from whom this habitation acquired the name of The Brownie's Cell To barren heath, bleak moor, and quaking fen,	534

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
		[Memorials of a Tour in Scotland— <i>continued.</i>]	
1814	1820	2. Composed at Cora Linn, in sight of Wallace's Tower . Lord of the vale ! astounding Flood.	536
1814	1827	3. Effusion in the Pleasure-ground on the banks of the Bran, near Dunkeld What He—who, 'mid the kindred throng.	536
1814	1820	4. Yarrow Visited, September 1814 And is this—Yarrow? <i>This</i> the Stream.	538
1814	1815	From the dark chambers of dejection freed	539
1814 Nov. 13	1815	Lines written on a Blank Leaf in a Copy of the Author's Poem, "The Excursion," upon hearing of the Death of the late Vicar of Kendal To public notice, with reluctance strong.	539

1815

1815 March	1816	To B. R. Haydon High is our calling, Friend !—Creative Art.	540
1815	1820	Artegal and Elidure Where be the temples which, in Britain's Isle.	540
1815 Sept.	1816	September 1815 While not a leaf seems faded ; while the fields.	543
1815 Nov. 1	1816	November 1 How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright.	544
		[<i>The following Sonnets were originally published in the edition of 1815. It is impossible to determine the precise year of composition, but they fall within the years 1810-15.</i>]	
	1815	The fairest, brightest, hues of ether fade	544
	1815	"Weak is the will of Man, his judgment blind	544
	1815	Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour !	544
	1815	The Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said	545
	1815	Even as a dragon's eye that feels the stress	545
	1815	Mark the concentrated hazels that enclose	545
	1815	To the Poet, John Dyer Bard of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made.	546
	1815	Brook ! whose society the Poet seeks	546
	1815	Surprised by joy—impatient as the Wind	546

1816

1816 Jan. 18	1816	Ode,—The Morning of the Day appointed for a General Thanks- giving, January 18, 1816 Hail, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night !	546
1816	1816	Ode Imagination—ne'er before content.	549

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1816 Feb.	1816	Invocation to the Earth, February 1816 "Rest, rest, perturbed Earth!"	551
1816 Jan.	1816	Ode composed in January 1816 When the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch.	552
1816	1816	Ode Who rises on the banks of Seine.	554
1816 Feb.	1816	The French Army in Russia, 1812-13 Humanity, delighting to behold.	555
1816 Feb.	1816	On the same occasion Ye Storms, resound the praises of your King!	555
1816	1832	By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze	555
1816	1827	The Germans on the Heights of Hochheim Abruptly paused the strife;—the field throughout.	556
1816 Feb.	1816	Siege of Vienna raised by John Sobieski Oh, for a kindling touch from that pure flame.	556
1816 Feb.	1816	Occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo, February 1816 Intrepid sons of Albion! not by you.	556
1816 Feb.	1816	Occasioned by the same battle The Bard—whose soul is meek as dawning day.	556
1816 Feb.	1827	Emperors and Kings, how oft have temples rung	557
1816	1816	Feelings of a French Royalist, on the Disinterment of the Remains of the Duke d'Enghien Dear Reliques! from a pit of vilest mould.	557
1816	1832	Translation of part of the First Book of the <i>Æneid</i> But Cytherea, studious to invent.	557
1816	1820	A Fact, and an Imagination; or, Canute and Alfred, on the Seashore The Danish Conqueror, on his royal chair.	559
1816	1820	To Dora "A little onward lend thy guiding hand."	560
1816	1820	To ———, on her First Ascent to the Summit of Helvellyn Inmate of a mountain dwelling.	561

1817

1817	1820	Vernal Ode Beneath the concave of an April sky.	562
1817 May	1820	Ode to Lycoris. May 1817 An age hath been when Earth was proud.	563
1817	1820	To the Same Enough of climbing toil!—Ambition treads.	564
1817	1820	The Longest Day. Addressed to my Daughter Let us quit the leafy arbour.	565

CONTENTS

xxi

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1817	1820	Hint from the Mountains for certain Political Pretenders . . . "Who but hails the sight with pleasure.	566
1817	1820	The Pass of Kirkstone Within the mind strong fancies work.	567
1817	1827	Lament of Mary Queen of Scots, on the Eve of a New Year . . . Smile of the Moon !—for so I name.	568
1817	1827	Sequel to the "Beggars," 1802. Composed many years after . . . Where are they now, those wanton Boys?	569

1818

1818	1820	The Pilgrim's Dream; or, The Star and the Glow-worm . . . A Pilgrim, when the summer day.	569
1818	1820	Inscriptions supposed to be found in and near a Hermit's Cell . . . 1. Hopes what are they?—Beads of morning. Inscribed upon a Rock 2. Pause, Traveller! whosoe'er thou be. 3. Hast thou seen, with flash incessant. Near the Spring of the Hermitage 4. Troubled long with warring notions. 5. Not seldom, clad in radiant vest.	570 571 571
1818	1820	Composed upon an Evening of extraordinary Splendour and Beauty Had this effulgence disappeared.	572

1819

1819 Feb.	1819	Composed during a Storm One who was suffering tumult in his soul.	573
1819	1819	This, and the two following, were suggested by Mr. W. Westall's views of the Caves, etc., in Yorkshire Pure element of waters! wheresoe'er.	573
1819	1819	Malham Cove Was the aim frustrated by force or guile.	573
1819	1819	Gordale At early dawn, or rather when the air.	574
1819	1819	Aerial Rock—whose solitary brow	574
1819	1819	The Wild Duck's Nest The Imperial Consort of the Fairy-king.	574
1819	1819	Written upon a Blank Leaf in "The Complete Angler . . . While flowing rivers yield a blameless sport	574
1819	1819	Captivity—Mary Queen of Scots "As the cold aspect of a sunless way.	575

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1819	1819	To a Snowdrop Lone Flower, hemmed in with snows and white as they.	575
1819	1820	On seeing a tuft of Snowdrops in a Storm When haughty expectations prostrate lie	575
1819	1819	Composed in one of the Valleys of Westmoreland, on Easter Sunday With each recurrence of this glorious morn.	575
1819	1819	Grief, thou hast lost an ever-ready friend	575
1819	1819	I watch, and long have watched, with calm regret	576
1819	1819	I heard (alas! 'twas only in a dream)	576
1819	1820	The Haunted Tree. To ——— Those silver clouds collected round the sun.	576
1819	1820	September 1819 The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields.	577
1819	1820	Upon the same Occasion Departing summer hath assumed.	577

1820

1820	1820	There is a little unpretending Rill	578
1820	1820	Composed on the Banks of a Rocky Stream Dogmatic Teachers, of the snow-white fur!	578
1820	1820	On the death of His Majesty (George the Third) Ward of the Law!—dread Shadow of a King.	579
1820	1820	The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand	579
1820	1820	To the Lady Mary Lowther Lady! I rifled a Parnassian Cave.	579
1820	1820	On the Detraction which followed the Publication of a certain Poem A Book came forth of late, called Peter Bell.	579
1820 May.	1820	Oxford, May 30, 1820 Ye sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth!	580
1820	1820	Oxford, May 30, 1820 Shame on this faithless heart! that could allow.	580
1820	1820	June 1820 Fame tells of groves—from England far away.	580
1820	1822	Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820— Dedication (sent with these Poems in MS. to ———). Dear Fellow-travellers! think not that the Muse.	581
		1. Fish-women—On Landing at Calais 'Tis said, fantastic ocean doth enfold.	581
		2. Bruges Bruges I saw attired with golden light.	581

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1820	1822	[Memorials of a Tour on the Continent— <i>continued.</i>]	
		3. Bruges	581
		The Spirit of Antiquity—enshrined.	
		4. After visiting the Field of Waterloo	581
		A wingèd Goddess—clothed in yesture wrought.	
		5. Between Namur and Liege	582
		What lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose?	
		6. Aix-la-Chapelle	582
		Was it to disenchant, and to undo.	
		7. In the Cathedral at Cologne	582
		O for the help of Angels to complete.	
		8. In a Carriage, upon the Banks of the Rhine	583
		Amid this dance of objects sadness steals.	
		9. Hymn for the Boatmen, as they approach the Rapids under the Castle of Heidelberg	583
		Jesu ! bless our slender Boat.	
		10. The Source of the Danube	583
		Not, like his great Compeers, indignantly.	
		11. On approaching the Staub-bach, Lauterbrunnen	584
		Uttered by whom, or how inspired—designed.	
		12. The Fall of the Aar—Handec	584
		From the fierce aspect of this River, throwing.	
		13. Memorial, near the Outlet of the Lake of Thun	584
		Around a wild and woody hill.	
		14. Composed in one of the Catholic Cantons	584
		Doomed as we are our native dust.	
		15. After-thought	585
		O Life ! without thy chequered scene.	
		16. Scene on the Lake of Brienz	585
		" What know we of the Blest above.	
		17. Engelberg, the Hill of Angels	585
		For gentlest uses, oft-times Nature takes.	
		18. Our Lady of the Snow	585
		Meek Virgin Mother, more benign.	
		19. Effusion in Presence of the Painted Tower of Tell at Altorf	586
		What though the Italian pencil wrought not here.	
		20. The Tower of Schwytz	586
		By antique Fancy trimmed—though lowly, bred.	
		21. On hearing the " Ranz des Vaches " on the Top of the Pass of St. Gothard	587
		I listen—but no faculty of mine.	
		22. Fort Fuentes	587
		Dread hour ! when, upheaved by war's sulphurous blast.	
		23. The Church of San Salvador, seen from the Lake of Lugano	588
		Thou sacred Pile ! whose turrets rise.	

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1820	1822	[Memorials of a Tour on the Continent— <i>continued.</i>]	
		24. The Italian Itinerant, and the Swiss Goatherd—Part I.	588
		Now that the farewell tear is dried.	
		Part II.	589
		With nodding plumes, and lightly drest.	
		25. The Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, in the Refectory of the Convent of Maria della Grazia—Milan	589
		Tho' searching damps and many an envious flaw.	
		26. The Eclipse of the Sun, 1820	590
		High on her speculative tower.	
		27. The Three Cottage Girls	591
		How blest the Maid whose heart—yet free.	
		28. The Column intended by Buonaparte for a Triumphal Edifice in Milan, now lying by the wayside in the Simplon Pass	591
		Ambition—following down this far-famed slope.	
		29. Stanzas composed in the Simplon Pass	592
		Vallombrosa ! I longed in thy shadiest wood.	
		30. Echo, upon the Gemmi	592
		What beast of chase hath broken from the cover?	
		31. Processions. Suggested on a Sabbath Morning in the Vale of Chamouny	593
		To appease the Gods ; or public thanks to yield.	
		32. Elegiac Stanzas	594
		Lulled by the sound of pastoral bells.	
		33. Sky-Prospect—From the Plain of France	595
		Lo ! in the burning west, the craggy nape.	
		34. On being Stranded near the Harbour of Boulogne	595
		Why cast ye back upon the Gallic shore.	
		35. After landing—the Valley of Dover, November 1820	595
		Where be the noisy followers of the game.	
		36. At Dover	596
		From the Pier's head, musing, and with increase.	
		37. Desultory Stanzas, upon receiving the preceding Sheets from the Press	596
		Is then the final page before me spread.	
1820	1820	The River Duddon. A Series of Sonnets	597
		To the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth (with the Sonnets to the River Duddon, and other poems in this collection, 1820)	598
		The Minstrels played their Christmas tune.	
		1. Not envying Latian shades—if yet they throw	599
		2. Child of the clouds ! remote from every taint	599
		3. How shall I paint thee ?—Be this naked stone	600
		4. Take, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take	600
		5. Sole listener, Duddon ! to the breeze that played	600

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1820	1820	[Duddon Sonnets— <i>continued.</i>]	
		6. Flowers	600
		Ere yet our course was graced with social trees.	
		7. "Change me, some God, into that breathing rose!"	600
		8. What aspect bore the Man who roved or fled	601
		9. The Stepping-stones	601
		The struggling Rill insensibly is grown.	
		10. The same Subject	601
		Not so that Pair whose youthful spirits dance.	
		11. The Faëry Chasm	601
		No fiction was it of the antique age.	
		12. Hints for the Fancy	602
		On, loitering Muse—the swift Stream chides us—on!	
		13. Open Prospect	602
		Hail to the fields—with Dwellings sprinkled o'er.	
1806	1807	14. O mountain Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot	602
		15. From this deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams play	602
		16. American Tradition	602
		Such fruitless questions may not long beguile.	
		17. Return	603
		A dark plume fetch me from yon blasted yew.	
		18. Seathwaite Chapel	603
		Sacred Religion! "mother of form and fear."	
		19. Tributary Stream	603
		My frame hath often trembled with delight.	
		20. The Plain of Donnerdale	603
		The old inventive Poets, had they seen.	
		21. Whence that low voice?—A whisper from the heart	604
		22. Tradition	604
		A love-lorn Maid, at some far-distant time.	
		23. Sheep-washing	604
		Sad thoughts, avaunt!—partake we their blithe cheer	
		24. The Resting-place	604
		Mid-noon is past;—upon the sultry mead.	
		25. Methinks 'twere no unprecedented feat	604
		26. Return, Content! for fondly I pursued	605
		27. Fallen, and diffused into a shapeless heap	605
		28. Journey renewed	605
		I rose while yet the cattle, heat-opprest.	
		29. No record tells of lance opposed to lance	605
		30. Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce	606
		31. The Kirk of Ulpha to the pilgrim's eye	606
		32. Not hurled precipitous from steep to steep	606

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1820	1820	[Duddon Sonnets— <i>continued.</i>]	
		33. Conclusion	606
		But here no cannon thunders to the gale.	
		34. After-thought	607
		<i>I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide.</i>	
1820	1822	A Parsonage in Oxfordshire	607
		Where holy ground begins, unhallowed ends.	
1820	1822	To Enterprise	607
		Keep for the Young the impassioned smile.	

1821

1821	1822	Ecclesiastical Sonnets. In Series—	
		PART I.—From the Introduction of Christianity into Britain to the Consummation of the Papal Dominion—	
		1. Introduction	609
		I, who accompanied with faithful pace.	
		2. Conjectures	610
		If there be prophets on whose spirits rest.	
		3. Trepidation of the Druids	610
		Screams round the Arch-druid's brow the sea-mew—white.	
		4. Druidical Excommunication	610
		Mercy and Love have met thee on thy road.	
		5. Uncertainty	610
		Darkness surrounds us ; seeking, we are lost.	
		6. Persecution	611
		Lament ! for Diocletian's fiery sword.	
		7. Recovery	611
		As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain.	
		8. Temptations from Roman Refinements	611
		Watch, and be firm ! for, soul-subduing vice.	
		9. Dissensions	611
		That heresies should strike (if truth be scanned.	
		10. Struggle of the Britons against the Barbarians	612
		Rise !—they <i>have</i> risen : of brave Aneurin ask.	
		11. Saxon Conquest	612
		Nor wants the cause the panic-striking aid.	
		12. Monastery of Old Bangor	612
		<i>The oppression of the tumult—wrath and scorn.</i>	
		13. Casual Incitement	612
		A bright-haired company of youthful slaves.	
		14. Glad Tidings	613
		For ever hallowed be this morning fair.	
		15. Paulinus	613
		But, to remote Northumbria's royal Hall.	

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1821	1822	[Ecclesiastical Sonnets— <i>continued.</i>]	
		16. Persuasion	613
		"Man's life is like a Sparrow, mighty King!	
		17. Conversion	613
		Prompt transformation works the novel Lore.	
		18. Apology	614
		Nor scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend.	
		19. Primitive Saxon Clergy	614
		How beautiful your presence, how benign.	
		20. Other Influences	614
		Ah, when the Body, round which in love we clung.	
		21. Seclusion	614
		Lance, shield, and sword relinquished, at his side.	
		22. Continued	614
		Methinks that to some vacant hermitage.	
		23. Reproof	615
		But what if One, through grove or flowery mead.	
		24. Saxon Monasteries, and Lights and Shades of the Religion	615
		By such examples moved to unbought pains.	
		25. Missions and Travels	615
		Not sedentary all: there are who roam.	
		26. Alfred	615
		Behold a pupil of the monkish gown.	
		27. His Descendants	616
		When thy great soul was freed from mortal chains.	
		28. Influence Abused	616
		Urged by Ambition, who with subtlest skill.	
		29. Danish Conquests	616
		Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey.	
		30. Canute	616
		A pleasant music floats along the Mere.	
		31. The Norman Conquest	617
		The woman-hearted Confessor prepares.	
1836		32. Coldly we spake. The Saxons, overpowered	617
		33. The Council of Clermont	617
		"And shall," the Pontiff asks, "profaneness flow.	
		34. Crusades	617
		The turbaned Race are poured in thickening swarms.	
		35. Richard I.	618
		Redoubted King, of courage leonine.	
		36. An Interdict	618
		Realms quake by turns: proud Arbitress of grace.	
		37. Papal Abuses	618
		As with the Stream our voyage we pursue.	

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1821	1822	[Ecclesiastical Sonnets— <i>continued.</i>]	
		38. Scene in Venice	618
		Black Demons hovering o'er his mitred head.	
		39. Papal Dominion	618
		Unless to Peter's Chair the viewless wind.	
		Part II.—To the close of the Troubles in the Reign of Charles I.	
1845		1. How soon—alas! did Man, created pure—	619
1845		2. From false assumption rose, and, fondly hailed	619
		3. Cistercian Monastery	619
		<i>"Here Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall.</i>	
1835		4. Deplorable his lot who tills the ground	619
		5. Monks and Schoolmen	620
		Record we too, with just and faithful pen.	
		6. Other Benefits	620
		And, not in vain embodied to the sight.	
		7. Continued	620
		And what melodious sounds at times prevail.	
		8. Crusaders	620
		Furl we the sails, and pass with tardy oars.	
1845		9. As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest	620
1845		10. Where long and deeply hath been fixed the root	621
		11. Transubstantiation	621
		Enough! for see, with dim association.	
1835		12. The Vaudois	621
		But whence came they who for the Saviour Lord.	
1835		13. Praised be the Rivers, from their mountain springs	621
		14. Waldenses	622
		Those had given earliest notice, as the lark.	
		15. Archbishop Chichely to Henry V.	622
		<i>"What beast in wilderness or cultured field.</i>	
		16. Wars of York and Lancaster	622
		Thus is the storm abated by the craft.	
		17. Wicliffe	622
		Once more the Church is seized with sudden fear.	
		18. Corruptions of the higher Clergy	622
		<i>"Woe to you, Prelates! rioting in ease.</i>	
		19. Abuse of Monastic Power	623
		And what is Penance with her knotted thong.	
		20. Monastic Voluptuousness	623
		Yet more,—round many a Convent's blazing fire.	
		21. Dissolution of the Monasteries	623
		Threats come which no submission may assuage.	
		22. The same Subject	623
		The lovely Nun (submissive, but more meek.	

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1821	1822	[Ecclesiastical Sonnets— <i>continued.</i>]	
		23. Continued	624
		Yet many a Novice of the cloistral shade.	
		24. Saints	624
		Ye, too, must fly before a chasing hand.	
		25. The Virgin	624
		Mother ! whose virgin bosom was uncrost.	
		26. Apology	624
		Not utterly unworthy to endure.	
		27. Imaginative Regrets	625
		Deep is the lamentation ! Not alone.	
		28. Reflections	625
		Grant, that by this unsparing hurricane.	
		29. Translation of the Bible	625
		But, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book.	
1827		30. The Point at Issue	625
		For what contend the wise ?—for nothing less.	
		31. Edward VI.	625
		“Sweet is the holiness of Youth”—so felt.	
		32. Edward signing the Warrant for the Execution of Joan of Kent	626
		The tears of man in various measure gush.	
1827		33. Revival of Popery	626
		The saintly Youth has ceased to rule, discrowned.	
1827		34. Latimer and Ridley	626
		How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled !	
		35. Cranmer	626
		Outstretching flameward his upbraided hand.	
		36. General View of the Troubles of the Reformation	627
		Aid, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of light.	
		37. English Reformers in Exile	627
		Scattering, like birds escaped the fowler's net.	
		38. Elizabeth	627
		Hail, Virgin Queen ! o'er many an envious bar.	
1822		39. Eminent Reformers	627
		Methinks that I could trip o'er heaviest soil.	
		40. The Same	628
		Holy and heavenly Spirits as they are.	
		41. Distractions	628
		Men, who have ceased to reverence, soon defy.	
		42. Gunpowder Plot	628
		Fear hath a hundred eyes that all agree.	
		43. Illustration. The Jung-Frau and the Fall of the Rhine near Schaffhausen	628
		The Virgin Mountain, wearing like a Queen.	

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1821	1822	[Ecclesiastical Sonnets— <i>continued.</i>]	
		44. Troubles of Charles the First	628
		Even such the contrast that, where'er we move.	
		45. Laud	629
		Prejudged by foes determined not to spare.	
		46. Afflictions of England	629
		Harp ! could'st thou venture, on thy boldest string.	
PART III.—From the Restoration to the Present Times—			
		1. I saw the figure of a lovely Maid	629
		2. Patriotic Sympathies	630
		Last night, without a voice, that Vision spake.	
		3. Charles the Second	630
		Who comes—with rapture greeted, and caressed.	
		4. Latitudinarianism	630
		Yet Truth is keenly sought for, and the wind.	
		5. Walton's Book of Lives	630
		There are no colours in the fairest sky.	
		6. Clerical Integrity	630
		Nor shall the eternal roll of praise reject.	
1827		7. Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters	631
		When Alpine Vales threw forth a suppliant cry.	
		8. Acquittal of the Bishops	631
		A voice, from long-expecting thousands sent.	
		9. William the Third	631
		Calm as an under-current, strong to draw.	
		10. Obligations of Civil to Religious Liberty	631
		Ungrateful Country, if thou e'er forget.	
1827		11. Sacheverel	632
		A sudden conflict rises from the swell.	
		12. Down a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design	632
Aspects of Christianity in America—			
Added in 1842	1845	13. I. The Pilgrim Fathers	632
		Well worthy to be magnified are they.	
Added in 1842	1845	14. II. Continued	632
		From Rite and Ordinance abused they fled.	
Added in 1842	1845	15. III. Concluded.—American Episcopacy	633
		Patriots informed with Apostolic light.	
	1845	16. Bishops and Priests, blessed are ye, if deep	633
		17. Places of Worship	633
		As star that shines dependent upon star.	
		18. Pastoral Character	633
		A genial hearth, a hospitable board.	

CONTENTS

xxx

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1821	1822	[Ecclesiastical Sonnets— <i>continued.</i>]	
		19. The Liturgy	634
		Yes, if the intensities of hope and fear.	
		20. Baptism	634
		Dear be the Church, that, watching o'er the needs.	
		21. Sponsors	634
		Father!—to God himself we cannot give.	
		22. Catechising	634
		From Little down to Least, in due degree.	
		23. Confirmation	634
		The Young-ones gathered in from hill and dale.	
		24. Confirmation continued	635
		I saw a Mother's eye intensely bent.	
1827		25. Sacrament	635
		By chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied.	
1845		26. The Marriage Ceremony	635
		The Vested Priest before the Altar stands.	
1845		27. Thanksgiving after Childbirth	635
		Woman! the Power who left his throne on high.	
1845		28. Visitation of the Sick	636
		The Sabbath bells renew the inviting peal.	
1845		29. The Commination Service	636
		Shun not this Rite, neglected, yea abhorred.	
1845		30. Forms of Prayer at Sea	636
		To kneeling Worshippers no earthly floor.	
1845		31. Funeral Service	636
		From the Baptismal hour, thro' weal and woe.	
		32. Rural Ceremony	637
		Closing the sacred Book which long has fed.	
1822		33. Regrets	637
		Would that our scrupulous Sires had dared to leave.	
		34. Mutability	637
		From low to high doth dissolution climb.	
		35. Old Abbeys	637
		Monastic Domes! following my downward way.	
1827		36. Emigrant French Clergy	637
		Even while I speak, the sacred roofs of France.	
		37. Congratulation	638
		Thus all things lead to Charity secured.	
		38. New Churches	638
		But liberty, and triumphs on the Main.	
		39. Church to be Erected	638
		Be this the chosen site; the virgin sod.	
		40. Continued	638
		Mine ear has rung, my spirit sunk subdued.	

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1821	1822	[Ecclesiastical Sonnets— <i>continued.</i>]	
		41. New Churchyard	639
		The encircling ground, in native turf arrayed.	
		42. Cathedrals, etc.	639
		Open your gates, ye everlasting Piles!	
		43. Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge	639
		Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense.	
		44. The Same	639
		What awful perspective! while from our sight.	
		45. Continued	640
		They dreamt not of a perishable home.	
		46. Ejaculation	640
		Glory to God! and to the Power who came.	
		47. Conclusion	640
		Why sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled.	
1823			
1823	1827.	Memory	640
		A pen—to register; a key.	
1823	1827	To the Lady Fleming, on seeing the Foundation preparing for the Erection of Rydal Chapel, Westmoreland	641
		Blest is this Isle—our native Land.	
1823	1827	On the same Occasion	642
		When in the antique age of bow and spear.	
1823	1827	A volant Tribe of Bards on earth are found	643
1823	1827	Not Love, not War, nor the tumultuous swell	643
1824			
1824	1827	To ———	643
		Let other bards of angels sing.	
1824	1827	To ———	643
		O dearer far than light and life are dear.	
1824	1827	How rich that forehead's calm expanse!	644
1824	1827	To ———	644
		Look at the fate of summer flowers.	
1824	1827	A Flower Garden at Coleorton Hall, Leicestershire	644
		Tell me ye Zephyrs! that unfold.	
1824 Sept.	1827	To the Lady E. B. and the Hon. Miss P. Composed in the Grounds of Plass Newidd, near Llangollen, 1824	645
		A Stream, to mingle with your favourite Dee.	
1824	1827	To the Torrent at the Devil's Bridge, North Wales, 1824	646
		How art thou named? In search of what strange land.	
1824	1827	Composed among the Ruins of a Castle in North Wales	646
		Through shattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls.	

CONTENTS

xxxiii

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1824	1827	Elegiac Stanzas. Addressed to Sir G. H. B., upon the death of his sister-in-law, 1824 O for a dirge ! But why complain ?	646
1824	1842	Cenotaph By vain affections unenthralled.	647
1824	1842	Epitaph in the Chapel-yard of Langdale, Westmorland By playful smiles, (alas ! too oft.	647
1825			
1825	1827	The Contrast. The Parrot and the Wren Within her gilded cage confined.	648
1825	1827	To a Sky-lark Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !	648
1826			
1826	1827	Ere with cold beads of midnight dew	649
1826	1835	Ode, composed on May Morning While from the purpling east departs.	649
1826-34	1835	To May Though many suns have risen and set.	650
1826	1827	Once I could hail (howe'er serene the sky)	651
1826	1835	The massy Ways, carried across these heights	651
1826	1827	The Pillar of Trajan Where towers are crushed, and unforbidden weeds.	652
1827			
1827	1827	On seeing a Needlecase in the Form of a Harp. The work of E. M. S. Frowns are on every Muse's face.	653
1827	1827	Dedication. To ——— Happy the feeling from the bosom thrown.	654
1827	1827	Her only pilot the soft breeze, the boat	654
1827	1827	"Why, Minstrel, these untuneful murmurings—	654
1827	1827	To S. H. Excuse is needless when with love sincere.	654
1827	1827	Decay of Piety Oft have I seen, ere 'Time had ploughed my cheek.	655
1827	1827	Scorn not the Sonnet ; Critic, you have frowned	655
1827	1827	Fair Prime of life ! were it enough to gild	655
1827	1827	Retirement If the whole weight of what we think and feel.	655

Com- posed.	First Published.		PAGE
1827	1827	<i>There is a pleasure in poetic pains</i>	656
1827	1827	Recollection of the Portrait of King Henry Eighth, Trinity Lodge, Cambridge	656
		The imperial Stature, the colossal stride.	
1827	1827	When Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle	656
1827	1827	While Anna's peers and early playmates tread	656
1827	1827	To the Cuckoo	656
		Not the whole warbling grove in concert heard.	
1827	1827	The Infant M—— M——	657
		Unquiet Childhood here by special grace.	
1827	1827	To Rotha Q——	657
		Rotha, my Spiritual Child ! this head was grey.	
1827	1827	To ——, in her seventieth year	657
		Such age how beautiful ! O Lady bright.	
1827	1827	In my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud	657
1827	1827	Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes	658
1827	1827	In the Woods of Rydal	658
		Wild Redbreast ! hadst thou at Jemima's lip.	
1827	1827	Conclusion, To ——	658
		If these brief Records, by the Muses' Art.	

1828

1828	1832	A Morning Exercise	658
		Fancy, who leads the pastimes of the glad.	
1828	1829	The Triad [<i>in "The Keepsake," 1829, and in 1832 in the Poems</i>]	659
		Show me the noblest Youth of present time.	
1828	1829	The Wishing-gate [<i>in "The Keepsake," 1829, and in 1832 in the Poems</i>]	662
		Hope rules a land for ever green.	
1828	1842	The Wishing-gate destroyed	663
		'Tis gone—with old belief and dream.	
1828	1835	A Jewish Family (in a small valley opposite St. Goar, upon the Rhine)	663
		Genius of Raphael ! if thy wings.	
1828	1829	The Gleaner, suggested by a picture [<i>in "The Keepsake," 1829 ; under the title of "The Country Girl" published in 1832 in the Poems</i>]	664
		That happy gleam of vernal eyes.	
1828 Dec.	1835	On the Power of Sound	665
		Thy functions are ethereal.	
1828	1835	Incident at Brugès	668
		In Brugès town is many a street.	

CONTENTS

XXXV

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>	1829	PAGE
1829	1835	Gold and Silver Fishes in a Vase The soaring lark is blest as proud.	668
1829	1835	Liberty (sequel to the above) Those breathing Tokens of your kind regard.	669
1829	1835	Humanity What though the Accused, upon his own appeal.	671
1829	1835	This Lawn, a carpet all alive	673
1829	1835	Thought on the Seasons Flattered with promise of escape.	673
1829	1829	A Gravestone upon the Floor in the Cloisters of Worcester Cathedral [<i>in "The Keepsake," 1829, and in 1832 in the Poems</i>] "Miserrimus!" and neither name nor date.	674
1829	1829	A Tradition of Oker Hill in Darley Dale, Derbyshire [<i>in "The Keepsake," 1829, and in 1832 in the Poems</i>] 'Tis said that to the brow of yon fair hill.	674

1830

1830	1835	The Armenian Lady's Love You have heard "a Spanish Lady.	674
1830	1835	The Russian Fugitive Enough of rose-bud lips, and eyes.	677
1830	1835	The Egyptian Maid ; or, The Romance of the Water Lily While Merlin paced the Cornish sands.	681
1830	1835	The Poet and the Caged Turtledove As often as I murmur here.	687
1830	1835	Presentiments Presentiments ! they judge not right.	687
1830	1835	In these fair vales hath many a Tree	688
1830 Nov.	1835	Elegiac Musings in the grounds of Coleorton Hall, the seat of the late Sir G. H. Beaumont, Bart. With copious eulogy in prose or rhyme.	688
1830 Nov.	1835	Chatsworth ! thy stately mansion, and the pride	689
1830	1835	To the Author's Portrait Go, faithful Portrait ! and where long hath knelt.	690

1831

1831	1835	The Primrose of the Rock A Rock there is whose homely front.	690
1831	1835	Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems, composed (two excepted) during a Tour in Scotland, and on the English Border, in the Autumn of 1831. [<i>The "two excepted" are, probably, Nos. 16 and 26</i>]	691

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1831	1835	[Yarrow Revisited— <i>continued.</i>]	
		1. Yarrow Revisited	692
		The gallant Youth, who may have gained.	
		2. On the Departure of Sir Walter Scott from Abbotsford, for Naples	693
		A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain.	
		3. A Place of Burial in the South of Scotland	693
		Part fenced by man, part by a rugged steep.	
		4. On the Sight of a Manse in the South of Scotland	694
		Say, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills.	
		5. Composed in Roslin Chapel during a Storm	694
		The wind is now thy organist ;—a clank.	
		6. The Trosachs	695
		There's not a nook within this solemn Pass.	
		7. The pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute	695
		8. Composed in the Glen of Loch Etive	695
		" This Land of Rainbows spanning glens-whose walls.	
		9. Eagles. Composed at Dunollie Castle in the Bay of Oban	695
		Dishonoured Rock and Ruin ! that, by law.	
		10. In the Sound of Mull	696
		Tradition, be thou mute ! Oblivion, throw.	
		11. Suggested at Tyndrum in a Storm	696
		Enough of garlands, of the Arcadian crook.	
		12. The Earl of Breadalbane's Ruined Mansion and Family Burial-place, near Killin	696
		Well sang the Bard who called the grave, in strains.	
		13. " Rest and be Thankful ! " At the Head of Glencroe	697
		Doubling and doubling with laborious walk.	
		14. Highland Hut	697
		See what gay wild flowers deck this earth-built Cot.	
		15. The Brownie	697
		" How disappeared he ? " Ask the newt and toad.	
		16. To the Planet Venus, an Evening Star. Composed at Loch Lomond	698
		Though joy attend Thee orient at the birth.	
		17. Bothwell Castle. (Passed unseen on account of stormy weather)	698
		Immured in Bothwell's towers, at times the Brave.	
		18. Picture of Daniel in the Lions' Den, at Hamilton Palace	698
		Amid a fertile region green with wood.	
		19. The Avon. A Feeder of the Annan	698
		Avon—a precious, an immortal name !	
		20. Suggested by a View from an Eminence in Inglewood Forest	699
		The forest huge of ancient Caledon.	
		21. Hart's-horn Tree, near Penrith	699
		Here stood an Oak, that long had borne affixed.	

CONTENTS

xxxvii

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1831	1835	[Yarrow Revisited— <i>continued.</i>]	
		22. Fancy and Tradition	699
		The Lovers took within this ancient grove.	
		23. Countess's Pillar	699
		While the poor gather round, till the end of time.	
		24. Roman Antiquities. (From the Roman Station at Old Penrith)	700
		How profitless the relics that we cull.	
		25. Apology for the foregoing Poems	700
		No more : the end is sudden and abrupt.	
		26. The Highland Broach	700
		If to Tradition faith be due.	
1832			
1832	1835	Devotional Incitements	702
		Where will they stop, those breathing powers.	
1832	1835	Calm is the fragrant air, and loth to lose	702
1832	1835	Rural Illusions	703
		Sylph was it? or a Bird more bright.	
1832	1835	Loving and Liking. Irregular Verses addressed to a Child. (By my Sister)	703
		There's more in words than I can teach.	
1832	1832	Upon the late General Fast. March 1832	704
		Reluctant call it was ; the rite delayed.	
1832	1832	Filial Piety. (On the wayside between Preston and Liverpool) Untouched through all severity of cold.	704
1832	1832	To B. R. Haydon on seeing his Picture of Napoleon Buonaparte on the Island of St. Helena	705
		Haydon ! let worthier judges praise the skill.	
1832	1836	If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven	705
1833			
1833	1835	A Wren's Nest	705
		Among the dwellings framed by birds.	
1833	1835	To ———, on the birth of her First-born Child, March 1833	706
March		Like a shipwrecked Sailor tost.	
1833	1835	The Warning. A Sequel to the foregoing	707
		List, the winds of March are blowing.	
1833	1835	If this great world of joy and pain	709
1833	1835	On a high part of the coast of Cumberland, Easter Sunday, April 7, the Author's sixty-third Birthday	710
April 7		The Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire.	
1833	1835	By the Seaside	710
		The sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to rest.	

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1833	1835	Poems Composed or Suggested during a Tour in the Summer of	
		1833	711
		1 Adieu, Rydalian Laurels ! that have grown	711
		2. Why should the Enthusiast, journeying through this Isle	711
		3. They called Thee MERRY ENGLAND, in old time	711
		4. To the River Greta, near Keswick	712
		Greta, what fearful listening ! when huge stones.	
	1819	5. To the River Derwent	712
		Among the mountains were we nursed, loved Stream.	
		6. In sight of the Town of Cockermouth. (Where the Author was born, and his Father's remains are laid)	712
		A point of life between my Parent's dust.	
		7. Address from the Spirit of Cockermouth Castle	712
		"Thou look'st upon me, and dost fondly think.	
		8. Nun's Well, Brigham	712
		The cattle crowding round this beverage clear.	
		9. To a Friend. (On the Banks of the Derwent)	713
		Pastor and Patriot !—at whose bidding rise.	
		10. Mary Queen of Scots. (Landing at the Mouth of the Der- went, Workington)	713
		Dear to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed.	
		11. Stanzas suggested in a Steamboat off St. Bees' Head, on the coast of Cumberland	713
		If Life were slumber on a bed of down.	
		12. In the Channel, between the coast of Cumberland and the Isle of Man	716
		Ranging the heights of Scafell or Black-comb.	
		13. At Sea off the Isle of Man	716
		Bold words affirmed, in days when faith was strong.	
		14. Desire we past illusions to recall ?	716
		15. On entering Douglas Bay, Isle of Man	717
		The feudal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn.	
		16. By the Seashore, Isle of Man	717
		Why stand we gazing on the sparkling Brine.	
		17. Isle of Man	717
		A Youth too certain of his power to wade.	
		18. Isle of Man	718
		Did pangs of grief for lenient time too keen.	
		19. By a Retired Mariner, H. H.	718
		From early youth I ploughed the restless Main.	
		20. At Bala-Sala, Isle of Man	718
		Broken in fortune, but in mind entire.	
		21. Tynwald Hill	718
		Once on the top of Tynwald's formal mound.	

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1833	1835	[Poems— <i>continued.</i>]	
		22. Despond who will—I heard a voice exclaim	718
		23. In the Frith of Clyde, Ailsa Crag. During an Eclipse of the Sun, July 17	719
		Since risen from ocean, ocean to defy.	
		24. On the Frith of Clyde. (In a Steamboat)	719
		Arran! a single-crested Teneriffe.	
		25. On revisiting Dunolly Castle	719
		The captive Bird was gone;—to cliff or moor.	
		26. The Dunolly Eagle	720
		Not to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew.	
1827		27. Written in a Blank Leaf of Macpherson's <i>Ossian</i>	720
		Oft have I caught, upon a fitful breeze.	
		28. Cave of Staffa	721
		We saw, but surely, in the motley crowd.	
		29. Cave of Staffa. After the Crowd had departed	721
		Thanks for the lessons of this Spot—fit school.	
		30. Cave of Staffa	721
		Ye shadowy Beings, that have rights and claims.	
		31. Flowers on the Top of the Pillars at the Entrance of the Cave	722
		Hope smiled when your nativity was cast.	
		32. Iona	722
		On to Iona!—What can she afford.	
		33. Iona. (Upon Landing)	722
		How sad a welcome! To each voyager.	
		34. The Black Stones of Iona	722
		Here on their knees men swore: the stones were black.	
		35. Homeward we turn. Isle of Columba's Cell	723
		36. Greenock	723
		<i>We</i> have not passed into a doleful City.	
		37. "There!" said a Stripling, pointing with meet pride	723
		38. The River Eden, Cumberland	724
		Eden! till now thy beauty had I viewed.	
		39. Monument of Mrs. Howard (by Nollekens) in Wetheral Church, near Corby, on the Banks of the Eden	724
		Stretched on the dying Mother's lap, lies dead.	
		40. Suggested by the foregoing	724
		Tranquillity! the sovereign aim wert thou.	
		41. Nunnery	725
		The floods are roused, and will not soon be weary.	
		42. Steamboats, Viaducts, and Railways	725
		Motions and Means, on land and sea at war.	

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1833	1835	[Poems— <i>continued.</i>]	
		43. The Monument commonly called Long Meg and her Daughters, near the River Eden	725
		A weight of awe, not easy to be borne.	
		44. Lowther	726
		Lowther ! in thy majestic Pile are seen.	
		45. To the Earl of Lonsdale	726
		Lonsdale ! it were unworthy of a Guest.	
		46. The Somnambulist	726
		List, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower.	
		47. To Cordelia M——, Hallsteads, Ullswater	728
		Not in the mines beyond the western main.	
		48. Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes	728
1833	1845	Composed by the Seashore	728
		What mischief cleaves to unsubdued regret.	

1834

1834	1835	Not in the lucid intervals of life	729
1834	1835	By the Side of Rydal Mere	730
		The linnet's warble, sinking towards a close.	
1834	1835	Soft as a cloud is yon blue Ridge—the Mere	730
1834	1835	The leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill	731
1834	1835	The Labourer's Noon-day Hymn	731
		Up to the throne of God is borne.	
1834	1835	The Redbreast. (Suggested in a Westmoreland Cottage)	732
		Driven in by Autumn's sharpening air.	
1834	1835	Lines suggested by a Portrait from the Pencil of F. Stone	733
		Beguiled into forgetfulness of care.	
1834	1835	The foregoing Subject resumed	735
		Among a grave fraternity of Monks.	
1834	1835	To a Child. Written in her Album	735
		Small service is true service while it lasts.	
1834	1835	Lines written in the Album of the Countess of Lonsdale, November 5, 1834	736
Nov. 5		Lady ! a Pen (perhaps with thy regard.	

1835

1835	1836	To the Moon. (Composed by the Seaside,—on the Coast of Cumberland)	737
		Wanderer ! that stoop'st so low, and com'st so near.	
1835	1836	To the Moon. (Rydal)	738
		Queen of the Stars !—so gentle, so benign.	
1835	1836	Written after the Death of Charles Lamb	739
		To a good Man of most dear memory.	

CONTENTS

xli

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1835	1836	Extempore Effusion upon the death of James Hogg . . . When first, descending from the moorlands.	741
1835	1836	Upon seeing a coloured Drawing of the Bird of Paradise in an Album	742
		Who rashly strove thy Image to portray?	
1835	1835	Composed after reading a Newspaper of the Day "People! your chains are severing link by link.	743
1835	1835	By a blest Husband guided, Mary came	743
		[The following Sonnets appear in the volume "Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems" (1835), and must therefore belong to that or to a previous year.]	
1835	1835	1. Desponding Father! mark this altered bough	744
		2. Roman Antiquities discovered at Bishopstone, Herefordshire While poring Antiquarians search the ground.	744
		3. St. Catherine of Ledbury	744
		When human touch (as monkish books attest).	
		4. Why art thou silent! Is thy love a plant	745
		5. Four fiery steeds impatient of the rein	745
		6. To ———	745
		"Wait, prithee, wait!" this answer Lesbia threw.	
		7. Said Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud	745

1836

1836	1837	November 1836	746
Nov.		Even so for me a Vision sanctified.	
1836	1836	Six months to six years added he remained	746

1837

1837	1842	Memorials of a Tour in Italy, 1837. To Henry Crabb Robinson Companion! by whose buoyant Spirit cheered.	747
		1. Musings near Aquapendente. April 1837	747
		Ye Apennines! with all your fertile vales.	
		2. The Pine of Monte Mario at Rome	753
		I saw far off the dark top of a Pine.	
		3. At Rome	753
		Is this, ye Gods, the Capitolian Hill?	
		4. At Rome—Regrets—In allusion to Niebuhr and other modern Historians	754
		Those old credulities, to nature dear.	
		5. Continued	754
		Complacent Fictions were they, yet the same.	
		6. Plea for the Historian	754
		Forbear to deem the Chronicler unwise.	

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1837	1842	[Memorials of a Tour in Italy— <i>continued.</i>]	
		7. At Rome	754
		They—who have seen the noble Roman's scorn.	
		8. Near Rome, in sight of St. Peter's	755
		Long has the dew been dried on tree and lawn.	
		9. At Albano	755
		Days passed—and Monte Calvo would not clear.	
		10. Near Anio's stream, I spied a gentle Dove	755
		11. From the Alban Hills, looking towards Rome	755
		Forgive, illustrious Country ! these deep sighs.	
		12. Near the Lake of Thrasymene	756
		When here with Carthage Rome to conflict came.	
		13. Near the same Lake	756
		For action born, existing to be tried.	
		14. The Cuckoo at Laverna. May 25, 1837	756
		Ljst—'twas the Cuckoo.—O with what delight.	
		15. At the Convent of Camaldoli	758
		Grieve for the Man who hither came bereft.	
		16. Continued	758
		The world forsaken, all its busy cares.	
		17. At the Eremite or Upper Convent of Camaldoli	758
		What aim had they, the Pair of Monks, in size.	
		18. At Vallombrosa	759
		"Vallombrosa—I longed in thy shadiest wood.	
		19. At Florence	760
		Under the shadow of a stately Pile.	
		20. Before the Picture of the Baptist, by Raphael, in the Gallery at Florence	760
		The Baptist might have been ordained to cry.	
		21. At Florence—From Michael Angelo	761
		Rapt above earth by power of one fair face.	
		22. At Florence—From M. Angelo	761
		Eternal Lord ! eased of a cumbrous load.	
		23. Among the Ruins of a Convent in the Apennines	761
		Ye Trees ! whose slender roots entwine.	
		24. In Lombardy	762
		See, where his difficult way that Old Man wins.	
		25. After leaving Italy	762
		Fair Land ! Thee all men greet with joy ; how few.	
		26. Continued	762
		As indignation mastered grief, my tongue.	
		At Bologna, in Remembrance of the late Insurrections, 1837—	
1837	1842	1. Ah, why deceive ourselves ! by no mere fit	762
		2. Hard task ! exclaim the undisciplined, to lean	763
		3. As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow	763

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1837	1837	What if our numbers barely could defy	763
1837	1842	A Night Thought	763
		Lo! where the Moon along the sky.	

1838

1838	1838	To the Planet Venus. Upon its approximation (as an Evening Star) to the Earth, January 1838	764
		What strong allurements draws, what spirit guides.	
1838	1838	Composed at Rydal on May Morning, 1838	764
		If with old love of you, dear Hills! I share.	
1838	1838	Composed on a May Morning, 1838	764
		Life with yon Lambs, like day, is just begun.	
1838	1838	Hark! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest	765
1838	1838	'Tis He whose yester-evening's high disdain	765
1838	1838	Oh what a Wreck! how changed in mien and speech!	765
1838	1838	A Plea for Authors, May 1838	765
May		Failing impartial measure to dispense.	
1838	1838	A Poet to his Grandchild. (Sequel to the foregoing)	766
May 23		"Son of my buried Son, while thus thy hand.	
1838	1838	Blest Statesman He, whose Mind's unselfish will	766
1838	1838	Valedictory Sonnet. Closing the Volume of Sonnets published in 1838	766
		Serving no haughty Muse, my hands have here.	
1838	1838	Sonnet, "Protest against the Ballot"	766
		Forth rushed, from Envy sprung and Self-conceit.	

1839

1839	1841	Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death. In series. [First published in the <i>Quarterly Review</i> .]	
		1. Suggested by the View of Lancaster Castle (on the Road from the South)	767
		This Spot—at once unfolding sight so fair.	
		2. Tenderly do we feel by Nature's Law	767
		3. The Roman Consul doomed his sons to die	767
		4. Is <i>Death</i> , when evil against good has fought	767
		5. Not to the object specially designed	767
		6. Ye brood of conscience—Spectres! that frequent	768
		7. Before the world had passed her time of youth	768
		8. Fit retribution, by the moral code	768
		9. Though to give timely warning and deter	768

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1839	1841	[Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death— <i>continued.</i>]	
		10. Our bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine	768
		11. Ah, think how one compelled for life to abide	769
		12. See the Condemned alone within his cell	769
		13. Conclusion	769
		Yes, though He well may tremble at the sound.	
		14. Apology	769
		The formal World relaxes her cold chain.	
1840			
1840	1850	Sonnet on a Portrait of I. F., painted by Margaret Gillies . .	770
Jan. 1		We gaze—nor grieve to think that we must die.	
1840	1850	Sonnet to I. F.	770
Feb. 1		The star which comes at close of day to shine.	
1840	1842	Poor Robin	770
March		Now when the primrose makes a splendid show.	
1840	1842	On a Portrait of the Duke of Wellington upon the Field of	
Aug. 31		Waterloo, by Haydon	771
		By Art's bold privilege Warrior and War-horse stand.	
1841			
1841	1842	To a Painter	771
		All praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed.	
1841	1842	On the same Subject	771
		Though I beheld at first with blank surprise.	
1842			
1842	1842	When Severn's sweeping flood had overthrown	772
Jan. 23			
1842	1842	Intent on gathering wool from hedge and brake	772
March 8			
1842	1842	Prelude, prefixed to the Volume entitled <i>Poems chiefly of Early</i>	
March 26		<i>and Late Years</i>	772
		In desultory walk through orchard grounds.	
1842	1842	Floating Island	773
		Harmonious Powers with Nature work.	
1842	1842	The Crescent-moon, the Star of Love	774
1842	1842	To a Redbreast—(in Sickness)	774
		Stay, little cheerful Robin! stay.	

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		PAGE
1842	1842	Miscellaneous Sonnets—	
		<i>A Poet!</i> —He hath put his heart to school	774
		The most alluring clouds that mount the sky	774
		Feel for the wrongs to universal ken	775
		In allusion to various recent Histories and Notices of the French Revolution	775
		Portentous change when History can appear.	
		Continued	775
		Who ponders National events shall find.	
		Concluded	775
		Long-favoured England! be not thou misled.	
		Men of the Western World! in Fate's dark book	776
		Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance	776
1842	1842	The Norman Boy	776
		High on a broad unfertile tract of forest-skirted Down.	
1842	1842	The Poet's Dream, Sequel to the Norman Boy	777
		Just as those final words were penned, the sun broke out in power.	
1842	1842	The Widow on Windermere Side	779
		How beautiful when up a lofty height.	
1842	1842	Farewell Lines	779
		"High bliss is only for a higher state."	
1842	1842	Airey-Force Valley	780
		—Not a breath of air.	
1842	1842	Lyre! though such power do in thy magic live	780
1842	1842	To the Clouds	781
		Army of Clouds! ye wing'd Hosts in troops.	
1842	1845	Wansfell! this Household has a favoured lot	782
Dec. 24			
1842	1842	The Eagle and the Dove [<i>published in "La Petite Chouannerie"</i>] Shade of Caractacus, if spirits love.	782
1843			
1843	1845	Grace Darling	782
		Among the dwellers in the silent fields.	
1843	1845	While beams of orient light shoot wide and high	784
Jan. 1			
1843	1845	To the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Master of Harrow School. After the perusal of his <i>Theophilus Anglicanus</i> , re- cently published	784
Dec. 11		Enlightened Teacher, gladly from thy hand.	
1843	1845	Inscription for a Monument in Crosthwaite Church, in the Vale of Keswick	784
Dec.		Ye vales and hills whose beauty hither drew.	

		1844	PAGE
<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		
1844 Oct. 12	1845	On the projected Kendal and Windermere Railway . . . Is then no nook of English ground secure.	785
1844	1845	Proud were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old . . .	785
1844	1845	At Furness Abbey . . . Here, where, of havoc tired and rash undoing.	785
		1845	
1845	1845	Forth from a jutting ridge, around whose base . . .	786
1845 June 6	1845	The Westmoreland Girl. To my Grandchildren— 1. Seek who will delight in fable . . . 2. Now, to a maturer Audience . . .	786 786
1845 June 21	1845	At Furness Abbey . . . Well have yon Railway Labourers to THIS ground.	787
1845	1845	Yes! thou art fair, yet be not moved . . .	787
1845	1845	What heavenly smiles! O Lady mine . . .	787
1845	1845	To a Lady, in answer to a request that I would write her a Poem upon some Drawings that she had made of flowers in the Island of Madeira . . . Fair Lady! can I sing of flowers.	788
1845	1845	Glad sight wherever new with old . . .	788
1845	1845	Love lies Bleeding . . . You call it, "Love lies bleeding,"—so you may.	788
1845	1845	Companion to the foregoing . . . Never enlivened with the liveliest ray.	789
1845	1845	The Cuckoo-Clock . . . Wouldst thou be taught when sleep has taken flight.	789
1845	1845	So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive . . .	790
1845	1845	To the Pennsylvanians . . . Days undefiled by luxury or sloth.	790
1845	1845	Young England—what is then become of Old . . .	791
1845	1845	Though the bold wings of Poesy affect . . .	791
1845	1845	Suggested by a Picture of the Bird of Paradise . . . The gentlest Poet, with free thoughts endowed.	791
		1846	
1846	1850	Sonnet . . . Why should we weep or mourn, Angelic boy.	792
1846	1850	Where lies the truth? has Man, in wisdom's creed . . .	792
1846	1850	I know an aged Man constrained to dwell . . .	792
1846	1850	How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high . . .	793

<i>Com- posed.</i>	<i>First Published.</i>		<i>PAGE</i>
1846	1850	Evening Voluntaries—	
		To Lucca Giordano	793
		Giordano, verily thy Pencil's skill	
		Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high	793
1846	1850	Illustrated Books and Newspapers	793
		Discourse was deemed Man's noblest attribute.	
1846	1850	The unremitting voice of nightly streams	794
1846	1850	Sonnet. (To an Octogenarian)	794
		Affections lose their object ; Time brings forth	
1846	1849	On the Banks of a Rocky Stream	794
		Behold an emblem of our human mind.	

1847

1847	1847	Ode on the Installation of His Royal Highness Prince Albert as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, July 1847	794
		For thirst of power that Heaven disowns.	
		(The Ode was partly written by the Poet's nephew, the Bishop of Lincoln.)	

The above is the chronological order of all the Poems ; but Wordsworth wished the Sonnets on Liberty to be held as one Poem. The list of these Sonnets is therefore repeated below in the order in which Wordsworth printed them, so that they may be read together.

SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY—PART I

	<i>PAGE</i>
Composed by the Sea-side, near Calais, August 1802	178
Is it a reed that's shaken by the wind	179
To a Friend	179
I grieved for Buonaparté	177
Festivals have I seen that were not names	179
On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic	179
The King of Sweden	180
To Toussaint L'Ouverture	180
We had a female Passenger who came	180
Composed in the Valley near Dover, on the day of landing	180
Inland, within a hollow vale, I stood	181
Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland	361
Written in London, September 1802	181
Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour	181
Great men have been among us	181
It is not to be thought of that the Flood	182
When I have borne in memory what has tamed	182
One might believe that natural miseries	200

	PAGE
There is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear	200
These times strike monied worldlings with dismay	200
England! the time is come	201
When, looking on the present face of things	201
To the Men of Kent. October 1803	201
What if our numbers barely could defy	763
Anticipation. October 1803	202
Another year!—another deadly blow	356
Ode	554

PART II

On a celebrated Event in Ancient History	392
Upon the same Event	392
To Thomas Clarkson, on the Final Passing of the Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade. March 1807	361
A Prophecy. February 1807	360
Composed by the side of Grasmere Lake, 1806	353
Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes	658
Composed while the Author was engaged in Writing a Tract occasioned by the Convention of Cintra, 1808	387
Composed at the same Time and on the same Occasion	387
Höffer	388
Advance—come forth from thy Tyrolean ground	388
Feelings of the Tyrolese	388
Alas! what boots the long laborious quest	388
And is it among rude untutored Dales	389
O'er the wide earth, on mountain and on plain	389
On the Final Submission of the Tyrolese	389
Hail, Zaragoza! If with unwet eye	389
Say, what is Honour?	390
The martial courage of a day is vain	390
Brave Schill! by death delivered	390
Call not the royal Swede unfortunate	390
Look now on that Adventurer who hath paid	390
Is there a power that can sustain and cheer	391
Ah! where is Palafox?	391
In due observance of an ancient rite	391
Feelings of a noble Biscayan at one of those Funerals	391
The Oak of Guernica	392
Indignation of a high-minded Spaniard	392
Avaunt all specious pliancy of mind	393
O'erweening Statesmen have full long relied	393
The French and the Spanish Guerillas	393
Spanish Guerillas	397

	PAGE
The power of Armies is a visible thing	398
Here pause : the poet claims at least this praise	398
The French Army in Russia	555
On the same occasion	555
By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze	555
The Germans on the Heights of Hochheim	555
Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright	408
Feelings of a French Royalist, on the Disinterment of the Remains of the Duke d'Enghien	557
Occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo	556
Siege of Vienna raised by John Sobieski	556
Occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo	556
Emperors and Kings, how oft have temples rung	557
Ode, 1816	552
Ode, 1816	549
Ode.—The Morning of the Day appointed for a General Thanksgiving, January 18, 1816	546
NOTES	797
APPENDIX, PREFACES, ETC.	849
BIBLIOGRAPHY OF WORDSWORTH; WITH LIST OF BIOGRAPHIES AND BEST CRITICAL ARTICLES ON HIS WRITINGS.	897
INDEX TO THE POEMS	913
INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES	920

THE Text and Notes are from the Edition of 1857, and the order is Mr. Knight's Chronological one printed in the Transactions of the Wordsworth Society.

INTRODUCTION

THE poet whose works are contained in the present volume was born in the little town of Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on April 7, 1770. He died at Rydal Mount in the neighbouring county of Westmoreland, on April 23, 1850. In this long span of mortal years, events of vast and enduring moment shook the world. A handful of scattered and dependent colonies in the northern continent of America made themselves into one of the most powerful and beneficent of states. The ancient monarchy of France, and all the old ordering of which the monarchy had been the keystone, was overthrown, and it was not until after many a violent shock of arms, after terrible slaughter of men, after strange diplomatic combinations, after many social convulsions, after many portentous mutations of Empire, that Europe once more settled down for a season into established order and system. In England almost alone, after the loss of her great possessions across the Atlantic Ocean, the fabric of the State stood fast and firm. Yet here, too, in these eighty years, an old order slowly gave place to new. The restoration of peace, after a war conducted with extraordinary tenacity and fortitude, led to a still more wonderful display of ingenuity, industry, and enterprise, in the more fruitful field of commerce and of manufactures. Wealth, in spite of occasional vicissitudes, increased with amazing rapidity. The population of England and Wales grew from being seven and a half millions in 1770, to nearly eighteen millions in 1850. Political power was partially transferred from a territorial aristocracy to the middle and trading classes. Laws were made at once more equal and more humane. During all the tumult of the great war which for so many years bathed Europe in fire, through all the throes and agitations in which peace brought forth the new time, Wordsworth for half a century (1799-1850) dwelt sequestered in unbroken composure and steadfastness in his chosen home amid the mountains and lakes of his native region, working out his own ideal of the poet's high office.

The interpretation of life in books and the development of imagination underwent changes of its own. Most of the great lights of the eighteenth century were still burning, though burning low, when Wordsworth came into the world. Pope, indeed, had been dead for six and twenty years, and all the rest of the Queen Anne men had gone. But Gray only died in 1771, and Goldsmith in 1774. Ten years after Johnson's pious and manly heart ceased to beat. Voltaire and Rousseau, those two diverse oracles of their age, both died in 1778. Hume had passed away two years before. Cowper was forty years older than Wordsworth, but Cowper's most delightful work was not produced until 1783. Crabbe, who anticipated Wordsworth's choice of themes from rural life, while treating them with a sterner realism, was virtually his contemporary, having been born in 1754, and dying in 1832. The two great names of his own date were Scott and Coleridge, the first born in 1771,

and the second a year afterwards. Then a generation later came another new and illustrious group. Byron was born in 1788, Shelley in 1792, and Keats in 1795. Wordsworth was destined to see one more orb of the first purity and brilliance rise to its place in the poetic firmament. Tennyson's earliest volume of poems was published in 1830, and *In Memoriam*, one of his two masterpieces, in 1850. Any one who realises for how much these famous names will always stand in the history of human genius, may measure the great transition that Wordsworth's eighty years witnessed in some of men's deepest feelings about art and life and "the speaking face of earth and heaven."

Here, too, Wordsworth stood isolated and apart. "Scott and Southey were valued friends, but he thought little of Scott's poetry, and less of Southey's. Byron and Shelley he seems scarcely to have read; and he failed altogether to appreciate Keats." (*Myers*.) Of Blake's *Songs of Innocence and Experience* he said, "There is something in the madness of this man which interests me more than the sanity of Lord Byron and Walter Scott." Coleridge was the only man of the shining company with whom he ever had any real intimacy of mind, for whom he ever nourished real deference and admiration, as one "unrelentingly possessed by thirst of greatness, love, and beauty," and in whose intellectual power, as the noble lines in the Sixth Book of the *Prelude* so gorgeously attest, he took the passionate interest of a man at once master, disciple, and friend. It is true to say, as Emerson says, that Wordsworth's genius was the great exceptional fact of the literature of his period; but he had no teachers nor inspirers save nature and solitude.

Wordsworth was the son of a solicitor, and all his early circumstances were homely, unpretentious, and rather straitened. His mother died when he was eight years old, and when his father followed her five years later, two of his uncles provided means for continuing at Cambridge the education which had been begun in the rural grammar school of Hawkshead. It was in 1787 that he went up to St. John's College. He took his Bachelor's degree at the beginning of 1791, and there his connection with the university ended.

For some years after leaving Cambridge, Wordsworth let himself drift. He did not feel good enough for the Church; he shrank from the law; fancying that he had talents for command, he thought of being a soldier. Meanwhile, he passed a short time desultorily in London. Towards the end of 1791, through Paris, he passed on to Orleans and Blois, where he made some friends and spent most of a year. He returned to Paris in October 1792. France was no longer standing on the top of golden hours. The September massacres filled the sky with a lurid flame. Wordsworth still retained his ardent faith in the Revolution, and was even ready, though no better than "a landsman on the deck of a ship struggling with a hideous storm," to make common cause with the Girondists. But the prudence of friends at home forced him back to England before the beginning of the terrible year of '93. With his return closed that first survey of its inheritance, which most serious souls are wont to make in the fervid prime of early manhood.

It would be idle to attempt any commentary on the bare facts that we have just recapitulated; for Wordsworth himself has clothed them with their full force and meaning in the *Prelude*. This record of the growth of a poet's mind, told by the poet himself with all the sincerity of which he was capable, is never likely to be popular. Of that, as of so much more of his poetry, we must say that, as a whole, it has not the musical, harmonious, sympathetic quality which seizes us in even the prose of such a book as Rousseau's *Confessions*. Macaulay thought the *Prelude* a

poorer and more tiresome *Excursion*, with the old flimsy philosophy about the effect of scenery on the mind, the old crazy mystical metaphysics, and the endless wildernesses of twaddle; still he admits that there are some fine descriptions and energetic declamations. All Macaulay's tastes and habits of mind made him a poor judge of such a poet as Wordsworth. He valued spirit, energy, pomp, stateliness of form and diction, and actually thought Dryden's fine lines about to-morrow being falser than the former day, as fine as any eight lines in Lucretius. But his words truly express the effect of the *Prelude* on more vulgar minds than his own. George Eliot, on the other hand, who had the inward eye that was not among Macaulay's gifts, found the *Prelude* full of material for a daily liturgy, and it is easy to imagine how she lingered as she did, over such a thought as this—

"There is
One great society alone on earth :
The noble Living and the noble Dead."

There is, too, as may be found imbedded even in Wordsworth's dullest work, many a line of the truest poetical quality, such as that on Newton's statue in the silent Chapel of Trinity College—

"The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of Thought alone."

Apart, however, from beautiful lines like this, and from many noble passages of high reflection set to sonorous verse, this remarkable poem is in its whole effect unique in impressive power, as a picture of the advance of an elect and serious spirit from childhood and school-time, through the ordeal of adolescence, through close contact with stirring and enormous events, to the stage when it has found the sources of its strength, and is fully and finally prepared to put its temper to the proof.

The three Books that describe the poet's residence in France have a special and a striking value of their own. Their presentation of the phases of good men's minds as the successive scenes of the Revolution unfolded themselves, has real historic interest. More than this, it is an abiding lesson to brave men how to bear themselves in hours of public stress. It portrays exactly that mixture of persevering faith and hope with firm and reasoned judgment, with which I like to think that Furgot, if he had lived, would have confronted the workings of the Revolutionary power. Great masters in many kinds have been inspired by the French Revolution. Human genius might seem to have exhausted itself in the burning political passion of Burke, in the glowing melodrama of fire and tears of Carlyle, Michelet, Hugo; but the ninth, tenth, and eleventh Books of the *Prelude*, by their strenuous simplicity, their deep truthfulness, their slowfooted and inexorable transition from ardent hope to dark imaginations, sense of woes to come, sorrow for human kind, and pain of heart, breathe the very spirit of the great catastrophe. There is none of the ephemeral glow of the political exhortation, none of the tiresome falsity of the ithyramb in history. Wordsworth might well wish that some dramatic tale, enriched with livelier shapes and flinging out less guarded words, might set forth the lessons of his experience. The material was fitting. The story of these three Books has something of the severity, the self-control, the inexorable necessity of classic tragedy, and like classic tragedy it has a noble end. The dregs and sour element that reaction from exaggerated hope is so apt to stir in poor natures, find no place here. The French Revolution made the one crisis in Wordsworth's

mental history, the one heavy assault on his continence of soul, and when he emerged from it all his greatness remained to him. After a long spell of depression, bewilderment, mortification, and sore disappointment, the old faith in new shapes was given back.

"Nature's self,

By all varieties of human love

Assisted, led me back through opening day

To those sweet counsels between head and heart

Whence grew that genuine knowledge, fraught with peace,

Which, through the later sinkings of this cause,

Hath still upheld me and upholds me now."

It was six years after his return from France before Wordsworth finally settled down in the scenes with which his name and the power of his genius were to be forever associated. During this interval it was that two great sources of personal influence were opened to him. He entered upon that close and beloved companionship with his sister, which remained unbroken to the end of their days; and he first made the acquaintance of Coleridge. The character of Dorothy Wordsworth has long taken its place in the gallery of admirable and devoted women who have inspired the work and the thoughts of great men. "She is a woman, indeed," said Coleridge, "in mind, I mean, and heart; for her person is such that if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her rather ordinary; if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty." To the solidity, sense, and strong intelligence of the Wordsworth stock, she added a grace, a warmth, and liveliness peculiarly her own. Her nature shines transparent in her letters, her truly admirable journal, and in every report that we have of her. Wordsworth's own feelings for her, and his sense of the debt that he owed to her faithful affection and eager mind, he has placed on lasting record.

The intimacy with Coleridge was, as has been said, Wordsworth's one strong friendship, and must be counted among the highest examples of that generous relation between great writers. Unlike in the quality of their genius, and unlike in force of character and the fortunes of life, they remained bound to one another by sympathies that neither time nor harsh trial ever extinguished. Coleridge had left Cambridge in 1794, had married, had started various unsuccessful projects for combining the improvement of mankind with the earning of an income, and was now settled in a small cottage at Nether Stowey in Somersetshire, with an acre and a half of land, from which he hoped to raise corn and vegetables enough to support himself and his wife, as well as to feed a couple of pigs on the refuse. Wordsworth and his sister were settled at Racedown, near Crewkerne, in Dorsetshire. In 1797 they moved to Alfoxden in Somersetshire, their principal inducement to the change being Coleridge's society. The friendship bore fruit in the production of *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798, mainly the work of Wordsworth, but containing no less notable a contribution from Coleridge than the *Ancient Mariner*. The two poets only received thirty guineas for their work, and the publisher lost his money. The taste of the country was not yet ripe for Wordsworth's poetic experiment.

Immediately after the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads*, the two Wordsworths and Coleridge started from Yarmouth for Hamburg. Coleridge's account in Satyrane's Letters, published in the *Biographia Literaria*, of the voyage and of the conversations between the two English poets and Klopstock, is worth turning

to. The pastor told them that Klopstock was the German Milton. "A very German Milton indeed," they thought. The Wordsworths remained for four wintry months at Goslar in Saxony, while Coleridge went on to Ratzeburg, Göttingen, and other places, mastering German, and "delving in the unwholesome quicksilver mines of metaphysic depths." Wordsworth made little way with the language, but worked diligently at his own verse.

When they came back to England, Wordsworth and his sister found their hearts turning with irresistible attraction to their own familiar countryside. They at last made their way to Grasmere. The opening book of the *Recluse*, which is published for the first time in the present volume, describes in fine verse the emotions and the scene. The face of this delicious vale is not quite what it was when

"Cottages of mountain stone
Clustered like stars some few, but single most,
And lurking dimly in their shy retreats,
Or glancing at each other cheerful looks
Like separated stars with clouds between."

But it is foolish to let ourselves be fretted by the villa, the hotel, and the tourist. We may well be above all this in a scene that is haunted by a great poetic shade. The substantial features and elements of beauty still remain, the crags and woody steep, the lake, "its one green island and its winding shores; the multitude of little rocky hills." Wordsworth was not the first poet to feel its fascination. Gray visited the Lakes in the autumn of 1769, and coming into the vale of Grasmere from the north-west, declared it to be one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate, an unsuspected paradise of peace and rusticity. We cannot indeed compare the little crystal mere, set like a gem in the verdant circle of the hills, with the grandeur and glory of Lucerne, or the radiant gladness and expanse of Como: yet it has an inspiration of its own, to delight, to soothe, to fortify, and to refresh.

"What want we? have we not perpetual streams,
Warm woods, and sunny hills, and fresh green fields,
And mountains not less green, and flocks and herds,
And thickets full of songsters, and the voice
Of lordly birds, an unexpected sound
Heard now and then from morn to latest eve,
Admonishing the man who walks below
Of solitude and silence in the sky.
These have we, and a thousand nooks of earth
Have also these, but nowhere else is found,
Nowhere (or is it fancy?) can be found
The one sensation that is here; . . .

'tis the sense

Of majesty, and beauty, and repose,
A blended holiness of earth and sky,
Something that makes this individual spot,
This small abiding-place of many men,
A termination, and a last retreat,
A centre, come from wheresoe'er you will,
A whole without dependence or defect,
Made for itself, and happy in itself,
Perfect contentment, Unity entire."

In the Grasmere vale Wordsworth lived for half a century, first in a little cottage at the northern corner of the lake, and then (1813) in a more commodious house at Rydal Mount at the southern end, on the road to Ambleside. In 1802 he married Mary Hutchinson, of Penrith, and this completed the circle of his felicity. Mary, he once said, was to his ear the most musical and most truly English in sound of all the names we have. The name was of harmonious omen. The two beautiful sonnets that he wrote on his wife's portrait long years after, when "morning into noon had passed, noon into eve," show how much her large heart and humble mind had done for the blessedness of his home.

Their life was almost more simple than that of the dalesmen their neighbours. "It is my opinion," ran one of his oracular sayings to Sir George Beaumont, "that a man of letters, and indeed all public men of every pursuit, should be severely frugal." Means were found for supporting the modest home out of two or three small windfalls bequeathed by friends or relatives, and by the time that children had begun to come, Wordsworth was raised to affluence by obtaining the post of distributor of stamps for Westmoreland and part of Cumberland. His life was happily devoid of striking external incident. Its essential part lay in meditation and composition.

He was surrounded by friends. Southey had made a home for himself and his beloved library a few miles over the hills at Keswick. De Quincey, with his clever brains and shallow character, took up his abode in the cottage which Wordsworth had first lived in at Grasmere. Coleridge, born the most golden genius of them all, came to and fro in those fruitless unhappy wanderings which consumed a life that once promised to be so rich in blessing and in glory. In later years Dr. Arnold built a house at Fox How, attracted by the Wordsworths and the scenery; and other lesser lights came into the neighbourhood. "Our intercourse with the Wordsworths," Arnold wrote on the occasion of his first visit in 1832, "was one of the brightest spots of all; nothing could exceed their friendliness, and my almost daily walks with him were things not to be forgotten. Once and once only we had a good fight about the Reform Bill during a walk up Greenhead Ghyll to see the unfinished sheepfold, recorded in *Michael*. But I am sure that our political disagreement did not at all interfere with our enjoyment of each other's society; for I think that in the great principles of things we agreed very entirely." It ought to be possible, for that matter, for magnanimous men, even if they do not agree in the great principles of things, to keep pleasant terms with one another for more than one afternoon's walk. Many pilgrims came, and the poet seems to have received them with cheerful equanimity. Emerson called upon him in 1833, and found him plain, elderly, white-haired, not prepossessing. "He led me out into his garden, and showed me the gravel walk in which thousands of his lines were composed. He had just returned from Staffa, and within three days had made three sonnets on Fingal's Cave, and was composing a fourth when he was called in to see me. He said, 'If you are interested in my verses, perhaps you will like to hear these lines.' I gladly assented, and he recollected himself for a few moments, and then stood forth and repeated, one after another, the three entire sonnets with great animation. This recitation was so unlooked for and surprising—he, the old Wordsworth, standing apart, and reciting to me in a garden-walk like a schoolboy declaiming—that I was at first near to laugh; but recollecting myself, that I had come thus far to see a poet, and he was chanting poems to me, I saw that he was right, and I was wrong, and gladly gave myself up to him. He never was in haste to publish; partly because he corrected a

good deal. . . . He preferred such of his poems as touched the affections to any others ; for whatever is didactic—what theories of society and so on—might perish quickly, but whatever combined a truth with an affection was good to-day and good for ever." (*English Traits*, ch. i.)

Wordsworth was far too wise to encourage the pilgrims to turn into abiding sojourners in his chosen land. Clough has described how, when he was a lad of eighteen (1837), with a mild surprise he heard the venerable poet correct the tendency to exaggerate the importance of flowers and fields, lakes, waterfalls, and scenery. "People come to the Lakes," said Wordsworth, "and are charmed with a particular spot, and build a house, and find themselves discontented, forgetting that these things are only the sauce and garnish of life."

In spite of a certain hardness and stiffness, Wordsworth must have been an admirable companion for anybody capable of true elevation of mind. The unfortunate Haydon says, with his usual accent of enthusiasm, after a saunter at Hampstead, "Never did any man so beguile the time as Wordsworth. His purity of heart, his kindness, his soundness of principle, his information, his knowledge, and the intense and eager feelings with which he pours forth all he knows, affect, interest, and enchant one." (*Autobiog.* i. 298, 384.) The diary of Crabb Robinson, the correspondence of Charles Lamb, the delightful autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher, and much less delightfully the autobiography of Harriet Martineau, all help us to realise by many a trait Wordsworth's daily walk and conversation. Of all the glimpses that we get, from these and many other sources, none are more pleasing than those of the intercourse between Wordsworth and Scott. They were the two manliest and most wholesome men of genius of their time. They held different theories of poetic art, but their affection and esteem for one another never varied, from the early days when Scott and his young wife visited Wordsworth in his cottage at Grasmere, down to that sorrowful autumn evening (1831) when Wordsworth and his daughter went to Abbotsford to bid farewell to the wondrous potentate, then just about to start on his vain search for new life, followed by "the might of the whole earth's good wishes."

Of Wordsworth's demeanour and physical presence, De Quincey's account, silly, coxcombical, and vulgar, is the worst ; Carlyle's, as might be expected from his magical gift of portraiture, is the best. Carlyle cared little for Wordsworth's poetry, had a real respect for the antique greatness of his devotion to Poverty and Peasantry, recognised his strong intellectual powers and strong character, but thought him rather dull, bad-tempered, unproductive, and almost wearisome, and found his divine reflections and unfathomabilities stunted, scanty, uncertain, palish. From these and many other disparagements, one gladly passes to the picture of the poet as he was in the flesh at a breakfast party given by Henry Taylor, at a tavern in St. James's Street, in 1840. The subject of the talk was Literature, its laws, practices, and observances :—"He talked well in his way ; with veracity, easy brevity, and force ; as a wise tradesman would of his tools and workshop, and as no unwise one could. His voice was good, frank, and sonorous, though practically clear, distinct, and forcible, rather than melodious ; the tone of him business-like, sedately confident, no discourtesy, yet no anxiety about being courteous : a fine wholesome rusticity, fresh as his mountain breezes, sat well on the stalwart veteran, and on all he said and did. You would have said he was a usually taciturn man, glad to unlock himself, to audience sympathetic and intelligent, when such offered itself. His face bore marks of much, not always peaceful, meditation ; the look of it not bland or benevolent, so much as close, impregnable, and hard ; a man

multa tacere loquive paratus, in a world where he had experienced no lack of contradictions as he strode along! The eyes were not very brilliant, but they had a quiet clearness; there was enough of brow, and well shaped; rather too much of cheek ('horse-face,' I have heard satirists say), face of squarish shape and decidedly longish, as I think the head itself was (*its* 'length' going *horizontal*): he was large-boned, lean, but still firm-knit, tall, and strong-looking when he stood; a right good old steel-gray figure, with a fine rustic simplicity and dignity about him, and a voracious *strength* looking through him which might have suited one of those old steel-gray *Markgrafs* (Graf = *Grau*, 'Steel-gray') whom Henry the Fowler set up to ward the marches, and do battle with the intrusive heathen, in a stalwart and judicious manner."

Whoever might be his friends within an easy walk, or dwelling afar, the poet knew how to live his own life. The three fine sonnets headed *Personal Talk*, so well known, so warmly accepted in our better hours, so easily forgotten in hours not so good between pleasant levities and grinding preoccupations, show us how little his neighbours had to do with the poet's genial seasons of "smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought."

For those days Wordsworth was a considerable traveller. Between 1820 and 1837 he made long tours abroad, to Switzerland, to Holland, to Belgium, to Italy. In other years he visited Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. He was no mechanical tourist, admiring to order and marvelling by regulation; and he confessed to Mrs. Fletcher that he fell asleep before the Venus de Medici at Florence. But the product of these wanderings is to be seen in some of his best sonnets, such as the first on Calais Beach, the famous one on Westminster Bridge, the second of the two on Bruges, where "the Spirit of Antiquity mounts to the seat of grace within the mind—a deeper peace than that in deserts found"—and in some other fine pieces.

In weightier matters than mere travel, Wordsworth showed himself no mere recluse. He watched the great affairs then being transacted in Europe with the ardent interest of his youth, and his sonnets to Liberty, commemorating the attack by France upon the Swiss, the fate of Venice, the struggle of Hofer, the resistance of Spain, give no unworthy expression to the best of the varied motives that animated England in her long struggle with Bonaparte. The sonnet to Toussaint l'Ouverture concludes with some of the noblest lines in the English language. The strong verses on the expected death of Mr. Fox are alive with a magnanimous public spirit that goes deeper than political opinion. In his young days he had sent Fox a copy of the *Lyrical Ballads*, with a long letter indicating his sense of Fox's great and generous qualities. Pitt, he admits that he could never regard with complacency. "I believe him, however," he said, "to have been as disinterested a man, and as true a lover of his country, as it was possible for so ambitious a man to be. His first wish (though probably unknown to himself) was that his country should prosper under his administration; his next that it should prosper. Could the order of these wishes have been reversed, Mr. Pitt would have avoided many of the grievous mistakes into which, I think, he fell." "You always went away from Burke," he once told Haydon, "with your mind filled; from Fox with your feelings excited; and from Pitt with wonder at his having had the power to make the worse appear the better reason."

Of the poems composed under the influence of that best kind of patriotism which ennobles local attachments by associating them with the lasting elements of moral grandeur and heroism, it is needless to speak. They have long taken their place

as something higher even than literary classics. As years began to dull the old penetration of a mind which had once approached, like other youths, the shield of human nature from the golden side, and had been eager to "clear a passage for just government," Wordsworth lost his interest in progress. Waterloo may be taken for the date at which his social grasp began to fail, and with it his poetic glow. He opposed Catholic emancipation as stubbornly as Eldon, and the Reform Bill as bitterly as Croker. For the practical reforms of his day, even in education, for which he had always spoken up, Wordsworth was not a force. His heart clung to England as he found it. "This concrete attachment to the scenes about him," says Mr. Myers, "had always formed an important element in his character. Ideal politics, whether in Church or State, had never occupied his mind, which sought rather to find its informing principles embodied in the England of his own day." This flowed, we may suppose, from Burke. In a passage in the seventh Book of the *Prelude*, he describes, in lines a little prosaic but quite true, how he sat, saw, and heard, not unthankful nor uninspired, the great orator.

"While he forewarns, denounces, launches forth,
Against all systems, built on abstract rights."

The Church, as conceived by the spirit of Laud, and described by Hooker's voice, was the great symbol of the union of high and stable institution with thought, faith, right living, and "sacred religion, mother of form and fear." As might be expected from such a point of view, the church pieces, to which Wordsworth gave so much thought, are, with few exceptions, such as the sonnet on *Seathwaite Chapel*, formal, hard, and but thinly enriched with spiritual grace orunction. They are ecclesiastical, not religious. In religious poetry, the Church of England finds her most affecting voice, not in Wordsworth, but in the *Lyra Innocentium* and the *Christian Year*. Wordsworth abounds in the true devotional cast of mind, but less than anywhere else in his properly ecclesiastical verse.

It was perhaps natural that when events no longer inspired him, Wordsworth should have turned with new feelings towards the classic, and discovered a virtue in classic form to which his own method had hitherto made him a little blind. Towards the date of Waterloo, he read over again some of the Latin writers, in attempting to prepare his son for college. He even at a later date set about a translation of the *Æneid* of Virgil, but the one permanent result of the classic movement in his mind is *Laodamia*. Earlier in life he had translated some books of Ariosto at the rate of a hundred lines a day, and he even attempted fifteen of the sonnets of Michael Angelo, but so much meaning is compressed into so little room in those pieces that he found the difficulty insurmountable. He had a high opinion of the resources of the Italian language. The poetry of Dante and of Michael Angelo, he said, proves that if there be little majesty and strength in Italian verse, the fault is in the authors and not in the tongue.

Our last glimpse of Wordsworth in the full and peculiar power of his genius is the Ode *Composed on an evening of extraordinary splendour and beauty*. It is the one exception to the critical dictum that all his good work was done in the decade between 1798 and 1808. He lived for more than thirty years after this fine composition. But he added nothing more of value to the work that he had already done. The public appreciation of it was very slow. The most influential among the critics were for long hostile and contemptuous. Never at any time did Wordsworth come near to such popularity as that of Scott or of Byron. Nor was that all. For many years most readers of poetry thought more even of *Lalla Rookh* than

of the *Excursion*. While Scott, Byron, and Moore were receiving thousands of pounds, Wordsworth received nothing. Between 1830 and 1840 the current turned in Wordsworth's direction, and when he received the honour of a doctor's degree at the Oxford Commemoration in 1839, the Sheldonian theatre made him the hero of the day. In the spring of 1843 Southey died, and Sir Robert Peel pressed Wordsworth to succeed him in the office of Poet Laureate. "It is a tribute of respect," said the Minister, "justly due to the first of living poets." But almost immediately the light of his common popularity was eclipsed by Tennyson, as it had earlier been eclipsed by Scott, by Byron, and in some degree by Shelley. Yet his fame among those who know, among competent critics with a right to judge, to-day stands higher than it ever stood. Only two writers have contributed so many lines of daily popularity and application. In the handbooks of familiar quotations Wordsworth fills more space than anybody save Shakespeare and Pope. He exerted commanding influence over great minds that have powerfully affected our generation. "I never before," said George Eliot in the days when her character was forming itself (1839), "met with so many of my own feelings expressed just as I should like them," and her reverence for Wordsworth remained to the end. J. S. Mill has described how important an event in his life was his first reading of Wordsworth. "What made his poems a medicine for my state of mind was that they expressed not mere outward beauty, but states of feeling and of thought coloured by feeling, under the excitement of beauty. I needed to be made to feel that there was real permanent happiness in tranquil contemplation. Wordsworth taught me this, not only without turning away from, but with greatly increased interest in the common feelings and common destiny of human beings." (*Autobiog.*, 148.) This effect of Wordsworth on Mill is the very illustration of the phrase of a later poet of our own day, one of the most eminent and by his friends best beloved of all those whom Wordsworth had known, and on whom he poured out a generous portion of his own best spirit:—

"Time may restore us in his course
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force :
But where will Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power?"

It is the power for which Matthew Arnold found this happy designation, that compensates us for that absence of excitement of which the heedless complain in Wordsworth's verse—excitement so often meaning mental fever, hysterics, distorted passion, or other fitful agitation of the soul.

Pretensions are sometimes advanced as to Wordsworth's historic position, which involve a mistaken view of literary history. Thus, we are gravely told by the too zealous Wordsworthian that the so-called poets of the eighteenth century were simply men of letters; they had various accomplishments and great general ability, but their thoughts were expressed in prose, or in mere metrical diction, which passed current as poetry without being so. Yet Burns belonged wholly to the eighteenth century (1759-96), and no verse-writer is so little literary as Burns, so little prosaic; no writer more truly poetic in melody, diction, thought, feeling, and spontaneous song. It was Burns who showed Wordsworth's own youth "How verse may build a princely throne on humble truth." Nor can we understand how Cowper is to be set down as simply a man of letters. We may, too, if we please, deny the name of poetry to Collins's tender and pensive *Ode to Evening*; but we can only do this on critical principles, which would end in classing the author of *Lycidas*

and *Comus*, of the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, as a writer of various accomplishments and great general ability, but at bottom simply a man of letters and by no means a poet. It is to Gray, however, that we must turn for the distinctive character of the best poetry of the eighteenth century. With reluctance we will surrender the Pindaric Odes, though not without risking the observation that some of Wordsworth's own criticism on Gray is as narrow and as much beside the mark as Jeffrey's on the *Excursion*. But the *Ode on Eton College* is not to have grudged to it the noble name and true quality of poetry, merely because, as one of Johnson's most unfortunate criticisms expresses it, the ode suggests nothing to Gray which every beholder does not equally think and feel. To find beautiful and pathetic language, set to harmonious numbers, for the common impressions of meditative minds, is no small part of the poet's task. That part has never been achieved by any poet in any tongue, with more complete perfection and success than in the immortal *Elegy*, of which we may truly say that it has for nearly a century and a half given to greater multitudes of men more of the exquisite pleasure of poetry than any other single piece in all the glorious treasury of English verse. It abounds, as Johnson says, "with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo." These moving commonplaces of the human lot, Gray approached through books and studious contemplation; not, as Wordsworth approached them, by daily contact with the lives and habit of men and the forces and magical apparitions of external nature. But it is a narrow view to suppose that the men of the eighteenth century did not look through the literary conventions of the day to the truths of life and nature behind them. The conventions have gone, or are changed, and we are all glad of it. Wordsworth effected a wholesome deliverance when he attacked the artificial diction, the personifications, the allegories, the antitheses, the barren rhymes and monotonous metres, which the reigning taste had approved. But while welcoming the new freshness, sincerity, and direct and fertile return on nature, that is a very bad reason why we should disparage poetry so genial, so simple, so humane, and so perpetually pleasing as the best verse of the rationalistic century.

What Wordsworth did was to deal with themes that had been partially handled by precursors and contemporaries, in a larger and more devoted spirit, with wider amplitude of illustration, and with the steadfastness and persistency of a religious teacher. "Every great poet is a teacher," he said; "I wish to be considered as a teacher or as nothing." It may be doubted whether his general proposition is at all true, and whether it is any more the essential business of a poet to be a teacher than it was the business of Handel, Beethoven, or Mozart. They attune the soul to high states of feeling; the direct lesson is often as nought. But of himself no view could be more sound. He is a teacher, or he is nothing. "To console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more actively and sincerely virtuous"—that was his vocation; to show that the mutual adaptation of the external world and the inner mind is able to shape a paradise from the "simple produce of the common day"—that was his high argument.

Simplification was, as I have said elsewhere, the keynote of the revolutionary time. Wordsworth was its purest exponent, but he had one remarkable peculiarity, which made him, in England at least, not only its purest but its greatest. While leading men to pierce below the artificial and conventional to the natural man and natural life, as Rousseau did, Wordsworth still cherished the symbols, the traditions,

and the great institutes of social order. Simplification of life and thought and feeling was to be accomplished without summoning up the dangerous spirit of destruction and revolt. Wordsworth lived with nature, yet waged no angry railing war against society. The chief opposing force to Wordsworth in literature was Byron. Whatever he was in his heart, Byron in his work was drawn by all the forces of his character, genius, and circumstances to the side of violent social change, and hence the extraordinary popularity of Byron in the continental camp of emancipation. Communion with nature is in Wordsworth's doctrine the school of duty. With Byron nature is the mighty consoler and the vindicator of the rebel.

A curious thing, which we may note in passing, is that Wordsworth, who clung fervently to the historic foundations of society as it stands, was wholly indifferent to history; while Byron, on the contrary, as the fourth canto of *Childe Harold* is enough to show, had at least the sentiment of history in as great a degree as any poet that ever lived, and has given to it by far the most magnificent expression. No doubt, it was history on its romantic, and not its philosophic or its political side.

On Wordsworth's exact position in the hierarchy of sovereign poets, a deep difference of estimate still divides even the most excellent judges. Nobody now dreams of placing him so low as the *Edinburgh Reviewers* did, nor so high as Southey placed him when he wrote to the author of *Philip van Artevelde* in 1829, that a greater poet than Wordsworth there never has been nor ever will be. An extravagance of this kind was only the outburst of generous friendship. Coleridge deliberately placed Wordsworth "nearest of all modern writers to Shakespeare and Milton, yet in a kind perfectly unborrowed and his own." Arnold, himself a poet of rare and memorable quality, declares his firm belief that the poetical performance of Wordsworth is, after that of Shakespeare and Milton, undoubtedly the most considerable in our language from the Elizabethan age to the present time. Dryden, Pope, Gray, Cowper, Goldsmith, Burns, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats—"Wordsworth's name deserves to stand, and will finally stand, above them all." Mr. Myers, also a poet, and the author of a volume on Wordsworth as much distinguished by insight as by admirable literary grace and power, talks of "a Plato, a Dante, a Wordsworth," all three in a breath, as stars of equal magnitude in the great spiritual firmament. To Mr. Swinburne, on the contrary, all these panegyric estimates savour of monstrous and intolerable exaggeration. Amid these contentions of celestial minds it will be safest to content ourselves with one or two plain observations in the humble positive degree, without hurrying into high and final comparatives and superlatives.

One admission is generally made at the outset. Whatever definition of poetry we fix upon, whether that it is the language of passion or imagination formed into regular numbers; or, with Milton, that it should be "simple, sensuous, passionate;" in any case there are great tracts in Wordsworth which, by no definition and on no terms, can be called poetry. If we say with Shelley, that poetry is what redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man, and is the record of the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds, then are we bound to agree that Wordsworth records too many moments that are not specially good or happy, that he redeems from decay frequent visitations that are not from any particular divinity in man, and treats them all as very much on a level. Mr. Arnold is undoubtedly right in his view that, to be receivable as a classic, Wordsworth must be relieved of a great deal of the poetical baggage that now encumbers him.

The faults and hindrances in Wordsworth's poetry are obvious to every reader. For one thing, the intention to instruct, to improve the occasion, is too deliberate and too hardly pressed. "We hate poetry," said Keats, "that has a palpable design upon us. Poetry should be great and unobtrusive." Charles Lamb's friendly remonstrance on one of Wordsworth's poems is applicable to more of them. The instructions conveyed in it are too direct; they don't slide into the mind of the reader while he is imagining no such matter."

Then, except the sonnets and half a score of the pieces where he reaches his topmost height, there are few of his poems that are not too long, and it often happens even that no degree of reverence for the teacher prevents one from finding passages of almost unbearable prolixity. A defence was once made by a great artist for that, to the unregenerate mind, seemed the merciless tardiness of movement in one of Goethe's romances, that it was meant to impress on his readers the slow march and the tedium of events in human life. The lenient reader may give Wordsworth the advantage of the same ingenious explanation. We may venture on a counsel which is more to the point, in warning the student that not seldom in these blocks of afflicting prose, suddenly we come upon some of the profoundest and most beautiful passages that the poet ever wrote. In deserts of preaching we find, most within sight of one another, delightful oases of purest poetry. Besides being prolix, Wordsworth is often cumbrous; has often no flight; is not liquid, is not musical. He is heavy and self-conscious with the burden of his message. How much at his best he is, when, as in the admirable and truly Wordsworthian poem of *Michael*, he spares us a sermon and leaves us the story. Then, he is apt to wear somewhat stiff-cut garment of solemnity, when not solemnity, but either sternness or sadness, which are so different things, would seem the fitter mood. In truth Wordsworth hardly knows how to be stern, as Dante or Milton was stern; nor has he the note of plangent sadness which strikes the ear in men as morally inferior to him as Rousseau, Keats, Shelley, or Coleridge; nor has he the Olympian air with which Goethe delivered sage oracles. This mere solemnity is specially oppressive in some parts of the *Excursion*—the performance where we best see the whole poet, and where the poet most absolutely identifies himself with his subject. Yet, even in the midst of these solemn discourses, he suddenly introduces an episode in which his peculiar power is at its height. There is no better instance of this than the passage in the Second Book of the *Excursion*, where he describes with a delicacy, at once realistic and poetic, the worn-out almsman, his patient life and weary death, and then the unimaginable vision in the skies, as they brought the ancient man down through dull mists from the mountain ridge to die. These hundred and seventy lines are like the landscape in which they were composed; you can no more appreciate the beauty of the one by a single or a second perusal, than you can the other in a scamper through the vale on the box of the coach. At any lover of poetry who will submit himself with leisure and meditation to the impressions of the story, the pity of it, the naturalness of it, the glory and the mystic splendours of the indifferent heavens, will feel that here indeed is the true strength which out of the trivial raises expression for the pathetic and the sublime.

Apart, however, from excess of prolixity and of solemnity, can it be really pretended that in purely poetic quality—in aerial freedom and space, in radiant variety of light or depth and variety of colour, in penetrating and subtle sweetness of tone, in supple mastery of the instrument, in vivid spontaneity of imagination, in clean-cut sureness of touch—Wordsworth is not surpassed by men who were

below him in weight and greatness? Even in his own field of the simple and the pastoral has he touched so sweet and spontaneous a note as Burns's *Daisy*, or the *Mouse*? When men seek immersion or absorption in the atmosphere of pure poesy, without lesson or moral, or anything but delight of fancy and stir of imagination, they will find him less congenial to their mood than poets not worthy to loose the latchet of his shoe in the greater elements of his art. In all these comparisons, it is not merely Wordsworth's theme and motive and dominant note that are different; the skill of hand is different, and the musical ear and the imaginative eye.

To maintain or to admit so much as this, however, is not to say the last word. The question is whether Wordsworth, however unequal to Shelley in lyric quality, to Coleridge or to Keats in imaginative quality, to Burns in tenderness, warmth, and that humour which is so nearly akin to pathos, to Byron in vividness and energy, yet possesses excellences of his own which place him in other respects above these master-spirits of his time. If the question is to be answered affirmatively, it is clear that only in one direction must we look. The trait that really places Wordsworth on an eminence above his poetic contemporaries, and ranks him, as the ages are likely to rank him, on a line just short of the greatest of all time, is his direct appeal to will and conduct. "There is volition and self-government in every line of his poetry, and his best thoughts come from his steady resistance to the ebb and flow of ordinary desires and regrets. He contests the ground inch by inch with all despondent and indolent humours, and often, too, with movements of inconsiderate and wasteful joy." (*R. H. Hutton.*) That would seem to be his true distinction and superiority over men to whom more had been given of fire, passion, and ravishing music. Those who deem the end of poetry to be intoxication, fever, or rainbow dreams, can care little for Wordsworth. If its end be not intoxication, but on the contrary a search from the wide regions of imagination and feeling, for elements of composure deep and pure, and of self-government in a far loftier sense than the merely prudential, then Wordsworth has a gift of his own in which he was approached by no poet of his time. Scott's sane and humane genius, with much the same aims, yet worked with different methods. He once remonstrated with Lockhart for being too apt to measure things by some reference to literature. "I have read books enough," said Scott, "and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly cultivated minds; but I assure you, I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor uneducated men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbours, than I ever yet met with out of the pages of the Bible. We shall never learn to respect our real calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart." This admirable deliverance of Scott's is, so far as it goes, eminently Wordsworthian; but Wordsworth went higher and further, striving not only to move the sympathies of the heart, but to enlarge the understanding, and exalt and widen the spiritual vision, all with the aim of leading us towards firmer and austerer self-control.

Certain favourers of Wordsworth answer our question with a triumphant affirmative, on the strength of some ethical, or metaphysical, or theological system which they believe themselves to find in him. But is it credible that poets can permanently live by systems? Or is not system, whether ethical, theological, or philosophical, the heavy lead of poetry? Lucretius is indisputably one of the mighty poets of the world, but Epicureanism is not the soul of that majestic muse. So with Words-

worth. Thought is, on the whole, predominant over feeling in his verse, but a prevailing atmosphere of deep and solemn reflection does not make a system. His theology and his ethics, and his so-called Platonical metaphysics, have as little to do with the power of his poetry over us, as the imputed Arianism or any other aspect of the theology of *Paradise Lost* has to do with the strength and the sublimity of Milton, and his claim to a high perpetual place in the hearts of men. It is best to be entirely sceptical as to the existence of system and ordered philosophy in Wordsworth. When he tells us that "one impulse from a vernal wood may teach you more of man, of moral evil and of good, than all the sages can," such a proposition cannot be seriously taken as more than a half-playful sally for the benefit of some too bookish friend. No impulse from a vernal wood can teach us anything at all of moral evil and of good. When he says that it is his faith, "that every flower enjoys the air it breathes," and that when the budding twigs spread out their fan to catch the air, he is compelled to think "that there was pleasure there," he expresses a charming poetic fancy and no more, and it is idle to pretend to see in it the fountain of a system of philosophy. In the famous *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, the poet doubtless does point to a set of philosophic ideas, more or less complete; but the thought from which he sets out, that our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting, and that we are less and less able to perceive the visionary gleam, less and less alive to the glory and the dream of external nature, as infancy recedes farther from us, is, with all respect for the declaration of Mr. Ruskin to the contrary, contrary to notorious fact, experience, and truth. It is a beggarly conception, no doubt, to judge as if poetry should always be capable of a prose rendering; but it is at least fatal to the philosophic pretension of a line or a stanza if, when it is fairly reduced to prose, the prose discloses that it is nonsense, and there is at least one stanza of the great *Ode* that this doom would assuredly await. Wordsworth's claim, his special gift, his lasting contribution, lies in the extraordinary strenuousness, sincerity, and insight with which he first idealises and glorifies the vast universe around us, and then makes of it, not a theatre on which men play their parts, but an animate presence, intermingling with our works, pouring its companionable spirit about us, and "breathing grandeur upon the very humblest face of human life." This twofold and conjoint performance, consciously and expressly—perhaps only too consciously—undertaken by a man of strong inborn sensibility to natural impressions, and systematically carried out in a lifetime of brooding meditation and active composition, is Wordsworth's distinguishing title to fame and gratitude. In "words that speak of nothing more than what we are," he revealed new faces of nature; he dwelt on men as they are men themselves, he strove to do that which has been declared to be the true secret of force in art, to make the trivial serve the expression of the sublime. "Wordsworth's distinctive work," Mr. Ruskin has justly said (*Modern Painters*, iii. 293), "was a war with pomp and pretence, and a display of the majesty of simple feelings and humble hearts, together with high reflective truths in his analysis of the courses of policies and ways of men; without these his love of nature would have been comparatively worthless."

Yet let us not forget that he possessed the gift which to an artist is the very root of the matter. He saw nature truly, he saw her as she is, and with his own eyes. The critic whom I have just quoted boldly pronounces him "the keenest eyed of all modern poets for what is deep and essential in nature." When he describes the lily, casting the beauty of its star-shaped shadow on the smooth stone, or the boundless depth of the abysses of the sky, or the clouds made vivid as fire by the rays

of light, every touch is true, not the copying of a literary phrase, but the result of direct observation.

It is true that Nature has sides to which Wordsworth was not energetically alive—Nature “red in tooth and claw.” He was not energetically alive to the blind and remorseless cruelties of life and the world. When in early spring he heard the blended notes of the birds, and saw the budding twigs and primrose tufts, it grieved him amid such fair works of nature, to think “what man has made of man.” As if nature itself, excluding the conscious doings of that portion of nature which is the human race, and excluding also nature’s own share in the making of poor Man, did not abound in raking cruelties and horrors of her own. “*Edel sei der Mensch,*” sang Goethe in a noble psalm, “*Hilfreich und gut, denn das allein unterscheidet ihn, Von allen Wesen die wir kennen.*” “*Let man be noble, helpful, and good, for that alone distinguishes him from all beings that we know. No feeling has nature: to good and bad gives the sun his light, and for the evildoer as for the best shine moon and stars.*” That the laws which nature has fixed for our lives are mighty and eternal, Wordsworth comprehended as fully as Goethe, but not that they are laws pitiless as iron. Wordsworth had not rooted in him the sense of Fate—of the inexorable sequences of things, of the terrible chain that so often binds an awful end to some slight and trivial beginning.

This optimism or complacency in Wordsworth will be understood if we compare his spirit and treatment with that of the illustrious French painter whose subjects and whose life were in some ways akin to his own. Millet, like Wordsworth, went to the realities of humble life for his inspiration. The peasant of the great French plains and the forest was to him what the Cumbrian dalesman was to Wordsworth. But he saw the peasant differently. “You watch figures in the fields,” said Millet, “digging and delving with spade or pick. You see one of them from time to time straightening his loins, and wiping his face with the back of his hand. Thou shalt eat thy bread in the sweat of thy brow. Is that the gay lively labour in which some people would have you believe? Yet it is there that for me you must seek true humanity and great poetry. They say that I deny the charm of the country; I find in it far more than charms, I find infinite splendours. I see in it, just as they do, the little flowers of which Christ said that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them. I see clearly enough the sun as he spreads his splendour amid the clouds. None the less do I see on the plain, all smoking, the horses at the plough. I see in some stony corner a man all worn out, whose *han han* have been heard ever since daybreak—trying to straighten himself a moment to get breath.” The hardness, the weariness, the sadness, the ugliness, out of which Millet’s consummate skill made pictures that affect us like strange music, were to Wordsworth not the real part of the thing. They were all absorbed in the thought of nature as a whole, wonderful, mighty, harmonious, and benign.

We are not called upon to place great men of his stamp as if they were collegians in a class-list. It is best to take with thankfulness and admiration from each man what he has to give. What Wordsworth does is to assuage, to reconcile, to fortify. He has not Shakespeare’s richness and vast compass, nor Milton’s sublime and unflagging strength, nor Dante’s severe, vivid, ardent force of vision. Probably he is too deficient in clear beauty of form and in concentrated power to be classed by the ages among these great giants. We cannot be sure. We may leave it to the ages to decide. But Wordsworth, at any rate, by his secret of bringing the infinite into common life, as he evokes it out of common life, has the skill to lead us, so long as we yield ourselves to his

influence, into inner moods of settled peace, to touch "the depth and not the tumult of the soul," to give us quietness, strength, steadfastness, and purpose, whether to do or to endure. All art or poetry that has the effect of breathing into men's hearts, even if it be only for a space, these moods of settled peace, and strongly confirming their judgment and their will for good,—whatever limitations may be found besides, however prosaic may be some or much of the detail,—is great art and noble poetry, and the creator of it will always hold, as Wordsworth holds, a sovereign title to the reverence and gratitude of mankind.

J. M.

October 1888



WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS

LINES

WRITTEN AS A SCHOOL EXERCISE AT
HAWKSHEAD, ANNO ÆTATIS 14

'AND has the Sun his flaming chariot
driven
Two hundred times around the ring of
heaven,
Since Science first, with all her sacred
train,
Beneath yon roof began her heavenly reign ?
While thus I mused, methought, before
mine eyes,
The Power of EDUCATION seemed to rise ;
Not she whose rigid precepts trained the
boy
Dead to the sense of every finer joy ;
Nor that vile wretch who bade the tender
age
spurn Reason's law and humour Passion's
rage ;
But she who trains the generous British
youth
In the bright paths of fair majestic Truth :
Emerging slow from Academus' grove
In heavenly majesty she seemed to move.
Majesty was her forehead, but a smile serene
Softened the terrors of her awful mien.'
Those at her side were all the powers, de-
signed
To curb, exalt, reform the tender mind :
With panting breast, now pale as winter
snows,
Now flushed as Hebe, Emulation rose ;
And shame followed after with reverted eye,
And hue far deeper than the Tyrian dye ;
And fast Industry appeared with steady pace,
And smile sat beaming on her pensive face.
I gazed upon the visionary train,

Threw back my eyes, returned, and gazed
again.

When lo ! the heavenly goddess thus began,
Through all my frame the pleasing accents
ran.

" 'When Superstition left the golden light
And fled indignant to the shades of night ;
When pure Religion reared the peaceful
breast

And lulled the warring passions into rest,
Drove far away the savage thoughts that
roll

In the dark mansions of the bigot's soul,
Enlivening Hope displayed her cheerful ray,
And beamed on Britain's sons a brighter
day ;

So when on Ocean's face the storm sub-
sides,

Hushed are the winds and silent are the
tides ;

The God of day, in all the pomp of light,
Moves through the vault of heaven, and
dissipates the night ;

Wide o'er the main a trembling lustre plays,
The glittering waves reflect the dazzling
blaze

Science with joy saw Superstition fly

Before the lustre of Religion's eye ;

With rapture she beheld Britannia smile,

Clapped her strong wings, and sought the
cheerful isle,

The shades of night no more the soul in-
volve,

She sheds her beam, and, lo ! the shades
dissolve ;

No jarring monks, to gloomy cell confined,

With mazy rules perplex the weary mind ;

No shadowy forms entice the soul aside,

Secure she walks, Philosophy her guide.

Britain, who long her warriors had adored,
And deemed all merit centred in the sword ;
Britain, who thought to stain the field was
fame,

Now honoured Edward's less than Bacon's
name.

Her sons no more in listed fields advance
To ride the ring, or toss the beamy lance ;
No longer steel their indurated hearts
To the mild influence of the finer arts ;
Quick to the secret grotto they retire
To court majestic truth, or wake the golden
lyre ;

By generous Emulation taught to rise,
The seats of learning brave the distant
skies.

Then noble Sandys, inspired with great de-
sign,

Reared Hawkshead's happy roof, and called
it mine.

There have I loved to show the tender age
The golden precepts of the classic page ;
To lead the mind to those Elysian plains
Where, throned in gold, immortal Science
reigns ;

Fair to the view is sacred Truth displayed,
In all the majesty of light arrayed,
To teach, on rapid wings, the curious soul
To roam from heaven to heaven, from pole
to pole,

From thence to search the mystic cause of
things

And follow Nature to her secret springs ;
Nor less to guide the fluctuating youth
Firm in the sacred paths of moral truth,
To regulate the mind's disordered frame,
And quench the passions kindling into
flame ;

The glimmering fires of Virtue to enlarge,
And purge from Vice's dross my tender
charge.

Oft have I said, the paths of Fame pursue,
And all that Virtue dictates, dare to do ;
Go to the world, peruse the book of man,
And learn from thence thy own defects to
scan ;

Severely honest, break no plighted trust,
But coldly rest not here—be more than
just ;

Join to the rigours of the sires of Rome
The gentler manners of the private dome ;
When Virtue weeps in agony of woe,
Teach from the heart the tender tear to
flow ;

If Pleasure's soothing song thy soul entice,
Or all the gaudy pomp of splendid Vice,
Arise superior to the Siren's power,
The wretch, the short-lived vision of an
hour ;

Soon fades her cheek, her blushing beauties
fly,

As fades the chequered bow that paints the
sky,

So shall thy sire, whilst hope his breast
inspires,

And wakes anew life's glimmering trem-
bling fires,

Hear Britain's sons rehearse thy praise with
joy,

Look up to heaven, and bless his darling
boy.

If e'er these precepts quelled the passions'
strife,

If e'er they smoothed the rugged walks of
life,

If e'er they pointed forth the blissful way
That guides the spirit to eternal day,

Do thou, if gratitude inspire thy breast,
Spurn the soft fetters of lethargic rest.

Awake, awake ! and snatch the slumbering
lyre,

Let this bright morn and Sandys the song
inspire.'

"I looked obedience : the celestial Fair
Smiled like the morn, and vanished into
air."

1785

EXTRACT

FROM THE CONCLUSION OF A POEM, COM-
POSED IN ANTICIPATION OF LEAVING
SCHOOL

Written at Hawkshead. The beautiful imag-
ery with which this poem concludes, suggested itself
to me while I was resting in a boat along with my
companions under the shade of a magnificent row
of sycamores, which then extended their branches
from the shore of the promontory upon which
stands the ancient, and at that time the most
picturesque, Hall of Conistone, the seat of the L
Flemings from very early times. The poem to
which it was the conclusion was of many hundred
lines, and contained thoughts and images most
valuable, which have been dispersed through my other
writings.

DEAR native regions, I foretell,
From what I feel at this farewell,

That, wheresoe'er my steps may tend,
And whensoe'er my course shall end,
If in that hour a single tie
Survive of local sympathy,
My soul will cast the backward view,
The longing look alone on you.

Thus, while the Sun sinks down to rest
Far in the regions of the west,
Though to the vale no parting beam
Be given, not one memorial gleam,
A lingering light he fondly throws
On the dear hills where first he rose.

1786.

WRITTEN IN VERY EARLY YOUTH

CALM is all nature as a resting wheel.
The kine are couched upon the dewy grass ;
The horse alone, seen dimly as I pass,
Is cropping audibly his later meal :
Dark is the ground ; a slumber seems to

steal
O'er vale, and mountain, and the starless
sky.

Now, in this blank of things, a harmony,
Home-felt, and home-created, comes to
heal

That grief for which the senses still supply
Fresh food ; for only then, when memory
Is hushed, am I at rest. My Friends ! re-
strain

Those busy cares that would allay my pain ;
Oh ! leave me to myself, nor let me feel
The officious touch that makes me droop
again. 1786 ?

AN EVENING WALK

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY

The young Lady to whom this was addressed
was my Sister. It was composed at school, and
during my two first College vacations. There is
not an image in it which I have not observed ;
and now, in my seventy-third year, I recollect the
time and place where most of them were noticed.
I will confine myself to one instance :

' Waving his hat, the shepherd, from the vale,
Directs his winding dog the cliffs to scale,—
The dog, loud barking, 'mid the glittering rocks,
Hunts, where his master points, the intercepted
flocks."

I was an eye-witness of this for the first time while

crossing the Pass of Dunmail Raise. Upon
second thought, I will mention another image :

" And, fronting the bright west, yon oak entwines
Its darkening boughs and leaves, in stronger
lines."

This is feebly and imperfectly expressed, but I
recollect distinctly the very spot where this first
struck me. It was in the way between Hawks-
head and Ambleside, and gave me extreme plea-
sure. The moment was important in my poetical
history ; for I date from it my consciousness of
the infinite variety of natural appearances which
had been unnoticed by the poets of any age or
country, so far as I was acquainted with them ;
and I made a resolution to supply, in some degree,
the deficiency. I could not have been at that
time above fourteen years of age. The descrip-
tion of the swans, that follows, was taken from the
daily opportunities I had of observing their habits,
not as confined to the gentleman's park, but in a
state of nature. There were two pairs of them
that divided the lake of Esthwaite and its in-and-
out-flowing streams between them, never trespass-
ing a single yard upon each other's separate
domain. They were of the old magnificent
species, bearing in beauty and majesty about the
same relation to the Thames swan which that
does to the goose. It was from the remembrance
of those noble creatures I took, thirty years after,
the picture of the swan which I have discarded
from the poem of Dion. While I was a school-
boy, the late Mr. Curwen introduced a little fleet
of those birds, but of the inferior species, to the
lake of Windermere. Their principal home was
about his own island ; but they sailed about into
remote parts of the lake, and, either from real or
imagined injury done to the adjoining fields, they
were got rid of at the request of the farmers and
proprietors, but to the great regret of all who had
become attached to them, from noticing their
beauty and quiet habits. I will conclude my
notice of this poem by observing that the plan of
it has not been confined to a particular walk or
an individual place,—a proof (of which I was un-
conscious at the time) of my unwillingness to sub-
mit the poetic spirit to the chains of fact and real
circumstance. The country is idealised rather
than described in any one of its local aspects.

General Sketch of the Lakes—Author's regret
of his youth which was passed amongst them—
Short description of Noon—Cascade—Noontide
Retreat—Precipice and sloping Lights—Face of
Nature as the Sun declines—Mountain-farm, and
the Cock—Slate-quarry—Sunset—Superstition of
the Country connected with that moment—Swans
—Female Beggar—Twilight-sounds—Western
Lights—Spirits—Night—Moonlight—Hope—
Night-sounds—Conclusion.

FAR from my dearest Friend, 'tis mine to rove
 Through bare grey dell, high wood, and pastoral cove ;
 Where Derwent rests, and listens to the roar
 That stuns the tremulous cliffs of high Lodore ;
 Where peace to Grasmere's lonely island leads,
 To willowy hedge-rows, and to emerald meads ;
 Leads to her bridge, rude church, and cottaged grounds,
 Her rocky sheepwalks, and her woodland bounds ;
 Where, undisturbed by winds, Winander¹ sleeps
 'Mid clustering isles, and holly-sprinkled steepes ;
 Where twilight glens endear my Esthwaite's shore,
 And memory of departed pleasures, more.
 Fair scenes, erewhile, I taught, a happy child,
 The echoes of your rocks my carols wild :
 The spirit sought not then, in cherished sadness,
 A cloudy substitute for failing gladness.
 In youth's keen eye the livelong day was bright,
 The sun at morning, and the stars at night,
 Alike, when first the bittern's hollow bill
 Was heard, or woodcocks² roamed the moonlight hill.

In thoughtless gaiety I coursed the plain,
 And hope itself was all I knew of pain ;
 For then, the inexperienced heart would beat
 At times, while young Content forsook her seat,
 And wild Impatience, pointing upward, showed,
 Through passes yet unreached, a brighter road.

Alas ! the idle tale of man is found
 Depicted in the dial's moral round ;
 Hope with reflection blends her social rays
 To gild the total tablet of his days ;

¹ These lines are only applicable to the middle part of that lake.

² In the beginning of winter, these mountains are frequented by woodcocks, which in dark nights retire into the woods.

Yet still, the sport of some malignant power,
 He knows but from its shade the present hour.

But why, ungrateful, dwell on idle pain ?
 To show what pleasures yet to me remain
 Say, will my Friend, with unreluctant ear
 The history of a poet's evening hear ?

When, in the south, the wan noon,
 brooding still,
 Breathed a pale steam around the glaring hill,

And shades of deep-embattled clouds were seen,

Spotting the northern cliffs with lights between ;

When crowding cattle, checked by rails that make

A fence far stretched into the shallow lake,
 Lashed the cool water with their restless tails,

Or from high points of rock looked out for fanning gales :

When school-boys stretched their length upon the green ;

And round the broad-spread oak, a glimmering scene,

In the rough fern-clad park, the herded deer

Shook the still-twinkling tail and glancing ear ;

When horses in the sunburnt intake³ stood
 And vainly eyed below the tempting flood

Or tracked the passenger, in mute distress
 With forward neck the closing gate to press—

Then, while I wandered where the huddling rill

Brightens with water-breaks the hollow ghyll⁴

As by enchantment, an obscure retreat
 Opened at once, and stayed my devious feet.

While thick above the rill the branches close,

In rocky basin its wild waves repose,
 Inverted shrubs, and moss of gloomy green
 Cling from the rocks, with pale wood-weed between ;

³ The word *intake* is local, and signifies mountain-inclosure.

⁴ Ghyll is also, I believe, a term confined to this country: ghyll, and dingle, have the same meaning.

And its own twilight softens the whole scene,
 Save where aloft the subtle sunbeams shine
 On withered briars that o'er the crags recline;
 Save where, with sparkling foam, a small cascade
 Illumines, from within, the leafy shade;
 Beyond, along the vista of the brook,
 Where antique roots its bustling course o'erlook,
 The eye reposes on a secret bridge¹
 Half grey, half shagged with ivy to its ridge;
 There, bending o'er the stream, the listless swain
 Lingers behind his disappearing wain.
 —Did Sabine grace adorn my living line,
 Blandusia's praise, wild stream, should yield to thine!
 Never shall ruthless minister of death
 Mid thy soft glooms the glittering steel unsheath;
 No goblets shall, for thee, be crowned with flowers,
 No kid with piteous outcry thrill thy bowers;
 The mystic shapes that by thy margin rove
 A more benignant sacrifice approve—
 A mind, that, in a calm angelic mood
 Of happy wisdom, meditating good,
 Beholds, of all from her high powers required,
 Much done, and much designed, and more desired,—
 Harmonious thoughts, a soul by truth refined,
 Entire affection for all human kind.
 Dear Brook, farewell! To-morrow's noon again
 Shall hide me, wooing long thy wildwood strain;
 But now the sun has gained his western road,
 And eve's mild hour invites my steps abroad.
 While, near the midway cliff, the silvered kite
 In many a whistling circle wheels her flight;

¹ The reader who has made the tour of this country, will recognise, in this description, the features which characterise the lower waterfall in the grounds of Rydal.

Slant watery lights, from parting clouds, apace
 Travel along the precipice's base;
 Cheering its naked waste of scattered stone,
 By lichens grey, and scanty moss, o'er-grown;
 Where scarce the foxglove peeps, or thistle's beard;
 And restless stone-chat, all day long, is heard.
 How pleasant, as the sun declines, to view
 The spacious landscape change in form and hue!
 Here, vanish, as in mist, before a flood
 Of bright obscurity, hill, lawn, and wood;
 There, objects, by the searching beams betrayed,
 Come forth, and here retire in purple shade;
 Even the white stems of birch, the cottage white,
 Soften their glare before the mellow light;
 The skiffs, at anchor where with umbrage wide
 Yon chestnuts half the latticed boat-house hide,
 Shed from their sides, that face the sun's slant beam,
 Strong flakes of radiance on the tremulous stream:
 Raised by yon travelling flock, a dusty cloud
 Mounts from the road, and spreads its moving shroud;
 The shepherd, all involved in wreaths of fire,
 Now shows a shadowy speck, and now is lost entire.
 Into a gradual calm the breezes sink,
 A blue rim borders all the lake's still brink;
 There doth the twinkling aspen's foliage sleep,
 And insects clothe, like dust, the glassy deep:
 And now, on every side, the surface breaks
 Into blue spots, and slowly lengthening streaks;
 Here, plots of sparkling water tremble bright
 With thousand thousand twinkling points of light;
 There, waves that, hardly weltering, die away,
 Tip their smooth ridges with a softer ray;
 And now the whole wide lake in deep repose
 Is hushed, and like a burnished mirror glows.

Save where, along the shady western marge,
Coasts, with industrious oar, the charcoal
barge.

Their panniered train a group of potters
goad,
Winding from side to side up the steep road ;
The peasant, from yon cliff of fearful edge
Shot, down the headlong path darts with
his sledge ;

Bright beams the lonely mountain-horse
illumine

Feeding 'mid purple heath, "green rings,"¹
and broom ;

While the sharp slope the slackened team
confounds,

Downward the ponderous timber-wain re-
sounds ;

In foamy breaks the rill, with merry song,
Dashed o'er the rough rock, lightly leaps
along ;

From lonesome chapel at the mountain's feet,
Three humble bells their rustic chime repeat ;
Sounds from the water-side the hammered
boat ;

And *blasted* quarry thunders, heard remote !
Even here, amid the sweep of endless
woods,

Blue pomp of lakes, high cliffs, and falling
floods,

Not undelightful are the simplest charms,
Found by the grassy door of mountain-
farms.

Sweetly ferocious,² round his native walks,
Pride of his sister-wives, the monarch stalks ;
Spur-clad his nervous feet, and firm his
tread ;

A crest of purple tops the warrior's head.
Bright sparks his black and rolling eye-ball
hurls

Afar, his tail he closes and unfurls ;
On tiptoe reared, he strains his clarion
throat,

Threatened by faintly-answering farms
remote :

Again with his shrill voice the mountain
rings,

While, flapped with conscious pride, re-
sound his wings.

¹ "Vivid rings of green."—GREENWOOD'S
POEM ON SHOOTING.

² "Dolcemente feroce."—TASSO. In this de-
scription of the cock, I remembered a spirited
one of the same animal in *L'Agriculture, ou Les*
Géorgiques François, of M. Rossuet.

Where, mixed with graceful birch, the
sombre pine

And yew-tree o'er the silver rocks recline ;
I love to mark the quarry's moving trains,
Dwarf panniered steeds, and men, and
numerous wains ;

How busy all the enormous hive within,
While Echo dallies with its various din !
Some (hear you not their chisels' clinking
sound ?)

Toil, small as pigmies in the gulf profound
Some, dim between the lofty cliffs descried
O'erwalk the slender plank from side to
side ;

These, by the pale-blue rocks that ceaseless
ring,

In airy baskets hanging, work and sing.
Just where a cloud above the mountain
rears

An edge all flame, the broadening sun
appears ;

A long blue bar its ægis orb divides,
And breaks the spreading of its golden tides
And now that orb has touched the purple
steep

Whose softened image penetrates the deep
'Cross the calm lake's blue shades the cliff
aspire,

With towers and woods, a "prospect all o'
fire ;"

While coves and secret hollows, through
ray

Of fainter gold, a purple gleam betray.
Each slip of lawn the broken rocks between
Shines in the light with more than earthly
green :

Deep yellow beams the scattered stem
illumine,

Far in the level forest's central gloom :
Waving his hat, the shepherd, from the
vale,

Directs his winding dog the cliffs to scale,—
The dog, loud barking, 'mid the glittering
rocks,

Hunts, where his master points, the inter-
cepted flocks.

Where oaks o'erhang the road the radiant
shoots

On tawny earth, wild weeds, and twisted
roots ;

The druid-stones a brightened ring unfold
And all the babbling brooks are liquid
gold ;

Sunk to a curve, the day-star lessens still,

Gives one bright glance, and drops behind
the hill.¹

In these secluded vales, if village fame,
Confirmed by hoary hairs, belief may claim ;
When up the hills, as now, retired the
light,

Strange apparitions mocked the shepherd's
sight.

The form appears of one that spurs his
steed

Midway along the hill with desperate speed ;
Unhurt pursues his lengthened flight, while
all

Attend, at every stretch, his headlong fall.
Anon, appears a brave, a gorgeous show
Of horsemen-shadows moving to and fro ;
At intervals imperial banners stream,
And now the van reflects the solar beam ;
The rear through iron brown betrays a
sullen gleam.

While silent stands the admiring crowd
below,

Silent the visionary warriors go,
Winding in ordered pomp their upward
way²

Till the last banner of the long array
Has disappeared, and every trace is fled
Of splendour—save the beacon's spiry head
Tipt with eve's latest gleam of burning red.

Now, while the solemn evening shadows
sail,

On slowly-waving pinions, down the vale ;
And, fronting the bright west, yon oak
entwines

Its darkening boughs and leaves, in stronger
lines ;

'Tis pleasant near the tranquil lake to stray
Where, winding on along some secret bay,
The swan uplifts his chest, and backward
flings

His neck, a varying arch, between his
towering wings :

The eye that marks the gliding creature sees
How graceful, pride can be, and how ma-
jestic, ease.

While tender cares and mild domestic loves
With furtive watch pursue her as she moves,
The female with a meeker charm succeeds,
And her brown little-ones around her leads,

¹ From Thomson.

² See a description of an appearance of this
kind in Clark's Survey of the Lakes, accompanied
by vouchers of its veracity, that may amuse the
reader.

Nibbling the water lilies as they pass,
Or playing wanton with the floating grass.
She, in a mother's care, her beauty's pride
Forgetting, calls the wearied to her side ;
Alternately they mount her back, and rest
Close by her mantling wings' embraces
prest.

Long may they float upon this flood
serene ;

Theirs be these holms untrodden, still, and
green,

Where leafy shades fence off the blustering
gale,

And breathes in peace the lily of the vale !
Yon isle, which feels not even the milk-
maid's feet,

Yet hears her song, "by distance made
more sweet,"

Yon isle conceals their home, their hut-like
bower ;

Green water-rushes overspread the floor ;
Long grass and willows form the woven wall,
And swings above the roof the poplar tall.

Thence issuing often with unwieldy stalk,
They crush with broad black feet their
flowery walk ;

Or, from the neighbouring water, hear at
morn

The hound, the horse's tread, and mellow
horn ;

Involve their serpent-necks in changeful
rings,

Rolled wantonly between their slippery
wings,

Or, starting up with noise and rude delight,
Force half upon the wave their cumbrous
flight.

Fair Swan ! by all a mother's joys car-
essed,

Haply some wretch has eyed, and called
thee blessed ;

When with her infants, from some shady seat
By the lake's edge, she rose—to face the
noontide heat ;

Or taught their limbs along the dusty road
A few short steps to totter with their load.

I see her now, denied to lay her head,
On cold blue nights, in hut or straw-built
shed,

Turn to a silent smile their sleepy cry,
By pointing to the gliding moon on high.

—When low-hung clouds each star of
summer hide,

And fireless are the valleys far and wide,

Where the brook brawls along the public
road
Dark with bat-haunted ashes stretching
broad,

Oft has she taught them on her lap to lay
The shining glow-worm ; or, in heedless
play,
Toss it from hand to hand, disquieted ;
While others, not unseen, are free to shed
Green unmolested light upon their mossy
bed.

Oh ! when the sleety showers her path
assail,
And like a torrent roars the headstrong
gale ;
No more her breath can thaw their fingers
cold,
Their frozen arms her neck no more can
fold ;

Weak roof a cowering form two babes to
shield,
And faint the fire a dying heart can yield !
Press the sad kiss, fond mother ! vainly
fears

Thy flooded cheek to wet them with its
tears ;

No tears can chill them, and no bosom
warms,
Thy breast their death-bed, confined in
thine arms !

Sweet are the sounds that mingle from
afar,

Heard by calm lakes, as peeps the folding
star,

Where the duck dabbles 'mid the rustling
sedge,

And feeding pike starts from the water's
edge,

Or the swan stirs the reeds, his neck and
bill

Wetting, that drip upon the water still ;
And heron, as resounds the trodden shore,
Shoots upward, darting his long neck be-
fore.

Now, with religious awe, the farewell
light

Blends with the solemn colouring of night ;
'Mid groves of clouds that crest the moun-
tain's brow,

And round the west's proud lodge their
shadows throw,

Like Una shining on her gloomy way,
The half-seen form of Twilight roams
astray ;

Shedding, through paly loop-holes mild and
small,

Gleams that upon the lake's still bosom
fall ;

Soft o'er the surface creep those lustres pale
Tracking the motions of the fitful gale.

With restless interchange at once the bright
Wins on the shade, the shade upon the
light.

No favoured eye was e'er allowed to gaze
On lovelier spectacle in faery days ;

When gentle Spirits urged a sportive chase,
Brushing with lucid wands the water's
face :

While music, stealing round the glimmer-
ing deeps,

Charmed the tall circle of the enchanted
steeps.

—The lights are vanished from the watery
plains :

No wreck of all the pageantry remains.
Unheeded night has overcome the vales ;

On the dark earth the wearied vision fails ;
The latest lingerer of the forest train,

The lone black fir, forsakes the faded
plain ;

Last evening sight, the cottage smoke, no
more,

Lost in the thickened darkness, glimmers
hoar ;

And, towering from the sullen dark-brown
mere,

Like a black wall, the mountain-steeps ap-
pear.

—Now o'er the soothed accordant heart we
feel

A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,
And ever, as we fondly muse, we find

The soft gloom deepening on the tranquil
mind.

Stay ! pensive, sadly-pleasing visions, stay
Ah no ! as fades the vale, they fade away

Yet still the tender, vacant gloom remains
Still the cold cheek its shuddering tear re-
tains.

The bird, who ceased, with fading light
to thread

Silent the hedge or steamy rivulet's bed,
From his grey re-appearing tower shall soo

Salute with gladsome note the rising moon
While with a hoary light she frosts the
ground,

And pours a deeper blue to Æther's
bound ;

Pleased, as she moves, her pomp of clouds
to fold
In robes of azure, fleecy-white, and gold,
Above yon eastern hill, where darkness
broods
O'er all its vanished dells, and lawns, and
woods ;
Where but a mass of shade the sight can
trace,
Even now she shews, half-veiled, her lovely
face :
Across the gloomy valley flings her light,
Far to the western slopes with hamlets
white ;
And gives, where woods the chequered up-
land strew, .
To the green corn of summer, autumn's hue.
Thus Hope, first pouring from her
blessed horn
Her dawn, far lovelier than the moon's own
morn,
Till higher mounted, strives in vain to cheer
The weary hills, impervious, blackening
near ;
Yet does she still, undaunted, throw the
while
On darling spots remote her tempting smile.
Even now she decks for me a distant
scene,
(For dark and broad the gulf of time be-
tween)
Gilding that cottage with her fondest ray,
(Sole bourn, sole wish, sole object of my
way ;
How fair its lawns and sheltering woods
appear !
How sweet its streamlet murmurs in mine
ear !)
Where we, my Friend, to happy days shall
rise,
Till our small share of hardly-paining sighs
(For sighs will ever trouble human breath)
Creep hushed into the tranquil breast of
death.
But now the clear bright Moon her
zenith gains,
And, rimy without speck, extend the plains :
The deepest cleft the mountain's front dis-
plays
Scarce hides a shadow from her searching
rays ;
From the dark-blue faint silvery threads
divide
The hills, while gleams below the azure tide ;

Time softly treads ; throughout the land-
scape breathes
A peace enlivened, not disturbed, by
wreaths
Of charcoal-smoke, that o'er the fallen
wood,
Steal down the hill, and spread along the
flood.
The song of mountain-streams, unheard
by day,
Now hardly heard, beguiles my homeward
way.
Air listens, like the sleeping water, still,
To catch the spiritual music of the hill,
Broke only by the slow clock tolling deep,
Or shout that wakes the ferry-man from
sleep,
The echoed hoof nearing the distant
shore,
The boat's first motion—made with dashing
oar ;
Sound of closed gate, across the water
borne,
Hurrying the timid hare through rustling
corn ;
The sportive outcry of the mocking owl ;
And at long intervals the mill-dog's howl ;
The distant forge's swinging thump pro-
found ;
Or yell, in the deep woods, of lonely hound.
1787, 8, & 9.

LINES

WRITTEN WHILE SAILING IN A BOAT AT
EVENING

This title is scarcely correct. It was during a solitary walk on the banks of the Cam that I was first struck with this appearance, and applied it to my own feelings in the manner here expressed, changing the scene to the Thames, near Windsor. This, and the three stanzas of the following poem, "Remembrance of Collins," formed one piece ; but, upon the recommendation of Coleridge, the three last stanzas were separated from the other.

How richly glows the water's breast
Before us, tinged with evening hues,
While, facing thus the crimson west,
The boat her silent course pursues !
And see how dark the backward stream !
A little moment past so smiling !

And still, perhaps, with faithless gleam,
Some other loiterers beguiling.

Such views the youthful Bard allure ;
But, heedless of the following gloom,
He deems their colours shall endure
Till peace go with him to the tomb.
—And let him nurse his fond deceit,
And what if he must die in sorrow !
Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
Though grief and pain may come to-mor-
row? 1789.

REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS

COMPOSED UPON THE THAMES NEAR
RICHMOND

GLIDE gently, thus for ever glide,
O Thames ! that other bards may see
As lovely visions by thy side
As now, fair river ! come to me.
O glide, fair stream ! for ever so,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds for ever flow
As thy deep waters now are flowing.

Vain thought !—Yet be as now thou art,
That in thy waters may be seen
The image of a poet's heart,
How bright, how solemn, how serene !
Such as did once the Poet bless,
Who murmuring here a later¹ ditty,
Could find no refuge from distress
But in the milder grief of pity.

Now let us, as we float along,
For *him* suspend the dashing oar ;
And pray that never child of song
May know that Poet's sorrows more,
How calm ! how still ! the only sound,
The dripping of the oar suspended !
—The evening darkness gathers round
By virtue's holiest Powers attended.

1789.

¹ Collins's Ode on the death of Thomson, the last written, I believe, of the poems which were published during his life-time. This Ode is also alluded to in the next stanza.

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES

TAKEN DURING A PEDESTRIAN TOUR
AMONG THE ALPS

Much the greatest part of this poem was composed during my walks upon the banks of the Loire in the years 1791, 1792. I will only notice that the description of the valley filled with mist, beginning—"In solemn shapes," was taken from that beautiful region of which the principal features are Lungarn and Sarnen. Nothing that I ever saw in nature left a more delightful impression on my mind than that which I have attempted, alas ! how feebly, to convey to others in these lines. Those two lakes have always interested me especially from bearing, in their size and other features, a resemblance to those of the North of England. It is much to be deplored that a district so beautiful should be so unhealthy as it is.

TO

THE REV. ROBERT JONES,

FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR SIR,

However desirous I might have been of giving you proofs of the high place you hold in my esteem, I should have been cautious of wounding your delicacy by thus publicly addressing you had not the circumstance of our having been companions among the Alps, seemed to give this dedication a propriety sufficient to do away any scruples which your modesty might otherwise have suggested.

In inscribing this little work to you, I consume my heart. You know well how great is the difference between two companions lolling in a poschaise, and two travellers plodding slowly along the road, side by side, each with his little knapsack of necessities upon his shoulders. How much more of heart between the two latter !

I am happy in being conscious that I shall have one reader who will approach the conclusion of these few pages with regret. You they must certainly interest, in reminding you of moments to which you can hardly look back without pleasure not the less dear from a shade of melancholy. You will meet with few images without recollecting the spot where we observed them together ; consequently, whatever is feeble in my design, or spiritless in my colouring, will be amply supplied by your own memory.

With still greater propriety I might have inscribed to you a description of some of the features of your native mountains, through which we have wandered together, in the same manner, with much pleasure. But the sea-sunsets, which give

such splendour to the vale of Clwyd, Snowdon, the chair of Idris, the quiet village of Bethgелert, Menai and her Druids, the Alpine steep of the Conway, and the still more interesting windings of the wizard stream of the Dee, remain yet untouched. Apprehensive that my pencil may never be exercised on these subjects, I cannot let slip this opportunity of thus publicly assuring you with how much affection and esteem

I am, dear Sir,

Most sincerely yours,

W. WORDSWORTH.

London, 1793.

Happiness (if she had been to be found on earth) among the charms of Nature—Pleasures of the pedestrian Traveller—Author crosses France to the Alps—Present state of the Grande Chartreuse—Lake of Como—Time, Sunset—Same Scene, Twilight—Same Scene, Morning; its voluptuous Character; Old man and forest-cottage music—River Tusa—Via Mala and Grison Gipsy—Schellenen-thal—Lake of Uri—Stormy sunset—Chapel of William Tell—Force of local emotion—Chamois-chaser—View of the higher Alps—Manner of life of a Swiss mountaineer, interspersed with views of the higher Alps—Golden age of the Alps—Life and views continued—Ranz des Vaches, famous Swiss Air—Abbey of Einsiedlen and its pilgrims—Valley of Chamouny—Mont Blanc—Slavery of Savoy—Influence of liberty on cottage-happiness—France—Wish for the Extirpation of slavery—Conclusion.

WERE there, below, a spot of holy ground
Where from distress a refuge might be
found,

And solitude prepare the soul for heaven;
Sure, nature's God that spot to man had
given

Where falls the purple morning far and wide
In flakes of light upon the mountain side;
Where with loud voice the power of water
shakes

The leafy wood, or sleeps in quiet lakes.

Yet not unrecompensed the man shall
roam,

Who at the call of summer quits his home,
And plods through some wide realm o'er
vale and height,

Though seeking only holiday delight;

At least, not owning to himself an aim

To which the sage would give a prouder
name.

No gains too cheaply earned his fancy cloy,
Though every passing zephyr whispers joy;

Brisk toil, alternating with ready ease,
Feeds the clear current of his sympathies.
For him sod-seats the cottage-door adorn;
And peeps the far-off spire, his evening
bourn!

Dear is the forest frowning o'er his head,
And dear the velvet green-sward to his
tread:

Moves there a cloud o'er mid-day's flaming
eye?

Upward he looks—"and calls it luxury:"
Kind Nature's charities his steps attend;
In every babbling brook he finds a friend;
While chastening thoughts of sweetest use,
bestowed

By wisdom, moralise his pensive road.

Host of his welcome inn, the noon-tide
bower,

To his spare meal he calls the passing poor;
He views the sun uplift his golden fire,
Or sink, with heart alive like Memnon's
lyre;¹

Blesses the moon that comes with kindly
ray,

To light him shaken by his rugged way.

Back from his sight no bashful children
steal;

He sits a brother at the cottage-meal;

His humble looks no shy restraint impart;

Around him plays at will the virgin heart.

While unsuspended wheels the village dance,

The maidens eye him with enquiring glance,

Much wondering by what fit of crazing care,
Or desperate love, bewildered, he came
there.

A hope, that prudence could not then
approve,

That clung to Nature with a truant's love,

O'er Gallia's wastes of corn my footsteps led;

Her files of road-elsms, high above my head

In long-drawn vista, rustling in the breeze;

Or where her pathways straggle as they
please

By lonely farms and secret villages.

But lo! the Alps ascending white in air,

Toy with the sun and glitter from afar.

And now, emerging from the forest's
gloom,

I greet thee, Chartreuse, while I mourn
thy doom.

¹ The lyre of Memnon is reported to have emitted melancholy or cheerful tones, as it was touched by the sun's evening or morning rays.

Whither is fled that Power whose frown
 severe
 Awed sober Reason till she crouched in fear?
That Silence, once in deathlike fetters
 bound,
 Chains that were loosened only by the sound
 Of holy rites chanted in measured round?
 —The voice of blasphemy the fane alarms,
 The cloister startles at the gleam of arms.
 The thundering tube the aged angler hears,
 Bent o'er the groaning flood that sweeps
 away his tears.
 Cloud-piercing pine-trees nod their troubled
 heads,
 Spires, rocks, and lawns a browner night
 o'erspreads;
 Strong terror checks the female peasant's
 sighs,
 And start the astonished shades at female
 eyes.
 From Bruno's forest screams the affrighted
 jay,
 And slow the insulted eagle wheels away.
 A viewless flight of laughing Demons mock
 The Cross, by angels planted¹ on the
 aerial rock.
 The "parting Genius" sighs with hollow
 breath
 Along the mystic streams of Life and
 Death.²
 Swelling the outcry dull, that long resounds
 Portentous through her old woods' trackless
 bounds,
 Vallombre,³ mid her falling fanes, deplores,
 For ever broke, the sabbath of her bowers.
 More pleased, my foot the hidden margin
 roves
 Of Como, bosomed deep in chestnut groves.
 No meadows thrown between, the giddy
 steeps
 Tower, bare or sylvan, from the narrow
 deeps.
 —To towns, whose shades of no rude noise
 complain,
 From ringing team apart and grating
 wain—
 To flat-roofed towns, that touch the water's
 bound,
 Or lurk in woody sunless glens profound,

¹ Alluding to crosses seen on the tops of the
 spiry rocks of Chartreuse, which have every
 appearance of being inaccessible.

² Names of rivers at the Chartreuse.

³ Name of one of the valleys of the Chartreuse.

Or, from the bending rocks, obtrusive cling,
 And o'er the whitened wave their shadows
 fling—
 The pathway leads, as round the steeps it
 twines;
 And Silence loves its purple roof of vines.
 The loitering traveller hence, at evening, sees
 From rock-hewn steps the sail between the
 trees;
 Or marks, 'mid opening cliffs, fair dark-
 eyed maids
 Tend the small harvest of their garden
 glades;
 Or stops the solemn mountain-shades to view
 Stretch o'er the pictured mirror broad and
 blue,
 And track the yellow lights from steep to
 steep,
 As up the opposing hills they slowly creep.
 Aloft, here, half a village shines, arrayed
 In golden light; half hides itself in shade:
 While, from amid the darkened roofs, the
 spire,
 Restlessly flashing, seems to mount like fire:
 There, all unshaded, blazing forests throw
 Rich golden verdure on the lake below.
 Slow glides the sail along the illumined shore,
 And steals into the shade the lazy oar;
 Soft bosoms breathe around contagious
 sighs,
 And amorous music on the water dies.
 How blest, delicious scene! the eye that
 greets
 Thy open beauties, or thy lone retreats;
 Beholds the unwearied sweep of wood that
 scales
 Thy cliffs; the endless waters of thy vales;
 Thy lowly cots that sprinkle all the shore,
 Each with its household boat beside the
 door;
 Thy torrents shooting from the clear-blue
 sky;
 Thy towns, that cleave, like swallows'
 nests, on high;
 That glimmer hoar in eve's last light,
 descried
 Dim from the twilight water's shaggy side,
 Whence lutes and voices down the en-
 charmed woods
 Steal, and compose the oar-forgotten floods;
 Thy lake, that, streaked or dappled, blue
 or gray,
 'Mid smoking woods gleams hid from
 morning's ray

Slow-travelling down the western hills, to
enfold

Its green-tinged margin in a blaze of gold ;
Thy glittering steeples, whence the matin
bell

Calls forth the woodman from his desert cell,
And quickens the blithe sound of oars that
pass

Along the steaming lake, to early mass.
But now farewell to each and all—adieu

To every charm, and last and chief to you,
Ye lovely maidens that in noontide shade

Rest near your little plots of wheaten glade ;
To all that binds the soul in powerless
trance,

Lip-dewing song, and ringlet-tossing
dance ;

Where sparkling eyes and breaking smiles
illumine

The sylvan cabin's lute-enlivened gloom.

—Alas ! the very murmur of the streams
Breathes o'er the failing soul voluptuous
dreams,

While Slavery, forcing the sunk mind to
dwell

On joys that might disgrace the captive's
cell,

Her shameless timbrel shakes on Como's
margin,

And lures from bay to bay the vocal barge.

Yet are thy softer arts with power indued
To soothe and cheer the poor man's soli-
tude.

By silent cottage-doors, the peasant's home
Left vacant for the day, I loved to roam.

But once I pierced the mazes of a wood
In which a cabin undeserted stood ;

There an old man an olden measure scanned
On a rude viol touched with withered hand.

As lambs or fawns in April clustering lie
Under a hoary oak's thin canopy,

Stretched at his feet, with stedfast upward
eye,

His children's children listened to the
sound ;

—A Hermit with his family around !

But let us hence ; for fair Locarno smiles
Embowered in walnut slopes and citron
isles :

Or seek at eve the banks of Tusa's stream,
Where, 'mid dim towers and woods, her¹
waters gleam.

¹ The river along whose banks you descend in
crossing the Alps by the Simplon Pass.

From the bright wave, in solemn gloom,
retire

The dull-red steeples, and, darkening still,
aspire

To where afar rich orange lustres glow
Round undistinguished clouds, and rocks,
and snow :

Or, led where Via Mala's chasms confine
The indignant waters of the infant Rhine,
Hang o'er the abyss, whose else impervious
gloom

His burning eyes with fearful light illumine.
The mind condemned, without reprieve,
to go

O'er life's long deserts with its charge of
woe,

With sad congratulation joins the train

Where beasts and men together o'er the
plain

Move on—a mighty caravan of pain :

Hope, strength, and courage, social suffer-
ing brings,

Freshening the wilderness with shades and
springs.

—There be whose lot far otherwise is cast :

Sole human tenant of the piny waste,

By choice or doom a gipsy wanders here,

A nursing babe her only comforter ;

Lo, where she sits beneath yon shaggy
rock,

A cowering shape half hid in curling
smoke !

When lightning among clouds and
mountain-snows

Predominates, and darkness comes and
goes,

And the fierce torrent, at the flashes broad
Starts, like a horse, beside the glaring
road—

She seeks a covert from the battering
shower

In the roofed bridge ;² the bridge, in that
dread hour,

Itself all trembling at the torrent's power.

Nor is she more at ease on some *still*
night,

When not a star supplies the comfort of its
light ;

Only the waning moon hangs dull and red
Above a melancholy mountain's head,

² Most of the bridges among the Alps are of
wood, and covered : these bridges have a heavy
appearance, and rather injure the effect of the
scenery in some places.

Then sets. In total gloom the Vagrant
sighs,
Stoops her sick head, and shuts her weary
eyes ;
Or on her fingers counts the distant clock,
Or, to the drowsy crow of midnight cock,
Listens, or quakes while from the forest's
gulf
Howls near and nearer yet the famished
wolf.

From the green vale of Urseren smooth
and wide
Descend we now, the maddened Reuss our
guide ;
By rocks that, shutting out the blessed day,
Cling tremblingly to rocks as loose as they ;
By cells¹ upon whose image, while he
prays,
The kneeling peasant scarcely dares to
gaze ;
By many a votive death-cross² planted
near,
And watered duly with the pious tear,
That faded silent from the upward eye
Unmoved with each rude form of peril nigh ;
Fixed on the anchor left by Him who saves
Alike in whelming snows, and roaring
waves.

But soon a peopled region on the sight
Opens—a little world of calm delight ;
Where mists, suspended on the expiring
gale,
Spread rooflike o'er the deep secluded vale,
And beams of evening slipping in between,
Gently illuminate a sober scene :—
Here, on the brown wood-cottages³ they
sleep,
There, over rock or sloping pasture creep.
On as we journey, in clear view displayed,
The still vale lengthens underneath its
shade
Of low-hung vapour: on the freshened
mead
The green light sparkles ;—the dim bowers
recede,

¹ The Catholic religion prevails here: these cells are, as is well known, very common in the Catholic countries, planted, like the Roman tombs, along the road side.

² Crosses, commemorative of the deaths of travellers by the fall of snow, and other accidents, are very common along this dreadful road.

³ The houses in the more retired Swiss valleys are all built of wood.

While pastoral pipes and streams the land-
scape lull,
And bells of passing mules that tinkle dull,
In solemn shapes before the admiring eye
Dilated hang the misty pines on high,
Huge convent domes with pinnacles and
towers,
And antique castles seen through gleamy
showers.

From such romantic dreams, my soul,
awake !
To sterner pleasure, where, by Uri's lake
In Nature's pristine majesty outspread,
Winds neither road nor path for foot to
tread :

The rocks rise naked as a wall, or stretch
Far o'er the water, hung with groves of
beech ;

Aërial pines from loftier steeps ascend,
Nor stop but where creation seems to end.
Yet here and there, if mid the savage scene
Appears a scanty plot of smiling green,
Up from the lake a zigzag path will creep
To reach a small wood-hut hung boldly on
the steep,

—Before those thresholds (never can they
know

The face of traveller passing to and fro,)
No peasant leans upon his pole, to tell
For whom at morning tolled the funeral
bell ;

Their watch-dog ne'er his angry bark fore-
goes,

Touched by the beggar's moan of human
woes ;

The shady porch ne'er offered a cool seat
To pilgrims overcome by summer's heat.

Yet thither the world's business finds its way
At times, and tales unsought beguile the
day,

And *there* are those fond thoughts which
Solitude,

However stern, is powerless to exclude.
There doth the maiden watch her lover's
sail

Approaching, and upbraid the tardy gale ;
At midnight listens till his parting oar,
And its last echo, can be heard no more.

And what if ospreys, cormorants, herons,
cry

Amid tempestuous vapours driving by,
Or hovering over wastes too bleak to rear
That common growth of earth, the foodful
ear ;

Where the green apple shrivels on the spray,
 And pines the unripened pear in summer's
 kindest ray ;
 Contentment shares the desolate domain
 With Independence, child of high Disdain.
 Exulting 'mid the winter of the skies,
 Shy as the jealous chamois, Freedom flies,
 And grasps by fits her sword, and often
 eyes ;
 And sometimes, as from rock to rock she
 bounds
 The Patriot nymph starts at imagined
 sounds,
 And, wildly pausing, oft she hangs aghast,
 Whether some old Swiss air hath checked
 her haste
 Or thrill of Spartan life is caught between
 the blast.
 Swoln with incessant rains from hour to
 hour,
 All day the floods a deepening murmur
 pour :
 The sky is veiled, and every cheerful sight :
 Dark is the region as with coming night ;
 But what a sudden burst of overpowering
 light !
 Triumphant on the bosom of the storm,
 Glances the wheeling eagle's glorious form !
 Eastward, in long perspective glittering,
 shine
 The wood-crowned cliffs that o'er the lake
 recline ;
 Those lofty cliffs a hundred streams un-
 fold,
 At once to pillars turned that flame with
 gold :
 Behind his sail the peasant shrinks, to shun
 The *west*, that burns like one dilated sun,
 A crucible of mighty compass, felt
 By mountains, glowing till they seem to
 melt.
 But, lo ! the boatman, overawed, before
 The pictured fane of Tell suspends his
 oar ;
 Confused the Marathonian tale appears,
 While his eyes sparkle with heroic tears.
 And who, that walks where men of ancient
 days
 Have wrought with godlike arm the deeds
 of praise,
 Feels not the spirit of the place control,
 Or rouse and agitate his labouring soul ?
 Say, who, by thinking on Canadian hills,
 Or wild Aosta lulled by Alpine rills,

On Zutphen's plain ; or on that highland
 dell,
 Through which rough Garry cleaves his
 way, can tell
 What high resolves exalt the tenderest
 thought
 Of him whom passion rivets to the spot,
 Where breathed the gale that caught Wolfe's
 happiest sigh,
 And the last sunbeam fell on Bayard's eye ;
 Where bleeding Sidney from the cup retired,
 And glad Dundee in "faint huzzas" expired ?
 But now with other mind I stand alone
 Upon the summit of this naked cone,
 And watch the fearless chamois-hunter chase
 His prey, through tracts abrupt of desolate
 space,
¹ Through vacant worlds where Nature
 never gave
 A brook to murmur or a bough to wave,
 Which unsubstantial Phantoms sacred keep ;
 Thro' worlds where Life, and Voice, and
 Motion sleep ;
 Where silent Hours their deathlike sway
 extend,
 Save when the avalanche breaks loose, to
 rend
 Its way with uproar, till the ruin, drowned
 In some dense wood or gulf of snow pro-
 found,
 Mocks the dull ear of Time with deaf
 abortive sound.
 —'Tis his, while wandering on from height
 to height,
 To see a planet's pomp and steady light
 In the least star of scarce-appearing night ;
 While the pale moon moves near him, on
 the bound
 Of ether, shining with diminished round,
 And far and wide the icy summits blaze,
 Rejoicing in the glory of her rays :
 To him the day-star glitters small and
 bright,
 Shorn of its beams, insufferably white,
 And he can look beyond the sun, and view
 Those fast-receding depths of sable blue
 Flying till vision can no more pursue !
 —At once bewildering mists around him
 close,
 And cold and hunger are his least of woes ;

¹ For most of the images in the next sixteen
 verses, I am indebted to M. Raymond's interest-
 ing observations annexed to his translation of
 Cox's Tour in Switzerland.

The Demon of the snow, with angry roar
 Descending, shuts for aye his prison door.
 Soon with despair's whole weight his spirits
 sink ;

Bread has he none, the snow must be his
 drink ;

And, ere his eyes can close upon the day,
 The eagle of the Alps o'ershades her prey.

Now couch thyself where, heard with fear
 afar,

Thunders through echoing pines the head-
 long Aar ;

Or rather stay to taste the mild delights
 Of pensive Underwalden's¹ pastoral
 heights,

—Is there who 'mid these awful wilds has
 seen

The native Genli walk the mountain green?
 Or heard, while other worlds their charms
 reveal,

Soft music o'er the ærial summit steal?
 While o'er the desert, answering every close,
 Rich steam of sweetest perfume comes and
 goes.

—And sure there is a secret Power that
 reigns

Here, where no trace of man the spot
 profanes,

Nought but the *chalets*,² flat and bare, on
 high

Suspended 'mid the quiet of the sky ;
 Or distant herds that pasturing upward
 creep,

And, not untended, climb the dangerous
 steep.

How still ! no irreligious sound or sight
 Rouses the soul from her severe delight.
 An idle voice the sabbath region fills
 Of Deep that calls to Deep across the hills,
 And with that voice accords the soothing
 sound

Of drowsy bells, for ever tinkling round ;
 Faint wail of eagle melting into blue
 Beneath the cliffs, and pine-woods' steady
sugh,³

¹ The people of this Canton are supposed to be of a more melancholy disposition than the other inhabitants of the Alps ; this, if true, may proceed from their living more secluded.

² This picture is from the middle region of the Alps. *Chalets* are summer huts for the Swiss herdsmen.

³ *Sugh*, a Scotch word expressive of the sound of the wind through the trees.

The solitary heifer's deepened low ;
 Or rumbling, heard remote, of falling snow.
 All motions, sounds, and voices, far and
 nigh,

Blend in a music of tranquillity ;
 Save when, a stranger seen below, the boy
 Shouts from the echoing hills with savage
 joy.

When, from the sunny breast of open
 seas,

And bays with myrtle fringed, the southern
 breeze

Comes on to gladden April with the sight
 Of green isles widening on each snow-clad
 height ;

When shouts and lowing herds the valley
 fill,

And louder torrents stun the noon-tide hill,
 The pastoral Swiss begin the cliffs to scale,
 Leaving to silence the deserted vale ;

And like the Patriarchs in their simple age
 Move, as the verdure leads, from stage to
 stage :

High and more high in summer's heat they
 go,

And hear the rattling thunder far below ;
 Or steal beneath the mountains, half-de-
 terred,

Where huge rocks tremble to the bellowing
 herd.

One I behold who, 'cross the foaming
 flood,

Leaps with a bound of graceful hardihood ;
 Another, high on that green ledge ;—he
 gained

The tempting spot with every sinew strained ;
 And downward thence a knot of grass he
 throws,

Food for his beasts in time of winter snows.
 —Far different life from what Tradition
 hoar

Transmits of happier lot in times of yore !
 Then Summer lingered long ; and honey
 flowed

From out the rocks, the wild bees' safe
 abode :

Continual waters welling cheered the waste,
 And plants were wholesome, now of deadly
 taste :

Nor Winter yet his frozen stores had piled,
 Usurping where the fairest herbage smiled :
 Nor Hunger driven the herds from pastures
 bare,

To climb the treacherous cliffs for scanty fare.

Then the milk-thistle flourished through
the land,
And forced the full-swoln udder to demand,
Thrice every day, the pail and welcome
hand.

Thus does the father to his children tell
Of banished bliss, by fancy loved too well.
Alas ! that human guilt provoked the rod
Of angry Nature to avenge her God.
Still, Nature, ever just, to him imparts
Joys only given to uncorrupted hearts.

'Tis morn : with gold the verdant moun-
tain glows
More high, the snowy peaks with hues of
rose.

Far-stretched beneath the many-tinted hills,
A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,
A solemn sea ! whose billows wide around
Stand motionless, to awful silence bound :
Pines, on the coast, through mist their tops
uprear,

That like to leaning masts of stranded ships
appear.

A single chasm, a gulf of gloomy blue,
Gapes in the centre of the sea—and, through
That dark mysterious gulf ascending, sound
Innumerable streams with roar profound.
Mount through the nearer vapours notes of
birds,

And merry flageolet ; the low of herds,
The bark of dogs, the heifer's tinkling bell,
Talk, laughter, and perchance a church-
tower knell :

Think not, the peasant from aloft has gazed
And heard with heart unmoved, with soul
unraised :

Nor is his spirit less enrapt, nor less
Alive to independent happiness,
Then, when he lies, out-stretched, at even-
tide

Upon the fragrant mountain's purple side :
For as the pleasures of his simple day
Beyond his native valley seldom stray,
Nought round its darling precincts can he
find

But brings some past enjoyment to his
mind ;

While Hope, reclining upon Pleasure's
urn,

Binds her wild wreaths, and whispers his
return.

Once, Man entirely free, alone and wild,
Was blest as free—for he was Nature's
child.

He, all superior but his God disdained,
Walked none restraining, and by none re-
strained

Confessed no law but what his reason
taught,

Did all he wished, and wished but what he
ought.

As man in his primeval dower arrayed
The image of his glorious Sire displayed,
Even so, by faithful Nature guarded, here
The traces of primeval Man appear ;
The simple dignity no forms debase ;
The eye sublime, and surly lion-grace :
The slave of none, of beasts alone the
lord,

His book he prizes, nor neglects his sword ;
Well taught by that to feel his rights, pre-
pared

With this "the blessings he enjoys to
guard."

And, as his native hills encircle ground
For many a marvellous victory renowned,
The work of Freedom daring to oppose,
With few in arms,¹ innumerable foes,
When to those famous fields his steps are
led,

An unknown power connects him with the
dead :

For images of other worlds are there ;
Awful the light, and holy is the air.
Fitfully, and in flashes, through his soul,
Like sun-lit tempests, troubled transports
roll ;

His bosom heaves, his Spirit towers amain,
Beyond the senses and their little reign.

And oft, when that dread vision hath
past by,

He holds with God himself communion
high,

There where the peal of swelling torrents
fills

The sky-roofed temple of the eternal hills ;

¹ Alluding to several battles which the Swiss
in very small numbers have gained over their
oppressors, the house of Austria ; and in parti-
cular, to one fought at Næffels near Glarus,
where three hundred and thirty men are said to
have defeated an army of between fifteen and
twenty thousand Austrians. Scattered over the
valley are to be found eleven stones, with this in-
scription, 1388, the year the battle was fought,
marking out, as I was told upon the spot, the
several places where the Austrians, attempting to
make a stand, were repulsed anew.

Or when, upon the mountain's silent brow
Reclined, he sees, above him and below,
Bright stars of ice and azure fields of snow ;
While needle peaks of granite shooting bare
Tremble in ever-varying tints of air.

And when a gathering weight of shadows
brown

Falls on the valleys as the sun goes down ;
And Pikes, of darkness named and fear and
storms,¹

Uplift in quiet their illumined forms ;
In sea-like reach of prospect round him
spread,

Tinged like an angel's smile all rosy red—
Awe in his breast with holiest love unites,
And the near heavens impart their own de-
lights.

When downward to his winter hut he
goes,
Dear and more dear the lessening circle
grows ;

That hut which on the hills so oft employs
His thoughts, the central point of all his
joys.

And as a swallow, at the hour of rest,
Peeps often ere she darts into her nest,
So to the homestead, where the grandsire
tends

A little prattling child, he oft descends,
To glance a look upon the well-matched
pair ;

Till storm and driving ice blockade him
there.

There, safely guarded by the woods behind,
He hears the chiding of the baffled wind,
Hears Winter calling all his terrors round,
And, blest within himself, he shrinks not
from the sound.

Through Nature's vale his homely plea-
sures glide,

Unstained by envy, discontent, and pride ;
The bound of all his vanity, to deck,
With one bright bell, a favourite heifer's
neck ;

Well pleased upon some simple annual
feast,

Remembered half the year and hoped the
rest,

If dairy-produce, from his inner hoard,
Of thrice ten summers dignify the board.

—Alas ! in every clime a flying ray

Is all we have to cheer our wintry way ;

¹ As Schreck-Horn, the pike of terror ; Wetter-
Horn, the pike of storms, etc. etc.

And here the unwilling mind may more
than trace

The general sorrows of the human race ;
The churlish gales of penury, that blow
Cold as the north-wind o'er a waste of snow,
To them the gentle groups of bliss deny
That on the noon-day bank of leisure lie.

Yet more ;—compelled by Powers which
only deign

That *solitary* man disturb their reign,
Powers that support an unremitting strife
With all the tender charities of life,
Full oft the father, when his sons have
grown

To manhood, seems their title to disown ;
And from his nest amid the storms of
heaven

Drives, eagle-like, those sons as he was
driven ;

With stern composure watches to the
plain—

And never, eagle-like, beholds again !

When long-familiar joys are all resigned,
Why does their sad remembrance haunt
the mind ?

Lo ! where through flat Batavia's willowy
groves,

Or by the lazy Seine, the exile roves ;
O'er the curled waters Alpine measures
swell,

And search the affections to their inmost
cell ;

Sweet poison spreads along the listener's
veins,

Turning past pleasures into mortal pains ;
Poison, which not a frame of steel can
brave,

Bows his young head with sorrow to the
grave.²

Gay lark of hope, thy silent song re-
sume !

Ye flattering eastern lights, once more the
hills illumine !

Fresh gales and dews of life's delicious
morn,

And thou, lost fragrance of the heart,
return !

Alas ! the little joy to man allowed
Fades like the lustre of an evening cloud ;
Or like the beauty in a flower installed,
Whose season was, and cannot be recalled.

² The well-known effect of the famous air,
called in French *Ranz des Vaches*, upon the Swiss
troops.

Yet, when oppress'd by sickness, grief, or care,
And taught that pain is pleasure's natural
 heir,

We still confide in more than we can
 know ;

Death would be else the favourite friend of
 woe.

'Mid savage rocks, and seas of snow
 that shine,

Between interminable tracts of pine,
Within a temple stands an awful shrine,
By an uncertain light revealed, that falls
On the mute Image and the troubled walls.
Oh ! give not me that eye of hard disdain
That views, undimmed, Einsiedlen's¹
 wretched fane.

While ghastly faces through the gloom
 appear,

Abortive joy, and hope that works in fear ;
While prayer contends with silenced agony,
Surely in other thoughts contempt may die.
If the sad grave of human ignorance bear
One flower of hope—oh, pass and leave it
 there !

The tall sun, pausing on an Alpine spire,
Flings o'er the wilderness a stream of fire :
Now meet we other pilgrims ere the day
Close on the remnant of their weary way ;
While they are drawing toward the sacred
 floor

Where, so they fondly think, the worm
 shall gnaw no more.

How gaily murmur and how sweetly taste
The fountains² reared for them amid the
 waste !

Their thirst they slake :—they wash their
 toil-worn feet

And some with tears of joy each other
 greet.

Yes, I must see you when ye first behold
Those holy turrets tipped with evening
 gold,

In that glad moment will for you a sigh
Be heaved, of charitable sympathy ;

In that glad moment when your hands are
 prest

In mute devotion on the thankful breast !

¹ This shrine is resorted to, from a hope of relief, by multitudes, from every corner of the Catholic world, labouring under mental or bodily afflictions.

² Rude fountains built and covered with sheds for the accommodation of the Pilgrims, in their ascent of the mountain.

Last, let us turn to Chamouny that
 shields

With rocks and gloomy woods her fertile
 fields :

Five streams of ice amid her cots descend,
And with wild flowers and blooming orchards
 blend ;—

A scene more fair than what the Grecian
 feigns

Of purple lights and ever-vernal plains ;
Here all the seasons revel hand in hand :

'Mid lawns and shades by breezy rivulets
 fanned,

They sport beneath that mountain's match-
 less height

That holds no commerce with the summer
 night.

From age to age, throughout his lonely
 bounds

The crash of ruin fitfully resounds ;
Appalling havoc ! but serene his brow,
Where daylight lingers on perpetual snow ;
Glitter the stars above, and all is black
 below.

What marvel then if many a Wanderer
 sigh,

While roars the sullen Arve in anger by,
That not for thy reward, unrivalled Vale !
Waves the ripe harvest in the autumnal gale ;
That thou, the slaves of slaves, art doomed
 to pine

And droop, while no Italian arts are thine,
To soothe or cheer, to soften or refine.

Hail Freedom ! whether it was mine to
 stray,

With shrill winds whistling round my lonely
 way,

On the bleak sides of Cumbria's heath-clad
 moors,

Or where dank sea-weed lashes Scotland's
 shores ;

To scent the sweets of Piedmont's breath-
 ing rose,

And orange gale that o'er Lugano blows ;
Still have I found, where Tyranny prevails,
That virtue languishes and pleasure fails,
While the remotest hamlets blessings share
In thy loved presence known, and only
 there ;

Heart-blessings—outward treasures too
 which the eye

Of the sun peeping through the clouds can
 spy,

And every passing breeze will testify.

There, to the porch, belike with jasmine
bound
Or woodbine wreaths, a smoother path is
wound ;

The housewife there a brighter garden sees,
Where hum on busier wing her happy bees ;
On infant cheeks there fresher roses blow ;
And grey-haired men look up with livelier
brow,—

To greet the traveller needing food and
rest ;

Housed for the night, or but a half-hour's
guest.

And oh, fair France ! though now the
traveller sees

Thy three-striped banner fluctuate on the
breeze ;

Though martial songs have banished songs
of love,

And nightingales desert the village grove,
Scared by the fife and rumbling drum's
alarms,

And the short thunder, and the flash of
arms ;

That cease not till night falls, when far and
nigh,

Sole sound, the Soud¹ prolongs his mourn-
ful cry !

—Yet, hast thou found that Freedom spreads
her power

Beyond the cottage-hearth, the cottage-door:
All nature smiles, and owns beneath her eyes
Her fields peculiar, and peculiar skies.

Yes, as I roamed where Loiret's waters glide
Through rustling aspens heard from side to
side,

When from October clouds a milder light
Fell where the blue flood rippled into white;
Methought from every cot the watchful bird
Crowed with ear-piercing power till then
unheard ;

Each clacking mill, that broke the murmur-
ing streams,

Rocked the charmed thought in more
delightful dreams ;

Chasing those pleasant dreams, the falling
leaf

Awoke a fainter sense of moral grief ;
The measured echo of the distant flail
Wound in more welcome cadence down the
vale ;

¹ An insect so called, which emits a short, melancholy cry, heard at the close of the summer evenings, on the banks of the Loire.

With more majestic course² the water rolled,
And ripening foliage shone with richer gold.
—But foes are gathering—Liberty must
raise

Red on the hills her beacon's far-seen blaze ;
Must bid the tocsin ring from tower to
tower !—

Nearer and nearer comes the trying hour !
Rejoice, brave Land, though pride's per-
verted ire

Rouse hell's own aid, and wrap thy fields
in fire :

Lo, from the flames a great and glorious
birth ;

As if a new-made heaven were hailing a
new earth !

—All cannot be : the promise is too fair
For creatures doomed to breathe terrestrial
air :

Yet not for this will sober reason frown
Upon that promise, nor the hope disown ;
She knows that only from high aims ensue
Rich guerdons, and to them alone are due.

Great God ! by whom the strifes of men
are weighed

In an impartial balance, give thine aid
To the just cause ; and, oh ! do thou preside
Over the mighty stream now spreading wide
So shall its waters, from the heavens supplied
In copious showers, from earth by whole-
some springs,

Brood o'er the long-parched lands with
Nile-like wings !

And grant that every sceptred child of clay
Who cries presumptuous, " Here the flood
shall stay,"

May in its progress see thy guiding hand,
And cease the acknowledged purpose to
withstand ;

Or, swept in anger from the insulted shore
Sink with his servile bands, to rise no more !

To-night, my Friend, within this humble
cot

Be scorn and fear and hope alike forgot
In timely sleep ; and when, at break of day,
On the tall peaks the glistening sunbeams
play,

With a light heart our course we may renew,
The first whose footsteps print the mountain
dew.

1793.

² The duties upon many parts of the French rivers were so exorbitant, that the poorer people, deprived of the benefit of water carriage, were obliged to transport their goods by land.

GUILT AND SORROW

OR

INCIDENTS UPON SALISBURY PLAIN

Unwilling to be unnecessarily particular, I have assigned this poem to the dates 1793 and '94; but in fact much of the "Female Vagrant's" story was composed at least two years before. All that relates to her sufferings as a sailor's wife in America, and her condition of mind during her voyage home, were faithfully taken from the report made to me of her own case by a friend who had been subjected to the same trials and affected in the same way. Mr. Coleridge, when I first became acquainted with him, was so much impressed with this poem, that it would have encouraged me to publish the whole as it then stood; but the mariner's fate appeared to me so tragical as to require a treatment more subdued and yet more strictly applicable in expression than I had at first given to it. This fault was corrected nearly fifty years afterwards, when I determined to publish the whole. It may be worth while to remark, that, though the incidents of this attempt do only in a small degree produce each other, and it deviates accordingly from the general rule by which narrative pieces ought to be governed, it is not therefore wanting in continuous hold upon the mind, or in unity, which is effected by the identity of moral interest that places the two personages upon the same footing in the reader's sympathies. My rambles over many parts of Salisbury Plain put me, as mentioned in the preface, upon writing this poem, and left on my mind imaginative impressions the force of which I have felt to this day. From that district I proceeded to Bath, Bristol, and so on to the banks of the Wye, where I took again to travelling on foot. In remembrance of that part of my journey, which was in '93, I began the verses—"Five years have passed."

ADVERTISEMENT

PREFIXED TO THE FIRST EDITION OF THIS POEM,
PUBLISHED IN 1842

Not less than one-third of the following poem, though it has from time to time been altered in the expression, was published so far back as the year 1798, under the title of "The Female Vagrant." The extract is of such length that an apology seems to be required for reprinting it here: but it was necessary to restore it to its original position, or the rest would have been unintelligible. The whole was written before the close of the year 1794, and I will detail, rather as matter of literary biography than for any other

reason, the circumstances under which it was produced.

During the latter part of the summer of 1793, having passed a month in the Isle of Wight, in view of the fleet which was then preparing for sea off Portsmouth at the commencement of the war, I left the place with melancholy forebodings. The American war was still fresh in memory. The struggle which was beginning, and which many thought would be brought to a speedy close by the irresistible arms of Great Britain being added to those of the allies, I was assured in my own mind would be of long continuance, and productive of distress and misery beyond all possible calculation. This conviction was pressed upon me by having been a witness, during a long residence in revolutionary France, of the spirit which prevailed in that country. After leaving the Isle of Wight, I spent two days in wandering on foot over Salisbury Plain, which, though cultivation was then widely spread through parts of it, had upon the whole a still more impressive appearance than it now retains.

The monuments and traces of antiquity, scattered in abundance over that region, led me unavoidably to compare what we know or guess of those remote times with certain aspects of modern society, and with calamities, principally those consequent upon war, to which, more than other classes of men, the poor are subject. In those reflections, joined with particular facts that had come to my knowledge, the following stanzas originated.

In conclusion, to obviate some distraction in the minds of those who are well acquainted with Salisbury Plain, it may be proper to say, that of the features described as belonging to it, one or two are taken from other desolate parts of England.

I

A TRAVELLER on the skirt of Sarum's
Plain

Pursued his vagrant way, with feet half
bare;

Stooping his gait, but not as if to gain
Help from the staff he bore; for mien and
air

Were hardy, though his cheek seemed
worn with care

Both of the time to come, and time long
fled:

Down fell in straggling locks his thin grey
hair;

A coat he wore of military red
But faded, and stuck o'er with many a patch
and shred.

II

While thus he journeyed, step by step led
on,
He saw and passed a stately inn, full sure
That welcome in such house for him was
none.
No board inscribed the needy to allure
Hung there, no bush proclaimed to old and
poor
And desolate, "Here you will find a
friend!"
The pendent grapes glittered above the
door;—
On he must pace, perchance 'till night de-
scend,
Where'er the dreary roads their bare white
lines extend.

III

The gathering clouds grow red with stormy
fire,
In streaks diverging wide and mounting
high;
That inn he long had passed; the distant
spire,
Which oft as he looked back had fixed his
eye,
Was lost, though still he looked, in the
blank sky.
Perplexed and comfortless he gazed around,
And scarce could any trace of man descry,
Save cornfields stretched and stretching
without bound;
But where the sower dwelt was nowhere to
be found.

IV

No tree was there, no meadow's pleasant
green,
No brook to wet his lip or soothe his ear;
Long files of corn-stacks here and there
were seen,
But not one dwelling-place his heart to
cheer.
Some labourer, thought he, may perchance
be near;
And so he sent a feeble shout—in vain;
No voice made answer, he could only hear
Winds rustling over plots of unripe grain,
Or whistling thro' thin grass along the un-
furrowed plain.

V

Long had he fancied each successive slope
Concealed some cottage, whither he might
turn
And rest; but now along heaven's darken-
ing cope
The crows rushed by in eddies, homeward
borne.
Thus warned he sought some shepherd's
spreading thorn
Or hovel from the storm to shield his head,
But sought in vain; for now, all wild, for-
lorn,
And vacant, a huge waste around him
spread;
The wet cold ground, he feared, must be
his only bed.

VI

And be it so—for to the chill night shower
And the sharp wind his head he oft hath
bared;
A Sailor he, who many a wretched hour
Hath told; for, landing after labour hard,
Full long endured in hope of just reward,
He to an armed fleet was forced away
By seamen, who perhaps themselves had
shared
Like fate; was hurried off, a helpless prey,
'Gainst all that in *his* heart, or theirs per-
haps, said nay.

VII

For years the work of carnage did not
cease,
And death's dire aspect daily he surveyed,
Death's minister; then came his glad re-
lease,
And hope returned, and pleasure fondly
made
Her dwelling in his dreams. By Fancy's
aid
The happy husband flies, his arms to throw
Round his wife's neck; the prize of victory
laid
In her full lap, he sees such sweet tears
flow
As if thenceforth nor pain nor trouble she
could know.

VIII

Vain hope ! for fraud took all that he had
earned.

The lion roars and gluts his tawny brood
Even in the desert's heart ; but he, re-
turned,

Bears not to those he loves their needful
food.

His home approaching, but in such a mood
That from his sight his children might have
run.

He met a traveller, robbed him, shed his
blood ;

And when the miserable work was done
He fled, a vagrant since, the murderer's
fate to shun.

IX

From that day forth no place to him could
be

So lonely, but that thence might come a
pang

Brought from without to inward misery.

Now, as he plodded on, with sullen clang
A sound of chains along the desert rang ;

He looked, and saw upon a gibbet high

A human body that in irons swang,

Uplifted by the tempest whirling by ;

And, hovering, round it often did a raven
fly. ¹

X

It was a spectacle which none might view,
In spot so savage, but with shuddering
pain ;

Nor only did for him at once renew

All he had feared from man, but roused a
train

Of the mind's phantoms, horrible as vain.

The stones, as if to cover him from day,

Rolled at his back along the living plain ;

He fell, and without sense or motion lay ;

But, when the trance was gone, feebly
pursued his way.

XI

As one whose brain habitual phrensy fires
Goes to the fit in which his soul hath tossed
Profounder quiet, when the fit retires,
Even so the dire phantasma which had
crossed

¹ See Note.

His sense, in sudden vacancy quite lost,
Left his mind still as a deep evening stream.
Nor, if accosted now, in thought engrossed,
Moody, or inly troubled, would he seem
To traveller who might talk of any casual
theme.

XII

Hurtle the clouds in deeper darkness piled,
Gone is the raven timely rest to seek ;

He seemed the only creature in the wild
On whom the elements their rage might
wreak ;

Save that the bustard, of those regions
bleak

Shy tenant, seeing by the uncertain light
A man there wandering, gave a mournful
shriek,

And half upon the ground, with strange
affright,

Forced hard against the wind a thick un-
wieldy flight.

XIII

All, all was cheerless to the horizon's bound ;
The weary eye—which, wheresoe'er it strays,

Marks nothing but the red sun's setting
round,

Or on the earth strange lines, in former
days

Left by gigantic arms—at length surveys
What seems an antique castle spreading
wide ;

Hoary and naked are its walls, and raise
Their brow sublime : in shelter there to bide
He turned, while rain poured down smoking
on every side.

XIV

Pile of Stone-henge ! so proud to hint yet
keep

Thy secrets, thou that lov'st to stand and
hear

The Plain resounding to the whirlwind's
sweep,

Inmate of lonesome Nature's endless year ;
Even if thou saw'st the giant wicker rear

For sacrifice its throngs of living men,

Before thy face did ever wretch appear,

Who in his heart had groaned with deadlier
pain

Than he who, tempest-driven, thy shelter
now would gain.

XV

Within that fabric of mysterious form,
 Winds met in conflict, each by turns
 supreme ;
 And, from the perilous ground dislodged,
 through storm
 And rain he wildered on, no moon to stream
 From gulf of parting clouds one friendly
 beam,
 Nor any friendly sound his footsteps led ;
 Once did the lightning's faint disastrous
 gleam
 Disclose a naked guide-post's double head,
 Sight which tho' lost at once a gleam of
 pleasure shed.

XVI

No swinging sign-board creaked from
 cottage elm
 To stay his steps with faintness overcome ;
 'Twas dark and void as ocean's watery
 realm
 Roaring with storms beneath night's star-
 less gloom ;
 No gipsy cowered o'er fire of furze or
 broom ;
 No labourer watched his red kiln glaring
 bright,
 Nor taper glimmered dim from sick man's
 room ;
 Along the waste no line of mournful light
 From lamp of lonely toll-gate streamed
 athwart the night.

XVII

At length, though hid in clouds, the moon
 arose ;
 The downs were visible—and now revealed
 A structure stands, which two bare slopes
 enclose.
 It was a spot, where, ancient vows fulfilled,
 Kind pious hands did to the Virgin build
 A lonely Spital, the belated swain
 From the night terrors of that waste to
 shield :
 But there no human being could remain,
 And now the walls are named the "Dead
 House" of the plain.

XVIII

Though he had little cause to love the abode
 Of man, or covet sight of mortal face,
 Yet when faint beams of light that ruin
 showed,
 How glad he was at length to find some
 trace
 Of human shelter in that dreary place.
 Till to his flock the early shepherd goes,
 Here shall much-needed sleep his frame
 embrace.
 In a dry nook where fern the floor bestrows
 He lays his stiffened limbs,—his eyes begin
 to close ;

XIX

When hearing a deep sigh, that seemed to
 come
 From one who mourned in sleep, he raised
 his head,
 And saw a woman in the naked room
 Outstretched, and turning on a restless bed :
 The moon a wan dead light around her shed.
 He waked her—spake in tone that would
 not fail,
 He hoped, to calm her mind ; but ill he
 sped,
 For of that ruin she had heard a tale
 Which now with freezing thoughts did all
 her powers assail ;

XX

Had heard of one who, forced from storms
 to shroud,
 Felt the loose walls of this decayed Retreat
 Rock to incessant neighings shrill and loud,
 While his horse pawed the floor with furious
 heat ;
 Till on a stone, that sparkled to his feet,
 Struck, and still struck again, the troubled
 horse :
 The man half raised the stone with pain
 and sweat,
 Half raised, for well his arm might lose its
 force
 Disclosing the grim head of a late murdered
 corse.

XXI

Such tale of this lone mansion she had
 learned
 And, when that shape, with eyes in sleep
 half drowned,

By the moon's sullen lamp she first discerned,
Cold stony horror all her senses bound.
Her he addressed in words of cheering sound ;
Recovering heart, like answer did she make ;
And well it was that, of the corse there found,
In converse that ensued she nothing spake ;
She knew not what dire pangs in him such tale could wake.

XXII

But soon his voice and words of kind intent
Banished that dismal thought ; and now the wind
In fainter howlings told its *rage* was spent :
Meanwhile discourse ensued of various kind,
Which by degrees a confidence of mind
And mutual interest failed not to create.
And, to a natural sympathy resigned,
In that forsaken building where they sate
The Woman thus retraced her own untoward fate.

XXIII

" By Derwent's side my father dwelt—a man
Of virtuous life, by pious parents bred ;
And I believe that, soon as I began
To lisp he made me kneel beside my bed,
And in his hearing there my prayers I said :
And afterwards, by my good father taught,
I read, and loved the books in which I read ;
For books in every neighbouring house I sought,
And nothing to my mind a sweeter pleasure brought.

XXIV

" A little croft we owned—a plot of corn,
A garden stored with peas, and mint, and thyme,
And flowers for posies, oft on Sunday morn
Plucked while the church bells rang their earliest chime.

Can I forget our freaks at shearing time !
My hen's rich nest through long grass scarce espied ;
The cowslip-gathering in June's dewy prime ;
The swans that with white chests upreared in pride
Rushing and racing came to meet me at the water-side.

XXV

" The staff I well remember which upbore
The bending body of my active sire ;
His seat beneath the honied sycamore
Where the bees hummed, and chair by winter fire ;
When market-morning came, the neat attire
With which, though bent on haste, myself I decked ;
Our watchful house-dog, that would tease and tire
The stranger till its barking-fit I checked ;
The red-breast, known for years, which at my casement pecked.

XXVI

" The suns of twenty summers danced along,—
Too little marked how fast they rolled away :
But, through severe mischance and cruel wrong,
My father's substance fell into decay :
We toiled and struggled, hoping for a day
When Fortune might put on a kinder look ;
But vain were wishes, efforts vain as they ;
He from his old hereditary nook
Must part ; the summons came ;—our final leave we took.

XXVII

" It was indeed a miserable hour
When, from the last hill-top, my sire surveyed,
Peering above the trees, the steeple tower
That on his marriage day sweet music made !

Till then, he hoped his bones might there
 be laid
 Close by my mother in their native bowers :
 Bidding me trust in God, he stood and
 prayed ;—
 I could not pray :—through tears that fell
 in showers
 Glimmered our dear-loved home, alas ! no
 longer ours !

XXVIII

“ There was a Youth whom I had loved so
 long,
 That when I loved him not I cannot say :
 'Mid the green mountains many a thought-
 less song
 We two had sung, like gladsome birds in
 May ;
 When we began to tire of childish play,
 We seemed still more and more to prize
 each other ;
 We talked of marriage and our marriage
 day ;
 And I in truth did love him like a brother,
 For never could I hope to meet with such
 another.

XXIX

“ Two years were passed since to a distant
 town
 He had repaired to ply a gainful trade :
 What tears of bitter grief, till then un-
 known !
 What tender vows, our last sad kiss de-
 layed !
 To him we turned :—we had no other aid :
 Like one revived, upon his neck I wept ;
 And her whom he had loved in joy, he
 said,
 He well could love in grief ; his faith he
 kept ;
 And in a quiet home once more my father
 slept.

XXX

“ We lived in peace and comfort ; and were
 blest
 With daily bread, by constant toil sup-
 plied.
 Three lovely babes had lain upon my
 breast ;

And often, viewing their sweet smiles, I
 sighed,
 And knew not why. My happy father
 died,
 When threatened war reduced the children's
 meal ;
 Thrice happy ! that for him the grave
 could hide
 The empty loom, cold hearth, and silent
 wheel,
 And tears that flowed for ills which patience
 might not heal.

XXXI

“ 'Twas a hard change ; an evil time was
 come ;
 We had no hope, and no relief could gain :
 But soon, with proud parade, the noisy
 drum
 Beat round to clear the streets of want and
 pain.
 My husband's arms now only served to
 strain
 Me and his children hungering in his view ;
 In such dismay my prayers and tears were
 vain :
 To join those miserable men he flew,
 And now to the sea-coast, with numbers
 more, we drew.

XXXII

“ There were we long neglected, and we bore
 Much sorrow ere the fleet its anchor weighed ;
 Green fields before us, and our native shore,
 We breathed a pestilential air, that made
 Ravage for which no knell was heard. We
 prayed
 For our departure ; wished and wished—
 nor knew,
 'Mid that long sickness and those hopes
 delayed,
 That happier days we never more must
 view.
 The parting signal streamed—at last the
 land withdrew.

XXXIII

“ But the calm summer season now was past,
 On as we drove, the equinoctial deep
 Ran mountains high before the howling
 blast,
 And many perished in the whirlwind's
 sweep.

We gazed with terror on their gloomy sleep,
Untaught that soon such anguish must
ensue,

Our hopes such harvest of affliction reap,
That we the mercy of the waves should
rue :

We reached the western world, a poor
devoted crew.

XXXIV

"The pains and plagues that on our heads
came down,

Disease and famine, agony and fear,
In wood or wilderness, in camp or town,
It would unman the firmest heart to hear.
All perished—all in one remorseless year,
Husband and children! one by one, by
sword

And ravenous plague, all perished: every
tear

Dried up, despairing, desolate, on board
A British ship I waked, as from a trance
restored."

XXXV

Here paused she of all present thought
forlorn,

Nor voice nor sound, that moment's pain
expressed,

Yet Nature, with excess of grief o'erborne,
From her full eyes their watery load re-
leased.

He too was mute; and, ere her weeping
ceased,

He rose, and to the ruin's portal went,
And saw the dawn opening the silvery east
With rays of promise, north and southward
sent;

And soon with crimson fire kindled the
firmament.

XXXVI

"O come," he cried, "come, after weary
night

Of such rough storm, this happy change to
view."

So forth she came, and eastward looked;
the sight

Over her brow like dawn of gladness threw;
Upon her cheek, to which its youthful hue

Seemed to return, dried the last lingering
tear,

And from her grateful heart a fresh one
drew:

The whilst her comrade to her pensive
cheer

Tempered fit words of hope; and the lark
warbled near.

XXXVII

They looked and saw a lengthening road,
and wain

That rang down a bare slope not far re-
mote:

The barrows glistened bright with drops of
rain,

Whistled the waggoner with merry note,
The cock far off sounded his clarion throat;
But town, or farm, or hamlet, none they
viewed,

Only were told there stood a lonely cot
A long mile thence. While thither they
pursued

Their way, the Woman thus her mournful
tale renewed.

XXXVIII

"Peaceful as this immeasurable plain
Is now, by beams of dawning light imprest,
In the calm sunshine slept the glittering
main;

The very ocean hath its hour of rest.
I too forgot the heavings of my breast.
How quiet 'round me ship and ocean were!
As quiet all within me. I was blest,
And looked, and fed upon the silent air
Until it seemed to bring a joy to my
despair.

XXXIX

"Ah! how unlike those late terrific sleeps,
And groans that rage of racking famine
spoke;

The unburied dead that lay in festering
heaps,

The breathing pestilence that rose like
smoke,

The shriek that from the distant battle
broke,

The mine's dire earthquake, and the pallid
host
Driven by the bomb's incessant thunder-
stroke
To loathsome vaults, where heart-sick
anguish tossed,
Hope died, and fear itself in agony was
lost !

XL

"Some mighty gulf of separation past,
I seemed transported to another world ;
A thought resigned with pain, when from
the mast
The impatient mariner the sail unfurled,
And, whistling, called the wind that hardly
curled
The silent sea. From the sweet thoughts
of home
And from all hope I was for ever hurled.
For me—farthest from earthly port to roam
Was best, could I but shun the spot where
man might come.

XLI

"And oft I thought (my fancy was so strong)
That I, at last, a resting-place had found ;
'Here will I dwell,' said I, 'my whole life
long,
Roaming the illimitable waters round ;
Here will I live, of all but heaven disowned,
And end my days upon the peaceful flood.'—
To break my dream the vessel reached its
bound ;
And homeless near a thousand homes I
stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and
wanted food.

XLII

"No help I sought ; in sorrow turned adrift,
Was hopeless, as if cast on some bare
rock ;
Nor morsel to my mouth that day did lift,
Nor raised my hand at any door to knock.
I lay where, with his drowsy mates, the
cock
From the cross-timber of an out-house
hung :
Dismally tolled, that night, the city clock !

At morn my sick heart hunger scarcely
stung,
Nor to the beggar's language could I fit
my tongue.

XLIII

"So passed a second day ; and, when the
third
Was come, I tried in vain the crowd's
resort.
—In deep despair, by frightful wishes
stirred,
Near the sea-side I reached a ruined fort ;
There, pains which nature could no more
support,
With blindness linked, did on my vitals
fall ;
And, after many interruptions short
Of hideous sense, I sank, nor step could
crawl :
Unsought for was the help that did my life
recall.

XLIV

"Borne to a hospital, I lay with brain
Drowsy and weak, and shattered memory ;
I heard my neighbours in their beds com-
plain
Of many things which never troubled me—
Of feet still bustling round with busy glee,
Of looks where common kindness had no
part,
Of service done with cold formality,
Fretting the fever round the languid heart,
And groans which, as they said, might
make a dead man start.

XLV

"These things just served to stir the slum-
bering sense,
Nor pain nor pity in my bosom raised.
With strength did memory return ; and,
thence
Dismissed, again on open day I gazed,
At houses, men, and common light, amazed.
The lanes I sought, and, as the sun retired,
Came where beneath the trees a faggot
blazed,
The travellers saw me weep, my fate in-
quired,
And gave me food—and rest, more wel-
come, more desired.

XLVI

"Rough potters seemed they, trading soberly
 With panniered asses driven from door to
 door;
 But life of happier sort set forth to me,
 And other joys my fancy to allure—
 The bag-pipe dinning on the midnight moor
 In barn uplighted; and companions boon,
 Well met from far with revelry secure
 Among the forest glades, while jocund June
 Rolled fast along the sky his warm and
 genial moon.

XLVII

"But ill they suited me—those journeys dark
 O'er moor and mountain, midnight theft to
 hatch!
 To charm the surly house-dog's faithful
 bark,
 Or hang on tip-toe at the lifted latch.
 The gloomy lantern, and the dim bluematch,
 The black disguise, the warning whistleshrill,
 And ear still busy on its nightly watch,
 Were not for me, brought up in nothing ill:
 Besides, on griefs so fresh my thoughts
 were brooding still.

XLVIII

"What could I do, unaided and unblest?
 My father! gone was every friend of thine:
 And kindred of dead husband are at best
 Small help; and, after marriage such as
 mine,
 With little kindness would to me incline.
 Nor was I then for toil or service fit;
 My deep-drawn sighs no effort could con-
 fine;
 In open air forgetful would I sit
 Whole hours, with idle arms in moping
 sorrow knit.

XLIX

"The roads I paced, I loitered through the
 fields;
 Contentedly, yet sometimes self-accused.
 I trusted my life to what chance bounty
 yields,
 Now coldly given, now utterly refused.
 The ground I for my bed have often used:

But what afflicts my peace with keenest ruth,
 Is that I have my inner self abused,
 Foregone the home delight of constant
 truth,
 And clear and open soul, so prized in fear-
 less youth.

L

"Through tears the rising sun I oft have
 viewed,
 Through tears have seen him towards that
 world descend
 Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude:
 Three years a wanderer now my course I
 bend—
 Oh! tell me whither—for no earthly friend
 Have I."—She ceased, and weeping turned
 away;
 As if because her tale was at an end,
 She wept; because she had no more to say
 Of that perpetual weight which on her spirit
 lay.

LI

True sympathy the Sailor's looks expressed,
 His looks—for pondering he was mute the
 while.
 Of social Order's care for wretchedness,
 Of Time's sure help to calm and reconcile,
 Joy's second spring and Hope's long-trea-
 sured smile,
 'Twas not for *him* to speak—a man so tried.
 Yet, to relieve her heart, in friendly style
 Proverbial words of comfort he applied,
 And not in vain, while they went pacing
 side by side.

LII

Ere long, from heaps of turf, before their
 sight,
 Together smoking in the sun's slant beam,
 Rise various wreaths that into one unite
 Which high and higher mounts with silver
 gleam:
 Fair spectacle,—but instantly a scream
 Thence bursting shrill did all remark pre-
 vent;
 They paused, and heard a hoarser voice
 blaspheme,
 And female cries. Their course they
 thither bent,
 And met a man who foamed with anger
 vehement.

LIII

A woman stood with quivering lips and pale,
 And, pointing to a little child that lay
 Stretched on the ground, began a piteous
 tale;
 How in a simple freak of thoughtless play
 He had provoked his father, who straight-
 way,
 As if each blow were deadlier than the last,
 Struck the poor innocent. Pallid with
 dismay
 The Soldier's Widow heard and stood
 aghast;
 And stern looks on the man her grey-haired
 Comrade cast.

LIV

His voice with indignation rising high
 Such further deed in manhood's name for-
 bade;
 The peasant, wild in passion, made reply
 With bitter insult and revilings sad;
 Asked him in scorn what business there he
 had;
 What kind of plunder he was hunting now;
 The gallows would one day of him be glad;—
 Though inward anguish damped the Sailor's
 brow,
 Yet calm he seemed as thoughts so poignant
 would allow.

LV

Softly he stroked the child, who lay out-
 stretched
 With face to earth; and, as the boy turned
 round
 His battered head, a groan the Sailor
 fetched
 As if he saw—there and upon that ground—
 Strange repetition of the deadly wound
 He had himself inflicted. Through his
 brain
 At once the griding iron passage found;
 Deluge of tender thoughts then rushed
 amain,
 Nor could his sunken eyes the starting tear
 restrain.

LVI

Within himself he said—What hearts have
 we!
 The blessing this a father gives his child!
 Yet happy thou, poor boy! oompared with
 me,
 Suffering not doing ill—fate far more mild.
 The stranger's looks and tears of wrath
 beguiled
 The father, and relenting thoughts awoke;
 He kissed his son—so all was reconciled.
 Then, with a voice which inward trouble
 broke
 Ere to his lips it came, the Sailor them
 bespoke.

LVII

“Bad is the world, and hard is the world's
 law
 Even for the man who wears the warmest
 fleece;
 Much need have ye that time more closely
 draw
 The bond of nature, all unkindness cease,
 And that among so few there still be peace:
 Else can ye hope but with such numerous
 foes
 Your pains shall ever with your years in-
 crease?”—
 While from his heart the appropriate lesson
 flows,
 A correspondent calm stole gently o'er his
 woes.

LVIII

Forthwith the pair passed on; and down
 they look
 Into a narrow valley's pleasant scene
 Where wreaths of vapour tracked a winding
 brook,
 That babbled on through groves and
 meadows green;
 A low-roofed house peeped out the trees
 between;
 The dripping groves resound with cheerful
 lays,
 And melancholy lowings intervene
 Of scattered herds, that in the meadow
 graze,
 Some amid lingering shade, some touched
 by the sun's rays.

LIX

They saw and heard, and, winding with the road,
 Down a thick wood, they dropt into the vale ;
 Comfort, by prouder mansions unbestowed,
 Their wearied frames, she hoped, would soon regale.
 Erelong they reached that cottage in the dale ;
 'T was a rustic inn ;—the board was spread,
 The milk-maid followed with her brimming pail,
 And lustily the master carved the bread,
 Kindly the housewife pressed, and they in comfort fed.

LX

Their breakfast done, the pair, though loth, must part ;
 Wanderers whose course no longer now agrees.
 She rose and bade farewell ! and, while her heart
 Struggled with tears nor could its sorrow ease,
 He left him there ; for, clustering round his knees,
 With his oak-staff the cottage children played ;
 And soon she reached a spot o'erhung with trees
 And banks of ragged earth ; beneath the shade
 Across the pebbly road a little runnel strayed.

LXI

Cart and horse beside the rivulet stood ;
 Hequering the canvas roof the sunbeams shone.
 He saw the carman bend to scoop the flood
 As the wain fronted her,—wherein lay one,
 Pale-faced Woman, in disease far-gone.
 He carman wet her lips as well behaved ;
 And under her lean body there was none,
 Though even to die near one she most had loved
 He could not of herself those wasted limbs have moved.

LXII

The Soldier's Widow learned with honest pain
 And homefelt force of sympathy sincere,
 Why thus that worn-out wretch must there sustain
 The jolting road and morning air severe.
 The wain pursued its way ; and following near
 In pure compassion she her steps retraced
 Far as the cottage. "A sad sight is here,"
 She cried aloud ; and forth ran out in haste
 The friends whom she had left but a few minutes past.

LXIII

While to the door with eager speed they ran,
 From her bare straw the Woman half up-raised
 Her bony visage—gaunt and deadly wan ;
 No pity asking, on the group she gazed
 With a dim eye, distracted and amazed ;
 Then sank upon her straw with feeble moan.
 Fervently cried the housewife—"God be praised,
 I have a house that I can call my own ;
 Nor shall she perish there, untended and alone !"

LXIV

So in they bear her to the chimney seat,
 And busily, though yet with fear, untie
 Her garments, and, to warm her icy feet
 And chafe her temples, careful hands apply.
 Nature reviving, with a deep-drawn sigh
 She strove, and not in vain, her head to rear ;
 Then said—"I thank you all ; if I must die,
 The God in heaven my prayers for you will hear ;
 Till now I did not think my end had been so near.

LXV

"Barred every comfort labour could procure,
 Suffering what no endurance could assuage,
 I was compelled to seek my father's door,
 Though loth to be a burthen on his age.

But sickness stopped me in an early stage
Of my sad journey ; and within the wain
They placed me—there to end life's
pilgrimage,
Unless beneath your roof I may remain ;
For I shall never see my father's door again.

LXVI

" My life, Heaven knows, hath long been
burthensome ;
But, if I have not meekly suffered, meek
May my end be ! Soon will this voice be
dumb :
Should child of mine e'er wander hither,
speak
Of me, say that the worm is on my cheek.—
Torn from our hut, that stood beside the sea
Near Portland lighthouse in a lonesome
creek,
My husband served in sad captivity
On shipboard, bound till peace or death
should set him free.

LXVII

" A sailor's wife I knew a widow's cares,
Yet two sweet little ones partook my bed ;
Hope cheered my dreams, and to my daily
prayers
Our heavenly Father granted each day's
bread ;
Till one was found by stroke of violence
dead,
Whose body near our cottage chanced to lie ;
A dire suspicion drove us from our shed ;
In vain to find a friendly face we try,
Nor could we live together those poor boys
and I ;

LXVIII

" For evil tongues made oath how on that
day
My husband lurked about the neighbour-
hood ;
Now he had fled, and whither none could
say,
And *he* had done the deed in the dark
wood—
Near his own home !—but he was mild and
good ;
Never on earth was gentler creature seen ;
He'd not have robbed the raven of its food.

My husband's lovingkindness stood between
Me and all worldly harms and wrongs how-
ever keen."

LXIX

Alas ! the thing she told with labouring
breath
The Sailor knew too well. That wickedness
His hand had wrought ; and when, in the
hour of death,
He saw his Wife's lips move his name to
bless
With her last words, unable to suppress
His anguish, with his heart he ceased to
strive ;
And, weeping loud in this extreme distress,
He cried—" Do pity me ! That thou
shouldst live
I neither ask nor wish—forgive me, but
forgive !"

LXX

To tell the change that Voice within her
wrought
Nature by sign or sound made no essay ;
A sudden joy surprised expiring thought,
And every mortal pang dissolved away.
Borne gently to a bed, in death she lay ;
Yet still while over her the husband bent,
A look was in her face which seemed to say,
" Be blest ; by sight of thee from heaven
was sent
Peace to my parting soul, the fulness of
content."

LXXI

She slept in peace,—his pulses throbbed
and stopped,
Breathless he gazed upon her face,—then
took
Her hand in his, and raised it, but both
dropped,
When on his own he cast a rueful look.
His ears were never silent ; sleep forsook
His burning eyelids stretched and stiff as
lead ;
All night from time to time under him shook
The floor as he lay shuddering on his bed ;
And oft he groaned aloud, " O God, that I
were dead !"

LXXII

The Soldier's Widow lingered in the cot,
 And, when he rose, he thanked her pious
 care
 Through which his Wife, to that kind
 shelter brought,
 Died in his arms ; and with those thanks a
 prayer
 He breathed for her, and for that merciful
 pair.
 The corse interred, not one hour he remained
 Beneath their roof, but to the open air
 A burthen, now with fortitude sustained,
 He bore within a breast where dreadful
 quiet reigned.

LXXIII

Confirmed of purpose, fearlessly prepared
 For act and suffering, to the city straight
 He journeyed, and forthwith his crime
 declared :
 " And from your doom," he added, " now
 I wait,
 Nor let it linger long, the murderer's fate."
 Not ineffectual was that piteous claim :
 " O welcome sentence which will end though
 late,"
 He said, " the pangs that to my conscience
 came
 Out of that deed. My trust, Saviour ! is
 in thy name !"

LXXIV

His fate was pitied. Him in iron case
 Reader, forgive the intolerable thought)
 They hung not :—no one on *his* form or face
 Could gaze, as on a show by idlers sought ;
 No kindred sufferer, to his death-place
 brought
 By lawless curiosity or chance,
 When into storm the evening sky is wrought,
 Upon his swinging corse an eye can glance,
 And drop, as he once dropped, in miserable
 trance.

1793-94.

LINES

Left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree, which stands
 near the lake of Esthwaite, on a desolate part
 of the shore, commanding a beautiful prospect.

Composed in part at school at Hawkshead.
 The tree has disappeared, and the slip of Common
 on which it stood, that ran parallel to the lake,
 and lay open to it, has long been enclosed ; so
 that the road has lost much of its attraction. This
 spot was my favourite walk in the evenings during
 the latter part of my school-time. The individual
 whose habits and character are here given, was a
 gentleman of the neighbourhood, a man of talent
 and learning, who had been educated at one of
 our Universities, and returned to pass his time in
 seclusion on his own estate. He died a bachelor
 in middle age. Induced by the beauty of the
 prospect, he built a small summer-house on the
 rocks above the peninsula on which the ferry-house
 stands. This property afterwards passed into the
 hands of the late Mr. Curwen. The site was long
 ago pointed out by Mr. West in his Guide, as the
 pride of the lakes, and now goes by the name of
 " The Station." So much used I to be delighted
 with the view from it, while a little boy, that some
 years before the first pleasure-house was built, I
 led thither from Hawkshead a youngster about
 my own age, an Irish boy, who was a servant to
 an itinerant conjuror. My motive was to witness
 the pleasure I expected the boy would receive
 from the prospect of the islands below and the
 intermingling water. I was not disappointed ;
 and I hope the fact, insignificant as it may appear
 to some, may be thought worthy of note by others
 who may cast their eye over these notes.

NAY, Traveller ! rest. This lonely Yew-
 tree stands

Far from all human dwelling : what if here
 No sparkling rivulet spread the verdant
 herb ?

What if the bee love not these barren
 boughs ?

Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the curling
 waves,

That break against the shore, shall lull thy
 mind

By one soft impulse saved from vacancy.

—Who he was

That piled these stones and with the mossy
 sod

First covered, and here taught this aged
 Tree

With its dark arms to form a circling bower,
 I well remember.—He was one who owned

No common soul. In youth by science
nursed,

And led by nature into a wild scene
Of lofty hopes, he to the world went forth
A favoured Being, knowing no desire
Which genius did not hallow ; 'gainst the
taint

Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and hate,
And scorn,—against all enemies prepared,
All but neglect. The world, for so it
thought,

Owed him no service ; wherefore he at once
With indignation turned himself away,
And with the food of pride sustained his
soul

In solitude.—Stranger ! these gloomy
boughs

Had charms for him ; and here he loved to
sit,

His only visitants a straggling sheep,
The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper:
And on these barren rocks, with fern and
heath,

And juniper and thistle, sprinkled o'er,
Fixing his downcast eye, he many an hour
A morbid pleasure nourished, tracing here
An emblem of his own unfruitful life :

And, lifting up his head, he then would
gaze

On the more distant scene,—how lovely 'tis
Thou seest,—and he would gaze till it
became

Far lovelier, and his heart could not sustain
The beauty, still more beauteous ! Nor,
that time,

When nature had subdued him to herself,
Would he forget those Beings to whose
minds,

Warm from the labours of benevolence,
The world, and human life, appeared a
scene

Of kindred loveliness : then he would sigh,
Inly disturbed, to think that others felt
What he must never feel : and so, lost
Man !

On visionary views would fancy feed,
Till his eye streamed with tears. In this
deep vale

He died,—this seat his only monument.

If Thou be one whose heart the holy
forms

Of young imagination have kept pure,
Stranger ! henceforth be warned ; and
know that pride,

Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness ; that he, who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used ; that thought
with him

Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
Is ever on himself doth look on one,
The least of Nature's works, one who
might move

The wise man to that scorn which wisdom
holds

Unlawful, ever. O be wiser, Thou !
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love ;
True dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart. 1795.

THE BORDERERS¹

A Tragedy

Of this dramatic work I have little to say in addition to the short note which will be found at the end of the volume. It was composed at Racedown in Dorsetshire during the latter part of the year 1795, and in the course of the following year. Had it been the work of a later period of life, it would have been different in some respects from what it is now. The plot would have been something more complex, and a greater variety of characters introduced to relieve the mind from the pressure of incidents so mournful. The manners also would have been more attended to. My care was almost exclusively given to the passions and the characters, and the position in which the persons in the Drama stood relatively to each other, that the reader (for I had then no thought of the Stage) might be moved, and to a degree instructed, by lights penetrating somewhat into the depths of our nature. In this endeavour, I cannot think, upon a very late review, that I have failed. As to the scene and period of action, little more was required for my purpose than the absence of established law and government ; so that the agents might be at liberty to act on their own impulses. Nevertheless I do remember that, having a wish to colour the manners in some degree from local history more than my knowledge enabled me to do, I read Redpath's *History of the Borders*, but found there nothing to my purpose. I once made an observation to Sir Walter Scott, in which he concurred, that it was difficult to conceive how so dull a book could be

¹ See Note.

written on such a subject. Much about the same time, but a little after, Coleridge was employed in writing his tragedy of "Remorse," and it happened that soon after, through one of the Mr. Pooles, Mr. Knight the actor heard that we had been engaged in writing Plays, and upon his suggestion mine was curtailed, and I believe Coleridge's also was offered to Mr. Harris, manager of Covent Garden. For myself, I had no hope nor even a wish (though a successful play would, in the then state of my finances, have been a most welcome piece of good fortune) that I should accept my performance; so that I incurred no disappointment when the piece was judiciously returned as not calculated for the stage. In this judgment I entirely concurred, and had it been otherwise, it was so natural for me to shrink from public notice, that any hope I might have had of success would not have reconciled me altogether to such an exhibition. Mr. C.'s Play was, as is well known, brought forward several years after through the kindness of Mr. Sheridan. In conclusion I may observe that while I was composing this Play I wrote a short essay illustrative of that constitution and those tendencies of human nature which make me apparently *motiveless* actions of bad men intelligible to careful observers. This was partly one with reference to the character of Oswald, and his persevering endeavour to lead the man he disliked into so heinous a crime; but still more to preserve in my distinct remembrance what I had observed of transition in character, and the reflections I had been led to make during the time I was a witness of the changes through which the French Revolution passed.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARMADUKE.	} Of the Band of Borderers.
OSWALD.	
WALLACE.	
LACY.	
LENNOX.	
HERBERT.	
WILFRED, Servant to MARMADUKE.	
Host.	
Forester.	
ELDRED, a Peasant.	
Peasant, Pilgrims, etc.	
IDONEA.	
Female Beggar.	
ELEANOR, Wife to ELDRED.	

SCENE—*Borders of England and Scotland.*

TIME—*The Reign of Henry III.*

Readers already acquainted with my Poems will recognise, in the following composition, some

eight or ten lines which I have not scrupled to retain in the places where they originally stood. It is proper, however, to add, that they would not have been used elsewhere, if I had foreseen the time when I might be induced to publish this Tragedy.

February 28, 1842.

ACT I.

SCENE—*Road in a Wood.*

WALLACE and LACY.

Lacy. The troop will be impatient; let us hie
Back to our post, and strip the Scottish
Foray
Of their rich Spoil, ere they recross the
Border.
—Pity that our young Chief will have no
part
In this good service.

Wal. Rather let us grieve
That, in the undertaking which has caused
His absence, he hath sought, whate'er his
aim,
Companionship with One of crooked ways,
From whose perverted soul can come no
good
To our confiding, open-hearted, Leader.

Lacy. True; and, remembering how the
Band have proved
That Oswald finds small favour in our
sight,
Well may we wonder he has gained such
power

Over our much-loved Captain.

Wal. I have heard
Of some dark deed to which in early life
His passion drove him—then a Voyager
Upon the midland Sea. You knew his
bearing
In Palestine?

Lacy. Where he despised alike
Mahommedan and Christian. But enough;
Let us begone—the Band may else be
foiled. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter MARMADUKE and WILFRED.

Wil. Be cautious, my dear Master!
Mar. I perceive
That fear is like a cloak which old men
huddle
About their love, as if to keep it warm

Wil. Nay, but I grieve that we should
part. This Stranger,
For such he is——

Mar. Your busy fancies, Wilfred,
Might tempt me to a smile ; but what of
him ?

Wil. You know that you have saved his
life.

Mar. I know it.

Wil. And that he hates you !—Pardon
me, perhaps
That word was hasty.

Mar. Fy ! no more of it.

Wil. Dear Master ! gratitude's a heavy
burden

To a proud Soul.—Nobody loves this
Oswald—

Yourself, you do not love him.

Mar. I do more,
I honour him. Strong feelings to his heart
Are natural ; and from no one can be learnt
More of man's thoughts and ways than his
experience

Has given him power to teach : and then
for courage

And enterprise—what perils hath he
shunned ?

What obstacles hath he failed to overcome ?
Answer these questions, from our common
knowledge,

And be at rest.

Wil. Oh, Sir !

Mar. Peace, my good Wilfred ;
Repair to Liddesdale, and tell the Band
I shall be with them in two days, at farthest.

Wil. May He whose eye is over all pro-
tect you ! [Exit.]

*Enter OSWALD (a bunch of plants in his
hand).*

Osw. This wood is rich in plants and
curious simples.

Mar. (looking at them). The wild rose,
and the poppy, and the nightshade :
Which is your favourite, Oswald ?

Osw. That which, while it is
Strong to destroy, is also strong to heal—

[Looking forward.]
Not yet in sight !—We'll saunter here
awhile ;

They cannot mount the hill, by us unseen.

Mar. (a letter in his hand). It is no
common thing when one like you

Performs these delicate services, and
therefore

I feel myself much bounden to you, Oswald ;
'Tis a strange letter this !—You saw her
write it ?

Osw. And saw the tears with which she
blotted it.

Mar. And nothing less would satisfy
him ?

Osw. No less ;
For that another in his Child's affection
Should hold a place, as if 'twere robbery,
He seemed to quarrel with the very thought.
Besides, I know not what strange prejudice
Is rooted in his mind ; this Band of ours,
Which you've collected for the noblest ends,
Along the confines of the Esk and Tweed
To guard the Innocent—he calls us " Out-
laws " ;

And, for yourself, in plain terms he asserts
This garb was taken up that indolence
Might want no cover, and rapacity
Be better fed.

Mar. Ne'er may I own the heart
That cannot feel for one, helpless as he is.

Osw. Thou know'st me for a Man not
easily moved,

Yet was I grievously provoked to think
Of what I witnessed.

Mar. This day will suffice
To end her wrongs.

Osw. But if the blind Man's tale
Should yet be true ?

Mar. Would it were possible !
Did not the soldier tell thee that himself,
And others who survived the wreck, beheld
The Baron Herbert perish in the waves
Upon the coast of Cyprus ?

Osw. Yes, even so
And I had heard the like before : in sooth
The tale of this his quondam Barony
Is cunningly devised ; and, on the back
Of his forlorn appearance, could not fail
To make the proud and vain his tributaries,
And stir the pulse of lazy charity.
The seignories of Herbert are in Devon ;
We, neighbours of the Esk and Tweed :
'tis much

The Arch-Impostor——

Mar. Treat him gently, Oswald ;
Though I have never seen his face, me-
thinks,

There cannot come a day when I shall
cease

To love him. I remember, when a Boy
Of scarcely seven years' growth, beneath
the Elm

That casts its shade over our village school,
'Twas my delight to sit and hear Idonea
Repeat her Father's terrible adventures,
Till all the band of playmates wept together ;
And that was the beginning of my love.
And, through all converse of our later years,
An image of this old Man still was present,
When I had been most happy. Pardon me
If this be idly spoken.

Osw. See, they come,

Two Travellers !

Mar. (*points*). The woman is Idonea.

Osw. And leading Herbert.

Mar. We must let them pass—

This thicket will conceal us.

[*They step aside.*]

Enter IDONEA, leading HERBERT blind.

Idon. Dear Father, you sigh deeply ;
ever since

We left the willow shade by the brook-side,
Your natural breathing has been troubled.

Her. Nay,

You are too fearful ; yet must I confess,
Our march of yesterday had better suited
A firmer step than mine.

Idon. That dismal Moor—

In spite of all the larks that cheered our
path,

I never can forgive it : but how steadily
You paced along, when the bewildering
moonlight

Mocked me with many a strange fantastic
shape !—

I thought the Convent never would appear ;
It seemed to move away from us : and yet,
That you are thus the fault is mine ; for the
air

Was soft and warm, no dew lay on the grass,
And midway on the waste ere night had
fallen

I spied a Covert walled and roofed with
sods—

A miniature ; belike some Shepherd-boy,
Who might have found a nothing-doing hour
Heavier than work, raised it : within that
hut

We might have made a kindly bed of heath,
And thankfully there rested side by side
Wrapped in our cloaks, and, with recruited
strength,

Have hailed the morning sun. But cheerily,
Father,—

That staff of yours, I could almost have
heart

To fling't away from you : you make no use
Of me, or of my strength ;—come, let me feel
That you do press upon me. There—indeed
You are quite exhausted. Let us rest awhile
On this green bank. [*He sits down.*]

Her. (*after some time*). Idonea, you are
silent,

And I divine the cause.

Idon. Do not reproach me :

I pondered patiently your wish and will

When I gave way to your request ; and
now,

When I behold the ruins of that face,
Those eyeballs dark—dark beyond hope of
light,

And think that they were blasted for my
sake,

The name of Marmaduke is blown away :
Father, I would not change that sacred
feeling

For all this world can give.

Her. Nay, be composed :

Few minutes gone a faintness overspread
My frame, and I bethought me of two things
I ne'er had heart to separate—my grave,
And thee, my Child !

Idon. Believe me, honoured Sire !

'Tis weariness that breeds these gloomy
fancies,

And you mistake the cause : you hear the
woods

Resound with music, could you see the sun,
And look upon the pleasant face of
Nature—

Her. I comprehend thee—I should be as
cheerful

As if we two were twins ; two songsters
bred

In the same nest, my spring-time one with
thine.

My fancies, fancies if they be, are such
As come, dear Child ! from a far deeper
source

Than bodily weariness. While here we sit
I feel my strength returning.—The bequest
Of thy kind Patroness, which to receive
We have thus far adventured, will suffice
To save thee from the extreme of penury ;
But when thy Father must lie down and die,
How wilt thou stand alone ?

Idon. Is he not strong?
Is he not valiant?

Her. Am I then so soon
Forgotten? have my warnings passed so
quickly
Out of thy mind? My dear, my only,
Child;
Thou wouldst be leaning on a broken
reed—
This Marmaduke—

Idon. O could you hear his voice :
Alas ! you do not know him. He is one
(I wot not what ill tongue has wronged
him with you)

All gentleness and love. His face bespeaks
A deep and simple meekness : and that Soul,
Which with the motion of a virtuous act
Flashes a look of terror upon guilt,
Is, after conflict, quiet as the ocean,
By a miraculous finger, stilled at once.

Her. Unhappy Woman !

Idon. Nay, it was my duty
Thus much to speak ; but think not I
forget—

Dear Father ! how *could* I forget and live—
You and the story of that doleful night
When, Antioch blazing to her topmost
towers,

You rushed into the murderous flames, re-
turned

Blind as the grave, but, as you oft have
told me,

Clasping your infant Daughter to your heart.

Her. Thy Mother too !—scarce had I
gained the door,

I caught her voice ; she threw herself upon
me,

I felt thy infant brother in her arms ;
She saw my blasted face—a tide of soldiers

That instant rushed between us, and I heard
Her last death-shriek, distinct among a
thousand.

Idon. Nay, Father, stop not ; let me
hear it all.

Her. Dear Daughter ! precious relic of
that time—

For my old age, it doth remain with thee
To make it what thou wilt. Thou hast
been told,

That when, on our return from Palestine,
I found how my domains had been usurped,
I took thee in my arms, and we began
Our wanderings together. Providence
At length conducted us to Rossland,—there,

Our melancholy story moved a Stranger
To take thee to her home—and for myself
Soon after, the good Abbot of St. Cuth-
bert's

Supplied my helplessness with food and
raiment,

And, as thou know'st, gave me that humble
Cot

Where now we dwell.—For many years
bore

Thy absence, till old age and fresh infirmities
Exacted thy return, and our reunion.

I did not think that, during that long
absence,

My Child, forgetful of the name of Herbert,
Had given her love to a wild Freebooter,
Who here, upon the borders of the Tweed,
Doth prey alike on two distracted Countries,
Traitor to both.

Idon. Oh, could you hear his voice !
I will not call on Heaven to vouch for me,
But let this kiss speak what is in my heart.

Enter a Peasant.

Pea. Good-morrow, Strangers ! If you
want a Guide,

Let me have leave to serve you !

Idon. My Companion
Hath need of rest ; the sight of Hut or
Hostel

Would be most welcome.

Pea. Yon white hawthorn gained
You will look down into a dell, and there
Will see an ash from which a sign-board
hangs ;

The house is hidden by the shade. Old
Man,

You seem worn out with travel—shall I
support you?

Her. I thank you ; but, a resting-place
so near,

'Twere wrong to trouble you.

Pea. God speed you both
[*Exit Peasant*]

Her. Idonea, we must part. Be not
alarmed—

'Tis but for a few days—a thought has
struck me.

Idon. That I should leave you at this
house, and thence

Proceed alone. It shall be so ; for strength
Would fail you ere our journey's end be
reached.

[*Exit HERBERT supported by IDONEA*]

Re-enter MARMADUKE and OSWALD.

Mar. This instant will we stop him——

Osw. Be not hasty,

For, sometimes, in despite of my conviction,

He tempted me to think the Story true ;

'Tis plain he loves the Maid, and what he said

That savoured of aversion to thy name

Appeared the genuine colour of his soul——

Anxiety lest mischief should befall her

After his death.

Mar. I have been much deceived.

Osw. But sure he loves the Maiden, and never love

Could find delight to nurse itself so strangely,

Thus to torment her with inventions !—— death——

There must be truth in this.

Mar. Truth in his story !

He must have felt it then, known what it was,

And in such wise to rack her gentle heart

Had been a tenfold cruelty.

Osw. Strange pleasures

Do we poor mortals cater for ourselves !

To see him thus provoke her tenderness

With tales of weakness and infirmity !

I'd wager on his life for twenty years.

Mar. We will not waste an hour in such a cause.

Osw. Why, this is noble ! shake her off at once.

Mar. Her virtues are his instruments.——

A Man

Who has so practised on the world's cold sense,

May well deceive his Child——what ! leave her thus,

A prey to a deceiver ?——no——no——no——

'Tis but a word and then——

Osw. Something is here

More than we see, or whence this strong aversion ?

Marmaduke ! I suspect unworthy tales

Have reached his ear——you have had enemies.

Mar. Enemies !——of his own coinage.

Osw. That may be,

But wherefore slight protection such as you Have power to yield ? perhaps he looks elsewhere.——

I am perplexed.

Mar. What hast thou heard or seen ?

Osw. No——no——the thing stands clear of mystery ;

(As you have said) he coins himself the slander

With which he taints her ear ;——for a plain reason ;

He dreads the presence of a virtuous man

Like you ; he knows your eye would search his heart,

Your justice stamp upon his evil deeds

The punishment they merit. All is plain :

It cannot be——

Mar. What cannot be ?

Osw. Yet that a Father

Should in his love admit no rivalry,

And torture thus the heart of his own Child——

Mar. Nay, you abuse my friendship !

Osw. Heaven forbid !——

There was a circumstance, trifling indeed——

It struck me at the time——yet I believe

I never should have thought of it again

But for the scene which we by chance have witnessed.

Mar. What is your meaning ?

Osw. Two days gone I saw,

Though at a distance and he was disguised,

Hovering round Herbert's door, a man whose figure

Resembled much that cold voluptuary,

The villain, Clifford. He hates you, and he knows

Where he can stab you deepest.

Mar. Clifford never

Would stoop to skulk about a Cottage door——

It could not be.

Osw. And yet I now remember,

That, when your praise was warm upon my tongue,

And the blind Man was told how you had rescued

A maiden from the ruffian violence

Of this same Clifford, he became impatient And would not hear me.

Mar. No——it cannot be——

I dare not trust myself with such a thought——

Yet whence this strange aversion ? You are a man

Not used to rash conjectures——

Osw. If you deem it
A thing worth further notice, we must act
With caution, sift the matter artfully.
[*Exeunt MARMADUKE and OSWALD.*]

SCENE—*The door of the Hostel.*

HERBERT, IDONEA, and Host.

Her. (seated). As I am dear to you, remember, Child !
This last request.

Idon. You know me, Sire ; farewell !

Her. And are you going then ? Come, come, Idonea,
We must not part,—I have measured many
a league
When these old limbs had need of rest,—
and now
I will not play the sluggard.

Idon. Nay, sit down.

[*Turning to Host.*]

Good Host, such tendance as you would expect

From your own Children, if yourself were sick,

Let this old Man find at your hands ; poor Leader,

[*Looking at the dog.*]

We soon shall meet again. If thou neglect
This charge of thine, then ill befall thee !—

Look,

The little fool is loth to stay behind.

Sir Host ! by all the love you bear to courtesy,

Take care of him, and feed the truant well.

Host. Fear not, I will obey you ;—but
One so young,

And One so fair, it goes against my heart
That you should travel unattended,
Lady !—

I have a palfrey and a groom : the lad
Shall squire you, (would it not be better,
Sir ?)

And for less fee than I would let him run
For any lady I have seen this twelvemonth.

Idon. You know, Sir, I have been too
long your guard

Not to have learnt to laugh at little fears.

Why, if a wolf should leap from out a
thicket,

A look of mine would send him scouring
back,

Unless I differ from the thing I am
When you are by my side.

Her. Idonea. wolves

Are not the enemies that move my fears,

Idon. No more, I pray, of this. Three
days at farthest

Will bring me back—protect him, Saints—
farewell ! [*Exit IDONEA.*]

Host. 'Tis never drought with us—St.
Cuthbert and his Pilgrims,

Thanks to them, are to us a stream of
comfort :

Pity the Maiden did not wait a while ;

She could not, Sir, have failed of com-
pany.

Her. Now she is gone, I fain would call
her back.

Host (calling). Holla !

Her. No, no, the business
must be done.—

What means this riotous noise ?

Host. The villagers

Are flocking in—a wedding festival—

That's all—God save you, Sir.

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Ha ! as I live,

The Baron Herbert.

Host. Mercy, the Baron Herbert !

Osw. So far into your journey ! on my
life,

You are a lusty Traveller. But how fare
you ?

Her. Well as the wreck I am permits.

And you, Sir ?

Osw. I do not see Idonea.

Her. Dutiful Girl,

She is gone before, to spare my weariness.
But what has brought you hither ?

Osw. A slight affair,

That will be soon despatched.

Her. Did Marmaduke

Receive that letter ?

Osw. Be at peace.—The tie
Is broken, you will hear no more of *him*.

Her. This is true comfort, thanks a
thousand times !—

That noise !—would I had gone with her
as far

As the Lord Clifford's Castle : I have heard
That, in his milder moods, he has expressed

Compassion for me. His influence is great
With Henry, our good King ;—the Baron

might

Have heard my suit, and urged my plea at
Court.

No matter—he's a dangerous Man.—That noise !—

'Tis too disorderly for sleep or rest.

Idonea would have fears for me,—the Convent

Will give me quiet lodging. You have a boy, good Host,

And he must lead me back.

Osw. You are most lucky ;
I have been waiting in the wood hard by
For a companion—here he comes ; our journey

Enter MARMADUKE.

Lies on your way ; accept us as your Guides.

Her. Alas ! I creep so slowly.

Osw. Never fear ;
We'll not complain of that.

Her. My limbs are stiff
And need repose. Could you but wait an hour ?

Osw. Most willingly !—Come, let me lead you in,

And, while you take your rest, think not of us ;

We'll stroll into the wood ; lean on my arm.

[*Conducts HERBERT into the house.*]

Exit MARMADUKE.

Enter Villagers.

Osw. (to himself coming out of the Hostel).
I have prepared a most apt Instrument—

The Vagrant must, no doubt, be loitering somewhere

About this ground ; she hath a tongue well skilled,

By mingling natural matter of her own
With all the daring fictions I have taught her,

To win belief, such as my plot requires.

[*Exit OSWALD.*]

Enter more Villagers, a Musician among them.

Host (to them). Into the court, my Friend,
and perch yourself
Aloft upon the elm-tree. Pretty Maids,
Garlands and flowers, and cakes and merry thoughts,

Are here, to send the sun into the west
More speedily than you belike would wish.

SCENE changes to the Wood adjoining the Hostel—MARMADUKE and OSWALD entering.

Mar. I would fain hope that we deceive ourselves :

When first I saw him sitting there, alone,
It struck upon my heart I know not how.

Osw. To-day will clear up all.—You marked a Cottage,

That ragged Dwelling, close beneath a rock
By the brook-side : it is the abode of One,
A Maiden innocent till ensnared by Clifford,
Who soon grew weary of her ; but, alas !
What she had seen and suffered turned her brain.

Cast off by her Betrayer, she dwells alone,
Nor moves her hands to any needful work :
She eats her food which every day the peasants

Bring to her hut ; and so the Wretch has lived

Ten years ; and no one ever heard her voice ;

But every night at the first stroke of twelve
She quits her house, and, in the neighbour-
ing Churchyard

Upon the self-same spot, in rain or storm,
She paces out the hour 'twixt twelve and one—

She paces round and round an Infant's grave,

And in the churchyard sod her feet have worn

A hollow ring ; they say it is knee-deep—
Ah ! what is here ?

[*A female Beggar rises up, rubbing her eyes as if in sleep—a Child in her arms.*]

Beg. Oh ! Gentlemen, I thank you ;
I've had the saddest dream that ever troubled

The heart of living creature.—My poor Babe
Was crying, as I thought, crying for bread
When I had none to give him ; whereupon,
I put a slip of foxglove in his hand,
Which pleased him so, that he was hushed at once :

When, into one of those same spotted bells
A bee came darting, which the Child with joy

Imprisoned there, and held it to his ear,
And suddenly grew black, as he would die.

Mar. We have no time for this, my babbling Gossip ;
Here's what will comfort you.

[*Gives her money.*]

Beg. The Saints reward you
For this good deed !—Well, Sirs, this passed away ;

And afterwards I fancied, a strange dog,
Trotting alone along the beaten road,
Came to my child as by my side he slept
And, fondling, licked his face, then on a sudden

Snapped fierce to make a morsel of his head :
But here he is, [*kissing the Child*] it must have been a dream.

Osw. When next inclined to sleep, take my advice,
And put your head, good Woman, under cover.

Beg. Oh, sir, you would not talk thus, if you knew
What life is this of ours, how sleep will master

The weary-worn.—You gentlefolk have got Warm chambers to your wish. I'd rather be

A stone than what I am.—But two nights gone,

The darkness overtook me—wind and rain Beat hard upon my head—and yet I saw A glow-worm, through the covert of the furze,

Shine calmly as if nothing ailed the sky :
At which I half accused the God in Heaven.—
You must forgive me.

Osw. Ay, and if you think
The Fairies are to blame, and you should chide

Your favourite saint—no matter—this good day

Has made amends.

Beg. Thanks to you both ; but, O sir !
How would you like to travel on whole hours

As I have done, my eyes upon the ground,
Expecting still, I knew not how, to find
A piece of money glittering through the dust.

Mar. This woman is a prater. Pray, good Lady !

Do you tell fortunes ?

Beg. Oh Sir, you are like the rest.
This Little-one—it cuts me to the heart—
Well ! they might turn a beggar from their doors,

But there are Mothers who can see the Babe
Here at my breast, and ask me where I bought it :

This they can do, and look upon my face—
But you, Sir, should be kinder.

Mar. Come hither, Fathers,
And learn what nature is from this poor Wretch !

Beg. Ay, Sir, there's nobody that feels for us.

Why now—but yesterday I overtook
A blind old Greybeard and accosted him,
I' th' name of all the Saints, and by the Mass

He should have used me better !—Charity !
If you can melt a rock, he is your man ;
But I'll be even with him—here again
Have I been waiting for him.

Osw. Well, but softly,
Who is it that hath wronged you ?

Beg. Mark you me ;
I'll point him out ;—a Maiden is his guide,
Lovely as Spring's first rose ; a little dog,
Tied by a woollen cord, moves on before
With look as sad as he were dumb ; the cur,
I owe him no ill will, but in good sooth
He does his Master credit.

Mar. As I live,
'Tis Herbert and no other !

Beg. 'Tis a feast to see him,
Lank as a ghost and tall, his shoulders bent,
And long beard white with age—yet ever-
more,

As if he were the only Saint on earth,
He turns his face to heaven.

Osw. But why so violent
Against this venerable Man ?

Beg. I'll tell you :
He has the very hardest heart on earth ;
I had as lief turn to the Friar's school
And knock for entrance, in mid holiday.

Mar. But to your story.

Beg. I was saying, Sir—
Well !—he has often spurned me like a toad,

But yesterday was worse than all ;—at last
I overtook him, Sirs, my Babe and I,
And begged a little aid for charity :

But he was snappish as a cottage cur.
Well then, says I—I'll out with it ; at which

I cast a look upon the Girl, and felt
As if my heart would burst ; and so I left him.

Osw. I think, good Woman, you are the very person
Whom, but some few days past, I saw in Eskdale.

At Herbert's door.

Beg. Ay; and if truth were known I have good business there.

Osw. I met you at the threshold, And he seemed angry.

Beg. Angry! well he might; And long as I can stir I'll dog him.—Yesterday,

To serve me so, and knowing that he owes The best of all he has to me and mine. But 'tis all over now.—That good old Lady Has left a power of riches; and, I say it, If there's a lawyer in the land, the knave Shall give me half.

Osw. What's this?—I fear, good Woman,
You have been insolent.

Beg. And there's the Baron, I spied him skulking in his peasant's dress.

Osw. How say you? in disguise?—

Mar. But what's your business With Herbert or his Daughter?

Beg. Daughter! truly— But how's the day?—I fear, my little Boy, We've overslept ourselves.—Sirs, have you seen him? [*Offers to go.*]

Mar. I must have more of this;—you shall not stir

An inch, till I am answered. Know you aught

That doth concern this Herbert?

Beg. You are provoked, And will misuse me, Sir?

Mar. No trifling, Woman!

Osw. You are as safe as in a sanctuary; Speak.

Mar. Speak!

Beg. He is a most hard-hearted Man.

Mar. Your life is at my mercy.

Beg. Do not harm me, And I will tell you all!—You know not, Sir, What strong temptations press upon the Poor.

Osw. Speak out.

Beg. Oh Sir, I've been a wicked Woman.

Osw. Nay, but speak out!

Beg. He flattered me, and said What harvest it would bring us both; and

so,

I parted with the Child.

Mar. Parted with whom?

Beg. Idonea, as he calls her; but the Girl Is mine.

Mar. Yours, Woman! are you Herbert's wife?

Beg. Wife, Sir! his wife—not I; my husband, Sir,

Was of Kirkoswald—many a snowy winter We've weathered out together. My poor Giffred!

He has been two years in his grave.

Mar. Enough.

Osw. We've solved the riddle—Miscreant!

Mar. Do you, Good Dame, repair to Liddesdale and wait For my return; be sure you shall have justice.

Osw. A lucky woman! go, you have done good service. [*Aside.*]

Mar. (*to himself*). Eternal praises on the power that saved her!—

Osw. (*gives her money*). Here's for your little boy—and when you christen him

I'll be his Godfather.

Beg. Oh Sir, you are merry with me. In grange or farm this Hundred scarcely owns

A dog that does not know me.—These good Folks,

For love of God, I must not pass their doors;

But I'll be back with my best speed: for you—

God bless and thank you both, my gentle Masters. [*Exit Beggar.*]

Mar. (*to himself*). The cruel Viper!— Poor devoted Maid,

Now I do love thee.

Osw. I am thunderstruck.

Mar. Where is she—holla!

[*Calling to the Beggar, who returns; he looks at her stedfastly.*]

You are Idonea's mother?— Nay, be not terrified—it does me good To look upon you.

Osw. (*interrupting*). In a peasant's dress You saw, who was it?

Beg. Nay, I dare not speak; He is a man, if it should come to his ears I never shall be heard of more.

Osw. Lord Clifford?

Beg. What can I do? believe me, gentle
Sirs,
I love her, though I dare not call her
daughter.

Osw. Lord Clifford—did you see him
talk with Herbert?

Beg. Yes, to my sorrow—under the
great oak
At Herbert's door—and when he stood
beside

The blind Man—at the silent Girl he looked
With such a look—it makes me tremble, Sir,
To think of it.

Osw. Enough! you may depart.
Mar. (*to himself*). Father!—to God
himself we cannot give

A holier name; and, under such a mask,
To lead a Spirit, spotless as the blessed,
To that abhorred den of brutish vice!—
Oswald, the firm foundation of my life
Is going from under me; these strange
discoveries—

Looked at from every point of fear or hope,
Duty, or love—involve, I feel, my ruin.

ACT II.

SCENE—*A Chamber in the Hostel—
OSWALD alone, rising from a Table on
which he had been writing.*

Osw. They chose *him* for their Chief!
—what covert part

He, in the preference, modest Youth, might
take,
I neither know nor care. The insult bred
More of contempt than hatred; both are
flown;

That either e'er existed is my shame:
'Twas a dull spark—a most unnatural fire
That died the moment the air breathed
upon it.

—These fools of feeling are mere birds of
winter

That haunt some barren island of the north,
Where, if a famishing man stretch forth his
hand,

They think it is to feed them. I have left
him

To solitary meditation;—now
For a few swelling phrases, and a flash
Of truth, enough to dazzle and to blind,
And he is mine for ever—here he comes.

Enter MARMADUKE.

Mar. These ten years she has moved her
lips all day
And never speaks!

Osw. Who is it?

Mar. I have seen her.

Osw. Oh! the poor tenant of that ragged
homestead,
Her whom the Monster, Clifford, drove to
madness.

Mar. I met a peasant near the spot; he
told me,

These ten years she had sate all day alone
Within those empty walls.

Osw. I too have seen her;
Chancing to pass this way some six months
gone,

At midnight, I betook me to the Church-
yard:

The moon shone clear, the air was still, so
still

The trees were silent as the graves beneath
them.

Long did I watch, and saw her pacing round
Upon the self-same spot, still round and
round,

Her lips for ever moving.

Mar. At her door
Rooted I stood; for, looking at the woman,
I thought I saw the skeleton of Idonea.

Osw. But the pretended Father—
Mar. Earthly law

Measures not crimes like his.

Osw. We rank not, happily,
With those who take the spirit of their rule
From that soft class of devotees who feel
Reverence for life so deeply, that they spare
The verminous brood, and cherish what
they spare

While feeding on their bodies. Would
that Idonea

Were present, to the end that we might hear
What she can urge in his defence; she loves
him.

Mar. Yes, loves him; 'tis a truth that
multiplies

His guilt a thousand-fold.

Osw. 'Tis most perplexing:
What must be done?

Mar. We will conduct her hither;
These walls shall witness it—from first to
last

He shall reveal himself.

Osw. Happy are we,
Who live in these disputed tracts, that own
No law but what each man makes for
himself ;

Here justice has indeed a field of triumph.

Mar. Let us be gone and bring her
hither ;—here

The truth shall be laid open, his guilt proved
Before her face. The rest be left to me.

Osw. You will be firm : but though we
well may trust

The issue to the justice of the cause,
Caution must not be flung aside ; remember,
Yours is no common life. Self-stationed
here

Upon these savage confines, we have seen
you

Stand like an isthmus 'twixt two stormy seas
That oft have checked their fury at your
bidding.

'Mid the deep holds of Solway's mossy
waste,

Your single virtue has transformed a Band
Of fierce barbarians into Ministers
Of peace and order. Aged men with tears
Have blessed their steps, the fatherless retire
For shelter to their banners. But it is,
As you must needs have deeply felt, it is
In darkness and in tempest that we seek
The majesty of Him who rules the world.
Benevolence, that has not heart to use
The wholesome ministry of pain and evil,
Becomes at last weak and contemptible.

Your generous qualities have won due praise,
But vigorous Spirits look for something
more

Than Youth's spontaneous products ; and
to-day

You will not disappoint them ; and here—
after—

Mar. You are wasting words ; hear me
then, once for all :

You are a Man—and therefore, if com-
passion,

Which to our kind is natural as life,
Be known unto you, you will love this
Woman,

Even as I do ; but I should loathe the light,
If I could think one weak or partial
feeling—

Osw. You will forgive me—

Mar. If I ever knew
My heart, could penetrate its inmost core,
'Tis at this moment,—Oswald, I have loved

To be the friend and father of the oppressed,
A comforter of sorrow ;—there is something
Which looks like a transition in my soul,
And yet it is not.—Let us lead him hither.

Osw. Stoop for a moment ; 'tis an act
of justice ;

And where's the triumph if the delegate
Must fall in the execution of his office ?
The deed is done—if you will have it so—
Here where we stand—that tribe of vulgar
wretches

(You saw them gathering for the festival)
Rush in—the villains seize us—

Mar. Seize !

Osw. Yes, they—
Men who are little given to sift and weigh—
Would wreak on us the passion of the
moment.

Mar. The cloud will soon disperse—fare-
well—but stay,

Thou wilt relate the story.

Osw. Am I neither
To bear a part in this Man's punishment,
Nor be its witness ?

Mar. I had many hopes
That were most dear to me, and some will
bear

To be transferred to thee.

Osw. When I'm dishonoured !

Mar. I would preserve thee. How may
this be done ?

Osw. By showing that you look beyond
the instant,

A few leagues hence we shall have open
ground,

And nowhere upon earth is place so fit
To look upon the deed. Before we enter
The barren Moor, hangs from a beetling
rock

The shattered Castle in which Clifford oft
Has held infernal orgies—with the gloom,
And very superstition of the place,
Seasoning his wickedness. The Debauchee
Would there perhaps have gathered the first
fruits.

Of this mock Father's guilt.

Enter Host conducting HERBERT.

Host. The Baron Herbert
Attends your pleasure.

Osw. (to Host). We are ready—
(to HERBERT) Sir !

I hope you are refreshed.—I have just
written

A notice for your Daughter, that she may know

What is become of you.—You'll sit down and sign it ;

'Twill glad her heart to see her father's signature.

[Gives the letter he had written.]

Her. Thanks for your care.

[Sits down and writes. Exit Host.]

Osw. *(aside to MARMADUKE).* Perhaps it would be useful

That you too should subscribe your name.

[MARMADUKE overlooks HERBERT—then writes—examines the letter eagerly.]

Mar. I cannot leave this paper.

[He puts it up, agitated.]

Osw. *(aside).* Dastard ! Come.

[MARMADUKE goes towards HERBERT and supports him—MARMADUKE tremblingly beckons OSWALD to take his place.]

Mar. *(as he quits HERBERT).* There is a palsy in his limbs—he shakes.

[Exeunt OSWALD and HERBERT—MARMADUKE following.]

SCENE changes to a Wood—a Group of Pilgrims and IDONEA with them.

First Pil. A grove of darker and more lofty shade I never saw.

Sec. Pil. The music of the birds Drops deadened from a roof so thick with leaves.

Old Pil. This news ! It made my heart leap up with joy.

Idon. I scarcely can believe it.

Old Pil. Myself, I heard The Sheriff read, in open Court, a letter Which purported it was the royal pleasure

The Baron Herbert, who, as was supposed, Had taken refuge in this neighbourhood, Should be forthwith restored. The hearing, Lady,

Filled my dim eyes with tears.—When I returned

From Palestine, and brought with me a heart,

Though rich in heavenly, poor in earthly, comfort,

I met your Father, then a wandering Outcast :

He had a Guide, a Shepherd's boy ; but grieved

He was that One so young should pass his youth

In such sad service ; and he parted with him.

We joined our tales of wretchedness together,

And begged our daily bread from door to door.

I talk familiarly to you, sweet Lady !

For once you loved me.

Idon. You shall back with me

And see your Friend again. The good old Man

Will be rejoiced to greet you.

Old Pil. It seems but yesterday

That a fierce storm o'ertook us, worn with travel,

In a deep wood remote from any town.

A cave that opened to the road presented A friendly shelter, and we entered in.

Idon. And I was with you ?

Old Pil. If indeed 'twas you—

But you were then a tottering Little-one— We sate us down. The sky grew dark and darker :

I struck my flint, and built up a small fire With rotten boughs and leaves, such as the winds

Of many autumns in the cave had piled.

Meanwhile the storm fell heavy on the woods ;

Our little fire sent forth a cheering warmth And we were comforted, and talked of comfort ;

But 'twas an angry night, and o'er our heads

The thunder rolled in peals that would have made

A sleeping man uneasy in his bed.

O Lady, you have need to love your Father. His voice—methinks I hear it now, his voice

When, after a broad flash that filled the cave,

He said to me, that he had seen his Child,

A face (no cherub's face more beautiful) Revealed by lustre brought with it from Heaven ;

And it was you, dear Lady !

Idon. God be praised,

That I have been his comforter till now !

And will be so through every change of fortune

And every sacrifice his peace requires.—
Let us be gone with speed, that he may hear

These joyful tidings from no lips but mine.
[*Exeunt IDONEA and Pilgrims.*]

SCENE,—*The Area of a half-ruined Castle—on one side the entrance to a dungeon—OSWALD and MARMADUKE pacing backwards and forwards.*

Mar. 'Tis a wild night.

Osw. I'd give my cloak and bonnet
For sight of a warm fire.

Mar. The wind blows keen ;
My hands are numb.

Osw. Ha ! ha ! 'tis nipping cold.
[*Blowing his fingers.*]

I long for news of our brave Comrades ;
Lacy

Would drive those Scottish Rovers to their dens

If once they blew a horn this side the Tweed.

Mar. I think I see a second range of
Towers ;

This castle has another Area—come,
Let us examine it.

Osw. 'Tis a bitter night ;
I hope Idonea is well housed. That horse-
man,

Who at full speed swept by us where the
wood

Roared in the tempest, was within an ace
Of sending to his grave our precious
Charge :

That would have been a vile mischance.

Mar. It would.

Osw. Justice had been most cruelly de-
frauded.

Mar. Most cruelly.

Osw. As up the steep we clomb,
I saw a distant fire in the north-east ;
I took it for the blaze of Cheviot Beacon :
With proper speed our quarters may be
gained

To-morrow evening.

[*Looks restlessly towards the mouth of the
dungeon.*]

Mar. When, upon the plank,
I had led him 'cross the torrent, his voice
blessed me :

You could not hear, for the foam beat the
rocks

With deafening noise,—the benediction fell
Back on himself ; but changed into a curse.

Osw. As well indeed it might.

Mar. And this you deem
The fittest place ?

Osw. (aside). He is growing pitiful.

Mar. (listening). What an odd moan-
ing that is !—

Osw. Mighty odd

The wind should pipe a little, while we
stand

Cooling our heels in this way !—I'll begin
And count the stars.

Mar. (still listening). That dog of his,
you are sure,

Could not come after us—he *must* have
perished ;

The torrent would have dashed an oak to
splinters.

You said you did not like his looks—that
he

Would trouble us ; if he were here again,
I swear the sight of him would quail me
more

Than twenty armies.

Osw. How ?

Mar. The old blind Man,
When you had told him the mischance, was
troubled

Even to the shedding of some natural tears
Into the torrent over which he hung,
Listening in vain.

Osw. He has a tender heart !

[*OSWALD offers to go down into the
dungeon.*]

Mar. How now, what mean you ?

Osw. Truly, I was going
To waken our stray Baron. Were there not
A farm or dwelling-house within five leagues,
We should deserve to wear a cap and bells,
Three good round years, for playing the
fool here

In such a night as this.

Mar. Stop, stop.

Osw. Perhaps,
You'd better like we should descend
together,

And lie down by his side—what say you
to it ?

Three of us—we should keep each other
warm :

I'll answer for it that our four-legged friend

Shall not disturb us ; further I'll not engage ;
Come, come, for manhood's sake !

Mar. These drowsy shiverings,
This mortal stupor which is creeping over me,
What do they mean ? were this my single
body

Opposed to armies, not a nerve would
tremble :

Why do I tremble now ?—Is not the depth
Of this Man's crimes beyond the reach of
thought ?

And yet, in plumbing the abyss for judg-
ment,

Something I strike upon which turns my
mind

Back on herself, I think, again—my breast
Concentres all the terrors of the Universe :
I look at him and tremble like a child.

Osw. Is it possible ?

Mar. One thing you noticed not :
Just as we left the glen a clap of thunder
Burst on the mountains with hell-rousing
force.

This is a time, said he, when guilt may
shudder ;

But there's a Providence for them who walk
In helplessness, when innocence is with
them.

At this audacious blasphemy, I thought
The spirit of vengeance seemed to ride the
air.

Osw. Why are you not the man you
were that moment ?

[*He draws MARMADUKE to the dun-
geon.*

Mar. You say he was asleep,—look at
this arm,

And tell me if 'tis fit for such a work.

Oswald, Oswald !

[*Leans upon OSWALD.*

Osw. This is some sudden seizure !

Mar. A most strange faintness,—will you
hunt me out

A draught of water ?

Osw.

Nay, to see you thus
Moves me beyond my bearing.—I will try
To gain the torrent's brink.

[*Exit OSWALD.*

Mar. (*after a pause.*) It seems an age
Since that Man left me.—No, I am not lost.

Her. (*at the mouth of the dungeon.*) Give
me your hand ; where are you,
Friends ? and tell me

How goes the night.

Mar. 'Tis hard to measure time.
In such a weary night, and such a place.

Her. I do not hear the voice of my friend
Oswald.

Mar. A minute past, he went to fetch a
draught

Of water from the torrent. 'Tis, you'll say,
A cheerless beverage.

Her. How good it was in you
To stay behind !—Hearing at first no
answer,

I was alarmed.

Mar. No wonder ; this is a place
That well may put some fears into *your*
heart.

Her. Why so ? a roofless rock had been
a comfort,

Storm-beaten and bewildered as we were ;
And in a night like this, to lend your cloaks
To make a bed for me !—My Girl will weep
When she is told of it.

Mar. This Daughter of yours
Is very dear to you.

Her. Oh ! but you are young ;
Over your head twice twenty years must roll,
With all their natural weight of sorrow and
pain,

Ere can be known to you how much a Father
May love his Child.

Mar. Thank you, old Man,
for this ! [*Aside.*

Her. Fallen am I, and worn out, a use-
less Man ;

Kindly have you protected me to-night,
And no return have I to make but prayers ;
May you in age be blest with such a
daughter !—

When from the Holy Land I had returned
Sightless, and from my heritage was driven,
A wretched Outcast—but this strain of
thought

Would lead me to talk fondly.

Mar. Do not fear ;
Your words are precious to my ears ; go
on.

Her. You will forgive me, but my heart
runs over.

When my old Leader slipped into the flood
And perished, what a piercing outcry you
Sent after him. I have loved you ever since.
You start—where are we ?

Mar. Oh, there is no danger ;
The cold blast struck me.

Her. 'Twas a foolish question.

Mar. But when you were an Outcast?—

Heaven is just ;

Your piety would not miss its due reward ;
The little Orphan then would be your
succour,

And do good service, though she knew it
not.

Her. I turned me from the dwellings of
my Fathers,

Where none but those who trampled on my
rights

Seemed to remember me. To the wide
world

I bore her, in my arms ; her looks won
pity ;

She was my Raven in the wilderness,
And brought me food. Have I not cause
to love her ?

Mar. Yes.

Her. More than ever Parent loved
a Child ?

Mar. Yes, yes.

Her. I will not murmur, merciful God !

I will not murmur ; blasted as I have been,
Thou hast left me ears to hear my
Daughter's voice,

And arms to fold her to my heart. Sub-
missively

Thee I adore, and find my rest in faith.

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Herbert !— confusion ! (*aside*).

Here it is, my Friend,

[*Presents the Horn.*

A charming beverage for you to carouse,
This bitter night.

Her. Ha ! Oswald ! ten bright crosses
I would have given, not many minutes gone,
To have heard your voice.

Osw. Your couch, I fear, good Baron,
Has been but comfortless ; and yet that
place,

When the tempestuous wind first drove us
hither,

Felt warm as a wren's nest. You'd better
turn

And under covert rest till break of day,
Or till the storm abate.

[*To MARMADUKE aside*]. He has restored
you.

No doubt you have been nobly entertained ?
But soft !—how came he forth ? The

Night-mare Conscience

Has driven him out of harbour ?

Mar.

I believe

You have guessed right.

Her. The trees renew their murmur :
Come, let us house together.

[*OSWALD conducts him to the dungeon.*

Osw. (*returns*). Had I not

Esteemed you worthy to conduct the affair
To its most fit conclusion, do you think

I would so long have struggled with my
Nature,

And smothered all that's man in me?—
away !—

[*Looking towards the dungeon.*

This man's the property of him who best
Can feel his crimes. I have resigned a
privilege ;

It now becomes my duty to resume it.

Mar. Touch not a finger—

Osw. What then must be done ?

Mar. Which way so'er I turn, I am
perplexed.

Osw. Now, on my life, I grieve for you.
The misery

Of doubt is insupportable. Pity, the facts
Did not admit of stronger evidence ;

Twelve honest men, plain men, would set
us right ;

Their verdict would abolish these weak
scruples.

Mar. Weak ! I am weak—there does
my torment lie,

Feeding itself.

Osw. Verily, when he said

How his old heart would leap to hear her
steps,

You thought his voice the echo of Idonea's.

Mar. And never heard a sound so
terrible.

Osw. Perchance you think so now ?

Mar. I cannot do it :

Twice did I spring to grasp his withered
throat,

When such a sudden weakness fell upon
me,

I could have dropped asleep upon his
breast.

Osw. Justice—is there not thunder in
the word ?

Shall it be law to stab the petty robber
Who aims but at our purse ; and shall this

Paricide—

Worse is he far, far worse (if foul dishonour
Be worse than death) to that confiding

Creature

Whom he to more than filial love and duty
Hath falsely trained—shall he fulfil his
purpose?

But you are fallen.

Mar. Fallen should I be indeed—
Murder—perhaps asleep, blind, old, alone,
Betrayed, in darkness! Here to strike the
blow—

Away! away!—

[*Flings away his sword.*]

Osw. Nay, I have done with you:
We'll lead him to the Convent. He shall
live,

And she shall love him. With unquestioned
title

He shall be seated in his Barony,
And we too chant the praise of his good
deeds.

I now perceive we do mistake our
masters,

And most despise the men who best can
teach us:

Henceforth it shall be said that bad men
only

Are brave: Clifford is brave; and that old
Man

Is brave.

[*Taking MARMADUKE's sword and
giving it to him.*]

To Clifford's arms he would have led
His Victim—haply to this desolate house,

Mar. (*advancing to the dungeon.*) It
must be ended!—

Osw. Softly; do not rouse him;
He will deny it to the last. He lies
Within the Vault, a spear's length to the
left.

[*MARMADUKE descends to the dungeon.*]

(*Alone.*) The Villains rose in mutiny to
destroy me;

I could have quelled the Cowards, but this
Stripling

Must needs step in, and save my life. The
look

With which he gave the boon—I see it
now!

The same that tempted me to loathe the
gift.—

For this old venerable Greybeard—faith
'Tis his own fault if he hath got a face
Which doth play tricks with them that
look on it;

'Twas this that put it in my thoughts—that
countenance—

His staff—his figure—Murder!—what, of
whom?

We kill a worn-out horse, and who but
women

Sigh at the deed? Hew down a withered
tree,

And none look grave but dotards. He
may live

To thank me for this service. Rainbow
arches,

Highways of dreaming passion, have too
long,

Young as he is, diverted wish and hope
From the unpretending ground we mortals
tread;—

Then shatter the delusion, break it up
And set him free. What follows? I have
learned

That things will work to ends the slaves o'
the world

Do never dream of. I *have* been what he—
This Boy—when he comes forth with
bloody hands—

Might envy, and am now,—but he shall
know

What I am now—

[*Goes and listens at the dungeon.*]

Praying or parleying?—tut!

Is he not eyeless? He has been half-dead
These fifteen years—

*Enter female Beggar with two or three of
her Companions.*

(*Turning abruptly.*) *Ha! speak—what
Thing art thou?*

(*Recognises her.*) Heavens! my good
Friend!

[*To her.*]

Beg. Forgive me, gracious Sir!—

Osw. (*to her companions.*) Begone, ye
Slaves, or I will raise a whirlwind

And send ye dancing to the clouds, like
leaves. [*They retire affrighted.*]

Beg. Indeed we meant no harm; we
lodge sometimes

In this deserted Castle—I repent me.

[*OSWALD goes to the dungeon—listens
—returns to the Beggar.*]

Osw. Woman, thou hast a helpless In-
fant—keep

Thy secret for its sake, or verily
That wretched life of thine shall be the
forfeit.

Beg. I do repent me, Sir; I fear the
curse

Of that blind Man. 'Twas not your money, sir——

Osw. Begone!

Beg. (*going*). There is some wicked deed in hand: [*Aside.*

Would I could find the old Man and his Daughter. [*Exit Beggar.*

MARMADUKE *re-enters from the dungeon.*

Osw. It is all over then;—your foolish fears

Are hushed to sleep, by your own act and deed,

Made quiet as he is.

Mar. Why came you down? And when I felt your hand upon my arm And spake to you, why did you give no answer?

Feared you to waken him? he must have been

In a deep sleep. I whispered to him thrice. There are the strangest echoes in that place!

Osw. Tut! let them gabble till the day of doom.

Mar. Scarcely, by groping, had I reached the Spot,

When round my wrist I felt a cord drawn tight,

As if the blind Man's dog were pulling at it.

Osw. But after that?

Mar. The features of Idonea lurked in his face——

Osw. Psha! Never to these eyes Will retribution show itself again

With aspect so inviting. Why forbid me To share your triumph?

Mar. Yes, her very look, Smiling in sleep——

Osw. A pretty feat of Fancy!

Mar. Though but a glimpse, it sent me to my prayers.

Osw. Is he alive?

Mar. What mean you? who alive?

Osw. Herbert! since you will have it, Baron Herbert;

He who will gain his Seignory when Idonea Hath become Clifford's harlot—is *he* living?

Mar. The old Man in that dungeon *is* alive.

Osw. Henceforth, then, will I never in camp or field

Obey you more. Your weakness, to the Band,

Shall be proclaimed; brave Men, they all shall hear it.

You a protector of humanity! Avenger you of outraged innocence!

Mar. 'Twas dark—dark as the grave; yet did I see,

Saw him—his face turned toward me; and I tell thee

Idonea's filial countenance was there

To baffle me—it put me to my prayers.

Upwards I cast my eyes, and, through a crevice,

Beheld a star twinkling above my head,

And, by the living God, I could not do it.

[*Sinks exhausted.*

Osw. (*to himself*). Now may I perish if this turn do more

Than make me change my course.

(*To MARMADUKE.*) Dear Marmaduke, My words were rashly spoken; I recall them:

I feel my error; shedding human blood

Is a most serious thing.

Mar. Not I alone,

Thou too art deep in guilt.

Osw. We have indeed Been most presumptuous. There *is* guilt in this,

Else could so strong a mind have ever known

These trepidations? Plain it is that Heaven Has marked out this foul Wretch as one whose crimes

Must never come before a mortal judgment-seat,

Or be chastised by mortal instruments.

Mar. A thought that's worth a thousand worlds!

[*Goes towards the dungeon.*

Osw. I grieve That, in my zeal, I have caused you so much pain.

Mar. Think not of that! 'tis over—we are safe.

Osw. (*as if to himself, yet speaking aloud*). The truth is hideous, but how stifled?

[*Turning to MARMADUKE.*

Give me your sword—nay, here are stones and fragments,

The least of which would beat out a man's brains;

Or you might drive your head against that wall.

No! this is not the place to hear the tale:

It should be told you pinioned in your bed,
Or on some vast and solitary plain
Blown to you from a trumpet.

Mar. Why talk thus?

Whate'er the monster brooding in your
breast

I care not : fear I have none, and cannot
fear—

[*The sound of a horn is heard.*]

That horn again—'Tis some one of our
Troop ;

What do they here? Listen !

Osw. What ! dogged like thieves !

Enter WALLACE and LACY, etc.

Lacy. You are found at last, thanks to
the vagrant Troop

For not misleading us.

Osw. (looking at WALLACE). That
subtle Greybeard—

I'd rather see my father's ghost.

Lacy (to MARMADUKE). My Captain,
We come by order of the Band. Belike
You have not heard that Henry has at last
Dissolved the Barons' League, and sent
abroad

His Sheriffs with fit force to reinstate
The genuine owners of such Lands and
Baronies

As, in these long commotions, have been
seized.

His Power is this way tending. It befits us
To stand upon our guard, and with our
swords

Defend the innocent.

Mar. Lacy ! we look

But at the surfaces of things ; we hear
Of towns in flames, fields ravaged, young
and old

Driven out in troops to want and nakedness ;
Then grasp our swords and rush upon a cure
That flatters us, because it asks not thought :
The deeper malady is better hid ;

The world is poisoned at the heart.

Lacy. What mean you ?

*Wal. (whose eye has been fixed suspiciously
upon OSWALD).* Ay, what is it you
mean ?

Mar. Hark'e, my Friends ;—

[*Appearing gay.*]

Were there a Man who, being weak and
helpless

And most forlorn, should bribe a Mother,
pressed

By penury, to yield him up her Daughter,
A little Infant, and instruct the Babe,
Prattling upon his knee, to call him
Father—

Lacy. Why, if his heart be tender, that
offence

I could forgive him.

Mar. (going on). And should he make
the Child

An instrument of falsehood, should he teach
her

To stretch her arms, and dim the gladsome
light

Of infant playfulness with piteous looks
Of misery that was not—

Lacy. Troth, 'tis hard—

But in a world like ours—

Mar. (changing his tone). This self-
same Man—

Even while he printed kisses on the cheek
Of this poor Babe, and taught its innocent
tongue

To lisp the name of Father—could he look
To the unnatural harvest of that time

When he should give her up, a Woman
grown,

To him who bid the highest in the market
Of foul pollution—

Lacy. The whole visible world

Contains not such a Monster !

Mar. For this purpose

Should he resolve to taint her Soul by means
Which bathe the limbs in sweat to think of
them ;

Should he, by tales which would draw tears
from iron,

Work on her nature, and so turn compas-
sion

And gratitude to ministers of vice,
And make the spotless spirit of filial love
Prime mover in a plot to damn his Victim
Both soul and body—

Wal. 'Tis too horrible ;

Oswald, what say you to it ?

Lacy. Hew him down,

And fling him to the ravens.

Mar. But his aspect

It is so meek, his countenance so venerable.

Wal. (with an appearance of mistrust).

But how, what say you, Oswald ?

Lacy (at the same moment). Stab him,
were it

Before the Altar.

Mar. What, if he were sick,

Tottering upon the very verge of life,
And old, and blind——

Lacy. Blind, say you?

Osw. (*coming forward*). Are we Men,
Or own we baby Spirits? Genuine cour-
age

Is not an accidental quality,
A thing dependent for its casual birth
On opposition and impediment.
Wisdom, if Justice speak the word, beats
down

The giant's strength; and, at the voice of
Justice,

Spares not the worm. The giant and the
worm——

She weighs them in one scale. The wiles
of woman,

And craft of age, seducing reason, first
Made weakness a protection, and obscured
The moral shapes of things. His tender
cries

And helpless innocence——do they protect
The infant lamb? and shall the infirmi-
ties,

Which have enabled this enormous Culprit
To perpetrate his crimes, serve as a Sanc-
tuary

To cover him from punishment? Shame!
——Justice,

Admitting no resistance, bends alike
The feeble and the strong. She needs not
here

Her bonds and chains, which make the
mighty feeble.

——We recognise in this old Man a victim
Prepared already for the sacrifice.

Lacy. By heaven, his words are reason!
Osw. Yes, my Friends,

His countenance is meek and venerable;
And, by the Mass, to see him at his
prayers!——

I am of flesh and blood, and may I perish
When my heart does not ache to think of
it!——

Poor Victim! not a virtue under heaven
But what was made an engine to ensnare
thee;

But yet I trust, Idonea, thou art safe.

Lacy. Idonea!

Wal. How! what? your Idonea?
To MARMADUKE.

Mar. Mine;

But now no longer mine. You know Lord
Clifford;

He is the Man to whom the Maiden—
pure

As beautiful, and gentle and benign,
And in her ample heart loving even me—
Was to be yielded up.

Lacy. Now, by the head
Of my own child, this Man must die; my
hand,

A worthier wanting, shall itself entwine
In his grey hairs!——

Mar. (*to LACY*). I love the Father in
thee.

You know me, Friends; I have a heart to
feel,

And I have felt, more than perhaps be-
comes me

Or duty sanctions.

Lacy. We will have ample justice.
Who are we, Friends? Do we not live on
ground

Where Souls are self-defended, free to
grow

Like mountain oaks rocked by the stormy
wind.

Mark the Almighty Wisdom, which decreed
This monstrous crime to be laid open—
here,

Where Reason has an eye that she can
use,

And Men alone are Umpires. To the
Camp

He shall be led, and there, the Country
round

All gathered to the spot, in open day
Shall Nature be avenged.

Osw. 'Tis nobly thought;
His death will be a monument for ages.

Mar. (*to LACY*). I thank you for that
hint. He shall be brought

Before the Camp, and would that best and
wisest

Of every country might be present. There,
His crime shall be proclaimed; and for the
rest

It shall be done as Wisdom shall decide:
Meanwhile, do you two hasten back and
see

That all is well prepared.

Wal. We will obey you.
(*Aside.*) But softly! we must look a little
nearer.

Mar. Tell where you found us. At some
future time

I will explain the cause. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE—*The door of the Hostel, a group of Pilgrims as before; IDONEA and the Host among them.*

Host. Lady, you'll find your Father at the Convent
As I have told you : He left us yesterday
With two Companions ; one of them, as seemed,
His most familiar Friend. (*Going.*) There was a letter
Of which I heard them speak, but that I fancy
Has been forgotten.

Idon. (*to Host.*) Farewell !

Host. Gentle pilgrims,
St. Cuthbert speed you on your holy errand.
[*Exeunt IDONEA and Pilgrims.*]

SCENE—*A desolate Moor.*

OSWALD (*alone*).

Osw. Carry him to the Camp ! Yes, to the Camp.
Oh, Wisdom ! a most wise resolve ! and then,
That half a word should blow it to the winds !
This last device must end my work.—
Methinks
It were a pleasant pastime to construct
A scale and table of belief—as thus—
Two columns, one for passion, one for proof ;
Each rises as the other falls : and first,
Passion a unit and *against* us—proof—
Nay, we must travel in another path,
Or we're stuck fast for ever ;—passion, then,
Shall be a unit *for* us ; proof—no, passion !
We'll not insult thy majesty by time,
Person, and place—the where, the when, the how,
And all particulars that dull brains require
To constitute the spiritless shape of Fact,
They bow to, calling the idol, Demonstration.
A whipping to the Moralists who preach
That misery is a sacred thing : for me,
I know no cheaper engine to degrade a man,
Nor any half so sure. This Stripling's mind

Is shaken till the dregs float on the surface ;
And, in the storm and anguish of the heart,
He talks of a transition in his Soul,
And dreams that he is happy. We dissect
The senseless body, and why not the mind ?—

These are strange sights—the mind of man, upturned,

Is in all natures a strange spectacle ;
In some a hideous one—hem ! shall I stop ?

No.—Thoughts and feelings will sink deep, but then

They have no substance. Pass but a few minutes,

And something shall be done which Memory
May touch, when'er her Vassals are at work.

Enter MARMADUKE, from behind.

Osw. (*turning to meet him*). But listen, for my peace—

Mar. Why, I *believe* you.

Osw. But hear the proofs—

Mar. Ay, prove that when two peas lie snugly in a pod, the pod must then be larger than the peas—prove this—'twere matter

Worthy the hearing. Fool was I to dream it ever could be otherwise !

Osw. Last night
When I returned with water from the brook,
I overheard the Villains—every word
Like red-hot iron burnt into my heart.
Said one, "It is agreed on. The blind Man

Shall feign a sudden illness, and the Girl,
Who on her journey must proceed alone,
Under pretence of violence, be seized.
She is," continued the detested Slave,
"She is right willing—strange if she were not !—

They say, Lord Clifford is a savage man ;
But, faith, to see him in his silken tunic,
Fitting his low voice to the minstrel's harp,
There's witchery in't. I never knew a maid

That could withstand it. True," continued he,

"When we arranged the affair, she wept a little

(Not the less welcome to my Lord for that)
And said, 'My Father he will have it so.'"

Mar. I am your hearer.

Osw. This I caught, and more
That may not be retold to any ear,
The obstinate bolt of a small iron door
Detained them near the gateway of the
Castle.

By a dim lantern's light I saw that wreaths
Of flowers were in their hands, as if
designed

For festive decoration; and they said,
With brutal laughter and most foul allusion,
That they should share the banquet with
their Lord

And his new Favourite.

Mar. Misery!—

Osw. I knew
How you would be disturbed by this dire
news,

And therefore chose this solitary Moor,
Here to impart the tale, of which, last
night,

I strove to ease my mind, when our two
Comrades,
Commissioned by the Band, burst in upon
us.

Mar. Last night, when moved to lift the
avenging steel,

I did believe all things were shadows—yea,
Living or dead all things were bodiless,
Or but the mutual mockeries of body,
Till that same star summoned me back
again.

Now I could laugh till my ribs ached. Oh
Fool!

To let a creed, built in the heart of things,
Dissolve before a twinkling atom!—Oswald,
I could fetch lessons out of wiser schools
Than you have entered, were it worth the
pains.

Young as I am, I might go forth a teacher,
And you should see how deeply I could
reason

Of love in all its shapes, beginnings, ends;
Of moral qualities in their diverse aspects;
Of actions, and their laws and tendencies.

Osw. You take it as it merits—

Mar. One a King,
General or Cham, Sultan or Emperor,
Strews twenty acres of good meadow-ground
With carcasses, in lineament and shape
And substance, nothing differing from his
own,

But that they cannot stand up of them-
selves;

Another sits i' th' sun, and by the hour

Floats kinecups in the brook—a Hero one
We call, and scorn the other as 'Time's
spendthrift;

But have they not a world of common
ground

To occupy—both fools, or wise alike,
Each in his way?

Osw. Troth, I begin to think so.

Mar. Now for the corner-stone of my
philosophy:

I would not give a denier for the man
Who, on such provocation as this earth
Yields, could not chuck his babe beneath
the chin,

And send it with a fillip to its grave.

Osw. Nay, you leave me behind.

Mar. That such a One,
So pious in demeanour! in his look
So saintly and so pure!—Hark'e, my
Friend,

I'll plant myself before Lord Clifford's
Castle,

A surly mastiff kennels at the gate,
And he shall howl and I will laugh, a
medley

Most tunable.

Osw. In faith, a pleasant scheme;
But take your sword along with you, for
that

Might in such neighbourhood find seemly
use.—

But first, how wash our hands of this old
Man?

Mar. Oh yes, that mole, that viper in
the path;

Plague on my memory, him I had forgot-
ten.

Osw. You know we left him sitting—see
him yonder.

Mar. Ha! ha!—

Osw. As 'twill be but a moment's work,
I will stroll on; you follow when 'tis done.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to another part of the Moor
at a short distance—HERBERT is dis-
covered seated on a stone.

Her. A sound of laughter, too!—'tis
well—I feared,
The Stranger had some pitiable sorrow
Pressing upon his solitary heart.
Hush!—'tis the feeble and earth-loving
wind

That creeps along the bells of the crisp heather.

Alas ! 'tis cold—I shiver in the sunshine—
What can this mean? There is a psalm
that speaks

Of God's parental mercies—with Idonea
I used to sing it.—Listen !—what foot is
there?

Enter MARMADUKE.

Mar. (aside—looking at HERBERT).

And I have loved this Man ! and
she hath loved him !

And I loved her, and she loves the Lord
Clifford !

And there it ends ;—if this be not enough
To make mankind merry for evermore,
Then plain it is as day, that eyes were
made

For a wise purpose—verily to weep with !

[Looking round.

A pretty prospect this, a masterpiece
Of Nature, finished with most curious skill !
(*To HERBERT.*) Good Baron, have you ever
practised tillage?

Pray tell me what this land is worth by the
acre?

Her. How glad I am to hear your voice !
I know not

Wherein I have offended you ;—last night
I found in you the kindest of Protectors ;
This morning, when I spoke of weariness,
You from my shoulder took my scrip and
threw it

About your own ; but for these two hours
past

Once only have you spoken, when the lark
Whirled from among the fern beneath our
feet,

And I, no coward in my better days,
Was almost terrified.

Mar. That's excellent !—

So, you bethought you of the many ways
In which a man may come to his end, whose
crimes

Have roused all Nature up against him—
pshaw !—

Her. For mercy's sake, is nobody in
sight?

No traveller, peasant, herdsman?

Mar.

Not a soul :

Here is a tree, ragged, and bent, and bare,
That turns its goat's-beard flakes of pea-
green moss

From the stern breathing of the rough sea-
wind ;

This have we, but no other company :
Commend me to the place. If a man
should die

And leave his body here, it were all one
As he were twenty fathoms underground.

Her. Where is our common Friend?

Mar. A ghost, methinks—

The Spirit of a murdered man, for instance—
Might have fine room to ramble about here,
A grand domain to squeak and gibber in.

Her. Lost Man ! if thou have any close-
pent guilt

Pressing upon thy heart, and this the hour
Of visitation—

Mar. A bold word from you !

Her. Restore him, Heaven !

Mar. The desperate Wretch !—A Flower,
Fairest of all flowers, was she once, but now
They have snapped her from the stem—
Poh ! let her lie

Besoiled with mire, and let the houseless
snail

Feed on her leaves. You knew her well—
ay, there,

Old Man ! you were a very Lynx, you knew
The worm was in her—

Her. Mercy ! Sir, what mean you?

Mar. You have a Daughter !

Her. Oh that she were here !—

She hath an eye that sinks into all hearts,
And if I have in aught offended you,
Soon would her gentle voice make peace
between us.

Mar. (aside). I do believe he weeps—I
could weep too—

There is a vein of her voice that runs
through his :

Even such a Man my fancy bodied forth
From the first moment that I loved the
Maid ;

And for his sake I loved her more : these
tears—

I did not think that aught was left in me
Of what I have been—yes, I thank thee,
Heaven !

One happy thought has passed across my
mind.

—It may not be—I am cut off from man ;
No more shall I be man—no more shall I
Have human feelings !—(*To HERBERT*)—

Now, for a little more
About your Daughter !

Her. Troops of armed men,
Met in the roads, would bless us ; little
children,

Rushing along in the full tide of play,
Stood silent as we passed them ! I have
heard

The boisterous carman, in the miry road,
Check his loud whip and hail us with mild
voice,

And speak with milder voice to his poor
beasts.

Mar. And whither were you going ?

Her. Learn, young Man,
To fear the virtuous, and reverence misery,
Whether too much for patience, or, like
mine,

Softened till it becomes a gift of mercy.

Mar. Now, this is as it should be !

Her. I am weak !—
My Daughter does not know how weak
I am ;

And, as thou see'st, under the arch of heaven
Here do I stand, alone, to helplessness,
By the good God, our common Father,
doomed !—

But I had once a spirit and an arm——

Mar. Now, for a word about your
Barony :

I fancy when you left the Holy Land,
And came to—what's your title—eh ? your
claims

Were undisputed !

Her. Like a mendicant,
Whom no one comes to meet, I stood
alone ;—

I murmured—but, remembering Him who
feeds

The pelican and ostrich of the desert,
From my own threshold I looked up to
Heaven

And did not want glimmerings of quiet
hope.

So, from the court I passed, and down the
brook,

Led by its murmur, to the ancient oak
I came ; and when I felt its cooling shade,
I sate me down, and cannot but believe—
While in my lap I held my little Babe
And clasped her to my heart, my heart that
ached

More with delight than grief—I heard a
voice

Such as by Cherith on Elijah called ;
It said, " I will be with thee." A little boy,

A shepherd-lad, ere yet my trance was gone,
Hailed us as if he had been sent from
heaven,

And said, with tears, that he would be our
guide :

I had a better guide—that innocent Babe—
Her, who hath saved me, to this hour, from
harm,

From cold, from hunger, penury, and death ;
To whom I owe the best of all the good
I have, or wish for, upon earth—and more
And higher far than lies within earth's
bounds :

Therefore I bless her : when I think of Man,
I bless her with sad spirit,—when of God,
I bless her in the fulness of my joy !

Mar. The name of daughter in his
mouth, he prays !

With nerves so steady, that the very flies
Sit unmolested on his staff.—Innocent !—
If he were innocent—then he would tremble
And be disturbed, as I am. (*Turning
aside.*) I have read

In Story, what men now alive have wit-
nessed,

How, when the People's mind was racked
with doubt,

Appeal was made to the great Judge : the
Accused

With naked feet walked over burning
ploughshares.

Here is a Man by Nature's hand prepared
For a like trial, but more merciful.

Why else have I been led to this bleak
Waste ?

Bare is it, without house or track, and
destitute

Of obvious shelter, as a shipless sea.

Here will I leave him—here—All-seeing
God !

Such as *he* is, and sore perplexed as I am,
I will commit him to this final *Ordeal* !—

He heard a voice—a shepherd-lad came to
him

And was his guide ; if once, why not again,
And in this desert ? If never—then the
whole

Of what he says, and looks, and does, and
is,

Makes up one damning falsehood. Leave
him here

To cold and hunger !—Pain is of the heart,
And what are a few throes of bodily suffer-
ing

If they can waken one pang of remorse?

[Goes up to HERBERT.

Old Man! my wrath is as a flame burnt out,

It cannot be rekindled. Thou art here
Led by my hand to save thee from perdition;
Thou wilt have time to breathe and
think——

Her. Oh, Mercy!

Mar. I know the need that all men have
of mercy,

And therefore leave thee to a righteous
judgment.

Her. My Child, my blessed Child!

Mar. No more of that;
Thou wilt have many guides if thou art
innocent;

Yea, from the utmost corners of the earth,
That Woman will come o'er this Waste to
save thee.

[*He pauses and looks at HERBERT'S staff.*

Ha! what is here? and carved by her own
hand!

[*Reads upon the staff.*

"I am eyes to the blind, saith the Lord.
He that puts his trust in me shall not fail!"
Yes, be it so;—repent and be forgiven—

God and that staff are now thy only guides.
[*He leaves HERBERT on the Moor.*

SCENE—*An eminence, a Beacon on the
summit.*

LACY, WALLACE, LENNOX, etc. etc.

Several of the Band (confusedly). But
patience!

One of the Band. Curses on that Traitor,
Oswald!—

Our Captain made a prey to foul device!—

Len. (to WAL.) His tool, the wandering
Beggard, made last night

A plain confession, such as leaves no doubt,
Knowing what otherwise we know too well,
That she revealed the truth. Stand by me
now;

For rather would I have a nest of vipers
Between my breast-plate and my skin, than
make

Oswald my special enemy, if you
Deny me your support.

Lacy. We have been fooled—
But for the motive?

Wal. Natures such as his
Spin motives out of their own bowels,
Lacy!

I learned this when I was a Confessor.

I know him well; there needs no other
motive

Than that most strange incontinence in
crime

Which haunts this Oswald. Power is life
to him

And breath and being; where he cannot
govern,

He will destroy.

Lacy. To have been trapped like
moles!—

Yes, you are right, we need not hunt for
motives:

There is no crime from which this man
would shrink;

He reckes not human law; and I have
noticed

That often when the name of God is
uttered,

A sudden blankness overspreads his face.

Len. Yet, reasoner as he is, his pride
has built

Some uncouth superstition of its own.

Wal. I have seen traces of it.

Len. Once he headed

A band of Pirates in the Norway seas;

And when the King of Denmark summoned
him

To the oath of fealty, I well remember,

'Twas a strange answer that he made; he
said,

"I hold of Spirits, and the Sun in heaven."

Lacy. He is no madman.

Wal. A most subtle doctor

Were that man, who could draw the line
that parts

Pride and her daughter, Cruelty, from
Madness,

That should be scourged, not pitied. Rest
less Minds,

Such Minds as find amid their fellow-
men

No heart that loves them, none that they
can love,

Will turn perforce and seek for sympathy
In dim relation to imagined Beings.

One of the Band. What if he mean to
offer up our Captain

An expiation and a sacrifice
To those infernal fiends!

Wal. Now, if the event
Should be as Lennox has foretold, then
swear,

My Friends, his heart shall have as many wounds

As there are daggers here.

Lacy. What need of swearing !

One of the Band. Let us away !

Another. Away !

A third. Hark ! how the horns

Of those Scotch Rovers echo through the vale.

Lacy. Stay you behind ; and when the sun is down,

Light up this beacon.

One of the Band. You shall be obeyed.

[*They go out together.*]

SCENE—*The Wood on the edge of the Moor.*

MARMADUKE (*alone*).

Mar. Deep, deep and vast, vast beyond human thought,

Yet calm.—I could believe, that there was here

The only quiet heart on earth. In terror, Remembered terror, there is peace and rest.

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Ha ! my dear Captain.

Mar. A later meeting, Oswald, Would have been better timed.

Osw. Alone, I see ; You have done your duty. I had hopes, which now

I feel that you will justify.

Mar. I had fears, From which I have freed myself—but 'tis my wish

To be alone, and therefore we must part.

Osw. Nay, then—I am mistaken. There's a weakness

About you still ; you talk of solitude—

I am your friend.

Mar. What need of this assurance At any time ? and why given now ?

Osw. Because You are now in truth my Master ; you have taught me

What there is not another living man Had strength to teach ;—and therefore gratitude

Is bold, and would relieve itself by praise.

Mar. Wherefore press this on me ?

Osw. Because I feel

That you have shown, and by a signal instance,

How they who would be just must seek the rule

By diving for it into their own bosoms.

To-day you have thrown off a tyranny

That lives but in the torpid acquiescence

Of our emasculated souls, the tyranny

Of the world's masters, with the musty rules

By which they uphold their craft from age to age :

You have obeyed the only law that sense Submits to recognise ; the immediate law, From the clear light of circumstances, flashed Upon an independent Intellect.

Henceforth new prospects open on your path ;

Your faculties should grow with the demand ; I still will be your friend, will cleave to you Through good and evil, obloquy and scorn, Oft as they dare to follow on your steps.

Mar. I would be left alone.

Osw. (*exultingly*). I know your motives ! I am not of the world's presumptuous judges, Who damn where they can neither see nor feel,

With a hard-hearted ignorance ; your struggles

I witnessed, and now hail your victory.

Mar. Spare me awhile that greeting.

Osw. It may be,

That some there are, squeamish half-thinking cowards,

Who will turn pale upon you, call you murderer,

And you will walk in solitude among them.

A mighty evil for a strong-built mind !—

Join twenty tapers of unequal height

And light them joined, and you will see the less

How 'twill burn down the taller ; and they all

Shall prey upon the tallest. Solitude !—

The Eagle lives in Solitude.

Mar. Even so,

The Sparrow so on the housetop, and I, The weakest of God's creatures, stand resolved

To abide the issue of my act, alone.

Osw. Now would you ? and for ever ?—

My young Friend,

As time advances either we become

The prey or masters of our own past deeds.

Fellowship we *must* have, willing or no ;

And if good Angels fail, slack in their duty,

Substitutes, turn our faces where we may,
Are still forthcoming ; some which, though they bear

Ill names, can render no ill services,
In recompense for what themselves required.
So meet extremes in this mysterious world,
And opposites thus melt into each other.

Mar. Time, since Man first drew breath,
has never moved

With such a weight upon his wings as now ;
But they will soon be lightened.

Osw. Ay, look up—
Cast round you your mind's eye, and you will learn

Fortitude is the child of Enterprise :
Great actions move our admiration, chiefly
Because they carry in themselves an earnest
That we can suffer greatly.

Mar. Very true.

Osw. Action is transitory—a step, a blow,

The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
'Tis done, and in the after-vacancy
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed :
Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And shares the nature of infinity.

Mar. Truth—and I feel it.

Osw. What ! if you had bid
Eternal farewell to unmingled joy
And the light dancing of the thoughtless heart ;

It is the toy of fools, and little fit
For such a world as this. The wise abjure
All thoughts whose idle composition lives
In the entire forgetfulness of pain.
—I see I have disturbed you.

Mar. By no means.

Osw. Compassion !—pity !—pride can do without them ;

And what if you should never know them more !—

He is a puny soul who, feeling pain,
Finds ease because another feels it too.
If e'er I open out this heart of mine
It shall be for a nobler end—to teach
And not to purchase puling sympathy.
—Nay, you are pale.

Mar. It may be so.

Osw. Remorse—
It cannot live with thought ; think on,
think on,

And it will die What ! in this universe,

Where the least things control the greatest,
where

The faintest breath that breathes can move
a world ;

What ! feel remorse, where, if a cat had sneezed,

A leaf had fallen, the thing had never been
Whose very shadow gnaws us to the vitals.

Mar. Now, whither are you wandering ?
That a man

So used to suit his language to the time,
Should thus so widely differ from himself—
It is most strange.

Osw. Murder !—what's in the word !—
I have no cases by me ready made
To fit all deeds. Carry him to the Camp !—

A shallow project ;—you of late have seen
More deeply, taught us that the institutes
Of Nature, by a cunning usurpation
Banished from human intercourse, exist
Only in our relations to the brutes

That make the fields their dwelling. If a snake

Crawl from beneath our feet we do not ask
A license to destroy him : our good governors
Hedge in the life of every pest and plague
That bears the shape of man ; and for what purpose,

But to protect themselves from extirpation ?—

This flimsy barrier you have overleaped.

Mar. My Office is fulfilled—the Man is now

Delivered to the Judge of all things.

Osw. Dead !

Mar. I have borne my burthen to its destined end.

Osw. This instant we'll return to our companions—

Oh how I long to see their faces again !

Enter IDONEA, with Pilgrims who continue their journey.

Idon. (after some time). What, Marmaduke ! now thou art mine for ever.
And Oswald, too ! (To MARMADUKE).
On will we to my Father

With the glad tidings which this day hath brought ;

We'll go together, and, such proof received
Of his own rights restored, his gratitude

To God above will make him feel for ours.
Osw. I interrupt you ?

Idon. Think not so.

Mar. Idonea,
That I should ever live to see this moment !

Idon. Forgive me.—Oswald knows it all
—he knows,

Each word of that unhappy letter fell
As a blood drop from my heart.

Osw. 'Twas even so.

Mar. I have much to say, but for whose
ear?—not thine.

Idon. Ill can I bear that look—Plead for
me, Oswald !

You are my Father's Friend.

(*To MARMADUKE*). Alas, you know not,
And never *can* you know, how much he
loved me.

Twice had he been to me a father, twice
Had given me breath, and was I not to be
His daughter, once his daughter? could I
withstand

His pleading face, and feel his clasping
arms,

And hear his prayer that I would not for-
sake him

In his old age—— [*Hides her face.*

Mar. Patience—Heaven grant me
patience !—

She weeps, she weeps—*my* brain shall burn
for hours

Ere *I* can shed a tear.

Idon. I was a woman ;
And, balancing the hopes that are the
dearest

To womankind with duty to my Father,
I yielded up those precious hopes, which
nought

On earth could else have wrested from me ;
—if erring,

Oh let me be forgiven !

Mar. I *do* forgive thee.

Idon. But take me to your arms—this
breast, alas !

It throbs, and you have a heart that does
not feel it.

Mar. (*exultingly*). She is innocent.

[*He embraces her.*

Osw. (*aside*). Were I a Moralist,
I should make wondrous revolution here ;
It were a quaint experiment to show
The beauty of truth—— [*Addressing them.*

I see I interrupt you ;
I shall have business with you, Marmaduke ;
Follow me to the Hostel. [*Exit OSWALD.*

Idon. Marmaduke,
This is a happy day. My Father soon

Shall sun himself before his native doors ;
The lame, the hungry, will be welcome there.
No more shall he complain of wasted
strength,

Of thoughts that fail, and a decaying heart ;
His good works will be balm and life to him.

Mar. This is most strange !—I know
not what it was,

But there was something which most plainly
said,

That thou wert innocent.

Idon. How innocent !—
Oh heavens ! you've been deceived.

Mar. Thou art a Woman,
To bring perdition on the universe.

Idon. Already I've been punished to the
height

Of my offence. [*Smiling affectionately.*

I see you love me still,
The labours of my hand are still your joy ;

Bethink you of the hour when on your
shoulder

I hung this belt.

[*Pointing to the belt on which was sus-
pended HERBERT'S scrip.*

Mar. Mercy of Heaven ! [*Sinks.*

Idon. What ails you ! [*Distractedly.*

Mar. The scrip that held his food, and
I forgot

To give it back again !

Idon. What mean your words ?

Mar. I know not what I said—all may
be well.

Idon. That smile hath life in it !

Mar. This road is perilous ;

I will attend you to a Hut that stands
Near the wood's edge—rest there to-night,

I pray you :

For me, I have business, as you heard,
with Oswald,

But will return to you by break of day.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE—*A desolate prospect—a ridge of
rocks—a Chapel on the summit of one—
Moon behind the rocks—night stormy—
irregular sound of a Bell—HERBERT
enters exhausted.*

Her. That Chapel-bell in mercy seemed
to guide me,
But now it mocks my steps ; its fitful stroke

Can scarcely be the work of human hands.
Hear me, ye Men, upon the cliffs, if such
There be who pray nightly before the Altar.
Oh that I had but strength to reach the
place !

My Child—my child—dark—dark—I faint
—this wind—

These stifling blasts—God help me !

Enter ELDRED.

Eld. Better this bare rock,
Though it were tottering over a man's
head,
Than a tight case of dungeon walls for
shelter
From such rough dealing.

[A moaning voice is heard.]

Ha ! what sound is that ?
Trees creaking in the wind (but none are
here)
Send forth such noises—and that weary
bell !

Surely some evil Spirit abroad to-night
Is ringing it—'twould stop a Saint in
prayer,
And that—what is it ? never was sound so
like

A human groan. Ha ! what is here ?
Poor Man—

Murdered ! alas ! speak—speak, I am your
friend :

No answer—hush—lost wretch, he lifts his
hand

And lays it to his heart—(*Kneels to him*).
I pray you speak !

What has befallen you ?

Her. (feebly). A stranger has done this,
And in the arms of a stranger I must die.

Eld. Nay, think not so : come, let me
raise you up : *[Raises him.]*

This is a dismal place—well—that is well—
I was too fearful—take me for your guide
And your support—my hut is not far off.

[Draws him gently off the stage.]

SCENE—*A room in the Hostel*—MARMA-
DUKE and OSWALD.

Mar. But for Idonea !—I have cause to
think
That she is innocent.

Osw. Leave that thought awhile,
As one of those beliefs, which in their hearts
Lovers lock up as pearls, though oft no
better

Than feathers clinging to their points of
passion.

This day's event has laid on me the duty
Of opening out my story ; you must hear it,
And without further preface.—In my youth,
Except for that abatement which is paid
By envy as a tribute to desert,
I was the pleasure of all hearts, the darling
Of every tongue—as you are now. You've
heard

That I embarked for Syria. On our voyage
Was hatched among the crew a foul Con-
spiracy

Against my honour, in the which our Captain
Was, I believed, prime Agent. The wind
fell ;

We lay becalmed week after week, until
The water of the vessel was exhausted ;
I felt a double fever in my veins,
Yet rage suppressed itself ;—to a deep still-
ness

Did my pride tame my pride ;—for many
days,

On a dead sea under a burning sky,
I brooded o'er my injuries, deserted
By man and nature ;—if a breeze had blown,
It might have found its way into my heart,
And I had been—no matter—do you mark
me ?

Mar. Quick—to the point—if any untold
crime

Doth haunt your memory.

Osw. Patience, hear me further !—
One day in silence did we drift at noon
By a bare rock, narrow, and white, and
bare ;

No food was there, no drink, no grass, no
shade,

No tree, nor jutting eminence, nor form
Inanimate large as the body of man,
Nor any living thing whose lot of life
Might stretch beyond the measure of one
moon.

To dig for water on the spot, the Captain
Landed with a small troop, myself being
one :

There I reproached him with his treachery.
Imperious at all times, his temper rose ;
He struck me ; and that instant had I killed
him,

And put an end to his insolence, but my
Comrades

Rushed in between us : then did I insist
(All hated him, and I was stung to madness)

That we should leave him there, alive!—
we did so.

Mar. And he was famished?

Osw. Naked was the spot;
Methinks I see it now—how in the sun
Its stony surface glittered like a shield;
And in that miserable place we left him,
Alone but for a swarm of minute creatures
Not one of which could help him while alive,
Or mourn him dead.

Mar. A man by men cast off,
Left without burial! nay, not dead nor
dying,
But standing, walking, stretching forth his
arms,
In all things like ourselves, but in the agony
With which he called for mercy; and—even
so—

He was forsaken?

Osw. There is a power in sounds:
The cries he uttered might have stopped the
boat

That bore us through the water——

Mar. You returned
Upon that dismal hearing—did you not?

Osw. Some scoffed at him with hellish
mockery,
And laughed so loud it seemed that the
smooth sea

Did from some distant region echo us.

Mar. We all are of one blood, our veins
are filled

At the same poisonous fountain!

Osw. 'Twas an island
Only by sufferance of the winds and waves,
Which with their foam could cover it at will.
I know not how he perished; but the calm,
The same dead calm, continued many days.

Mar. But his own crime had brought on
him this doom,

His wickedness prepared it; these ex-
peditents

Are terrible, yet ours is not the fault.

Osw. The man was famished, and was
innocent!

Mar. Impossible!

Osw. The man had never wronged me.

Mar. Banish the thought, crush it, and
be at peace.

His guilt was marked—these things could
never be

Were there not eyes that see, and for good
ends,

Where ours are baffled

Osw. I had been deceived.

Mar. And from that hour the miserable
man

No more was heard of?

Osw. I had been betrayed.

Mar. And he found no deliverance!

Osw. The Crew
Gave me a hearty welcome; they had laid
The plot to rid themselves, at any cost,
Of a tyrannic Master whom they loathed.
So we pursued our voyage: when we landed,
The tale was spread abroad; my power at
once

Shrunk from me; plans and schemes, and
lofty hopes——

All vanished. I gave way—do you attend?

Mar. The Crew deceived you?

Osw. Nay, command yourself.

Mar. It is a dismal night—how the wind
howls!

Osw. I hid my head within a Convent,
there

Lay passive as a dormouse in mid-winter.
That was no life for me—I was o'erthrown,
But not destroyed.

Mar. The proofs—you ought to have seen
The guilt—have touched it—felt it at your
heart——

As I have done.

Osw. A fresh tide of Crusaders
Drove by the place of my retreat: three
nights

Did constant meditation dry my blood;
Three sleepless nights I passed in sounding
on,

Through words and things, a dim and
perilous way;

And, wheresoe'er I turned me, I beheld
A slavery compared to which the dungeon
And clanking chains are perfect liberty.

You understand me—I was comforted;
I saw that every possible shape of action
Might lead to good—I saw it and burst
forth

Thirsting for some of those exploits that
fill

The earth for sure redemption of lost peace.

[Marking MARMADUKE'S countenance.

Nay, you have had the worst. Ferocity
Subsided in a moment, like a wind
That drops down dead out of a sky it
vexed.

And yet I had within me evermore
A salient spring of energy; I mounted

From action up to action with a mind
That never rested—without meat or drink
Have I lived many days—my sleep was
bound

To purposes of reason—not a dream
But had a continuity and substance
That waking life had never power to give.

Mar. O wretched Human-kind !—Until
the mystery

Of all this world is solved, well may we
envy

The worm, that, underneath a stone whose
weight

Would crush the lion's paw with mortal
anguish,

Doth lodge, and feed, and coil, and sleep,
in safety.

Fell not the wrath of Heaven upon those
traitors ?

Osw. Give not to them a thought. From
Palestine

We marched to Syria : oft I left the Camp,
When all that multitude of hearts was
still,

And followed on, through woods of gloomy
cedar,

Into deep chasms troubled by roaring
streams ;

Or from the top of Lebanon surveyed
The moonlight desert, and the moonlight
sea :

In these my lonely wanderings I perceived
What mighty objects do impress their
forms

To elevate our intellectual being ;

And felt, if aught on earth deserves a curse,

'Tis that worst principle of ill which dooms

A thing so great to perish self-consumed.

—So much for my remorse !

Mar. Unhappy Man !

Osw. When from these forms I turned

to contemplate

The World's opinions and her usages,

I seemed a Being who had passed alone

Into a region of futurity,

Whose natural element was freedom——

Mar. Stop——

I may not, cannot, follow thee.

Osw. You must.

I had been nourished by the sickly food

Of popular applause. I now perceived

That we are praised, only as men in us

Do recognise some image of themselves,

An abject counterpart of what they are,

Or the empty thing that they would wish
to be.

I felt that merit has no surer test

Than obloquy ; that, if we wish to serve

The world in substance, not deceive by
show,

We must become obnoxious to its hate,
Or fear disguised in simulated scorn.

Mar. I pity, can forgive, you ; but those
wretches——

That monstrous perfidy !

Osw. Keep down your wrath.

False Shame discarded, spurious Fame de-
spised,

Twin sisters both of Ignorance, I found

Life stretched before me smooth as some
broad way

Cleared for a monarch's progress. Priests
might spin

Their veil, but not for me—'twas in fit
place

Among its kindred cobwebs. I had been,

And in that dream had left my native land,

One of Love's simple bondsmen—the soft
chain

Was off for ever ; and the men, from whom

This liberation came, you would destroy :

Join me in thanks for their blind services.

Mar. 'Tis a strange aching that, when
we would curse

And cannot.—You have betrayed me—I
have done——

I am content—I know that he is guiltless——

That both are guiltless, without spot or
stain,

Mutually consecrated. Poor old Man !

And I had heart for this, because thou
lovedst

Her who from very infancy had been

Light to thy path, warmth to thy blood !——

Together [Turning to OSWALD.
We propped his steps, he leaned upon us
both.

Osw. Ay, we are coupled by a chain of
adamant ;

Let us be fellow-labourers, then, to enlarge

Man's intellectual empire. We subsist

In slavery ; all is slavery ; we receive

Laws, but we ask not whence those laws
have come ;

We need an inward sting to goad us on.

Mar. Have you betrayed me ? Speak to
that.

Osw. The mask,

Which for a season I have stooped to wear,
Must be cast off.—Know then that I was
urged,

(For other impulse let it pass) was driven,
To seek for sympathy, because I saw
In you a mirror of my youthful self;
I would have made us equal once again,
But that was a vain hope. You have
struck home,

With a few drops of blood cut short the
business;

Therein for ever you must yield to me.

But what is done will save you from the
blank

Of living without knowledge that you live:
Now you are suffering—for the future day,
'Tis his who will command it.—Think of
my story—

Herbert is *innocent*.

Mar. (in a faint voice, and doubtingly).

You do but echo

My own wild words?

Osw. Young Man, the seed must lie
Hid in the earth, or there can be no harvest;
'Tis Nature's law. What I have done in
darkness

I will avow before the face of day.

Herbert is *innocent*.

Mar. What fiend could prompt
This action? Innocent!—oh, breaking
heart!—

Alive or dead, I'll find him.

[*Exit.*

Osw. Alive—perdition! [*Exit.*

SCENE—*The inside of a poor Cottage.*

ELEANOR and IDONEA seated.

Idon. The storm beats hard—Mercy for
poor or rich,

Whose heads are shelterless in such a night!
A Voice without. Holla! to bed, good
Folks, within!

Elea. O save us!

Idon. What can this mean?

Elea. Alas, for my poor husband!—
We'll have a counting of our flocks to-
morrow;

The wolf keeps festival these stormy nights:
Be calm, sweet Lady, they are wassailers

[*The voices die away in the distance.*

Returning from their Feast—my heart beats
so—

A noise at midnight does so frighten me.

Idon. Hush!

[*Listening.*

Elea. They are gone. On such a night
my husband,

Dragged from his bed, was cast into a
dungeon,

Where, hid from me, he counted many
years,

A criminal in no one's eyes but theirs—
Not even in theirs—whose brutal violence
So dealt with him.

Idon.

I have a noble Friend

First among youths of knightly breeding,
One

Who lives but to protect the weak or
injured.

There again!

[*Listening.*

Elea. 'Tis my husband's foot. Good

Eldred

Has a kind heart; but his imprisonment
Has made him fearful, and he'll never be
The man he was.

Idon.

I will retire;—good night!

[*She goes within.*

Enter ELDRÉD (hides a bundle).

Eld. Not yet in bed, Eleanor!—there
are stains in that frock which must be
washed out.

Elea. What has befallen you?

Eld. I am belated, and you must know
the cause—(*speaking low*) that is the blood
of an unhappy Man.

Elea. Oh! we are undone for ever.

Eld. Heaven forbid that I should lift my
hand against any man. Eleanor, I have
shed tears to-night, and it comforts me to
think of it.

Elea. Where, where is he?

Eld. I have done him no harm, but—
it will be forgiven me; it would not have
been so once.

Elea. You have not *buried* anything?
You are no richer than when you left me?

Eld. Be at peace; I am innocent.

Elea. Then God be thanked—

[*A short pause; she falls
upon his neck.*

Eld. To-night I met with an old Man
lying stretched upon the ground—a sad
spectacle: I raised him up with a hope
that we might shelter and restore him.

Elea. (*as if ready to run*). Where is he?
You were not able to bring him *all* the way
with you; let us return, I can help you.

[*ELDRÉD shakes his head.*

Eld. He did not seem to wish for life : as I was struggling on, by the light of the moon I saw the stains of blood upon my clothes—he waved his hand, as if it were all useless ; and I let him sink again to the ground.

Elea. Oh that I had been by your side !

Eld. I tell you his hands and his body were cold—how could I disturb his last moments ? he strove to turn from me as if he wished to settle into sleep.

Elea. But, for the stains of blood—

Eld. He must have fallen, I fancy, for his head was cut ; but I think his malady was cold and hunger.

Elea. Oh, Eldred, I shall never be able to look up at this roof in storm or fair but I shall tremble.

Eld. Is it not enough that my ill stars have kept me abroad to-night till this hour ? I come home, and this is my comfort !

Elea. But did he say nothing which might have set you at ease ?

Eld. I thought he grasped my hand while he was muttering something about his Child—his Daughter—(*starting as if he heard a noise*). What is that ?

Elea. Eldred, you are a father.

Eld. God knows what was in my heart, and will not curse my son for my sake.

Elea. But you prayed by him ? you waited the hour of his release ?

Eld. The night was wasting fast ; I have no friend ; I am spited by the world—his wound terrified me—if I had brought him along with me, and he had died in my arms !—I am sure I heard something breathing—and this chair !

Elea. Oh, Eldred, you will die alone. You will have nobody to close your eyes—no hand to grasp your dying hand—I shall be in my grave. A curse will attend us all.

Eld. Have you forgot your own troubles when I was in the dungeon ?

Elea. And you left him alive ?

Eld. Alive !—the damps of death were upon him—he could not have survived an hour.

Elea. In the cold, cold night.

Eld. (*in a savage tone*). Ay, and his head was bare ; I suppose you would have had me lend my bonnet to cover it.—You will

never rest till I am brought to a felon's end.

Elea. Is there nothing to be done ? cannot we go to the Convent ?

Eld. Ay, and say at once that I murdered him !

Elea. Eldred, I know that ours is the only house upon the Waste ; let us take heart ; this Man may be rich ; and could he be saved by our means, his gratitude may reward us.

Eld. 'Tis all in vain.

Elea. But let us make the attempt. This old Man may have a wife, and he may have children—let us return to the spot ; we may restore him, and his eyes may yet open upon those that love him.

Eld. He will never open them more ; even when he spoke to me, he kept them firmly sealed as if he had been blind.

Idon. (*rushing out*). It is, it is, my Father—

Eld. We are betrayed (*looking at IDONEA*).

Elea. His Daughter !—God have mercy ! (*turning to IDONEA*).

Idon. (*sinking down*). Oh ! lift me up and carry me to the place.

You are safe ; the whole world shall not harm you.

Elea. This Lady is his Daughter.

Eld. (*moved*). I'll lead you to the spot.

Idon. (*springing up*). Alive !—you heard him breathe ? quick, quick—

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE—*A wood on the edge of the Waste.*

Enter OSWALD and a Forester.

For. He leaned upon the bridge that spans the glen,
And down into the bottom cast his eye,
That fastened there, as it would check the current.

Osw. He listened too ; did you not say he listened ?

For. As if there came such moaning from the flood
As is heard often after stormy nights.

Osw. But did he utter nothing ?

For. See him there !

MARMADUKE *appearing*.

Mar. Buzz, buzz, ye black and winged freebooters ;

That is no substance which ye settle on !

For. His senses play him false ; and see, his arms

Outspread, as if to save himself from falling !—

Some terrible phantom I believe is now Passing before him, such as God will not Permit to visit any but a man Who has been guilty of some horrid crime.

[MARMADUKE *disappears*.

Osw. The game is up !—

For. If it be needful, Sir, I will assist you to lay hands upon him.

Osw. No, no, my Friend, you may pursue your business—

'Tis a poor wretch of an unsettled mind, Who has a trick of straying from his keepers ;

We must be gentle. Leave him to my care. [Exit Forester.

If his own eyes play false with him, these freaks

Of fancy shall be quickly tamed by mine ; The goal is reached. My Master shall become

A shadow of myself—made by myself.

SCENE—*The edge of the Moor.*

MARMADUKE and ELDRED *enter from opposite sides*.

Mar. (*raising his eyes and perceiving ELDRED*). In any corner of this savage Waste,

I have you, good Peasant, seen a blind old Man ?

Eld. I heard —

Mar. You heard him, where ? when heard him ?

Eld. As you know,

The first hours of last night were rough with storm :

I had been out in search of a stray heifer ; Returning late, I heard a moaning sound ; Then, thinking that my fancy had deceived me,

I hurried on, when straight a second moan, A human voice distinct, struck on my ear, So guided, distant a few steps, I found An aged Man, and such as you describe.

Mar. You heard !—he called you to him ? Of all men

The best and kindest !—but where is he ? guide me,

That I may see him.

Eld. On a ridge of rocks A lonesome Chapel stands, deserted now : The bell is left, which no one dares remove ; And, when the stormy wind blows o'er the peak,

It rings, as if a human hand were there To pull the cord. I guess he must have heard it ;

And it had led him towards the precipice, To climb up to the spot whence the sound came ;

But he had failed through weakness. From his hand

His staff had dropped, and close upon the brink

Of a small pool of water he was laid, As if he had stooped to drink, and so remained

Without the strength to rise.

Mar. Well, well, he lives, And all is safe : what said he ?

Eld. But few words : He only spake to me of a dear Daughter, Who, so he feared, would never see him more ;

And of a Stranger to him, One by whom He had been sore misused ; but he forgave The wrong and the wrong-doer. You are troubled—

Perhaps you are his son ?

Mar. The All-seeing knows, I did not think he had a living Child.— But whither did you carry him ?

Eld. He was torn, His head was bruised, and there was blood about him—

Mar. That was no work of mine.

Eld. Nor was it mine.

Mar. But had he strength to walk ? I could have borne him

A thousand miles.

Eld. I am in poverty, And know how busy are the tongues of men ; My heart was willing, Sir, but I am one Whose good deeds will not stand by their own light ;

And, though it smote me more than words can tell,

I left him.

Mar. I believe that there are phantoms,
That in the shape of man do cross our path
On evil instigation, to make sport
Of our distress—and thou art one of them!
But things substantial have so pressed on
me——

Eld. My wife and children came into
my mind.

Mar. Oh Monster! Monster! there are
three of us,
And we shall howl together.

[*After a pause and in a feeble voice.*

I am deserted
At my worst need, my crimes have in a net
(*Pointing to ELDRED*) Entangled this poor
man.—Where was it? where?

[*Dragging him along.*

Eld. 'Tis needless; spare your violence.
His Daughter——

Mar. Ay, in the word a thousand scor-
pions lodge

This old man *had* a Daughter.

Eld. To the spot
I hurried back with her.—O save me, Sir,
From such a journey!—there was a black
tree,

A single tree; she thought it was her
Father.—

Oh Sir, I would not see that hour again
For twenty lives. The daylight dawned,
and now——

Nay; hear my tale, 'tis fit that you should
hear it——

As we approached, a solitary crow
Rose from the spot;—the Daughter clapped
her hands,

And then I heard a shriek so terrible

[*MARMADUKE shrinks back.*
The startled bird quivered upon the wing.

Mar. Dead, dead!——

Eld. (*after a pause*). A dismal matter,
Sir, for me,
And seems the like for you; if 'tis your
wish,

I'll lead you to his Daughter; but 'twere
best

That she should be prepared; I'll go before.

Mar. There will be need of preparation.

[*ELDRED goes off.*

Elea. (*enters*). Master!
Your limbs sink under you, shall I support
you?

Mar. (*taking her arm*). Woman, I've
lent my body to the service

Which now thou tak'st upon thee. God
forbid

That thou shouldst ever meet a like occasion
With such a purpose in thine heart as mine
was.

Elea. Oh, why have I to do with things
like these? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the door of ELDRED'S
cottage*—IDONEA *seated*—*enter* ELDRED.

Eld. Your Father, Lady, from a wilful
hand

Has met unkindness; so indeed he told
me,

And you remember such was my report:
From what has just befallen me I have
cause

To fear the very worst.

Idon. My Father is dead;
Why dost thou come to me with words like
these?

Eld. A wicked Man should answer for
his crimes.

Idon. Thou seest me what I am.

Eld. It was most heinous
And doth call out for vengeance.

Idon. Do not add,
I prithee, to the harm thou'st done already.

Eld. Hereafter you will thank me for
this service.

Hard by, a Man I met, who, from plain
proofs

Of interfering Heaven, I have no doubt,
Laid hands upon your Father. Fit it were
You should prepare to meet him.

Idon. I have nothing
To do with others; help me to my Father——

[*She turns and sees MARMADUKE leaning
on ELEANOR—throws herself upon his
neck, and after some time,*

In joy I met thee, but a few hours past;
And thus we meet again; one human stay
Is left me still in thee. Nay, shake not so.

Mar. In such a wilderness—to see no
thing,

No, not the pitying moon!

Idon. And perish so.

Mar. Without a dog to moan for him.

Idon. Think not of it,
But enter there and see him how he sleeps,
Tranquil as he had died in his own bed.

Mar. Tranquil—why not?

Idon. Oh, peace!

Mar. He is at peace ;
His body is at rest : there was a plot,
A hideous plot, against the soul of man :
It took effect—and yet I baffled it,
In some degree.

Idon. Between us stood, I thought,
A cup of consolation, filled from Heaven
For both our needs ; must I, and in thy
presence,

Alone partake of it ?—Belovèd Marmaduke !

Mar. Give me a reason why the wisest
thing

That the earth owns shall never choose to
die,

But some one must be near to count his
groans.

The wounded deer retires to solitude,
And dies in solitude : all things but man,
All die in solitude.

[*Moving towards the cottage door.*

Mysterious God,

If she had never lived I had not done it !—

Idon. Alas, the thought of such a cruel
death

Has overwhelmed him.—I must follow.

Eld. Lady !

You will do well ; (*she goes*) unjust suspicion
may

Cleave to this Stranger : if, upon his
entering,

The dead Man heave a groan, or from his
side

Uplift his hand—that would be evidence.

Elea. Shame ! Eldred, shame !

Mar. (*both returning*). The dead have
but one face (*to himself*).

And such a Man—so meek and unoffend-
ing—

Helpless and harmless as a babe : a Man,
By obvious signal to the world's protection,
Solemnly dedicated—to decoy him !—

Idon. Oh, had you seen him living !—

Mar. I (*so filled*

With horror is this world) am unto thee
The thing most precious, that it now
contains :

Therefore through me alone must be revealed
By whom thy Parent was destroyed, Idonea !
I have the proofs !—

Idon. O miserable Father !

Thou didst command me to bless all man-
kind ;

Nor to this moment, have I ever wished
Evil to any living thing ; but hear me,

Hear me, ye Heavens !—(*kneeling*)—may
vengeance haunt the fiend

For this most cruel murder : let him live

And move in terror of the elements ;

The thunder send him on his knees to prayer
In the open streets, and let him think he
sees,

If e'er he entereth the house of God,

The roof, self-moved, unsettling o'er his
head ;

And let him, when he would lie down at
night,

Point to his wife the blood-drops on his
pillow !

Mar. My voice was silent, but my heart
hath joined thee.

Idon. (*leaning on MARMADUKE*). Left
to the mercy of that savage Man !

How could he call upon his Child !—O
Friend ! [*Turns to MARMADUKE.*

My faithful true and only Comforter.

Mar. Ay, come to me and weep. (*He
kisses her.*) (*To ELDRED.*) Yes,
Varlet, look,

The devils at such sights do clap their hands.
[*ELDRED retires alarmed.*

Idon. Thy vest is torn, thy cheek is
deadly pale ;

Hast thou pursued the monster ?

Mar. I have found him.—

Oh ! would that thou hadst perished in the
flames !

Idon. Here art thou, then can I be
desolate ?—

Mar. There was a time, when this pro-
tecting hand

Availed against the mighty ; never more
Shall blessings wait upon a deed of mine.

Idon. Wild words for me to hear, for me,
an orphan

Committed to thy guardianship by Heaven ;
And, if thou hast forgiven me, let me hope,

In this deep sorrow, trust, that I am thine
For closer care ;—here, is no malady.

[*Taking his arm.*

Mar. There, is a malady—

(*Striking his heart and forehead*). And
here, and here,

A mortal malady.—I am accurst :

All nature curses me, and in my heart

Thy curse is fixed ; the truth must be laid
bare.

It must be told, and borne. I am the man,
(Abused, betrayed, but how it matters not)

Presumptuous above all that ever breathed,
Who, casting as I thought a guilty Person
Upon Heaven's righteous judgment, did
become

An instrument of Fiends. Through me,
through me

Thy Father perished.

Idon. Perished—by what mischance?

Mar. Belovèd!—if I dared, so would I
call thee—

Conflict must cease, and, in thy frozen
heart,

The extremes of suffering meet in absolute
peace. [*He gives her a letter.*]

Idon. (*reads*). "Be not surprised if you
hear that some signal judgment has befallen
the man who calls himself your father; he
is now with me, as his signature will shew:
abstain from conjecture till you see me.

"HERBERT.

"MARMADUKE."

The writing Oswald's; the signature my
Father's:

(*Looks steadily at the paper*). And here is
yours,—or do my eyes deceive me?

You have then seen my Father?

Mar. He has leaned

Upon this arm.

Idon. You led him towards the Con-
vent?

Mar. That Convent was Stone-Arthur
Castle. Thither

We were his guides. I on that night re-
solved

That he should wait thy coming till the day
Of resurrection.

Idon. Miserable Woman,
Too quickly moved, too easily giving way,

I put denial on thy suit, and hence,
With the disastrous issue of last night,
Thy perturbation, and these frantic words.
Be calm, I pray thee!

Mar. Oswald—

Idon. Name him not.

Enter female Beggar.

Beg. And he is dead!—that Moor—how
shall I cross it?

By night, by day, never shall I be able
To travel half a mile alone.—Good Lady!
Forgive me!—Saints forgive me. Had I
thought

It would have come to this!—

Idon. What brings you hither? speak!

Beg. (*pointing to MARMADUKE*). This in-
nocent Gentleman. Sweet heavens!
I told him

Such tales of your dead Father!—God is
my judge,

I thought there was no harm: but that bad
Man,

He bribed me with his gold, and looked so
fierce.

Mercy! I said I know not what—oh pity
me—

I said, sweet Lady, you were not his
Daughter—

Pity me, I am haunted;—thrice this day
My conscience made me wish to be struck
blind;

And then I would have prayed, and had no
voice.

Idon. (*to MARMADUKE*). Was it my
Father?—no, no, no, for he

Was meek and patient, feeble, old and
blind,

Helpless, and loved me dearer than his life.
—But hear me. For one question, I have
a heart

That will sustain me. Did you murder him?

Mar. No, not by stroke of arm. But
learn the process:

Proof after proof was pressed upon me;
guilt

Made evident, as seemed, by blacker guilt,
Whose impious folds enwrapped even thee;
and truth

And innocence, embodied in his looks,
His words and tones and gestures, did but
serve

With me to aggravate his crimes, and
heaped

Ruin upon the cause for which they pleaded.

Then pity crossed the path of my resolve:
Confounded, I looked up to Heaven, and
cast,

Idonea! thy blind Father, on the Ordeal
Of the bleak Waste—left him—and so he
died!—

[*IDONEA sinks senseless; Beggar,
ELEANOR, etc., crowd round, and bear
her off.*]

Why may we speak these things, and do no
more;

Why should a thrust of the arm have such
a power,

And words that tell these things be heard
in vain?

*She is not dead. Why!—if I loved this Woman,
I would take care she never woke again ;
But she WILL wake, and she will weep for me,
And say, no blame was mine—and so, poor fool,
Will waste her curses on another name.*

[He walks about distractedly.]

Enter OSWALD.

*Osw. (to himself). Strong to o'erturn,
strong also to build up.*

[To MARMADUKE.]

*The starts and sallies of our last encounter
Were natural enough ; but that, I trust,
Is all gone by. You have cast off the chains
That fettered your nobility of mind—
Delivered heart and head !*

Let us to Palestine ;

This is a paltry field for enterprise.

Mar. Ay, what shall we encounter next ?

This issue—

*'Twas nothing more than darkness deepening
darkness,*

*And weakness crowned with the impotence
of death !—*

*Your pupil is, you see, an apt proficient.
(ironically.)*

*Start not !—Here is another face hard by ;
Come, let us take a peep at both together,
And, with a voice at which the dead will
quake,*

*Resound the praise of your morality—
Of this too much.*

*[Drawing OSWALD towards the Cottage—
stops short at the door.]*

*Men are there, millions, Oswald,
Who with bare hands would have plucked
out thy heart*

*And flung it to the dogs : but I am raised
Above, or sunk below, all further sense
Of provocation. Leave me, with the weight
Of that old Man's forgiveness on thy heart,
Pressing as heavily as it doth on mine.
Coward I have been ; know, there lies not
now*

*Within the compass of a mortal thought,
A deed that I would shrink from ;—but to
endure,*

*That is my destiny. May it be thine :
Thy office, thy ambition, be henceforth
To feed remorse, to welcome every sting
Of penitential anguish, yea with tears.*

*When seas and continents shall lie between
us—*

*The wider space the better—we may find
In such a course fit links of sympathy,
An incommunicable rivalry
Maintained, for peaceful ends beyond our
view.*

*[Confused voices—several of the band enter
—rush upon OSWALD, and seize him.]*

*One of them. I would have dogged him
to the jaws of hell—*

*Osw. Ha ! is it so !—That vagrant Hag !
—this comes*

Of having left a thing like her alive !

[Aside.]

Several voices. Despatch him !

*Osw. If I pass beneath a rock
And shout, and, with the echo of my voice,
Bring down a heap of rubbish, and it crush
me,*

*I die without dishonour. Famished, starved,
A Fool and Coward blended to my wish !*

*[Smiles scornfully and exultingly at
MARMADUKE.]*

Wal. 'Tis done ! (Stabs him).]

*Another of the band. Theruthless Traitor !
Mar. A rash deed !—*

*With that reproof I do resign a station
Of which I have been proud.*

*Wil. (approaching MARMADUKE). O
my poor Master !*

*Mar. Discerning Monitor, my faithful
Wilfred,*

Why art thou here ?

[Turning to WALLACE.]

*Wallace, upon these Borders,
Many there be whose eyes will not want
cause*

*To weep that I am gone. Brothers in
arms !*

*Raise on that dreary Waste a monument
That may record my story : nor let words—
Few must they be, and delicate in their
touch*

*As light itself—be there withheld from Her
Who, through most wicked arts, was made
an orphan*

*By One who would have died a thousand
times,*

*To shield her from a moment's harm. To
you,*

*Wallace and Wilfred, I commend the Lady,
By lowly nature reared, as if to make her
In all things worthier of that noble birth,*

Whose long-suspended rights are now on
the eve

Of restoration : with your tenderest care

Watch over her, I pray—sustain her——

Several of the band (eagerly). Captain !

Mar. No more of that ; in silence hear
my doom :

A hermitage has furnished fit relief

To some offenders : other penitents,

Less patient in their wretchedness, have
fallen,

Like the old Roman, on their own sword's
point.

They had their choice : a wanderer *must I*
go,

The Spectre of that innocent Man, my
guide.

No human ear shall ever hear me speak ;

No human dwelling ever give me food,

Or sleep, or rest : but, over waste and wild,

In search of nothing, that this earth can
give,

But expiation, will I wander on——

A Man by pain and thought compelled to
live,

Yet loathing life—till anger is appeased

In Heaven, and Mercy gives me leave to
die.

1795-96.

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN

This arose out of my observation of the affect-
ing music of these birds hanging in this way in
the London streets during the freshness and still-
ness of the Spring morning.

At the corner of Wood Street, when day-
light appears,

Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has
sung for three years :

Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and
has heard

In the silence of morning the song of the
Bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment ; what ails her ?
She sees

A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury
glide,

And a river flows on through the vale of
Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of
the dale,

Down which she so often has tripped with
her pail ;

And a single small cottage, a nest like a
dove's,

The one only dwelling on earth that she
loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven : but
they fade,

The mist and the river, the hill and the
shade :

The stream will not flow, and the hill will
not rise,

And the colours have all passed away from
her eyes !

1797.

THE BIRTH OF LOVE

Translated from some French stanzas by
Francis Wrangham, and printed in "Poems by
Francis Wrangham, M.A."

WHEN Love was born of heavenly line,

What dire intrigues disturbed Cythera's
joy !

Till Venus cried, "A mother's heart is
mine ;

None but myself shall nurse my boy."

But, infant as he was, the child

In that divine embrace enchanted lay ;

And, by the beauty of the vase beguiled,

Forgot the beverage—and pined away.

"And must my offspring languish in my
sight ?"

(Alive to all a mother's pain,

The Queen of Beauty thus her court
addressed)

"No : Let the most discreet of all my
train

Receive him to her breast :

Think all, he is the God of young delight."

Then TENDERNESS with CANDOUR joined,

And GAIETY the charming office sought ;

Nor even DELICACY stayed behind :

But none of those fair Graces brought

Wherewith to nurse the child—and still he
pined.

Some fond hearts to COMPLIANCE seemed
inclined ;

But she had surely spoiled the boy :

And sad experience forbade a thought
On the wild Goddess of VOLUPTUOUS JOY.

Long undecided lay th' important choice,
Till of the beauteous court, at length, a
voice

Pronounced the name of HOPE :—The
conscious child

Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.

'Tis said ENJOYMENT (who averred
The charge belonged to her alone)
Jealous that HOPE had been preferred
Laid snares to make the babe her own.

Of INNOCENCE the garb she took,
The blushing mien and downcast look ;
And came her services to proffer :
And HOPE (what has not Hope believed !)
By that seducing air deceived,
Accepted of the offer.

It happened that, to sleep inclined,
Deluded HOPE for one short hour
To that false INNOCENCE's power
Her little charge consigned.

The Goddess then her lap with sweetmeats
filled

And gave, in handfuls gave, the treacher-
ous store :

A wild delirium first the infant thrilled ;
But soon upon her breast he sunk—to
wake no more. 1795.

A NIGHT-PIECE

Composed on the road between Nether Stowey
and Alfoxden, extempore. I distinctly recollect
the very moment when I was struck, as described,
—"He looks up—the clouds are split," etc.

—The sky is overcast

With a continuous cloud of texture close,
Heavy and wan, all whitened by the Moon,
Which through that veil is indistinctly seen,
A dull, contracted circle, yielding light
So feebly spread, that not a shadow falls,
Chequering the ground—from rock, plant,
tree, or tower.

At length a pleasant instantaneous gleam
Startles the pensive traveller while he treads
His lonesome path, with unobserving eye
Bent earthwards ; he looks up—the clouds
are split

Asunder,—and above his head he sees
The clear Moon, and the glory of the
heavens.

There, in a black-blue vault she sails along,
Followed by multitudes of stars, that, small
And sharp, and bright, along the dark
abyss

Drive as she drives : how fast they wheel
away,

Yet vanish not !—the wind is in the tree,
But they are silent ;—still they roll along
Immeasurably distant ; and the vault,
Built round by those white clouds, enor-
mous clouds,

Still deepens its unfathomable depth.
At length the Vision closes ; and the mind,
Not undisturbed by the delight it feels,
Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,
Is left to muse upon the solemn scene.

1798.

WE ARE SEVEN

Written at Alfoxden in the spring of 1798,
under circumstances somewhat remarkable. The
little girl who is the heroine I met within the area
of Goodrich Castle in the year 1793. Having left
the Isle of Wight and crossed Salisbury Plain, as
mentioned in the preface to "Guilt and Sorrow,"
I proceeded by Bristol up the Wye, and so on to
North Wales, to the Vale of Clwydd, where I
spent my summer under the roof of the father of
my friend, Robert Jones. In reference to this
Poem I will here mention one of the most re-
markable facts in my own poetic history and that
of Mr. Coleridge. In the spring of the year 1798,
he, my Sister, and myself, started from Alfoxden,
pretty late in the afternoon, with a view to visit
Lenton and the valley of Stones near it ; and as
our united funds were very small, we agreed to
defray the expense of the tour by writing a poem,
to be sent to the New Monthly Magazine set up
by Phillips the bookseller, and edited by Dr.
Aikin. Accordingly we set off and proceeded
along the Quantock Hills towards Watchet, and
in the course of this walk was planned the poem
of the "Ancient Mariner," founded on a dream,
as Mr. Coleridge said, of his friend, Mr. Cruik-
shank. Much the greatest part of the story was

Mr. Coleridge's invention ; but certain parts I myself suggested :—for example, some crime was to be committed which should bring upon the old Navigator, as Coleridge afterwards delighted to call him, the spectral persecution, as a consequence of that crime, and his own wanderings. I had been reading in Shelvock's Voyages a day or two before that while doubling Cape Horn they frequently saw Albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings twelve or fifteen feet. "Suppose," said I, "you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary Spirits of those regions take upon them to avenge the crime." The incident was thought fit for the purpose and adopted accordingly. I also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men, but do not recollect that I had anything more to do with the scheme of the poem. The Gloss with which it was subsequently accompanied was not thought of by either of us at the time ; at least, not a hint of it was given to me, and I have no doubt it was a gratuitous afterthought. We began the composition together on that, to me, memorable evening. I furnished two or three lines at the beginning of the poem, in particular :—

"And listened like a three years' child ;
The Mariner had his will."

These trifling contributions, all but one (which Mr. C. has with unnecessary scrupulosity recorded) slipped out of his mind as they well might. As we endeavoured to proceed conjointly (I speak of the same evening) our respective manners proved so widely different that it would have been quite presumptuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog. We returned after a few days from a delightful tour, of which I have many pleasant, and some of them droll-enough, recollections. We returned by Dulverton to Alfoxden. The "Ancient Mariner" grew and grew till it became too important for our first object, which was limited to our expectation of five pounds, and we began to talk of a Volume, which was to consist, as Mr. Coleridge has told the world, of poems chiefly on supernatural subjects taken from common life, but looked at, as much as might be, through an imaginative medium. Accordingly I wrote "The Idiot Boy," "Her eyes are wild," etc., "We are seven," "The Thorn," and some others. To return to "We are seven," the piece that called forth this note, I composed it while walking in the grove at Alfoxden. My friends will not deem it too trifling to relate that while walking to and fro I composed the last stanza first, having begun with the last line. When it was all but finished, I came in and recited it to Mr. Coleridge and my Sister,

and said, "A prefatory stanza must be added, and I should sit down to our little tea-meal with greater pleasure if my task were finished." I mentioned in substance what I wished to be expressed, and Coleridge immediately threw off the stanza thus :—

"A little child, dear brother Jem,"—

I objected to the rhyme, "dear brother Jem," as being ludicrous, but we all enjoyed the joke of hitching-in our friend, James T——'s name, who was familiarly called Jem. He was the brother of the dramatist, and this reminds me of an anecdote which it may be worth while here to notice. The said Jem got a sight of the Lyrical Ballads as it was going through the press at Bristol, during which time I was residing in that city. One evening he came to me with a grave face, and said, "Wordsworth, I have seen the volume that Coleridge and you are about to publish. There is one poem in it which I earnestly entreat you will cancel, for, if published, it will make you everlastingly ridiculous." I answered that I felt much obliged by the interest he took in my good name as a writer, and begged to know what was the unfortunate piece he alluded to. He said, "It is called 'We are seven.'" Nay ! said I, that shall take its chance, however, and he left me in despair. I have only to add that in the spring of 1841 I revisited Goodrich Castle, not having seen that part of the Wye since I met the little Girl there in 1793. It would have given me greater pleasure to have found in the neighbouring hamlet traces of one who had interested me so much ; but that was impossible, as unfortunately I did not even know her name. The ruin, from its position and features, is a most impressive object. I could not but deeply regret that its solemnity was impaired by a fantastic new Castle set up on a projection of the same ridge, as if to show how far modern art can go in surpassing all that could be done by antiquity and nature with their united graces, remembrances, and associations.

———A SIMPLE Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage Girl :
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad :
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
—Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be
seen,"

The little Maid replied,

"Twelve steps or more from my mother's
door,

And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with
snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

1798.

ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS

"Retine vim istam, falsa enim dicam, si coges."
—EUSEBIUS.

This was suggested in front of Alfoxden. The Boy was a son of my friend, Basil Montagu, who had been two or three years under our care. The name of Kilve is from a village on the Bristol Channel, about a mile from Alfoxden; and the name of Liswyn Farm was taken from a beautiful spot on the Wye. When Mr. Coleridge, my Sister, and I, had been visiting the famous John Thelwall, who had taken refuge from politics, after a trial for high treason, with a view to bring up his family by the profits of agriculture, which proved as unfortunate a speculation as that he had fled from, Coleridge and he had both been public lecturers; Coleridge mingling, with his politics, Theology, from which the other elocutionist abstained, unless it were for the sake of a sneer. This quondam community of public employment induced Thelwall to visit Coleridge at Nether Stowey, where he fell in my way. He really was a man of extraordinary talent, an affectionate husband, and a good father. Though brought up in the City, he was truly sensible of the beauty of natural objects. I remember once, when Coleridge, he, and I were seated together upon the turf on the brink of a stream in the most beautiful part of the most beautiful glen of Alfoxden, Coleridge exclaimed, "This is a place to reconcile one to all the jarrings and conflicts of the wide world."—"Nay," said Thelwall, "to make one forget them altogether." The visit of this man to Coleridge was, as I believe Coleridge has related, the occasion of a spy being sent by Government to watch our proceedings, which were, I can say with truth, such as the world at large would have thought ludicrously harmless.

I HAVE a boy of five years old ;
His face is fair and fresh to see ;
His limbs are cast in beauty's mould,
And dearly he loves me.

One morn we strolled on our dry walk,
Our quiet home all full in view,
And held such intermitted talk
As we are wont to do.

My thoughts on former pleasures ran ;
I thought of Kilve's delightful shore,
Our pleasant home when spring began,
A long, long year before.

A day it was when I could bear
Some fond regrets to entertain ;
With so much happiness to spare,
I could not feel a pain.

The green earth echoed to the feet
Of lambs that bounded through the glade,
From shade to sunshine, and as fleet
From sunshine back to shade.

Birds warbled round me—and each trace
Of inward sadness had its charm ;
Kilve, thought I, was a favoured place,
And so is Liswyn farm.

My boy beside me tripped, so slim
And graceful in his rustic dress !
And, as we talked, I questioned him,
In very idleness.

"Now tell me, had you rather be,"
I said, and took him by the arm,
"On Kilve's smooth shore, by the green sea,
Or here at Liswyn farm?"

In careless mood he looked at me,
While still I held him by the arm,
And said, "At Kilve I'd rather be
Than here at Liswyn farm."

"Now, little Edward, say why so :
My little Edward, tell me why."—
"I cannot tell, I do not know."—
"Why, this is strange," said I ;

"For, here are woods, hills smooth and
warm ;
There surely must some reason be
Why you would change sweet Liswyn farm
For Kilve by the green sea."

At this, my boy hung down his head,
He blushed with shame, nor made reply ;
And three times to the child I said,
"Why, Edward, tell me why?"

His head he raised—there was in sight,
It caught his eye, he saw it plain—
Upon the house-top, glittering bright,
A broad and gilded vane.

Then did the boy his tongue unlock,
And eased his mind with this reply :
"At Kilve there was no weather-cock ;
And that's the reason why."

O dearest, dearest boy ! my heart
For better lore would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn.

1798.

THE THORN

Written at Alfoxden. Arose out of my observing, on the ridge of Quantock Hill, on a stormy day, a thorn which I had often past, in calm and bright weather, without noticing it. I said to myself, "Cannot I by some invention do as much to make this Thorn permanently an impressive object as the storm has made it to my eyes at this moment?" I began the poem accordingly, and composed it with great rapidity. Sir George Beaumont painted a picture from it which Wilkie thought his best. He gave it me ; though when he saw it several times at Rydal Mount afterwards, he said, "I could make a better, and would like to paint the same subject over again." The sky in this picture is nobly done, but it reminds one too much of Wilson. The only fault, however, of any consequence is the female figure, which is too old and decrepit for one likely to frequent an eminence on such a call.

I

"THERE is a Thorn—it looks so old,
In truth, you'd find it hard to say
How it could ever have been young,
It looks so old and grey.
Not higher than a two years' child
It stands erect, this aged Thorn ;
No leaves it has, no prickly points ;
It is a mass of knotted joints,
A wretched thing forlorn.
It stands erect, and like a stone
With lichens it is overgrown.

II

"Like rock or stone, it is o'ergrown,
 With lichens to the very top,
 And hung with heavy tufts of moss,
 A melancholy crop :
 Up from the earth these mosses creep,
 And this poor Thorn they clasp it round
 So close, you'd say that they are bent
 With plain and manifest intent
 To drag it to the ground ;
 And all have joined in one endeavour
 To bury this poor Thorn for ever.

III

"High on a mountain's highest ridge,
 Where oft the stormy winter gale
 Cuts like a scythe, while through the clouds
 It sweeps from vale to vale ;
 Not five yards from the mountain path,
 This Thorn you on your left espy ;
 And to the left, three yards beyond,
 You see a little muddy pond
 Of water—never dry
 Though but of compass small, and bare
 To thirsty suns and parching air.

IV

"And, close beside this aged Thorn,
 There is a fresh and lovely sight,
 A beauteous heap, a hill of moss,
 Just half a foot in height.
 All lovely colours there you see,
 All colours that were ever seen ;
 And mossy network too is there,
 As if by hand of lady fair
 The work had woven been ;
 And cups, the darlings of the eye,
 So deep is their vermilion dye.

V

"Ah me ! what lovely tints are there
 Of olive green and scarlet bright,
 In spikes, in branches, and in stars,
 Green, red, and pearly white !
 This heap of earth o'ergrown with moss,
 Which close beside the Thorn you see,
 So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,
 Is like an infant's grave in size,
 As like as like can be :
 But never, never any where,
 An infant's grave was half so fair.

VI

"Now would you see this aged Thorn,
 This pond, and beauteous hill of moss,
 You must take care and choose your time
 The mountain when to cross.
 For oft there sits between the heap
 So like an infant's grave in size,
 And that same pond of which I spoke,
 A Woman in a scarlet cloak,
 And to herself she cries,
 'Oh misery ! oh misery !
 Oh woe is me ! oh misery !'

VII

"At all times of the day and night
 This wretched Woman thither goes ;
 And she is known to every star,
 And every wind that blows ;
 And there, beside the Thorn, she sits
 When the blue daylight's in the skies,
 And when the whirlwind's on the hill,
 Or frosty air is keen and still,
 And to herself she cries,
 'Oh misery ! oh misery !
 Oh woe is me ! oh misery !'"

VIII

"Now wherefore, thus, by day and night,
 In rain, in tempest, and in snow,
 Thus to the dreary mountain-top
 Does this poor Woman go ?
 And why sits she beside the Thorn
 When the blue daylight's in the sky
 Or when the whirlwind's on the hill,
 Or frosty air is keen and still,
 And wherefore does she cry ?—
 O wherefore ? wherefore ? tell me why
 Does she repeat that doleful cry ?"

IX

"I cannot tell ; I wish I could ;
 For the true reason no one knows :
 But would you gladly view the spot,
 The spot to which she goes ;
 The hillock like an infant's grave,
 The pond—and Thorn, so old and grey ;
 Pass by her door—'tis seldom shut—
 And, if you see her in her hut—
 Then to the spot away !
 I never heard of such as dare
 Approach the spot when she is there."

X

"But wherefore to the mountain-top
 Can this unhappy Woman go?
 Whatever star is in the skies,
 Whatever wind may blow?"
 "Full twenty years are past and gone
 Since she (her name is Martha Ray)
 Gave with a maiden's true good-will
 Her company to Stephen Hill;
 And she was blithe and gay,
 While friends and kindred all approved
 Of him whom tenderly she loved.

XI

"And they had fixed the wedding day,
 The morning that must wed them both;
 But Stephen to another Maid
 Had sworn another oath;
 And, with this other Maid, to church
 Unthinking Stephen went—
 Poor Martha! on that woeful day
 A pang of pitiless dismay
 Into her soul was sent;
 A fire was kindled in her breast,
 Which might not burn itself to rest.

XII

"They say, full six months after this,
 While yet the summer leaves were green,
 She to the mountain-top would go,
 And there was often seen.
 What could she seek?—or wish to hide?
 Her state to any eye was plain;
 She was with child, and she was mad;
 Yet often was she sober sad
 From her exceeding pain.
 O guilty Father—would that death
 Had saved him from that breach of faith!

XIII

"Sad case for such a brain to hold
 Communion with a stirring child!
 Sad case, as you may think, for one
 Who had a brain so wild!
 Last Christmas-eve we talked of this,
 And grey-haired Wilfred of the glen
 Held that the unborn infant wrought
 About its mother's heart, and brought
 Her senses back again:
 And, when at last her time drew near,
 Her looks were calm, her senses clear.

XIV

"More know I not, I wish I did,
 And it should all be told to you;
 For what became of this poor child
 No mortal ever knew;
 Nay—if a child to her was born
 No earthly tongue could ever tell;
 And if 'twas born alive or dead,
 Far less could this with proof be said;
 But some remember well,
 That Martha Ray about this time
 Would up the mountain often climb.

XV

"And all that winter, when at night
 The wind blew from the mountain-peak,
 'Twas worth your while, though in the dark,
 The churchyard path to seek:
 For many a time and oft were heard
 Cries coming from the mountain head:
 Some plainly living voices were;
 And others, I've heard many swear,
 Were voices of the dead:
 I cannot think, whate'er they say,
 They had to do with Martha Ray.

XVI

"But that she goes to this old Thorn,
 The Thorn which I described to you,
 And there sits in a scarlet cloak
 I will be sworn is true.
 For one day with my telescope,
 To view the ocean wide and bright,
 When to this country first I came,
 Ere I had heard of Martha's name,
 I climbed the mountain's height:—
 A storm came on, and I could see
 No object higher than my knee.

XVII

"'Twas mist and rain, and storm and rain:
 No screen, no fence could I discover;
 And then the wind! in sooth, it was
 A wind full ten times over.
 I looked around, I thought I saw
 A jutting crag,—and off I ran,
 Head-foremost, through the driving rain,
 The shelter of the crag to gain;
 And, as I am a man,
 Instead of jutting crag, I found
 A Woman seated on the ground.

XVIII

"I did not speak—I saw her face;
 Her face!—it was enough for me;
 I turned about and heard her cry,
 'Oh misery! oh misery!'
 And there she sits, until the moon
 Through half the clear blue sky will go;
 And, when the little breezes make
 The waters of the pond to shake,
 As all the country know,
 She shudders, and you hear her cry,
 'Oh misery! oh misery!'"

XIX

"But what's the Thorn? and what the
 pond?
 And what the hill of moss to her?
 And what the creeping breeze that comes
 The little pond to stir?"
 "I cannot tell; but some will say
 She hanged her baby on the tree;
 Some say she drowned it in the pond,
 Which is a little step beyond:
 But all and each agree,
 The little Babe was buried there,
 Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

XX

"I've heard, the moss is spotted red
 With drops of that poor infant's blood;
 But kill a new-born infant thus,
 I do not think she could!
 Some say, if to the pond you go,
 And fix on it a steady view,
 The shadow of a babe you trace,
 A baby and a baby's face,
 And that it looks at you;
 Whene'er you look on it, 'tis plain
 The baby looks at you again.

XXI

"And some had sworn an oath that she
 Should be to public justice brought;
 And for the little infant's bones
 With spades they would have sought.
 But instantly the hill of moss
 Before their eyes began to stir!
 And, for full fifty yards around,
 The grass—it shook upon the ground!
 Yet all do still aver
 The little Babe lies buried there,
 Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

XXII

"I cannot tell how this may be,
 But plain it is the Thorn is bound
 With heavy tufts of moss that strive
 To drag it to the ground;
 And this I know, full many a time,
 When she was on the mountain high,
 By day, and in the silent night,
 When all the stars shone clear and bright,
 That I have heard her cry,
 'Oh misery! oh misery!
 Oh woe is me! oh misery!'"

1798.

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL

A TRUE STORY

Written at Alfoxden. The incident from Dr.
 Darwin's *Zoönomia*.

OH! what's the matter? what's the matter?
 What is't that ails young Harry Gill?
 That evermore his teeth they chatter,
 Chatter, chatter, chatter still!
 Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
 Good duffle grey, and flannel fine;
 He has a blanket on his back,
 And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
 'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
 The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
 At night, at morning, and at noon,
 'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
 Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still!

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
 And who so stout of limb as he?
 His cheeks were red as ruddy clover;
 His voice was like the voice of three.
 Old Goody Blake was old and poor;
 Ill fed she was, and thinly clad;
 And any man who passed her door
 Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling;
 And then her three hours' work at night,
 Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling,
 It would not pay for candle-light.

Remote from sheltered village-green,
On a hill's northern side she dwelt,
Where from sea-blasts the hawthorns lean,
And hoary dews are slow to melt.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
Two poor old Dames, as I have known,
Will often live in one small cottage ;
But she, poor Woman ! housed alone,
'Twas well enough when summer came,
The long, warm, lightsome summer-day,
Then at her door the *canty* Dame
Would sit, as any linnet, gay.

But when the ice our streams did fether,
Oh then how her old bones would shake !
You would have said, if you had met her,
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her evenings then were dull and dead :
Sad case it was, as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed ;
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

O joy for her ! whene'er in winter
The winds at night had made a rout ;
And scattered many a lusty splinter
And many a rotten bough about.
Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile beforehand, turf or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could any thing be more alluring
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake ?
And, now and then, it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected
This trespass of old Goody Blake ;
And vowed that she should be detected—
That he on her would vengeance take,
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,
And to the fields his road would take ;
And there, at night, in frost and snow,
He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once, behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand :
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble land.

—He hears a noise—he's all awake—
Again?—on tip-toe down the hill
He softly creeps—'tis Goody Blake ;
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill !

Right glad was he when he beheld her :
Stick after stick did Goody pull :
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had filled her apron full.
When with her load she turned about,
The by-way back again to take ;
He started forward, with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, "I've caught you then at
last !"—

Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall ;
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
To God that is the judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm—
"God ! who art never out of hearing,
O may he never more be warm !"
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray ;
Young Harry heard what she had said :
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill :
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
Alas ! that day for Harry Gill !
That day he wore a riding-coat,
But not a whit the warmer he :
Another was on Thursday brought,
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,
And blankets were about him pinned ;
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter ;
Like a loose casement in the wind.
And Harry's flesh it fell away ;
And all who see him say, 'tis plain,
That, live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
A-bed or up, to young or old ;
But ever to himself he mutters,
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold."

A-bed or up, by night or day ;
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill !

1798.

HER EYES ARE WILD

Written at Alfoxden. The subject was reported to me by a lady of Bristol, who had seen the poor creature.

I

HER eyes are wild, her head is bare,
The sun has burnt her coal-black hair ;
Her eyebrows have a rusty stain,
And she came far from over the main.
She has a baby on her arm,
Or else she were alone :
And underneath the hay-stack warm,
And on the greenwood stone,
She talked and sung the woods among,
And it was in the English tongue.

II

" Sweet babe ! they say that I am mad,
But nay, my heart is far too glad ;
And I am happy when I sing
Full many a sad and doleful thing :
Then, lovely baby, do not fear !
I pray thee have no fear of me ;
But safe as in a cradle, here,
My lovely baby ! thou shalt be :
To thee I know too much I owe ;
I cannot work thee any woe.

III

" A fire was once within my brain ;
And in my head a dull, dull pain ;
And fiendish faces, one, two, three,
Hung at my breast, and pulled at me ;
But then there came a sight of joy ;
It came at once to do me good ;
I waked, and saw my little boy,
My little boy of flesh and blood ;
Oh joy for me that sight to see !
For he was here, and only he.

IV

" Suck, little babe, oh suck again !
It cools my blood ; it cools my brain ;

Thy lips I feel them, baby ! they
Draw from my heart the pain away.
Oh ! press me with thy little hand ;
It loosens something at my chest ;
About that tight and deadly band
I feel thy little fingers prest.
The breeze I see is in the tree :
It comes to cool my babe and me.

V

" Oh ! love me, love me, little boy !
Thou art thy mother's only joy ;
And do not dread the waves below,
When o'er the sea-rock's edge we go ;
The high crag cannot work me harm,
Nor leaping torrents when they howl ;
The babe I carry on my arm,
He saves for me my precious soul ;
Then happy lie ; for blest am I ;
Without me my sweet babe would die.

VI

" Then do not fear, my boy ! for thee
Bold as a lion will I be ;
And I will always be thy guide,
Through hollow snows and rivers wide.
I'll build an Indian bower ; I know
The leaves that make the softest bed :
And, if from me thou wilt not go,
But still be true till I am dead,
My pretty thing ! then thou shalt sing
As merry as the birds in spring.

VII

" Thy father cares not for my breast,
'Tis thine, sweet baby, there to rest ;
'Tis all thine own !—and, if its hue
Be changed, that was so fair to view,
'Tis fair enough for thee, my dove !
My beauty, little child, is flown,
But thou wilt live with me in love,
And what if my poor cheek be brown ?
'Tis well for me, thou canst not see
How pale and wan it else would be.

VIII

" Dread not their taunts, my little Life ;
I am thy father's wedded wife ;
And underneath the spreading tree
We two will live in honesty.

If his sweet boy he could forsake,
 With me he never would have stayed :
 From him no harm my babe can take ;
 But he, poor man ! is wretched made ;
 And every day we two will pray
 For him that's gone and far away.

IX

"I'll teach my boy the sweetest things :
 I'll teach him how the owlet sings.
 My little babe ! thy lips are still,
 And thou hast almost sucked thy fill.
 —Where art thou gone, my own dear
 child ?
 What wicked looks are those I see ?
 Alas ! alas ! that look so wild,
 It never, never came from me :
 If thou art mad, my pretty lad,
 Then I must be for ever sad.

X

"Oh ! smile on me, my little lamb !
 For I thy own dear mother am :
 My love for thee has well been tried :
 I've sought thy father far and wide.
 I know the poisons of the shade ;
 I know the earth-nuts fit for food :
 Then, pretty dear, be not afraid :
 We'll find thy father in the wood.
 Now laugh and be gay, to the woods away !
 And there, my babe, we'll live for aye."

1798.

SIMON LEE

THE OLD HUNTSMAN ;

WITH AN INCIDENT IN WHICH HE WAS
CONCERNED

This old man had been huntsman to the squires of Alfoxden, which, at the time we occupied it, belonged to a minor. The old man's cottage stood upon the common, a little way from the entrance to Alfoxden Park. But it had disappeared. Many other changes had taken place in the adjoining village, which I could not but notice with a regret more natural than well-considered. Improvements but rarely appear such to those who, after long intervals of time, revisit places they have had much pleasure in. It is unnecessary to add, the fact was as mentioned in the poem ; and I have, after an interval of forty-five years, the

image of the old man as fresh before my eyes as if I had seen him yesterday. The expression when the hounds were out, "I dearly love their voice," was word for word from his own lips.

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
 Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,
 An old Man dwells, a little man,—
 'Tis said he once was tall.
 Full five-and-thirty years he lived
 A running huntsman merry ;
 And still the centre of his cheek
 Is red as a ripe cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,
 And hill and valley rang with glee
 When Echo banded, round and round,
 The halloo of Simon Lee.
 In those proud days, he little cared
 For husbandry or tillage ;
 To blither tasks did Simon rouse
 The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,
 Could leave both man and horse behind ;
 And often, ere the chase was done,
 He reeled, and was stone-blind.
 And still there's something in the world
 At which his heart rejoices ;
 For when the chiming hounds are out,
 He dearly loves their voices !

But, oh the heavy change !—bereft
 Of health, strength, friends, and kindred,
 see !

Old Simon to the world is left
 In liveried poverty.
 His Master's dead,—and no one now
 Dwells in the Hall of Ivor ;
 Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead ;
 He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick ;
 His body, dwindled and awry,
 Rests upon ankles swoln and thick ;
 His legs are thin and dry.
 One prop he has, and only one,
 His wife, an aged woman,
 Lives with him, near the waterfall,
 Upon the village Common.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,
 Not twenty paces from the door,
 A scrap of land they have, but they
 Are poorest of the poor.

This scrap of land he from the heath
 Enclosed when he was stronger ;
 But what to them avails the land
 Which he can till no longer ?

Oft, working by her Husband's side,
 Ruth does what Simon cannot do ;
 For she, with scanty cause for pride,
 Is stouter of the two.
 And, though you with your utmost skill
 From labour could not wean them,
 'Tis little, very little—all
 That they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store
 As he to you will tell,
 For still, the more he works, the more
 Do his weak ankles swell.
 My gentle Reader, I perceive
 How patiently you've waited,
 And now I fear that you expect
 Some tale will be related.

O Reader ! had you in your mind
 Such stores as silent thought can bring,
 O gentle Reader ! you would find
 A tale in every thing.
 What more I have to say is short,
 And you must kindly take it :
 It is no tale ; but, should you think,
 Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer-day I chanced to see
 This old Man doing all he could
 To unearth the root of an old tree,
 A stump of rotten wood.
 The mattock tottered in his hand ;
 So vain was his endeavour,
 That at the root of the old tree
 He might have worked for ever.

" You're overtasked, good Simon Lee,
 Give me your tool," to him I said ;
 And at the word right gladly he
 Received my proffered aid.
 I struck, and with a single blow
 The tangled root I severed,
 At which the poor old Man so long
 And vainly had endeavoured.

The tears into his eyes were brought,
 And thanks and praises seemed to run
 So fast out of his heart, I thought
 They never would have done.

—I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
 With coldness still returning ;
 Alas ! the gratitude of men
 Hath oftener left me mourning.

1798.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

Actually composed while I was sitting by the side of the brook that runs down from the Comb, in which stands the village of Alford, through the grounds of Alfoxden. It was a chosen resort of mine. The brook fell down a sloping rock so as to make a waterfall considerable for that country, and across the pool below had fallen a tree, an ash if I rightly remember, from which rose perpendicularly, boughs in search of the light intercepted by the deep shade above. The boughs bore leaves of green that for want of sunshine had faded into almost lily-white ; and from the underside of this natural sylvan bridge depended long and beautiful tresses of ivy which waved gently in the breeze that might poetically speaking be called the breath of the waterfall. This motion varied of course in proportion to the power of water in the brook. When, with dear friends, I revisited this spot, after an interval of more than forty years, this interesting feature of the scene was gone. To the owner of the place I could not but regret that the beauty of this retired part of the grounds had not tempted him to make it more accessible by a path, not broad or obtrusive, but sufficient for persons who love such scenes to creep along without difficulty.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,
 While in a grove I sate reclined,
 In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
 The human soul that through me ran ;
 And much it grieved my heart to think
 What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green
 bower,
 The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ;
 And 'tis my faith that every flower
 Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
 Their thoughts I cannot measure :—
 But the least motion which they made
 It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air ;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man ?

1798.

TO MY SISTER

Composed in front of Alfoxden House. My little boy-messenger on this occasion was the son of Basil Montagu. The larch mentioned in the first stanza was standing when I revisited the place in May 1841, more than forty years after. I was disappointed that it had not improved in appearance as to size, nor had it acquired anything of the majesty of age, which, even though less perhaps than any other tree, the larch sometimes does. A few score yards from this tree, grew, when we inhabited Alfoxden, one of the most remarkable beech-trees ever seen. The ground sloped both towards and from it. It was of immense size, and threw out arms that struck into the soil, like those of the banyan-tree, and rose again from it. Two of the branches thus inserted themselves twice, which gave to each the appearance of a serpent moving along by gathering itself up in folds. One of the large boughs of this tree had been torn off by the wind before we left Alfoxden, but five remained. In 1841 we could barely find the spot where the tree had stood. So remarkable a production of nature could not have been wilfully destroyed.

It is the first mild day of March :
Each minute sweeter than before
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field.

My sister ! ('tis a wish of mine)
Now that our morning meal is done,
Make haste, your morning task resign ;
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you ;—and, pray,
Put on with speed your woodland dress ;
And bring no book : for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate
Our living calendar :
We from to-day, my Friend, will date
The opening of the year.

Love, now a universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth :
—It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more
Than years of toiling reason :
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,
Which they shall long obey :
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls
About, below, above,
We'll frame the measure of our souls :
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my Sister ! come, I pray,
With speed put on your woodland dress ;
And bring no book : for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

1798.

Observed in the holly-grove at Alfoxden, where these verses were written in the spring of 1799. I had the pleasure of again seeing, with dear friends, this grove in unimpaired beauty forty-one years after.

A WHIRL-BLAST from behind the hill
Rushed o'er the wood with startling sound ;
Then—all at once the air was still,
And showers of hailstones pattered round.
Where leafless oaks towered high above,
I sat within an undergrove
Of tallest hollies, tall and green ;
A fairer bower was never seen.
From year to year the spacious floor
With withered leaves is covered o'er,
And all the year the bower is green.
But see ! where'er the hailstones drop
The withered leaves all skip and hop ;
There's not a breeze—no breath of air—
Yet here, and there, and everywhere
Along the floor, beneath the shade
By those embowering hollies made,
The leaves in myriads jump and spring,

As if with pipes and music rare
Some Robin Good-fellow were there,
And all those leaves, in festive glee,
Were dancing to the minstrelsy.

1798.

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY

This poem is a favourite among the Quakers, as I have learnt on many occasions. It was composed in front of the house at Alfoxden, in the spring of 1798.

"WHY, William, on that old grey stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away?

"Where are your books?—that light be-
queathed
To Beings else forlorn and blind!
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

"You look round on your Mother Earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you;
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you!"

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
And thus I made reply:

"The eye—it cannot choose but see;
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against or with our will.

"Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

"—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old grey stone,
And dream my time away,"

1798.

THE TABLES TURNED

AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME
SUBJECT

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has
spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things:—
We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

1798.

THE COMPLAINT

OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN

Written at Alfoxden, where I read Hearne's
Journey with deep interest. It was composed
for the volume of Lyrical Ballads.

When a Northern Indian, from sickness, is unable to continue his journey with his companions, he is left behind, covered over with deer-skins, and is supplied with water, food, and fuel, if the situation of the place will afford it. He is informed of the track which his companions intend to pursue, and if he be unable to follow, or overtake them, he perishes alone in the desert ; unless he should have the good fortune to fall in with some other tribes of Indians. The females are equally, or still more, exposed to the same fate. See that very interesting work HEARNE'S *Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean*. In the high northern latitudes, as the same writer informs us, when the northern lights vary their position in the air, they make a rustling and a crackling noise, as alluded to in the following poem.

I

BEFORE I see another day,
Oh let my body die away !
In sleep I heard the northern gleams ;
The stars, they were among my dreams ;
In rustling conflict through the skies,
I heard, I saw the flashes drive,
And yet they are upon my eyes,
And yet I am alive ;
Before I see another day,
Oh let my body die away !

II

My fire is dead : it knew no pain ;
Yet is it dead, and I remain :
All stiff with ice the ashes lie ;
And they are dead, and I will die.
When I was well, I wished to live,
For clothes, for warmth, for food, and fire ;
But they to me no joy can give,
No pleasure now, and no desire.
Then here contented will I lie !
Alone, I cannot fear to die.

III

Alas ! ye might have dragged me on
Another day, a single one !
Too soon I yielded to despair ;
Why did ye listen to my prayer ?
When ye were gone my limbs were stronger ;
And oh, how grievously I rue,
That, afterwards, a little longer,
My friends, I did not follow you !
For strong and without pain I lay,
Dear friends, when ye were gone away.

IV

My Child ! they gave thee to another,
A woman who was not thy mother.
When from my arms my Babe they took,
On me how strangely did he look !
Through his whole body something ran,
A most strange working did I see ;
—As if he strove to be a man,
That he might pull the sledge for me :
And then he stretched his arms, how wild !
Oh mercy ! like a helpless child.

V

My little joy ! my little pride !
In two days more I must have died.
Then do not weep and grieve for me ;
I feel I must have died with thee.
O wind, that o'er my head art flying
The way my friends their course did bend,
I should not feel the pain of dying,
Could I with thee a message send ;
Too soon, my friends, ye went away ;
For I had many things to say.

VI

I'll follow you across the snow ;
Ye travel heavily and slow ;
In spite of all my weary pain
I'll look upon your tents again.
—My fire is dead, and snowy white
The water which beside it stood :
The wolf has come to me to-night,
And he has stolen away my food.
For ever left alone am I ;
Then wherefore should I fear to die ?

VII

Young as I am, my course is run,
I shall not see another sun ;
I cannot lift my limbs to know
If they have any life or no.
My poor forsaken Child, if I
For once could have thee close to me,
With happy heart I then would die,
And my last thought would happy be ;
But thou, dear Babe, art far away,
Nor shall I see another day.

THE LAST OF THE FLOCK

Produced at the same time and for the same purpose. The incident occurred in the village of Holford, close by Alfoxden.

I

IN distant countries have I been,
And yet I have not often seen
A healthy man, a man full grown,
Weep in the public roads, alone.
But such a one, on English ground,
And in the broad highway, I met ;
Along the broad highway he came,
His cheeks with tears were wet :
Sturdy he seemed, though he was sad ;
And in his arms a Lamb he had.

II

He saw me, and he turned aside,
As if he wished himself to hide :
And with his coat did then essay
To wipe those briny tears away.
I followed him, and said, " My friend,
What ails you ? wherefore weep you so ?"
—" Shame on me, Sir ! this lusty Lamb,
He makes my tears to flow.
To-day I fetched him from the rock ;
He is the last of all my flock.

III

" When I was young, a single man,
And after youthful follies ran,
Though little given to care and thought,
Yet, so it was, an ewe I bought ;
And other sheep from her I raised,
As healthy sheep as you might see ;
And then I married, and was rich
As I could wish to be ;
Of sheep I numbered a full score,
And every year increased my store.

IV

" Year after year my stock it grew ;
And from this one, this single ewe,
Full fifty comely sheep I raised,
As fine a flock as ever grazed !
Upon the Quantock hills they fed ;
They thrive, and we at home did thrive :
—This lusty Lamb of all my store
Is all that is alive ;
And now I care not if we die,
And perish all of poverty.

V

" Six Children, Sir ! had I to feed ;
Hard labour in a time of need !
My pride was tamed, and in our grief
I of the Parish asked relief.
They said, I was a wealthy man ;
My sheep upon the uplands fed,
And it was fit that thence I took
Whereof to buy us bread.
' Do this : how can we give to you,'
They cried, ' what to the poor is due ?'

VI

" I sold a sheep, as they had said,
And bought my little children bread,
And they were healthy with their food
For me—it never did me good.
A woeful time it was for me,
To see the end of all my gains,
The pretty flock which I had reared
With all my care and pains,
To see it melt like snow away—
For me it was a woeful day.

VII

" Another still ! and still another !
A little lamb, and then its mother !
It was a vein that never stopped—
Like blood - drops from my heart they
dropped.

" Till thirty were not left alive
They dwindled, dwindled, one by one
And I may say, that many a time
I wished they all were gone—
Reckless of what might come at last
Were but the bitter struggle past.

VIII

" To wicked deeds I was inclined,
And wicked fancies crossed my mind ;
And every man I chanced to see,
I thought he knew some ill of me :
No peace, no comfort could I find,
No ease, within doors or without ;
And, crazily and wearily
I went my work about ;
And oft was moved to flee from home,
And hide my head where wild beasts roam.

IX

" Sir ! 'twas a precious flock to me
As dear as my own children be ;

For daily with my growing store
 I loved my children more and more.
 Alas ! it was an evil time ;
 God cursed me in my sore distress ;
 I prayed, yet every day I thought
 I loved my children less ;
 And every week, and every day,
 My flock it seemed to melt away.

X

" They dwindled, Sir, sad sight to see !
 From ten to five, from five to three,
 A lamb, a wether, and a ewe ;—
 And then at last from three to two ;
 And, of my fifty, yesterday
 I had but only one :
 And here it lies upon my arm,
 Alas ! and I have none ;—
 To-day I fetched it from the rock ;
 It is the last of all my flock."

1798.

THE IDIOT BOY

The last stanza—"The Cocks did crow to-
 whoo, to-who, And the sun did shine so cold"—
 was the foundation of the whole. The words
 were reported to me by my dear friend, Thomas
 Poole ; but I have since heard the same repeated
 of other Idiots. Let me add that this long poem
 was composed in the groves of Alfoxden, almost
 extempore ; not a word, I believe, being corrected,
 though one stanza was omitted. I mention this
 in gratitude to those happy moments, for, in
 truth, I never wrote anything with so much
 glee.

'Tis eight o'clock,—a clear March night,
 The moon is up,—the sky is blue,
 The owlet, in the moonlight air,
 Shouts from nobody knows where ;
 He lengthens out his lonely shout,
 Halloo ! halloo ! a long halloo !

—Why bustle thus about your door,
 What means this bustle, Betty Foy ?
 Why are you in this mighty fret ?
 And why on horseback have you set
 Him whom you love, your Idiot Boy ?

Scarcely a soul is out of bed ;
 Good Betty, put him down again ;
 His lips with joy they burr at you ;
 But, Betty ! what has he to do
 With stirrup, saddle, or with rein ?

But Betty's bent on her intent ;
 For her good neighbour, Susan Gale,
 Old Susan, she who dwells alone,
 Is sick, and makes a piteous moan
 As if her very life would fail.

There's not a house within a mile,
 No hand to help them in distress ;
 Old Susan lies a-bed in pain,
 And sorely puzzled are the twain,
 For what she ails they cannot guess.

And Betty's husband's at the wood,
 Where by the week he doth abide,
 A woodman in the distant vale ;
 There's none to help poor Susan Gale ;
 What must be done ? what will betide ?

And Betty from the lane has fetched
 Her Pony, that is mild and good ;
 Whether he be in joy or pain,
 Feeding at will along the lane,
 Or bringing faggots from the wood.

And he is all in travelling trim,—
 And, by the moonlight, Betty Foy
 Has on the well-girt saddle set
 (The like was never heard of yet)
 Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And he must post without delay
 Across the bridge and through the dale,
 And by the church, and o'er the down,
 To bring a Doctor from the town,
 Or she will die, old Susan Gale.

There is no need of boot or spur,
 There is no need of whip or wand ;
 For Johnny has his holly-bough,
 And with a *hurly-burly* now
 He shakes the green bough in his hand.

And Betty o'er and o'er has told
 The Boy, who is her best delight,
 Both what to follow, what to shun,
 What do, and what to leave undone,
 How turn to left, and how to right.

And Betty's most especial charge,
 Was, "Johnny ! Johnny ! mind that you
 Come home again, nor stop at all,—
 Come home again, whate'er befall,
 My Johnny, do, I pray you do."

To this did Johnny answer make,
 Both with his head and with his hand,

And proudly shook the bridle too ;
And then ! his words were not a few,
Which Betty well could understand.

And now that Johnny is just going,
Though Betty's in a mighty hurry,
She gently pats the Pony's side,
On which her Idiot Boy must ride,
And seems no longer in a hurry.

But when the Pony moved his legs,
Oh ! then for the poor Idiot Boy !
For joy he cannot hold the bridle,
For joy his head and heels are idle,
He's idle all for very joy.

And while the Pony moves his legs,
In Johnny's left hand you may see
The green bough motionless and dead :
The Moon that shines above his head
Is not more still and mute than he.

His heart it was so full of glee,
That till full fifty yards were gone,
He quite forgot his holly whip,
And all his skill in horsemanship :
Oh ! happy, happy, happy John.

And while the Mother, at the door,
Stands fixed, her face with joy o'erflows,
Proud of herself, and proud of him,
She sees him in his travelling trim,
How quietly her Johnny goes.

The silence of her Idiot Boy,
What hopes it sends to Betty's heart !
He's at the guide-post—he turns right ;
She watches till he's out of sight,
And Betty will not then depart.

Burr, burr—now Johnny's lips they burr,
As loud as any mill, or near it ;
Meek as a lamb the Pony moves,
And Johnny makes the noise he loves,
And Betty listens, glad to hear it.

Away she hies to Susan Gale :
Her Messenger's in merry tune ;
The owlets hoot, the owlets curr,
And Johnny's lips they burr, burr, burr,
As on he goes beneath the moon.

His steed and he right well agree ;
For of this Pony there's a rumour,
That, should he lose his eyes and ears,
And should he live a thousand years,
He never will be out of humour.

But then he is a horse that thinks !
And when he thinks, his pace is slack ;
Now, though he knows poor Johnny well,
Yet, for his life, he cannot tell
What he has got upon his back.

So through the moonlight lanes they go,
And far into the moonlight dale,
And by the church, and o'er the down,
To bring a Doctor from the town,
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And Betty, now at Susan's side,
Is in the middle of her story,
What speedy help her Boy will bring,
With many a most diverting thing,
Of Johnny's wit, and Johnny's glory.

And Betty, still at Susan's side,
By this time is not quite so flurried :
Demure with porringer and plate
She sits, as if in Susan's fate
Her life and soul were buried.

But Betty, poor good woman ! she,
You plainly in her face may read it,
Could lend out of that moment's store
Five years of happiness or more
To any that might need it.

But yet I guess that now and then
With Betty all was not so well ;
And to the road she turns her ears,
And thence full many a sound she hears,
Which she to Susan will not tell.

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans ;
"As sure as there's a moon in heaven,"
Cries Betty, "he'll be back again ;
They'll both be here—'tis almost ten—
Both will be here before eleven."

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans ;
The clock gives warning for eleven ;
'Tis on the stroke—"He must be near,"
Quoth Betty, "and will soon be here,
As sure as there's a moon in heaven."

The clock is on the stroke of twelve,
And Johnny is not yet in sight :
—The Moon's in heaven, as Betty sees,
But Betty is not quite at ease ;
And Susan has a dreadful night.

And Betty, half an hour ago,
On Johnny vile reflections cast :

"A little idle sauntering Thing!"
 With other names, an endless string;
 But now that time is gone and past.

And Betty's drooping at the heart,
 That happy time all past and gone,
 "How can it be he is so late?
 The Doctor, he has made him wait;
 Susan! they'll both be here anon."

And Susan's growing worse and worse,
 And Betty's in a sad *quandary*;
 And then there's nobody to say
 If she must go, or she must stay!
 —She's in a sad *quandary*.

The clock is on the stroke of one;
 But neither Doctor nor his Guide
 Appears along the moonlight road;
 There's neither horse nor man abroad,
 And Betty's still at Susan's side.

And Susan now begins to fear
 Of sad mischances not a few,
 That Johnny may perhaps be drowned;
 Or lost, perhaps, and never found;
 Which they must both for ever rue.

She prefaced half a hint of this
 With, "God forbid it should be true!"
 At the first word that Susan said
 Cried Betty, rising from the bed,
 "Susan, I'd gladly stay with you.

"I must be gone, I must away;
 Consider, Johnny's but half-wise;
 Susan, we must take care of him,
 If he is hurt in life or limb"—
 "Oh God forbid!" poor Susan cries.

"What can I do?" says Betty, going,
 "What can I do to ease your pain?
 Good Susan tell me, and I'll stay;
 I fear you're in a dreadful way,
 But I shall soon be back again."

"Nay, Betty, go! good Betty, go!
 There's nothing that can ease my pain."
 Then off she hies; but with a prayer
 That God poor Susan's life would spare,
 Till she comes back again.

So, through the moonlight lane she goes,
 And far into the moonlight dale;
 And how she ran, and how she walked,
 And all that to herself she talked,
 Would surely be a tedious tale.

In high and low, above, below,
 In great and small, in round and square,
 In tree and tower was Johnny seen,
 In bush and brake, in black and green;
 'Twas Johnny, Johnny, every where.

And while she crossed the bridge, there came
 A thought with which her heart is sore—
 Johnny perhaps his horse forsook,
 To hunt the moon within the brook,
 And never will be heard of more.

Now is she high upon the down,
 Alone amid a prospect wide;
 There's neither Johnny nor his Horse
 Among the fern or in the gorse;
 There's neither Doctor nor his Guide.

"O saints! what is become of him?
 Perhaps he's climbed into an oak,
 Where he will stay till he is dead;
 Or, sadly he has been misled,
 And joined the wandering gipsy-folk.

"Or him that wicked Pony's carried
 To the dark cave, the goblin's hall;
 Or in the castle he's pursuing
 Among the ghosts his own undoing;
 Or playing with the waterfall."

At poor old Susan then she railed,
 While to the town she posts away;
 "If Susan had not been so ill,
 Alas! I should have had him still,
 My Johnny, till my dying day."

Poor Betty, in this sad distemper,
 The Doctor's self could hardly spare;
 Unworthy things she talked, and wild;
 Even he, of cattle the most mild,
 The Pony had his share.

But now she's fairly in the town,
 And to the Doctor's door she hies;
 'Tis silence all on every side;
 The town so long, the town so wide,
 Is silent as the skies.

And now she's at the Doctor's door,
 She lifts the knocker, rap, rap, rap;
 The Doctor at the casement shows
 His glimmering eyes that peep and doze!
 And one hand rubs his old night-cap.

"O Doctor! Doctor! where's my Johnny?"
 "I'm here, what is't you want with me?"

"O Sir! you know I'm Betty Foy,
And I have lost my poor dear Boy,
You know him—him you often see;

"He's not so wise as some folks be:"
"The devil take his wisdom!" said
The Doctor, looking somewhat grim,
"What, Woman! should I know of him?"
And, grumbling, he went back to bed!

"O woe is me! O woe is me!
Here will I die; here will I die;
I thought to find my lost one here,
But he is neither far nor near,
Oh! what a wretched Mother I!"

She stops, she stands, she looks about;
Which way to turn she cannot tell.
Poor Betty! it would ease her pain
If she had heart to knock again;
—The clock strikes three—a dismal knell!

Then up along the town she hies,
No wonder if her senses fail;
This piteous news so much it shocked her,
She quite forgot to send the Doctor,
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And now she's high upon the down,
And she can see a mile of road:
"O cruel! I'm almost threescore;
Such night as this was ne'er before,
There's not a single soul abroad."

She listens, but she cannot hear
The foot of horse, the voice of man;
The streams with softest sound are flowing,
The grass you almost hear it growing,
You hear it now, if e'er you can.

The owlets through the long blue night
Are shouting to each other still:
Fond lovers! yet not quite hob nob,
They lengthen out the tremulous sob,
That echoes far from hill to hill.

Poor Betty now has lost all hope,
Her thoughts are bent on deadly sin,
A green-grown pond she just has past,
And from the brink she hurries fast,
Lest she should drown herself therein.

And now she sits her down and weeps;
Such tears she never shed before;
"Oh dear, dear Pony! my sweet joy!
Oh carry back my Idiot Boy!
And we will ne'er o'erload thee more."

A thought is come into her head:
The Pony he is mild and good,
And we have always used him well;
Perhaps he's gone along the dell,
And carried Johnny to the wood.

Then up she springs as if on wings;
She thinks no more of deadly sin;
If Betty fifty ponds should see,
The last of all her thoughts would be
To drown herself therein.

O Reader! now that I might tell
What Johnny and his Horse are doing
What they've been doing all this time,
Oh could I put it into rhyme,
A most delightful tale pursuing!

Perhaps, and no unlikely thought!
He with his Pony now doth roam
The cliffs and peaks so high that are,
To lay his hands upon a star,
And in his pocket bring it home.

Perhaps he's turned himself about,
His face unto his horse's tail,
And, still and mute, in wonder lost,
All silent as a horseman-ghost,
He travels slowly down the vale.

And now, perhaps, is hunting sheep,
A fierce and dreadful hunter he;
Yon valley, now so trim and green,
In five months' time, should he be seen,
A desert wilderness will be!

Perhaps, with head and heels on fire,
And like the very soul of evil,
He's galloping away, away,
And so will gallop on for aye,
The bane of all that dread the devil!

I to the Muses have been bound
These fourteen years, by strong indentures:
O gentle Muses! let me tell
But half of what to him befell;
He surely met with strange adventures.

O gentle Muses! is this kind?
Why will ye thus my suit repel?
Why of your further aid bereave me?
And can ye thus unfriended leave me
Ye Muses! whom I love so well?

Who's yon, that, near the waterfall,
Which thunders down with headlong force,

Beneath the moon, yet shining fair,
As careless as if nothing were,
Sits upon a feeding horse?

Unto his horse—there feeding free,
He seems, I think, the rein to give ;
Of moon or stars he takes no heed ;
Of such we in romances read :
—'Tis Johnny ! Johnny ! as I live.

And that's the very Pony, too !
Where is she, where is Betty Foy ?
She hardly can sustain her fears ;
The roaring waterfall she hears,
And cannot find her Idiot Boy.

Your Pony's worth his weight in gold :
Then calm your terrors, Betty Foy !
She's coming from among the trees,
And now all full in view she sees
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And Betty sees the Pony too :
Why stand you thus, good Betty Foy ?
It is no goblin, 'tis no ghost,
'Tis he whom you so long have lost,
He whom you love, your Idiot Boy.

She looks again—her arms are up—
She screams—she cannot move for joy ;
She darts, as with a torrent's force,
She almost has o'erturned the Horse,
And fast she holds her Idiot Boy.

And Johnny burrs, and laughs aloud ;
Whether in cunning or in joy
I cannot tell ; but while he laughs,
Betty a drunken pleasure quaffs
To hear again her Idiot Boy.

And now she's at the Pony's tail,
And now is at the Pony's head,—
On that side now, and now on this ;
And, almost stifled with her bliss,
A few sad tears does Betty shed.

She kisses o'er and o'er again
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy ;
She's happy here, is happy there,
She is uneasy every where ;
Her limbs are all alive with joy.

She pats the Pony, where or when
She knows not, happy Betty Foy !
The little Pony glad may be,
But he is milder far than she,
You hardly can perceive his joy.

" Oh ! Johnny, never mind the Doctor ;
You've done your best, and that is all : "
She took the reins, when this was said,
And gently turned the Pony's head
From the loud waterfall.

By this the stars were almost gone,
The moon was setting on the hill,
So pale you scarcely looked at her :
The little birds began to stir,
Though yet their tongues were still.

The Pony, Betty, and her Boy,
Wind slowly through the woody dale ;
And who is she, betimes abroad,
That hobbles up the steep rough road ?
Who is it, but old Susan Gale ?

Long time lay Susan lost in thought ;
And many dreadful fears beset her,
Both for her Messenger and Nurse ;
And, as her mind grew worse and worse,
Her body—it grew better.

She turned, she tossed herself in bed,
On all sides doubts and terrors met her ;
Point after point did she discuss ;
And, while her mind was fighting thus,
Her body still grew better.

" Alas ! what is become of them ?
These fears can never be endured ;
I'll to the wood."—The word scarce said,
Did Susan rise up from her bed,
As if by magic cured.

Away she goes up hill and down,
And to the wood at length is come ;
She spies her Friends, she shouts a greet-
ing ;

Oh me ! it is a merry meeting
As ever was in Christendom.

The owls have hardly sung their last,
While our four travellers homeward wend ;
The owls have hooted all night long,
And with the owls began my song,
And with the owls must end.

For while they all were travelling home,
Cried Betty, " Tell us, Johnny, do,
Where all this long night you have been,
What you have heard, what you have
seen :

And, Johnny, mind you tell us true."

Now Johnny all night long had heard
The owls in tuneful concert strive ;
No doubt too he the moon had seen ;
For in the moonlight he had been
From eight o'clock till five.

And thus, to Betty's question, he
Made answer, like a traveller bold,
(His very words I give to you,)
"The cocks did crow to-whoo, to-whoo,
And the sun did shine so cold !"
—Thus answered Johnny in his glory,
And that was all his travel's story.

1798.

LINES

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN
ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF
THE WYE DURING A TOUR. JULY 13,
1798

No poem of mine was composed under circum-
stances more pleasant for me to remember than
this. I began it upon leaving Tintern, after
crossing the Wye, and concluded it just as I was
entering Bristol in the evening, after a ramble of
four or five days, with my Sister. Not a line of
it was altered, and not any part of it written down
till I reached Bristol. It was published almost
immediately after in the little volume of which so
much has been said in these Notes.—(The Lyri-
cal Ballads, as first published at Bristol by
Cottle.)

FIVE years have past ; five summers, with
the length

Of five long winters ! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-
springs

With a soft inland murmur.¹—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion ; and
connect

The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these
orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe
fruits,

Are clad in one green hue, and lose them-
selves

'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little
lines

Of sportive wood run wild : these pastoral
farms,

Green to the very door ; and wreaths of
smoke

Sent up, in silence, from among the trees !
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his
fire

The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to
me

As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration :—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed
mood,

In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened :—that serene and blessed
mood,

In which the affections gently lead us
on,—

Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul :
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh ! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight ; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my
heart—

¹ The river is not affected by the tides a few
miles above Tintern.

How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the
woods,

How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extin-
guished thought,

With many recognitions dim and faint,

And somewhat of a sad perplexity,

The picture of the mind revives again:

While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing
thoughts

That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I
was when first

I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than
one

Who sought the thing he loved. For
nature then

(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone
by)

To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy
wood,

Their colours and their forms, were then to
me

An appetite; a feeling and a love,

That had no need of a remoter charm,

By thought supplied, nor any interest

Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is
past,

And all its aching joys are now no more,

And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this

Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other
gifts

Have followed; for such loss, I would
believe,

Abundant recompence. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing often-
times

The still, sad music of humanity,

Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample
power

To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy

Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore
am I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty
world

Of eye, and ear,—both what they half
create,¹

And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the
nurse,

The guide, the guardian of my heart, and
soul

Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the
more

Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I
catch

The language of my former heart, and
read

My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I
make,

Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to
lead

From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil
tongues,

Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish
men,

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb

¹ This line has a close resemblance to an admir-
able line of Young's, the exact expression of which
I do not recollect.

'that these hath past away a glory from the earth'

Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee : and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure ; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; oh !
then,

If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing
thoughts

Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations ! Nor, per-
chance—

If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes
these gleams

Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together ; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service : rather say
With warmer love—oh ! with far deeper
zeal

Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty
cliffs,

And this green pastoral landscape, were to
me

More dear, both for themselves and for thy
sake !

1798.

THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR

Observed, and with great benefit to my own heart, when I was a child : written at Racedown and Alfoxden in my twenty-third year. The political economists were about that time beginning their war upon mendicity in all its forms, and by implication, if not directly, on alms-giving also. This heartless process has been carried as far as it can go by the AMENDED poor-law bill, though the inhumanity that prevails in this measure is somewhat disguised by the profession that one of its objects is to throw the poor upon the voluntary donations of their neighbours ; that is, if rightly interpreted, to force them into a condition between relief in the Union poor-house, and alms robbed of their Christian grace and spirit, as being *forced* rather from the bene-

volent than given by them ; while the avaricious and selfish, and all in fact but the humane and charitable, are at liberty to keep all they possess from their distressed brethren.

The class of Beggars, to which the Old Man here described belongs, will probably soon be extinct. It consisted of poor, and, mostly, old and infirm persons, who confined themselves to a stated round in their neighbourhood, and had certain fixed days, on which, at different houses, they regularly received alms, sometimes in money, but mostly in provisions.

I SAW an aged Beggar in my walk ;
And he was seated, by the highway side,
On a low structure of rude masonry
Built at the foot of a huge hill, that they
Who lead their horses down the steep
rough road

May thence remount at ease. The aged
Man

Had placed his staff across the broad
smooth stone

That overlays the pile ; and, from a bag
All white with flour, the dole of village
dames,

He drew his scraps and fragments, one by
one ;

And scanned them with a fixed and serious
look

Of idle computation. In the sun,
Upon the second step of that small pile,
Surrounded by those wild unpeopled hills,
He sat, and ate his food in solitude :

And ever, scattered from his palsied hand,
That, still attempting to prevent the waste,
Was baffled still, the crumbs in little
showers

Fell on the ground ; and the small moun-
tain birds,

Not venturing yet to peck their destined
meal,

Approached within the length of half his
staff.

Him from my childhood have I known ;
and then

He was so old, he seems not older now ;

He travels on, a solitary Man,

So helpless in appearance, that for him

The sauntering Horseman throws not with
a slack

And careless hand his alms upon the
ground,

But stops,—that he may safely lodge the
coin

Within the old Man's hat ; nor quits him
so,
But still, when he has given his horse the
rein,

Watches the aged Beggar with a look
Sidelong, and half-reverted. She who
tends

The toll-gate, when in summer at her door
She turns her wheel, if on the road she
sees

The aged beggar coming, quits her work,
And lifts the latch for him that he may
pass.

The post-boy, when his rattling wheels
o'ertake

The aged Beggar in the woody lane,
Shouts to him from behind ; and if, thus
warned,

The old man does not change his course,
the boy

Turns with less noisy wheels to the road-
side,

And passes gently by, without a curse
Upon his lips, or anger at his heart.

He travels on, a solitary Man ;

His age has no companion. On the
ground

His eyes are turned, and, as he moves
along,

They move along the ground ; and, ever-
more,

Instead of common and habitual sight
Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale,
And the blue sky, one little span of earth
Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to
day,

Bow-bent, his eyes for ever on the ground,
He plies his weary journey ; seeing still,
And seldom knowing that he sees, some
straw,

Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in
one track,

The nails of cart or chariot-wheel have left
Impressed on the white road,—in the same
line,

At distance still the same. Poor Traveller !
His staff trails with him ; scarcely do his
feet

Disturb the summer dust ; he is so still
In look and motion, that the cottage curs,
Ere he has passed the door, will turn away,
Weary of barking at him. Boys and girls,
The vacant and the busy, maids and
youths,

And urchins newly breeched—all pass him
by :

Him even the slow-paced waggon leaves
behind.

But deem not this Man useless.—States-
men ! ye

Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye
Who have a broom still ready in your
hands

To rid the world of nuisances ; ye proud,
Heart-sworn, while in your pride ye con-
template

Your talents, power, or wisdom, deem him
not

A burthen of the earth ! 'Tis Nature's
law

That none, the meanest of created things,
Or forms created the most vile and brute,
The dullest or most noxious, should exist
Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of
good,

A life and soul, to every mode of being
Inseparably linked. Then be assured
That least of all can aught—that ever
owned

The heaven-regarding eye and front sublime
Which man is born to—sink, howe'er
depressed,

So low as to be scorned without a sin ;
Without offence to God cast out of view ;
Like the dry remnant of a garden-flower
Whose seeds are shed, or as an implement
Worn out and worthless. While from
door to door,

This old Man creeps, the villagers in him
Behold a record which together binds
Past deeds and offices of charity,
Else unremembered, and so keeps alive
The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of
years,

And that half-wisdom half-experience gives,
Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign
To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.

Among the farms and solitary huts,
Hamlets and thinly-scattered villages,
Where'er the aged Beggar takes his rounds,
The mild necessity of use compels
To acts of love ; and habit does the work
Of reason ; yet prepares that after-joy
Which reason cherishes. And thus the
soul,

By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,
Doth find herself insensibly disposed
To virtue and true goodness.

Some there are,
By their good works exalted, lofty minds
And meditative, authors of delight
And happiness, which to the end of time
Will live, and spread, and kindle: even
such minds

In childhood, from this solitary Being,
Or from like wanderer, haply have received
(A thing more precious far than all that
books

Or the solitudes of love can do !)
That first mild touch of sympathy and
thought,

In which they found their kindred with a
world

Where want and sorrow were. The easy
man

Who sits at his own door,—and, like the
pear

That overhangs his head from the green
wall,

Feeds in the sunshine; the robust and
young,

The prosperous and unthinking, they who
live

Sheltered, and flourish in a little grove
Of their own kindred;—all behold in him
A silent monitor, which on their minds
Must needs impress a transitory thought
Of self-congratulation, to the heart
Of each recalling his peculiar boons,
His charters and exemptions; and, per-
chance,

Though he to no one give the fortitude
And circumspection needful to preserve
His present blessings, and to husband up
The respite of the season, he, at least,
And 'tis no vulgar service, makes them
felt.

Yet further. —Many, I believe, there
are

Who live a life of virtuous decency,
Men who can hear the Decalogue and feel
No self-reproach; who of the moral law
Established in the land where they abide
Are strict observers; and not negligent
In acts of love to those with whom they
dwell,

Their kindred, and the children of their
blood.

I praise be to such, and to their slumbers
peace!

—But of the poor man ask, the abject
poor;

Go, and demand of him, if there be here
In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,
And these inevitable charities,
Wherewith to satisfy the human soul?
No—man is dear to man; the poorest
poor

Long for some moments in a weary life
When they can know and feel that they
have been,

Themselves, the fathers and the dealers-
out

Of some small blessings; have been kind
to such

As needed kindness, for this single cause,
That we have all of us one human heart.

—Such pleasure is to one kind Being
known,

My neighbour, when with punctual care,
each week

Duly as Friday comes, though pressed
herself

By her own wants, she from her store of
meal

Takes one unsparing handful for the
scrip

Of this old Mendicant, and, from her door
Returning with exhilarated heart,
Sits by her fire, and builds her hope in
heaven.

Then let him pass, a blessing on his
head!

And while in that vast solitude to which
The tide of things has borne him, he
appears

To breathe and live but for himself alone,
Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about
The good which the benignant law of
Heaven

Has hung around him: and, while life is
his,

Still let him prompt the unlettered villa-
gers

To tender offices and pensive thoughts.

—Then let him pass, a blessing on his
head!

And, long as he can wander, let him
breathe

The freshness of the valleys; let his
blood

Struggle with frosty air and winter snows;
And let the chartered wind that sweeps the
heath

Beat his grey locks against his withered
face.

Reverence the hope whose vital anxious-
ness

Gives the last human interest to his heart.
May never HOUSE, misnamed of INDUSTRY,
Make him a captive!—for that pent-up
din,

Those life-consuming sounds that clog the
air,

Be his the natural silence of old age!
Let him be free of mountain solitudes;
And have around him, whether heard or
not,

The pleasant melody of woodland birds.
Few are his pleasures: if his eyes have
now

Been doomed so long to settle upon earth
That not without some effort they behold
The countenance of the horizontal sun,
Rising or setting, let the light at least
Find a free entrance to their languid orbs.
And let him, *where* and *when* he will, sit
down

Beneath the trees, or on a grassy bank
Of highway side, and with the little birds
Share his chance-gathered meal; and,
finally,

As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of Nature let him die!

1798.

ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY AND DECAY

THE little hedgerow birds,
That peck along the roads, regard him
not.

He travels on, and in his face, his step,
His gait, is one expression: every limb,
His look and bending figure, all bespeak
A man who does not move with pain, but
moves

With thought.—He is insensibly subdued
To settled quiet: he is one by whom
All effort seems forgotten; one to whom
Long patience hath such mild composure
given,

That patience now doth seem a thing of
which

He hath no need. He is by nature led
To peace so perfect that the young behold
With envy, what the Old Man hardly feels.

1798.

PETER BELL

A TALE

What's in a *Name*?

Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as Cæsar!

Written at Alfoxden. Founded upon an anecdote, which I read in a newspaper, of an ass being found hanging his head over a canal in a wretched posture. Upon examination a dead body was found in the water and proved to be the body of its master. The countenance, gait, and figure of Peter, were taken from a wild rover with whom I walked from Builth, on the river Wye, downwards nearly as far as the town of Hay. He told me strange stories. It has always been a pleasure to me through life to catch at every opportunity that has occurred in my rambles of becoming acquainted with this class of people. The number of Peter's wives was taken from the trespasses in this way of a lawless creature who lived in the county of Durham, and used to be attended by many women, sometimes not less than half a dozen, as disorderly as himself. Benoni, or the child of sorrow, I knew when I was a school-boy. His mother had been deserted by a gentleman in the neighbourhood, she herself being a gentlewoman by birth. The circumstances of her story were told me by my dear old Dame, Anne Tyson, who was her confidante. The Lady died broken-hearted.—In the woods of Alfoxden I used to take great delight in noticing the habits, tricks, and physiognomy of asses; and I have no doubt that I was thus put upon writing the poem out of liking for the creature that is so often dreadfully abused.—The crescent-moon, which makes such a figure in the prologue, assumed this character one evening while I was watching its beauty in front of Alfoxden House. I intended this poem for the volume before spoken of, but it was not published for more than twenty years afterwards.—The worship of the Methodists or Ranters is often heard during the stillness of the summer evening in the country with affecting accompaniments of rural beauty. In both the psalmody and the voice of the preacher there is, not unfrequently, much solemnity likely to impress the feelings of the rudest characters under favourable circumstances.

TO

ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ., P.L., ETC. ETC.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The Tale of Peter Bell, which I now introduce to your notice, and to that of the Public,

has, in its Manuscript state, nearly survived its *minority*:—for it first saw the light in the summer of 1798. During this long interval, pains have been taken at different times to make the production less unworthy of a favourable reception; or, rather, to fit it for filling *permanently* a station, however humble, in the Literature of our Country. This has, indeed, been the aim of all my endeavours in Poetry, which, you know, have been sufficiently laborious to prove that I deem the Art not lightly to be approached; and that the attainment of excellence in it may laudably be made the principal object of intellectual pursuit by any man, who, with reasonable consideration of circumstances, has faith in his own impulses.

The Poem of Peter Bell, as the Prologue will show, was composed under a belief that the Imagination not only does not require for its exercise the intervention of supernatural agency, but that, though such agency be excluded, the faculty may be called forth as imperiously and for kindred results of pleasure, by incidents, within the compass of poetic probability, in the humblest departments of daily life. Since that Prologue was written, *you* have exhibited most splendid effects of judicious daring, in the opposite and usual course. Let this acknowledgment make my peace with the lovers of the supernatural; and I am persuaded it will be admitted, that to you, as a Master in that province of the Art, the following Tale, whether from contrast or congruity, is not an inappropriate offering. Accept it, then, as a public testimony of affectionate admiration from one with whose name yours has been often coupled (to use your own words) for evil and for good; and believe me to be, with earnest wishes that life and health may be granted you to complete the many important works in which you are engaged, and with high respect,

Most faithfully yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, April 7, 1819.

PROLOGUE

THERE'S something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon;
But through the clouds I'll never float
Until I have a little Boat,
Shaped like the crescent-moon.

And now I *have* a little Boat,
In shape a very crescent-moon
Fast through the clouds my boat can sail;
But if perchance your faith should fail,
Look up—and you shall see me soon!

The woods, my Friends, are round you
roaring,

Rocking and roaring like a sea;
The noise of danger's in your ears,
And ye have all a thousand fears
Both for my little Boat and me!

Meanwhile untroubled I admire
The pointed horns of my canoe;
And, did not pity touch my breast,
To see how ye are all distrest,
Till my ribs ached, I'd laugh at you!

Away we go, my Boat and I—
Frail man ne'er sate in such another;
Whether among the winds we strive,
Or deep into the clouds we dive,
Each is contented with the other.

Away we go—and what care we
For treasours, tumults, and for wars?
We are as calm in our delight
As is the crescent-moon so bright
Among the scattered stars.

Up goes my Boat among the stars
Through many a breathless field of light,
Through many a long blue field of ether,
Leaving ten thousand stars beneath her:
Up goes my little Boat so bright!

The Crab, the Scorpion, and the Bull—
We pry among them all; have shot
High o'er the red-haired race of Mars,
Covered from head to toe with scars;
Such company I like it not!

The towns in Saturn are decayed,
And melancholy Spectres throng them;—
The Pleiads, that appear to kiss
Each other in the vast abyss,
With joy I sail among them.

Swift Mercury resounds with mirth,
Great Jove is full of stately bowers;
But these, and all that they contain,
What are they to that tiny grain,
That little Earth of ours?

Then back to Earth, the dear green
Earth:—
Whole ages if I here should roam,
The world for my remarks and me
Would not a whit the better be;
I've left my heart at home.

See! there she is, the matchless Earth!
 There spreads the famed Pacific Ocean!
 Old Andes thrusts yon craggy spear
 Through the grey clouds; the Alps are
 here,
 Like waters in commotion!

Yon tawny slip is Libya's sands;
 That silver thread the river Dnieper!
 And look, where clothed in brightest green
 Is a sweet Isle, of isles the Queen;
 Ye fairies, from all evil keep her!

And see the town where I was born!
 Around those happy fields we span
 In boyish gambols;—I was lost
 Where I have been, but on this coast
 I feel I am a man.

Never did fifty things at once
 Appear so lovely, never, never;—
 How tunelessly the forests ring!
 To hear the earth's soft murmuring
 Thus could I hang for ever!

"Shame on you!" cried my little Boat,
 "Was ever such a homesick Loon,
 Within a living Boat to sit,
 And make no better use of it;
 A Boat twin-sister of the crescent-moon!

"Ne'er in the breast of full-grown Poet
 Fluttered so faint a heart before;—
 Was it the music of the spheres
 That overpowered your mortal ears?
 —Such din shall trouble them no more.

"These nether precincts do not lack
 Charms of their own;—then come with me;
 I want a comrade, and for you
 There's nothing that I would not do;
 Nought is there that you shall not see.

"Haste! and above Siberian snows
 We'll sport amid the boreal morning;
 Will mingle with her lustres gliding
 Among the stars, the stars now hiding,
 And now the stars adorning.

"I know the secrets of a land
 Where human foot did never stray;
 Fair is that land as evening skies,
 And cool, though in the depth it lies
 Of burning Africa.

"Or we'll into the realm of Faery,
 Among the lovely shades of things;
 The shadowy forms of mountains bare,
 And streams, and bowers, and ladies fair,
 The shades of palaces and kings!

"Or, if you thirst with hardy zeal
 Less quiet regions to explore,
 Prompt voyage shall to you reveal
 How earth and heaven are taught to feel
 The might of magic lore!"

"My little vagrant Form of light,
 My gay and beautiful Canoe,
 Well have you played your friendly part;
 As kindly take what from my heart
 Experience forces—then adieu!

"Temptation lurks among your words;
 But, while these pleasures you're pursuing
 Without impediment or let,
 No wonder if you quite forget
 What on the earth is doing.

"There was a time when all mankind
 Did listen with a faith sincere
 To tuneful tongues in mystery versed;
 Then Poets fearlessly rehearsed
 The wonders of a wild career.

"Go—(but the world's a sleepy world,
 And 'tis, I fear, an age too late)
 Take with you some ambitious Youth!
 For, restless Wanderer! I, in truth,
 Am all unfit to be your mate,

"Long have I loved what I behold,
 The night that calms, the day that cheers;
 The common growth of mother-earth
 Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
 Her humblest mirth and tears.

"The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
 I shall not covet for my dower,
 If I along that lowly way
 With sympathetic heart may stray,
 And with a soul of power.

"These given, what more need I desire
 To stir, to soothe, or elevate?
 What nobler marvels than the mind
 May in life's daily prospect find,
 May find or there create?

"A potent wand doth Sorrow wield ;
What spell so strong as guilty Fear !
Repentance is a tender Sprite ;
If aught on earth have heavenly might,
'Tis lodged within her silent tear.

"But grant my wishes,—let us now
Descend from this ethereal height ;
Then take thy way, adventurous Skiff,
More daring far than Hippogriff,
And be thy own delight !

"To the stone-table in my garden,
Loved haunt of many a summer hour,
The Squire is come : his daughter Bess
Beside him in the cool recess
Sits blooming like a flower.

"With these are many more convened ;
They know not I have been so far ;—
I see them there, in number nine,
Beneath the spreading Weymouth-pine !
I see them—there they are !

"There sits the Vicar and his Dame ;
And there my good friend, Stephen Otter ;
And, ere the light of evening fail,
To them I must relate the Tale
Of Peter Bell the Potter."

Off flew the Boat—away she flees,
Spurning her freight with indignation !
And I, as well as I was able,
On two poor legs, toward my stone-table
Limped on with sore vexation.

"O, here he is !" cried little Bess—
She saw me at the garden-door ;
"We've waited anxiously and long,"
They cried, and all around me throng,
Full nine of them or more !

"Reproach me not—your fears be still—
Be thankful we again have met ;—
Resume, my Friends ! within the shade
Your seats, and quickly shall be paid
The well-remembered debt."

I spake with faltering voice, like one
Not wholly rescued from the pale
Of a wild dream, or worse illusion ;
But, straight, to cover my confusion,
Began the promised Tale.

PART FIRST

ALL by the moonlight river side
Groaned the poor Beast—alas ! in vain ;
The staff was raised to loftier height,
And the blows fell with heavier weight
As Peter struck—and struck again.

"Hold !" cried the Squire, "against the
rules
Of common sense you're surely sinning ;
This leap is for us all too bold ;
Who Peter was, let that be told,
And start from the beginning."

—"A Potter,¹ Sir, he was by trade,"
Said I, becoming quite collected ;
"And wheresoever he appeared,
Full twenty times was Peter feared
For once that Peter was respected.

"He, two-and-thirty years or more,
Had been a wild and woodland rover ;
Had heard the Atlantic surges roar
On farthest Cornwall's rocky shore,
And trod the cliffs of Dover.

"And he had seen Caernarvon's towers,
And well he knew the spire of Sarum ;
And he had been where Lincoln bell
Flings o'er the fen that ponderous knell—
A far-renowned alarum !

"At Doncaster, at York, and Leeds,
And merry Carlisle had he been ;
And all along the Lowlands fair,
All through the bonny shire of Ayr
And far as Aberdeen.

"And he had been at Inverness ;
And Peter, by the mountain-rills,
Had danced his round with Highland
lasses ;
And he had lain beside his asses
On lofty Cheviot Hills :

"And he had trudged through Yorkshire
dales,
Among the rocks and winding *scars* ;
Where deep and low the hamlets lie
Beneath their little patch of sky
And little lot of stars :

¹ In the dialect of the North, a hawker of earthenware is thus designated.

"And all along the indented coast,
Bespattered with the salt-sea foam ;
Where'er a knot of houses lay
On headland, or in hollow bay ;—
Sure never man like him did roam !

"As well might Peter, in the Fleet,
Have been fast bound, a begging debtor ;—
He travelled here, he travelled there ;—
But not the value of a hair
Was heart or head the better.

"He roved among the vales and streams,
In the green wood and hollow dell ;
They were his dwellings night and day, —
But nature ne'er could find the way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

"In vain, through every changeful year,
Did Nature lead him as before ;
A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

"Small change it made on Peter's heart
To see his gentle panniered train
With more than vernal pleasure feeding,
Where'er the tender grass was leading
Its earliest green along the lane,

"In vain, through water, earth, and air,
The soul of happy sound was spread,
When Peter on some April morn,
Beneath the broom or budding thorn,
Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

"At noon, when, by the forest's edge
He lay beneath the branches high,
The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart ; he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky !

"On a fair prospect some have looked
And felt, as I have heard them say,
As if the moving time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away.

"Within the breast of Peter Bell
These silent raptures found no place ;
He was a Carl as wild and rude
As ever hue-and-cry pursued,
As ever ran a felon's race.

"Of all that lead a lawless life,
Of all that love their lawless lives,
In city or in village small,
He was the wildest far of all ;—
He had a dozen wedded wives.

"Nay, start not !—wedded wives—and
twelve !
But how one wife could e'er come near him,
In simple truth I cannot tell ;
For, be it said of Peter Bell,
To see him was to fear him.

"Though Nature could not touch his heart
By lovely forms, and silent weather,
And tender sounds, yet you might see
At once, that Peter Bell and she
Had often been together.

"A savage wildness round him hung
As of a dweller out of doors ;
In his whole figure and his mien
A savage character was seen
Of mountains and of dreary moors.

"To all the unshaped half-human thoughts
Which solitary Nature feeds
'Mid summer storms or winter's ice,
Had Peter joined whatever vice
The cruel city breeds.

"His face was keen as is the wind
That cuts along the hawthorn-fence ;—
Of courage you saw little there,
But, in its stead, a medley air
Of cunning and of impudence.

"He had a dark and sidelong walk,
And long and slouching was his gait ;
Beneath his looks so bare and bold,
You might perceive, his spirit cold
Was playing with some inward bait.

"His forehead wrinkled was and furred ;
A work, one half of which was done
By thinking of his '*whens*' and '*hows* ;'
And half, by knitting of his brows
Beneath the glaring sun.

"There was a hardness in his cheek,
There was a hardness in his eye,
As if the man had fixed his face,
In many a solitary place,
Against the wind and open sky !"

ONE NIGHT, (and now my little Bess !
We've reached at last the promised Tale :)
One beautiful November night,
When the full moon was shining bright
Upon the rapid river Swale,

Along the river's winding banks
Peter was travelling all alone ;—
Whether to buy or sell, or led
By pleasure running in his head,
To me was never known.

He trudged along through copse and brake,
He trudged along o'er hill and dale ;
Nor for the moon cared he a tittle,
And for the stars he cared as little,
And for the murmuring river Swale.

But, chancing to espy a path
That promised to cut short the way
As many a wiser man hath done,
He left a trusty guide for one
That might his steps betray.

To a thick wood he soon is brought
Where cheerily his course he weaves,
And whistling loud may yet be heard,
Though often buried, like a bird
Darkling, among the boughs and leaves.

But quickly Peter's mood is changed,
And on he drives with cheeks that burn
In downright fury and in wrath ;—
There's little sign the treacherous path
Will to the road return !

The path grows dim, and dimmer still ;
Now up, now down, the Rover wends,
With all the sail that he can carry,
Till brought to a deserted quarry—
And there the pathway ends.

He paused—for shadows of strange shape,
Massy and black, before him lay ;
But through the dark, and through the cold,
And through the yawning fissures old,
Did Peter boldly press his way

Right through the quarry ;—and behold
A scene of soft and lovely hue !
Where blue and grey, and tender green,
Together make as sweet a scene
As ever human eye did view.

Beneath the clear blue sky he saw
A little field of meadow ground ;
But field or meadow name it not ;
Call it of earth a small green plot,
With rocks encompassed round.

The Swale flowed under the grey rocks,
But he flowed quiet and unseen ;—
You need a strong and stormy gale
To bring the noises of the Swale
To that green spot, so calm and green !

And is there no one dwelling here,
No hermit with his beads and glass ?
And does no little cottage look
Upon this soft and fertile nook ?
Does no one live near this green grass ?

Across the deep and quiet spot
Is Peter driving through the grass—
And now has reached the skirting trees ;
When, turning round his head, he sees
A solitary Ass.

" A Prize ! " cries Peter—but he first
Must spy about him far and near :
There's not a single house in sight,
No woodman's hut, no cottage light—
Peter, you need not fear !

There's nothing to be seen but woods,
And rocks that spread a hoary gleam,
And this one Beast, that from the bed
Of the green meadow hangs his head
Over the silent stream.

His head is with a halter bound ;
The halter seizing, Peter leapt
Upon the Creature's back, and plied
With ready heels his shaggy side ;
But still the Ass his station kept.

Then Peter gave a sudden jerk,
A jerk that from a dungeon-floor
Would have pulled up an iron ring ;
But still the heavy-headed Thing
Stood just as he had stood before !

Quoth Peter, leaping from his seat,
" There is some plot against me laid ;"
Once more the little meadow-ground
And all the hoary cliffs around
He cautiously surveyed.

All, all is silent—rocks and woods,
All still and silent—far and near !
Only the Ass, with motion dull,
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turns round his long left ear.

Thought Peter, What can mean all this ?
Some ugly witchcraft must be here !
—Once more the Ass, with motion dull,
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turned round his long left ear.

Suspicion ripened into dread ;
Yet with deliberate action slow,
His staff high-raising, in the pride
Of skill, upon the sounding hide,
He dealt a sturdy blow.

The poor Ass staggered with the shock ;
And then, as if to take his ease,
In quiet uncomplaining mood,
Upon the spot where he had stood,
Dropped gently down upon his knees :

As gently on his side he fell ;
And by the river's brink did lie ;
And, while he lay like one that mourned,
The patient Beast on Peter turned
His shining hazel eye.

'Twas but one mild, reproachful look,
A look more tender than severe ;
And straight in sorrow, not in dread,
He turned the eye-ball in his head
Towards the smooth river deep and clear.

Upon the Beast the sapling rings ;
His lank sides heaved, his limbs they stirred ;
He gave a groan, and then another,
Of that which went before the brother,
And then he gave a third.

All by the moonlight river side
He gave three miserable groans ;
And not till now hath Peter seen
How gaunt the Creature is,—how lean
And sharp his staring bones !

With legs stretched out and stiff he lay :—
No word of kind commiseration
Fell at the sight from Peter's tongue ;
With hard contempt his heart was wrung,
With hatred and vexation.

The meagre beast lay still as death ;
And Peter's lips with fury quiver ;
Quoth he, " You little mulish dog,
I'll fling your carcase like a log
Head-foremost down the river ! "

An impious oath confirmed the threat—
Whereat from the earth on which he lay
To all the echoes, south and north,
And east and west, the Ass sent forth
A long and clamorous bray !

This outcry, on the heart of Peter,
Seems like a note of joy to strike,—
Joy at the heart of Peter knocks ;
But in the echo of the rocks
Was something Peter did not like.

Whether to cheer his coward breast,
Or that he could not break the chain,
In this serene and solemn hour,
Twined round him by demoniac power,
To the blind work he turned again.

Among the rocks and winding crags ;
Among the mountains far away ;
Once more the ass did lengthen out
More ruefully a deep-drawn shout,
The hard dry see-saw of his horrible bray !

What is there now in Peter's heart !
Or whence the might of this strange sound ?
The moon uneasy looked and dimmer,
The broad blue heavens appeared to glimmer,
And the rocks staggered all around—

From Peter's hand the sapling dropped !
Threat has he none to execute ;
" If any one should come and see
That I am here, they'll think," quoth he,
" I'm helping this poor dying brute."

He scans the Ass from limb to limb,
And ventures now to uplift his eyes ;
More steady looks the moon, and clear,
More like themselves the rocks appear
And touch more quiet skies.

His scorn returns—his hate revives ;
He stoops the Ass's neck to seize
With malice—that again takes flight ;
For in the pool a startling sight
Meets him, among the inverted trees.

Is it the moon's distorted face?
The ghost-like image of a cloud?
Is it a gallows there portrayed?
Is Peter of himself afraid?
Is it a coffin,—or a shroud?

A grisly idol hewn in stone?
Or imp from witch's lap let fall?
Perhaps a ring of shining fairies?
Such as pursue their feared vagaries
In sylvan bower, or haunted hall?

Is it a fiend that to a stake
Of fire his desperate self is tethering?
Or stubborn spirit doomed to yell
In solitary ward or cell,
Ten thousand miles from all his brethren?

Never did pulse so quickly throb,
And never heart so loudly panted;
He looks, he cannot choose but look;
Like some one reading in a book—
A book that is enchanted.

Ah, well-a-day for Peter Bell!
He will be turned to iron soon,
Meet Statue for the court of Fear!
His hat is up—and every hair
Bristles, and whitens in the moon!

He looks, he ponders, looks again;
He sees a motion—hears a groan;
His eyes will burst—his heart will break—
He gives a loud and frightful shriek,
And back he falls, as if his life were flown!

PART SECOND

WE left our Hero in a trance,
Beneath the alders, near the river;
The Ass is by the river-side,
And, where the feeble breezes glide,
Upon the stream the moonbeams quiver.

A happy respite! but at length
He feels the glimmering of the moon;
Wakes with glazed eyes, and feebly sighing—
To sink, perhaps, where he is lying,
Into a second swoon!

He lifts his head, he sees his staff;
He touches—'tis to him a treasure!
Faint recollection seems to tell
That he is yet where mortals dwell—
A thought received with languid pleasure!

His head upon his elbow propped,
Becoming less and less perplexed,
Sky-ward he looks—to rock and wood—
And then—upon the glassy flood
His wandering eye is fixed.

Thought he, that is the face of one
In his last sleep securely bound!
So toward the stream his head he bent,
And downward thrust his staff, intent
The river's depth to sound.

Now—like a tempest-shattered bark,
That overwhelmed and prostrate lies,
And in a moment to the verge
Is lifted of a foaming surge—
Full suddenly the Ass doth rise!

His staring bones all shake with joy,
And close by Peter's side he stands:
While Peter o'er the river bends,
The little Ass his neck extends,
And fondly licks his hands.

Such life is in the Ass's eyes,
Such life is in his limbs and ears;
That Peter Bell, if he had been
The veriest coward ever seen,
Must now have thrown aside his fears.

The Ass looks on—and to his work
Is Peter quietly resigned;
He touches here—he touches there—
And now among the dead man's hair
His sapling Peter has entwined.

He pulls—and looks—and pulls again;
And he whom the poor Ass had lost,
The man who had been four days dead,
Head-foremost from the river's bed
Uprises like a ghost!

And Peter draws him to dry land;
And through the brain of Peter pass
Some poignant twitches, fast and faster;
"No doubt," quoth he, "he is the Master
Of this poor miserable Ass!"

The meagre Shadow that looks on—
What would he now? what is he doing?
His sudden fit of joy is flown,—
He on his knees hath laid him down,
As if he were his grief renewing;

But no—that Peter on his back
Must mount, he shows well as he can :
Thought Peter then, come weal or woe,
I'll do what he would have me do,
In pity to this poor drowned man.

With that resolve he boldly mounts
Upon the pleased and thankful Ass ;
And then, without a moment's stay,
That earnest Creature turned away
Leaving the body on the grass.

Intent upon his faithful watch,
The Beast four days and nights had past ;
A sweeter meadow ne'er was seen,
And there the Ass four days had been,
Nor ever once did break his fast :

Yet firm his step, and stout his heart ;
The mead is crossed—the quarry's mouth
Is reached ; but there the trusty guide
Into a thicket turns aside,
And deftly ambles towards the south.

When hark a burst of doleful sound !
And Peter honestly might say,
The like came never to his ears,
Though he has been, full thirty years,
A rover—night and day !

'Tis not a plover of the moors,
'Tis not a bittern of the fen ;
Nor can it be a barking fox,
Nor night-bird chambered in the rocks,
Nor wild-cat in a woody glen !

The Ass is startled—and stops short
Right in the middle of the thicket ;
And Peter, wont to whistle loud
Whether alone or in a crowd,
Is silent as a silent cricket.

What ails you now, my little Bess ?
Well may you tremble and look grave !
This cry—that rings along the wood,
This cry—that floats adown the flood,
Comes from the entrance of a cave :

I see a blooming Wood-boy there,
And if I had the power to say
How sorrowful the wanderer is,
Your heart would be as sad as his
Till you had kissed his tears away !

Grasping a hawthorn branch in hand,
All bright with berries ripe and red,
Into the cavern's mouth he peeps ;
Thence back into the moonlight creeps ;
Whom seeks he—whom?—the silent dead :

His father !—Him doth he require—
Him hath he sought with fruitless pains,
Among the rocks, behind the trees ;
Now creeping on his hands and knees,
Now running o'er the open plains.

And hither is he come at last,
When he through such a day has gone,
By this dark cave to be distressed
Like a poor bird—her plundered nest
Hovering around with dolorous moan !

Of that intense and piercing cry
The listening Ass conjectures well ;
Wild as it is, he there can read
Some intermingled notes that plead
With touches irresistible.

But Peter—when he saw the Ass
Not only stop but turn, and change
The cherished tenor of his pace
That lamentable cry to chase—
It wrought in him conviction strange ;

A faith that, for the dead man's sake
And this poor slave who loved him well,
Vengeance upon his head will fall,
Some visitation worse than all
Which ever till this night befell.

Meanwhile the Ass to reach his home,
Is striving stoutly as he may ;
But, while he climbs the woody hill,
The cry grows weak—and weaker still ;
And now at last it dies away.

So with his freight the Creature turns
Into a gloomy grove of beech,
Along the shade with footsteps true
Descending slowly, till the two
The open moonlight reach.

And there, along the narrow dell,
A fair smooth pathway you discern,
A length of green and open road—
As if it from a fountain flowed—
Winding away between the fern.

The rocks that tower on either side
Build up a wild fantastic scene ;
Temples like those among the Hindoos,
And mosques, and spires, and abbey win-
dows,
And castles all with ivy green !

And, while the Ass pursues his way,
Along this solitary dell,
As pensively his steps advance,
The mosques and spires change countenance
And look at Peter Bell !

That unintelligible cry
Hath left him high in preparation,—
Convinced that he, or soon or late,
This very night will meet his fate—
And so he sits in expectation !

The strenuous Animal hath clomb
With the green path ; and now he wends
Where, shining like the smoothest sea,
In undisturbed immensity
A level plain extends.

But whence this faintly-rustling sound
By which the journeying pair are chased ?
—A withered leaf is close behind,
Light plaything for the sportive wind
Upon that solitary waste.

When Peter spied the moving thing,
It only doubled his distress ;
“ Where there is not a bush or tree,
The very leaves they follow me—
So huge hath been my wickedness ! ”

To a close lane they now are come,
Where, as before, the enduring Ass
Moves on without a moment's stop,
Nor once turns round his head to crop
A bramble-leaf or blade of grass.

Between the hedges as they go,
The white dust sleeps upon the lane ;
And Peter, ever and anon
Back-looking, sees, upon a stone,
Or in the dust, a crimson stain.

A stain—as of a drop of blood
By moonlight made more faint and wan ;
Ha ! why these sinkings of despair ?
He knows not how the blood comes there—
And Peter is a wicked man.

At length he spies a bleeding wound,
Where he had struck the Ass's head ;
He sees the blood, knows what it is,—
A glimpse of sudden joy was his,
But then it quickly fled ;

Of him whom sudden death had seized
He thought,—of thee, O faithful Ass !
And once again those ghastly pains,
Shoot to and fro through heart and reins,
And through his brain like lightning pass.

PART THIRD

I've heard of one, a gentle Soul,
Though given to sadness and to gloom,
And for the fact will vouch,—one night
It chanced that by a taper's light
This man was reading in his room ;

Bending, as you or I might bend
At night o'er any pious book,
When sudden blackness overspread
The snow-white page on which he read,
And made the good man round him look.

The chamber walls were dark all round,—
And to his book he turned again ;
—The light had left the lonely taper,
And formed itself upon the paper
Into large letters—bright and plain !

The godly book was in his hand—
And, on the page, more black than coal,
Appeared, set forth in strange array,
A *word*—which to his dying day
Perplexed the good man's gentle soul.

The ghostly word, thus plainly seen,
Did never from his lips depart ;
But he hath said, poor gentle wight !
It brought full many a sin to light
Out of the bottom of his heart.

Dread Spirits ! to confound the meek
Why wander from your course so far,
Disordering colour, form, and stature !
—Let good men feel the soul of nature,
And see things as they are.

Yet, potent Spirits ! well I know,
How ye, that play with soul and sense,
Are not unused to trouble friends
Of goodness, for most gracious ends—
And this I speak in reverence !

But might I give advice to you,
Whom in my fear I love so well ;
From men of pensive virtue go,
Dread Beings ! and your empire show
On hearts like that of Peter Bell.

Your presence often have I felt
In darkness and the stormy night ;
And, with like force, if need there be,
Ye can put forth your agency
When earth is calm, and heaven is bright.

Then, coming from the wayward world,
That powerful world in which ye dwell,
Come, Spirits of the Mind ! and try
To-night, beneath the moonlight sky,
What may be done with Peter Bell !

—O, would that some more skilful voice
My further labour might prevent !
Kind Listeners, that around me sit,
I feel that I am all unfit
For such high argument.

I've played, I've danced, with my narration ;
I loitered long ere I began :
Ye waited then on my good pleasure ;
Pour out indulgence still, in measure
As liberal as ye can !

Our Travellers, ye remember well,
Are thridding a sequestered lane ;
And Peter many tricks is trying,
And many anodynes applying,
To ease his conscience of its pain.

By this his heart is lighter far ;
And, finding that he can account
So snugly for that crimson stain,
His evil spirit up again
Does like an empty bucket mount.

And Peter is a deep logician
Who hath no lack of wit mercurial ;
"Blood drops—leaves rustle—yet," quoth
he,
"This poor man never, but for me,
Could have had Christian burial.

"And, say the best you can, 'tis plain,
That here has been some wicked dealing ;
No doubt the devil in me wrought ;
I'm not the man who could have thought
An Ass like this was worth the stealing !"

So from his pocket Peter takes
His shining horn tobacco-box ;
And, in a light and careless way,
As men who with their purpose play,
Upon the lid he knocks.

Let them whose voice can stop the clouds,
Whose cunning eye can see the wind,
Tell to a curious world the cause
Why, making here a sudden pause,
The Ass turned round his head, and *grinned*.

Appalling process ! I have marked
The like on heath, in lonely wood ;
And, verily, have seldom met
A spectacle more hideous—yet
It suited Peter's present mood.

And, grinning in his turn, his teeth
He in jocose defiance showed—
When, to upset his spiteful mirth,
A murmur, pent within the earth,
In the dead earth beneath the road

Rolled audibly ! it swept along,
A muffled noise—a rumbling sound !—
'Twas by a troop of miners made,
Plying with gunpowder their trade,
Some twenty fathoms under ground.

Small cause of dire effect ! for, surely,
If ever mortal, King or Cotter,
Believed that earth was charged to quake
And yawn for his unworthy sake,
'Twas Peter Bell the Potter.

But, as an oak in breathless air
Will stand though to the centre hewn ;
Or as the weakest things, if frost
Have stiffened them, maintain their post ;
So he, beneath the gazing moon !—

The Beast bestriding thus, he reached
A spot where, in a sheltering cove,
A little chapel stands alone,
With greenest ivy overgrown,
And tufted with an ivy grove ;

Dying insensibly away
From human thoughts and purposes,
It seemed—wall, window, roof and tower—
To bow to some transforming power,
And blend with the surrounding trees.

As ruinous a place it was,
Thought Peter, in the shire of Fife
That served my turn, when following still
From land to land a reckless will
I married my sixth wife !

The unheeding Ass moves slowly on,
And now is passing by an inn
Brim-full of a carousing crew,
That make, with curses not a few,
An uproar and a drunken din.

I cannot well express the thoughts
Which Peter in those noises found ;—
A stifling power compressed his frame,
While-as a swimming darkness came
Over that dull and dreary sound.

For well did Peter know the sound ;
The language of those drunken joys
To him, a jovial soul, I ween,
But a few hours ago, had been
A gladsome and a welcome noise.

Now, turned adrift into the past,
He finds no solace in his course ;
Like planet-stricken men of yore,
He trembles, smitten to the core
By strong compunction and remorse.

But, more than all, his heart is stung
To think of one, almost a child ;
A sweet and playful Highland girl,
As light and beauteous as a squirrel,
As beauteous and as wild !

Her dwelling was a lonely house,
A cottage in a heathy dell ;
And she put on her gown of green,
And left her mother at sixteen,
And followed Peter Bell.

But many good and pious thoughts
Had she ; and, in the kirk to pray,
Two long Scotch miles, through rain or
snow
To kirk she had been used to go,
Twice every Sabbath-day.

And, when she followed Peter Bell,
It was to lead an honest life ;
For he, with tongue not used to falter,
Had pledged his troth before the altar
To love her as his wedded wife.

A mother's hope is hers ;—but soon
She drooped and pined like one forlorn ;
From Scripture she a name did borrow ;
Benoni, or the child of sorrow,
She called her babe unborn.

For she had learned how Peter lived,
And took it in most grievous part ;
She to the very bone was worn,
And, ere that little child was born,
Died of a broken heart.

And now the Spirits of the Mind
Are busy with poor Peter Bell ;
Upon the rights of visual sense
Usurping, with a prevalence
More terrible than magic spell.

Close by a brake of flowering furze
(Above it shivering aspens play)
He sees an unsubstantial creature,
His very self in form and feature,
Not four yards from the broad highway :

And stretched beneath the furze he sees
The Highland girl—it is no other ;
And hears her crying as she cried,
The very moment that she died,
“ My mother ! oh my mother ! ”

The sweat pours down from Peter's face,
So grievous is his heart's contrition ;
With agony his eye-balls ache
While he beholds by the furze-brake
This miserable vision !

Calm is the well-deserving brute,
His peace hath no offence betrayed ;
But now, while down that slope he wends,
A voice to Peter's ear ascends,
Resounding from the woody glade :

The voice, though clamorous as a horn
Re-echoed by a naked rock,
Comes from that tabernacle—List !
Within, a fervent Methodist
Is preaching to no heedless flock !

“ Repent ! repent ! ” he cries aloud,
“ While yet ye may find mercy ;—strive
To love the Lord with all your might ;
Turn to him, seek him day and night,
And save your souls alive !

"Repent ! repent ! though ye have gone,
Through paths of wickedness and woe,
After the Babylonian harlot ;
And, though your sins be red as scarlet,
They shall be white as snow !"

Even as he passed the door, these words
Did plainly come to Peter's ears ;
And they such joyful tidings were,
The joy was more than he could bear !—
He melted into tears.

Sweet tears of hope and tenderness !
And fast they fell, a plenteous shower !
His nerves, his sinews seemed to melt ;
Through all his iron frame was felt
A gentle, a relaxing, power !

Each fibre of his frame was weak ;
Weak all the animal within ;
But, in its helplessness, grew mild
And gentle as an infant child,
An infant that has known no sin.

'Tis said, meek Beast ! that, through
Heaven's grace,
He not unmoved did notice now
The cross upon thy shoulder scored,
For lasting impress, by the Lord
To whom all human-kind shall bow ;

Memorial of his touch—that day
When Jesus humbly deigned to ride,
Entering the proud Jerusalem,
By an immeasurable stream
Of shouting people deified !

Meanwhile the persevering Ass,
Turned towards a gate that hung in view
Across a shady lane ; his chest
Against the yielding gate he pressed
And quietly passed through.

And up the stony lane he goes ;
No ghost more softly ever trod ;
Among the stones and pebbles, he
Sets down his hoofs inaudibly,
As if with felt his hoofs were shod.

Along the lane the trusty Ass
Went twice two hundred yards or more,
And no one could have guessed his aim,—
Till to a lonely house he came,
And stopped beside the door.

Thought Peter, 'tis the poor man's home !
He listens—not a sound is heard
Save from the trickling household rill ;
But, stepping o'er the cottage-sill,
Forthwith a little Girl appeared.

She to the Meeting-house was bound
In hopes some tidings there to gather :
No glimpse it is, no doubtful gleam ;
She saw—and uttered with a scream,
" My father ! here's my father !"

The very word was plainly heard,
Heard plainly by the wretched Mother—
Her joy was like a deep affright :
And forth she rushed into the light,
And saw it was another !

And, instantly, upon the earth,
Beneath the full moon shining bright,
Close to the Ass's feet she fell ;
At the same moment Peter Bell
Dismounts in most unhappy plight.

As he beheld the Woman lie
Breathless and motionless, the mind
Of Peter sadly was confused ;
But, though to such demands unused,
And helpless almost as the blind,

He raised her up ; and, while he held
Her body propped against his knee,
The Woman waked—and when she spied
The poor Ass standing by her side,
She moaned most bitterly.

" Oh ! God be praised—my heart's at
ease—
For he is dead—I know it well !"
—At this she wept a bitter flood ;
And, in the best way that he could,
His tale did Peter tell.

He trembles—he is pale as death ;
His voice is weak with perturbation ;
He turns aside his head, he pauses ;
Poor Peter, from a thousand causes,
Is crippled sore in his narration.

At length she learned how he espied
The Ass in that small meadow-ground ;
And that her Husband now lay dead,
Beside that luckless river's bed
In which he had been drowned.

A piercing look the Widow cast
Upon the Beast that near her stands ;
She sees 'tis he, that 'tis the same ;
She calls the poor Ass by his name,
And wrings, and wrings her hands.

"O wretched loss—untimely stroke !
If he had died upon his bed !
He knew not one forewarning pain ;
He never will come home again—
Is dead, for ever dead !"

Beside the woman Peter stands ;
His heart is opening more and more ;
A holy sense pervades his mind ;
She feels what he for human kind
Had never felt before.

At length, by Peter's arm sustained,
The Woman rises from the ground—
"Oh, mercy ! something must be done,
My little Rachel, you must run,—
Some willing neighbour must be found.

"Make haste—my little Rachel—do,
The first you meet with—bid him come,
Ask him to lend his horse to-night,
And this good Man, whom Heaven requite,
Will help to bring the body home."

Away goes Rachel weeping loud ;—
An Infant, waked by her distress,
Makes in the house a piteous cry ;
And Peter hears the Mother sigh,
"Seven are they, and all fatherless !"

And now is Peter taught to feel
That man's heart is a holy thing ;
And Nature, through a world of death,
Breathes into him a second breath,
More searching than the breath of spring.

Upon a stone the Woman sits
In agony of silent grief—
From his own thoughts did Peter start ;
He longs to press her to his heart,
From love that cannot find relief.

But roused, as if through every limb
Had past a sudden shock of dread,
The Mother o'er the threshold flies,
And up the cottage stairs she hies,
And on the pillow lays her burning head.

And Peter turns his steps aside
Into a shade of darksome trees,
Where he sits down, he knows not how,
With his hands pressed against his brow,
His elbows on his tremulous knees.

There, self-involved, does Peter sit
Until no sign of life he makes,
As if his mind were sinking deep
Through years that have been long asleep
The trance is passed away—he wakes ;

He lifts his head—and sees the Ass
Yet standing in the clear moonshine ;
"When shall I be as good as thou ?
Oh ! would, poor beast, that I had now
A heart but half as good as thine !"

But *He*—who deviously hath sought
His Father through the lonesome woods,
Hath sought, proclaiming to the ear
Of night his grief and sorrowful fear—
He comes, escaped from fields and floods ;—

With weary pace is drawing nigh ;
He sees the Ass—and nothing living
Had ever such a fit of joy
As hath this little orphan Boy,
For he has no misgiving !

Forth to the gentle Ass he springs,
And up about his neck he climbs ;
In loving words he talks to him,
He kisses, kisses face and limb,—
He kisses him a thousand times !

This Peter sees, while in the shade
He stood beside the cottage-door ;
And Peter Bell, the ruffian wild,
Sobs loud, he sobs even like a child,
"O God ! I can endure no more !"

—Here ends my Tale : for in a trice
Arrived a neighbour with his horse ;
Peter went forth with him straightway ;
And, with due care, ere break of day,
Together they brought back the Corse.

And many years did this poor Ass,
Whom once it was my luck to see
Cropping the shrubs of Leming-Lane,
Help by his labour to maintain
The Widow and her family.

And Peter Bell, who, till that night,
Had been the wildest of his clan,
Forsook his crimes, renounced his folly,
And, after ten months' melancholy,
Became a good and honest man, 1798.

THE SIMPLON PASS¹

—BROOK and road
Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy Pass,
And with them did we journey several hours
At a slow step. The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent, at every turn,
Winds thwarting winds bewildered and forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—
Were all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end. 1799.

INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING
THE IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD AND
EARLY YOUTH

WRITTEN IN GERMANY²

This Extract is reprinted from "THE FRIEND."

WISDOM and Spirit of the universe !
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought !
And giv'st to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion ! not in vain,
By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn

¹ See Prelude, book vi. p. 278.

² See Prelude, book i. p. 240.

Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul ;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of
Man ;

But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature ; purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear,—until we recognise
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me

With stinted kindness. In November
days,

When vapours rolling down the valleys
made

A lonely scene more lonesome ; among
woods

At noon ; and 'mid the calm of summer
nights,

When, by the margin of the trembling
lake,

Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine :
Mine was it in the fields both day and
night,

And by the waters, all the summer long.

And in the frosty season, when the sun

Was set, and, visible for many a mile,

The cottage-windows through the twilight
blazed,

I heeded not the summons : happy time

It was indeed for all of us ; for me

It was a time of rapture ! Clear and loud
The village-clock tolled six—I wheeled
about,

Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for his home.—All shod
with steel

We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase

And woodland pleasures,—the resounding
horn,

The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted
hare.

So through the darkness and the cold we
flew,

And not a voice was idle : with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud ;

The leafless trees and every icy crag

Tinkled like iron ; while far-distant hills

Into the tumult sent an alien sound

Of melancholy, not unnoticed while the
stars,

Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
 The orange sky of evening died away.
 Not seldom from the uproar I retired
 Into a silent bay, or sportively
 Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
 To cut across the reflex of a star ;
 Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed
 Upon the glassy plain : and oftentimes,
 When we had given our bodies to the wind,
 And all the shadowy banks on either side
 Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
 The rapid line of motion, then at once
 Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
 Stopped short ; yet still the solitary cliffs
 Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
 With visible motion her diurnal round !
 Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
 Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
 Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.
 1799.

THERE WAS A BOY

Written in Germany. This is an extract from the poem on my own poetical education. This practice of making an instrument of their own fingers is known to most boys, though some are more skilful at it than others. William Raincock of Rayrigg, a fine spirited lad, took the lead of all my schoolfellows in this art.

THERE was a Boy ; ye knew him well, ye cliffs
 And islands of Winander !—many a time,
 At evening, when the earliest stars began
 To move along the edges of the hills,
 Rising or setting, would he stand alone,
 Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake ;
 And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
 Pressed closely palm to palm and to his mouth
 Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
 Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
 That they would answer him.—And they would shout
 Across the watery vale, and shout again,

Responsive to his call,—with quivering peals,
 And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud
 Redoubled and redoubled ; concourse wild
 Of jocund din ! And, when there came a pause
 Of silence such as baffled his best skill :
 Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
 Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
 Has carried far into his heart the voice
 Of mountain-torrents ; or the visible scene
 Would enter unawares into his mind
 With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
 Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received
 Into the bosom of the steady lake.
 This boy was taken from his mates, and died
 In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old,
 Pre-eminent in beauty is the vale
 Where he was born and bred : the church-yard hangs
 Upon a slope above the village-school ;
 And, through that church-yard when my way has led
 On summer-evenings, I believe, that there
 A long half-hour together I have stood
 Mute—looking at the grave in which he lies !
 1799.

NUTTING

Written in Germany ; intended as part of a poem on my own life, but struck out as not being wanted there. Like most of my schoolfellows I was an impassioned nutter. For this pleasure, the vale of Esthwaite, abounding in coppice-wood, furnished a very wide range. These verses arose out of the remembrance of feelings I had often had when a boy, and particularly in the extensive woods that still stretch from the side of Esthwaite Lake towards Graythwaite, the seat of the ancient family of Sandys.

It seems a day
 (I speak of one from many singled out)
 One of those heavenly days that cannot die ;
 When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,
 I left our cottage-threshold, sallying forth
 With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders slung,
 A nutting-crook in hand ; and turned my steps

Tow'rd some far-distant wood, a Figure
 quaint,
 Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off
 weeds
 Which for that service had been husbanded,
 By exhortation of my frugal Dame—
 Motley accoutrement, of power to smile
 At thorns, and brakes, and brambles,—and,
 in truth,
 More ragged than need was ! O'er pathless
 rocks,
 Through beds of matted fern, and tangled
 thickets,
 Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook
 Unvisited, where not a broken bough
 Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious
 sign
 Of devastation ; but the hazels rose
 Tall and erect, with tempting clusters hung,
 A virgin scene !—A little while I stood,
 Breathing with such suppression of the heart
 As joy delights in ; and, with wise restraint
 Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
 The banquet ;—or beneath the trees I sate
 Among the flowers, and with the flowers I
 played ;
 A temper known to those, who, after long
 And weary expectation, have been blest
 With sudden happiness beyond all hope.
 Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves
 The violets of five seasons re-appear
 And fade, unseen by any human eye ;
 Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
 For ever ; and I saw the sparkling foam,
 And—with my cheek on one of those green
 stones
 That, fleeced with moss, under the shady
 trees,
 Lay round me, scattered like a flock of
 sheep—
 I heard the murmur and the murmuring
 sound,
 In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay
 Tribute to ease ; and, of its joy secure,
 The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,
 Wasting its kindness on stocks and stones,
 And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,
 And dragged to earth both branch and
 bough, with crash
 And merciless ravage : and the shady nook
 Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
 Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
 Their quiet being : and, unless I now
 Confound my present feelings with the past ;

Ere from the mutilated bower I turned
 Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,
 I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
 The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky—
 Then, dearest Maiden, move along these
 shades
 In gentleness of heart ; with gentle hand
 Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.
 1799.

The next three poems were written in
 Germany.

STRANGE fits of passion have I known :
 And I will dare to tell,
 But in the Lover's ear alone,
 What once to me befell.

When she I loved looked every day
 Fresh as a rose in June,
 I to her cottage bent my way,
 Beneath an evening-moon.

Upon the moon I fixed my eye,
 All over the wide lea ;
 With quickening pace my horse drew nigh
 Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard-plot ;
 And, as we climbed the hill,
 The sinking moon to Lucy's cot
 Came near, and nearer still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,
 Kind Nature's gentlest boon !
 And all the while my eyes I kept
 On the descending moon.

My horse moved on ; hoof after hoof
 He raised, and never stopped :
 When down behind the cottage roof,
 At once, the bright moon dropped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will
 slide

Into a Lover's head !
 " O mercy ! " to myself I cried,
 " If Lucy should be dead ! "

1799.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove,
 A Maid whom there were none to praise
 And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye !
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me !

1799.

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea ;
Nor, England ! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream !
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time ; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire ;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed

The bowers where Lucy played ;
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

1799.

Composed in the Hartz Forest.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown ;
This Child I to myself will take ;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse : and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn,
Or up the mountain springs ;
And her's shall be the breathing balm,
And her's the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell ;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene ;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

1799.

Written in Germany.

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal ;
I had no human fears :
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force ;
She neither hears nor sees ;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

1799.

A POET'S EPITAPH

ART thou a Statist in the van
Of public conflicts trained and bred ?
—First learn to love one living man ;
Then may'st thou think upon the dead.

A Lawyer art thou ?—draw not nigh !
Go, carry to some fitter place
The keenness of that practised eye,
The hardness of that sallow face.

Art thou a Man of purple cheer?
A rosy Man, right plump to see?
Approach ; yet, Doctor, not too near,
This grave no cushion is for thee.

Or art thou one of gallant pride,
A Soldier and no man of chaff?
Welcome !—but lay thy sword aside,
And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou? one, all eyes,
Philosopher ! a fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanise
Upon his mother's grave?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
O turn aside,—and take, I pray,
That he below may rest in peace,
Thy ever-dwindling soul, away !

A Moralist perchance appears ;
Led, Heaven knows how ! to this poor
sod :
And he has neither eyes nor ears ;
Himself his world, and his own God ;

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can
cling
Nor form, nor feeling, great or small ;
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual All-in-all !

Shut close the door ; press down the latch ;
Sleep in thy intellectual crust ;
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch
Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is He, with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noon-day grove ;
And you must love him, ere to you.
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed ;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart,—
The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak ; both Man and Boy,
Hath been an idler in the land ;
Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand.

—Come hither in thy hour of strength ;
Come, weak as is a breaking wave !
Here stretch thy body at full length ;
Or build thy house upon this grave.

1799.

ADDRESS TO THE SCHOLARS OF THE VILLAGE SCHOOL OF —

Composed at Goslar, in Germany.

I COME, ye little noisy Crew,
Not long your pastime to prevent ;
I heard the blessing which to you
Our common Friend and Father sent.
I kissed his cheek before he died ;
And when his breath was fled,
I raised, while kneeling by his side,
His hand :—it dropped like lead.
Your hands, dear Little-ones, do all
That can be done, will never fall
Like his till they are dead.
By night or day blow foul or fair,
Ne'er will the best of all your train
Play with the locks of his white hair,
Or stand between his knees again.
Here did he sit confined for hours ;
But he could see the woods and plains,
Could hear the wind and mark the showers
Come streaming down the streaming panes.
Now stretched beneath his grass-green
mound

He rests a prisoner of the ground.
He loved the breathing air,
He loved the sun, but if it rise
Or set, to him where now he lies,
Brings not a moment's care.
Alas ! what idle words ; but take
The Dirge which for our Master's sake
And yours, love prompted me to make.
The rhymes so homely in attire
With learned ears may ill agree,
But chanted by our Orphan Quire
Will make a touching melody.

DIRGE

Mourn, Shepherd, near thy old grey stone;
Thou Angler, by the silent flood;
And mourn when thou art all alone,
Thou Woodman, in the distant wood!

Thou one blind Sailor, rich in joy
Though blind, thy tunes in sadness hum;
And mourn, thou poor half-witted Boy!
Born deaf, and living deaf and dumb.

Thou drooping sick Man, bless the Guide
Who checked or turned thy headstrong
youth,

As he before had sanctified
Thy infancy with heavenly truth.

Ye Striplings, light of heart and gay,
Bold settlers on some foreign shore,
Give, when your thoughts are turned this
way,

A sigh to him whom we deplore.

For us who here in funeral strain
With one accord our voices raise,
Let sorrow overcharged with pain
Be lost in thankfulness and praise.

And when our hearts shall feel a sting
From ill we meet or good we miss,
May touches of his memory bring
Fond healing, like a mother's kiss.

1799.

BY THE SIDE OF THE GRAVE SOME YEARS
AFTER

LONG time his pulse hath ceased to beat
But benefits, his gift, we trace—
Expressed in every eye we meet
Round this dear Vale, his native place.

To stately Hall and Cottage rude
Flowed from his life what still they hold,
Light pleasures, every day, renewed;
And blessings half a century old.

Oh true of heart, of spirit gay,
Thy faults, where not already gone
From memory, prolong their stay
For charity's sweet sake alone.

Such solace find we for our loss;
And what beyond this thought we crave
Comes in the promise from the Cross,
Shining upon thy happy grave.

MATTHEW

In the School of ——— is a tablet, on which are inscribed, in gilt letters, the Names of the several persons who have been Schoolmasters there since the foundation of the School, with the time at which they entered upon and quitted their office. Opposite to one of those names the Author wrote the following lines.

Such a Tablet as is here spoken of continued to be preserved in Hawkshead School, though the inscriptions were not brought down to our time. This and other poems connected with Matthew would not gain by a literal detail of facts. Like the Wanderer in "The Excursion," this Schoolmaster was made up of several both of his class and men of other occupations. I do not ask pardon for what there is of untruth in such verses, considered strictly as matters of fact. It is enough if, being true and consistent in spirit, they move and teach in a manner not unworthy of a Poet's calling.

If Nature, for a favourite child,
In thee hath tempered so her clay,
That every hour thy heart runs wild,
Yet never once doth go astray,

Read o'er these lines; and then review
This tablet, that thus humbly rears
In such diversity of hue
Its history of two hundred years.

—When through this little wreck of fame,
Cipher and syllable! thine eye
Has travelled down to Matthew's name,
Pause with no common sympathy.

And, if a sleeping tear should wake,
Then be it neither checked nor stayed:
For Matthew a request I make
Which for himself he had not made.

Poor Matthew, all his frolics o'er,
Is silent as a standing pool;
Far from the chimney's merry roar,
And murmur of the village school.

The sighs which Matthew heaved were sighs
Of one tired out with fun and madness;
The tears which came to Matthew's eyes
Were tears of light, the dew of gladness.

Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup
Of still and serious thought went round,
It seemed as if he drank it up—
He felt with spirit so profound.

—Thou soul of God's best earthly mould !
 Thou happy Soul ! and can it be
 That these two words of glittering gold
 Are all that must remain of thee ?

1799.

THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS

We walked along, while bright and red
 Uprose the morning sun ;
 And Matthew stopped, he looked, and said,
 "The will of God be done !"

A village schoolmaster was he,
 With hair of glittering grey ;
 As blithe a man as you could see
 On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,
 And by the steaming rills,
 We travelled merrily, to pass
 A day among the hills.

"Our work," said I, "was well begun,
 Then, from thy breast what thought,
 Beneath so beautiful a sun,
 So sad a sigh has brought ?"

A second time did Matthew stop ;
 And fixing still his eye
 Upon the eastern mountain-top,
 To me he made reply :

"Yon cloud with that long purple cleft
 Brings fresh into my mind
 A day like this which I have left
 Full thirty years behind.

"And just above yon slope of corn
 Such colours, and no other,
 Were in the sky, that April morn,
 Of this the very brother.

"With rod and line I sued the sport
 Which that sweet season gave,
 And, to the church-yard come, stopped short
 Beside my daughter's grave.

"Nine summers had she scarcely seen,
 The pride of all the vale ;
 And then she sang ;—she would have been
 A very nightingale.

"Six feet in earth my Emma lay ;
 And yet I loved her more,
 For so it seemed, than till that day
 I e'er had loved before.

"And, turning from her grave, I met,
 Beside the church-yard yew,
 A blooming Girl, whose hair was wet
 With points of morning dew.

"A basket on her head she bare ;
 Her brow was smooth and white :
 To see a child so very fair,
 It was a pure delight !

"No fountain from its rocky cave
 E'er tripped with foot so free ;
 She seemed as happy as a wave
 That dances on the sea.

"There came from me a sigh of pain
 Which I could ill confine ;
 I looked at her, and looked again :
 And did not wish her mine !"

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,
 Methinks, I see him stand,
 As at that moment, with a bough
 Of wilding in his hand.

1799.

THE FOUNTAIN

A CONVERSATION

WE talked with open heart, and tongue
 Affectionate and true,
 A pair of friends, though I was young,
 And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
 Beside a mossy seat ;
 And from the turf a fountain broke,
 And gurgled at our feet.

"Now, Matthew !" said I, "let us match
 This water's pleasant tune
 With some old border-song, or catch
 That suits a summer's noon ;

"Or of the church-clock and the chimes
 Sing here beneath the shade,
 That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
 Which you last April made !"

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree ;
And thus the dear old Man replied,
The grey-haired man of glee :

" No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears ;
How merrily it goes !
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

" And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain's brink.

" My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

" Thus fares it still in our decay :
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

" The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please
Are quiet when they will.

" With Nature never do *they* wage
A foolish strife ; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free :

" But we are pressed by heavy laws ;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

" If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own ;
It is the man of mirth.

" My days, my Friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me ; but by none
Am I enough beloved."

" Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains ;
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains ;

" And, Matthew, for thy children dead
I'll be a son to thee !"
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
" Alas ! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain-side ;
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide ;
And through the wood we went ;

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church-clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

1799.

TO A SEXTON

Written in Germany.

LET thy wheel-barrow alone—
Wherefore, Sexton, piling still
In thy bone-house bone on bone ?
'Tis already like a hill
In a field of battle made,
Where three thousand skulls are laid ;
These died in peace each with the other,—
Father, sister, friend, and brother.

Mark the spot to which I point !
From this platform, eight feet square,
Take not even a finger-joint :
Andrew's whole fire-side is there.
Here, alone, before thine eyes,
Simon's sickly daughter lies,
From weakness now, and pain defended,
Whom he twenty winters tended.

Look but at the gardener's pride—
How he glories, when he sees
Roses, lilies, side by side,
Violets in families !
By the heart of Man, his tears,
By his hopes and by his fears,
Thou, too heedless, art the Warden
Of a far superior garden.

Thus then, each to other dear,
Let them all in quiet lie,
Andrew there, and Susan here,
Neighbours in mortality.
And, should I live through sun and rain
Seven widowed years without my Jane,
O Sexton, do not then remove her,
Let one grave hold the Loved and Lover !

1799.

THE DANISH BOY

A FRAGMENT

Written in Germany. It was entirely a fancy ;
but intended as a prelude to a ballad-poem never
written.

I

BETWEEN two sister moorland rills
There is a spot that seems to lie
Sacred to flowerets of the hills,
And sacred to the sky.
And in this smooth and open dell
There is a tempest-stricken tree ;
A corner-stone by lightning cut,
The last stone of a lonely hut ;
And in this dell you see
A thing no storm can e'er destroy,
The shadow of a Danish Boy.

II

In clouds above, the lark is heard,
But drops not here to earth for rest ;
Within this lonesome nook the bird
Did never build her nest.
No beast, no bird hath here his home ;
Bees, wafted on the breezy air,
Pass high above those fragrant bells
To other flowers :—to other dells
Their burthens do they bear ;
The Danish Boy walks here alone :
The lovely dell is all his own.

III

A Spirit of noon-day is he ;
Yet seems a form of flesh and blood ;
Nor piping shepherd shall he be,
Nor herd-boy of the wood.
A regal vest of fur he wears,
In colour like a raven's wing ;
It fears not rain, nor wind, nor dew ;
But in the storm 'tis fresh and blue
As budding pines in spring ;
His helmet has a vernal grace,
Fresh as the bloom upon his face.

IV

A harp is from his shoulder slung ;
Resting the harp upon his knee,
To words of a forgotten tongue
He suits its melody.

Of flocks upon the neighbouring hill
He is the darling and the joy ;
And often, when no cause appears,
The mountain-ponies prick their ears,
—They hear the Danish Boy,
While in the dell he sings alone .
Beside the tree and corner-stone.

V

There sits he ; in his face you spy
No trace of a ferocious air,
Nor ever was a cloudless sky
So steady or so fair.
The lovely Danish Boy is blest
And happy in his flowery cove :
From bloody deeds his thoughts are far ;
And yet he warbles songs of war,
That seem like songs of love,
For calm and gentle is his mien ;
Like a dead Boy he is serene.

1799.

LUCY GRAY

OR, SOLITUDE

Written at Goslar in Germany. It was founded
on a circumstance told me by my Sister, of a little
girl who, not far from Halifax in Yorkshire, was
bewildered in a snow-storm. Her footsteps were
traced by her parents to the middle of the lock of
a canal, and no other vestige of her, backward or
forward, could be traced. The body however was
found in the canal. The way in which the inci-
dent was treated and the spiritualising of the
character might furnish hints for contrasting the
imaginative influences which I have endeavoured
to throw over common life with Crabbe's matter
of fact style of treating subjects of the same kind.
This is not spoken to his disparagement, far from
it, but to direct the attention of thoughtful readers,
into whose hands these notes may fall, to a com-
parison that may both enlarge the circle of their
sensibilities, and tend to produce in them a catholic
judgment.

OF I had heard of Lucy Gray :
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father ! will I gladly do :
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon !"

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band ;
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wandered up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb :
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward,
cried,

"In heaven we all shall meet ;"
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall ;

And then an open field they crossed :
The marks were still the same ;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And further there were none !

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child ;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

1799.

RUTH

Written in Germany. Suggested by an account
I had of a wanderer in Somersetshire.

WHEN Ruth was left half desolate,
Her Father took another Mate ;
And Ruth, not seven years old,
A slighted child, at her own will
Went wandering over dale and hill,
In thoughtless freedom, bold.

And she had made a pipe of straw,
And music from that pipe could draw
Like sounds of winds and floods ;
Had built a bower upon the green,
As if she from her birth had been
An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof, alone
She seemed to live ; her thoughts her own ;
Herself her own delight ;
Pleased with herself, nor sad, nor gay ;
And, passing thus the live-long day,
She grew to woman's height.

There came a Youth from Georgia's shore—
A military casque he wore,
With splendid feathers drest ;
He brought them from the Cherokees ;
The feathers nodded in the breeze,
And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung :
But no ! he spake the English tongue,
And bore a soldier's name ;
And, when America was free
From battle and from jeopardy,
He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek
 In finest tones the Youth could speak :
 —While he was yet a boy,
 The moon, the glory of the sun,
 And streams that murmur as they run,
 Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely Youth ! I guess
 The panther in the wilderness
 Was not so fair as he ;
 And, when he chose to sport and play,
 No dolphin ever was so gay
 Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought,
 And with him many tales he brought
 Of pleasure and of fear ;
 Such tales as told to any maid
 By such a Youth, in the green shade,
 Were perilous to hear.

He told of girls—a happy rout !
 Who quit their fold with dance and shout,
 Their pleasant Indian town,
 To gather strawberries all day long ;
 Returning with a choral song
 When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants that hourly change
 Their blossoms, through a boundless range
 Of intermingling hues ;
 With budding, fading, faded flowers
 They stand the wonder of the bowers
 From morn to evening dews.

He told of the magnolia, spread
 High as a cloud, high over head !
 The cypress and her spire ;
 —Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
 Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
 To set the hills on fire.

The Youth of green savannahs spake,
 And many an endless, endless lake,
 With all its fairy crowds
 Of islands, that together lie
 As quietly as spots of sky
 Among the evening clouds.

"How pleasant," then he said, "it were
 A fisher or a hunter there,
 In sunshine or in shade
 To wander with an easy mind ;
 And build a household fire, and find
 A home in every glade !

"What days and what bright years ! Ah me !
 Our life were life indeed, with thee
 So passed in quiet bliss,
 And all the while," said he, "to know
 That we were in a world of woe,
 On such an earth as this !"

And then he sometimes interwove
 Fond thoughts about a father's love ;
 "For there," said he, "are spun
 Around the heart such tender ties,
 That our own children to our eyes
 Are dearer than the sun.

"Sweet Ruth ! and could you go with me
 My helpmate in the woods to be,
 Our shed at night to rear ;
 Or run, my own adopted bride,
 A sylvan huntress at my side,
 And drive the flying deer !

"Belovèd Ruth !" —No more he said,
 The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed
 A solitary tear :
 She thought again—and did agree
 With him to sail across the sea,
 And drive the flying deer.

"And now, as fitting is and right,
 We in the church our faith will plight,
 A husband and a wife."
 Even so they did ; and I may say
 That to sweet Ruth that happy day
 Was more than human life.

Through dream and vision did she sink,
 Delighted all the while to think
 That on those lonesome floods,
 And green savannahs, she should share
 His board with lawful joy, and bear
 His name in the wild woods.

But, as you have before been told,
 This Stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,
 And, with his dancing crest,
 So beautiful, through savage lands
 Had roamed about, with vagrant bands
 Of Indians in the West.

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
 The tumult of a tropic sky,
 Might well be dangerous food
 For him, a Youth to whom was given
 So much of earth—so much of heaven,
 And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seemed allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,
Fair trees and gorgeous flowers ;
The breezes their own languor lent ;
The stars had feelings, which they sent
Into those favoured bowers.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween
That sometimes there did intervene
Pure hopes of high intent :
For passions linked to forms so fair
And stately, needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw,
With men to whom no better law
Nor better life was known ;
Deliberately, and undeceived,
Those wild men's vices he received,
And gave them back his own.

His genius and his moral frame
Were thus impaired, and he became
The slave of low desires :
A Man who without self-control
Would seek what the degraded soul
Unworthily admires.

And yet he with no feigned delight
Had wooed the Maiden, day and night
Had loved her, night and morn :
What could he less than love a Maid
Whose heart with so much nature played ?
So kind and so forlorn !

Sometimes, most earnestly, he said,
" O Ruth ! I have been worse than dead ;
False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain,
Encompassed me on every side
When I, in confidence and pride,
Had crossed the Atlantic main.

" Before me shone a glorious world—
Fresh as a banner bright, unfurled
To music suddenly :
I looked upon those hills and plains,
And seemed as if let loose from chains,
To live at liberty.

" No more of this ; for now, by thee
Dear Ruth ! more happily set free
With nobler zeal I burn ;
My soul from darkness is released,
Like the whole sky when to the east
The morning doth return."

Full soon that better mind was gone ;
No hope, no wish remained, not one,—
'They stirred him now no more ;
New objects did new pleasure give,
And once again he wished to live
As lawless as before.

Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,
They for the voyage were prepared,
And went to the sea-shore,
But, when they thither came the Youth
Deserted his poor Bride, and Ruth
Could never find him more.

God help thee, Ruth !—Such pains she
 had,
That she in half a year was mad,
And in a prison housed ;
And there, with many a doleful song
Made of wild words, her cup of wrong
She fearfully caroused.

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,
Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,
Nor pastimes of the May ;
—They all were with her in her cell ;
And a clear brook with cheerful knell
Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain,
There came a respite to her pain ;
She from her prison fled ;
But of the Vagrant none took thought ;
And where it liked her best she sought
Her shelter and her bread.

Among the fields she breathed again :
The master-current of her brain
Ran permanent and free ;
And, coming to the Banks of Tone,
There did she rest ; and dwell alone
Under the greenwood tree.

The engines of her pain, the tools
That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,
And airs that gently stir
The vernal leaves—she loved them still ;
Nor ever taxed them with the ill
Which had been done to her.

A Barn her *winter* bed supplies ;
 But, till the warmth of summer skies
 And summer days is gone,
 (And all do in this tale agree)
 She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,
 And other home hath none.

An innocent life, yet far astray !
 And Ruth will, long before her day,
 Be broken down and old :
 Sore aches she needs must have ! but less
 Of mind, than body's wretchedness,
 From damp, and rain, and cold.

If she is prest by want of food,
 She from her dwelling in the wood
 Repairs to a road-side ;
 And there she begs at one steep place
 Where up and down with easy pace
 The horsemen-travellers ride.

That oaten pipe of hers is mute,
 Or thrown away ; but with a flute
 Her loneliness she cheers :
 This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,
 At evening in his homeward walk
 The Quantock woodman hears.

I, too, have passed her on the hills
 Setting her little water-mills
 By spouts and fountains wild—
 Such small machinery as she turned
 Ere she had wept, ere she had mourned,
 A young and happy Child !

Farewell ! and when thy days are told,
 Ill-fated Ruth, in hallowed mould
 Thy corpse shall buried be,
 For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
 And all the congregation sing
 A Christian psalm for thee.

1799.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY

ON ONE OF THE COLDEST DAYS OF THE CENTURY

A bitter winter it was when these verses were composed by the side of my Sister, in our lodgings at a draper's house in the romantic imperial town of Goslar, on the edge of the Hartz Forest. In this town the German emperors of the Franconian line were accustomed to keep their court, and it retains vestiges of ancient splendour. So severe

was the cold of this winter, that when we passed out of the parlour warmed by the stove, our cheeks were struck by the air as by cold iron. I slept in a room over a passage which was not ceiled. The people of the house used to say, rather unfeelingly, that they expected I should be frozen to death some night ; but, with the protection of a pelisse lined with fur, and a dog's-skin bonnet, such as was worn by the peasants, I walked daily on the ramparts, or in a sort of public ground or garden, in which was a pond. Here, I had no companion but a kingfisher, a beautiful creature, that used to glance by me. I consequently became much attached to it. During these walks I composed the poem that follows.

The Reader must be apprised, that the Stoves in North-Germany generally have the impression of a galloping horse upon them, this being part of the Brunswick Arms.

A PLAGUE on your languages, German and Norse !

Let me have the song of the kettle ;
 And the tongs and the poker, instead of
 that horse

That gallops away with such fury and force
 On this dreary dull plate of black metal.

See that Fly,—a disconsolate creature !
 perhaps

A child of the field or the grove ;
 And, sorrow for him ! the dull treacherous
 heat

Has seduced the poor fool from his winter
 retreat,

And he creeps to the edge of my stove,

Alas ! how he fumbles about the domains
 Which this comfortless oven environ !

He cannot find out in what track he must
 crawl,

Now back to the tiles, then in search of the
 wall,

And now on the brink of the iron.

Stock-still there he stands like a traveller
 bemazed :

The best of his skill he has tried ;
 His feelers, methinks, I can see him put
 forth

To the east and the west, to the south and
 the north ;

But he finds neither guide-post nor guide.

His spindles sink under him, foot, leg, and
 thigh !

His eyesight and hearing are lost ;

Between life and death his blood freezes and
thaws ;
And his two pretty pinions of blue dusky
gauze
Are glued to his sides by the frost.

No brother, no mate has he near him—
while I
Can draw warmth from the cheek of my
Love ;
As blest and as glad, in this desolate
gloom,
As if green summer grass were the floor of
my room,
And woodbines were hanging above.

Yet, God is my witness, thou small helpless
Thing !

Thy life I would gladly sustain
Till summer come up from the south, and
with crowds

Of thy brethren a march thou should'st
sound through the clouds,
And back to the forests again !

1799.

THE BROTHERS

This poem was composed in a grove at the north-eastern end of Grasmere lake, which grove was in a great measure destroyed by turning the high-road along the side of the water. The few trees that are left were spared at my intercession. The poem arose out of the fact, mentioned to me at Ennerdale, that a shepherd had fallen asleep upon the top of the rock called The Pillar, and perished as here described, his staff being left midway on the rock.

"THESE Tourists, heaven preserve us !
needs must live

A profitable life : some glance along,
Rapid and gay, as if the earth were air,
And they were butterflies to wheel about
Long as the summer lasted : some, as wise,
Perched on the forehead of a jutting crag,
Pencil in hand and book upon the knee,
Will look and scribble, scribble on and look,
Until a man might travel twelve stout miles,
Or reap an acre of his neighbour's corn.
But, for that moping Son of Idleness,
Why can he tarry *yonder* ?—In our church-
yard

Is neither epitaph nor monument,

Tombstone nor name—only the turf we
tread

And a few natural graves."

To Jane, his wife,
Thus spake the homely Priest of Ennerdale.
It was a July evening ; and he sate
Upon the long stone-seat beneath the eaves
Of his old cottage,—as it chanced, that day,
Employed in winter's work. Upon the
stone

His wife sate near him, teasing matted wool,
While, from the twin cards toothed with
glittering wire,

He fed the spindle of his youngest child,
Who, in the open air, with due accord
Of busy hands and back-and-forward steps,
Her large round wheel was turning. To-
wards the field

In which the Parish Chapel stood alone,
Girt round with a bare ring of mossy wall,
While half an hour went by, the Priest had
sent

Many a long look of wonder : and at last,
Risen from his seat, beside the snow-white
ridge

Of carded wool which the old man had piled
He laid his implements with gentle care,
Each in the other locked ; and, down the
path

That from his cottage to the church-yard
led,

He took his way, impatient to accost
The Stranger, whom he saw still lingering
there.

'Twas one well known to him in former
days,

A Shepherd-lad ; who ere his sixteenth year
Had left that calling, tempted to entrust
His expectations to the fickle winds
And perilous waters ; with the mariners
A fellow-mariner ;—and so had fared
Through twenty seasons ; but he had been
reared

Among the mountains, and he in his heart
Was half a shepherd on the stormy seas.
Oft in the piping shrouds had Leonard
heard

The tones of waterfalls, and inland sounds
Of caves and trees :—and, when the regular
wind

Between the tropics filled the steady sail,
And blew with the same breath through
days and weeks,

Lengthening invisibly its weary line

Along the cloudless Main, he, in those hours
Of tiresome indolence, would often hang
Over the vessel's side, and gaze and gaze ;
And, while the broad blue wave and spark-
ling foam

Flashed round him images and hues that
wrought

In union with the employment of his heart,
He, thus by feverish passion overcome,
Even with the organs of his bodily eye,
Below him, in the bosom of the deep,
Saw mountains ; saw the forms of sheep
that grazed

On verdant hills—with dwellings among
trees,

And shepherds clad in the same country
grey

Which he himself had worn.¹

And now, at last,
From perils manifold, with some small
wealth

Acquired by traffic 'mid the Indian Isles,
To his paternal home he is returned,
With a determined purpose to resume
The life he had lived there ; both for the
sake

Of many darling pleasures, and the love
Which to an only brother he has borne
In all his hardships, since that happy time
When, whether it blew foul or fair, they two
Were brother-shepherds on their native
hills.

—They were the last of all their race : and
now,

When Leonard had approached his home,
his heart

Failed in him ; and, not venturing to enquire
Tidings of one so long and dearly loved,
He to the solitary churchyard turned ;
That, as he knew in what particular spot
His family were laid, he thence might learn
If still his Brother lived, or to the file
Another grave was added.—He had found
Another grave,—near which a full half-
hour

He had remained ; but, as he gazed, there
grew

Such a confusion in his memory,
That he began to doubt ; and even to hope
That he had seen this heap of turf before,—

¹ This description of the Calenture is sketched
from an imperfect recollection of an admirable
line in prose, by Mr. Gilbert, author of the
Hurricane.

That it was not another grave ; but one
He had forgotten. He had lost his path,
As up the vale, that afternoon, he walked
Through fields which once had been well
known to him :

And oh what joy this recollection now
Sent to his heart ! he lifted up his eyes,
And, looking round, imagined that he
saw

Strange alteration wrought on every side
Among the woods and fields, and that the
rocks,

And everlasting hills themselves were
changed.

By this the Priest, who down the field
had come,

Unseen by Leonard, at the churchyard
gate

Stopped short,—and thence, at leisure,
limb by limb

Perused him with a gay complacency.

Ay, thought the Vicar, smiling to himself,
'Tis one of those who needs must leave
the path

Of the world's business to go wild alone :
His arms have a perpetual holiday ;
The happy man will creep about the fields,
Following his fancies by the hour, to bring
Tears down his cheek, or solitary smiles
Into his face, until the setting sun
Write fool upon his forehead.—Planted
thus

Beneath a shed that over-arched the gate
Of this rude churchyard, till the stars
appeared

The good Man might have communed
with himself,

But that the Stranger, who had left the
grave,

Approached ; he recognised the Priest at
once,

And, after greetings interchanged, and
given

By Leonard to the Vicar as to one
Unknown to him, this dialogue ensued.

Leonard. You live, Sir, in these dales, a
quiet life :

Your years make up one peaceful family ;
And who would grieve and fret, if, welcome
come

And welcome gone, they are so like each
other,

They cannot be remembered? Scarce a
funeral

Comes to this churchyard once in eighteen months ;
 And yet, some changes must take place among you :
 And you, who dwell here, even among these rocks,
 Can trace the finger of mortality,
 And see, that with our threescore years and ten
 We are not all that perish.—I remember,
 (For many years ago I passed this road)
 There was a foot-way all along the fields
 By the brook-side—'tis gone—and that dark cleft !
 To me it does not seem to wear the face
 Which then it had !
Priest. Nay, Sir, for aught I know,
 That chasm is much the same—
Leonard. But, surely, yonder—
Priest. Ay, there, indeed, your memory is a friend
 That does not play you false.—On that tall pike
 (It is the loneliest place of all these hills)
 There were two springs which bubbled side by side,
 As if they had been made that they might be
 Companions for each other : the huge crag
 Was rent with lightning—one hath disappeared ;
 The other, left behind, is flowing still.
 For accidents and changes such as these,
 We want not store of them ;—a water-spout
 Will bring down half a mountain ; what a feast
 For folks that wander up and down like you,
 To see an acre's breadth of that wide cliff
 One roaring cataract ! a sharp May-storm
 Will come with loads of January snow,
 And in one night send twenty score of sheep
 To feed the ravens ; or a shepherd dies
 By some untoward death among the rocks :
 The ice breaks up and sweeps away a bridge ;
 A wood is felled :—and then for our own homes !
 A child is born or christened, a field ploughed,
 A daughter sent to service, a web spun,
 The old house-clock is decked with a new face ;

And hence, so far from wanting facts or dates
 To chronicle the time, we all have here
 A pair of diaries,—one serving, Sir,
 For the whole dale, and one for each fire-side—
 Yours was a stranger's judgment : for historians,
 Commend me to these valleys !
Leonard. Yet your Churchyard
 Seems, if such freedom may be used with you,
 To say that you are heedless of the past :
 An orphan could not find his mother's grave :
 Here's neither head nor foot stone, plate of brass,
 Cross-bones nor skull,—type of our earthly state
 Nor emblem of our hopes : the dead man's home
 Is but a fellow to that pasture-field.
Priest. Why, there, Sir, is a thought
 That's new to me !
 The stone-cutters, 'tis true, might beg their bread
 If every English churchyard were like ours ;
 Yet your conclusion wanders from the truth :
 We have no need of names and epitaphs ;
 We talk about the dead by our firesides.
 And then, for our immortal part ! *we* want
 No symbols, Sir, to tell us that plain tale :
 The thought of death sits easy on the man
 Who has been born and dies among the mountains.
Leonard. Your Dalesmen, then, do in each other's thoughts
 Possess a kind of second life : no doubt
 You, Sir, could help me to the history
 Of half these graves ?
Priest. For eight-score winters past,
 With what I've witnessed, and with what I've heard,
 Perhaps I might ; and, on a winter-evening,
 If you were seated at my chimney's nook,
 By turning o'er these hillocks one by one,
 We two could travel, Sir, through a strange round ;
 Yet all in the broad highway of the world.
 Now there's a grave—your foot is half upon it,—
 It looks just like the rest ; and yet that man
 Died broken-hearted.
Leonard. 'Tis a common case.

We'll take another : who is he that lies
Beneath yon ridge, the last of those three
 graves ?

It touches on that piece of native rock
Left in the church-yard wall.

Priest. That's Walter Ewbank.
He had as white a head and fresh a cheek
As ever were produced by youth and age
Engendering in the blood of hale fourscore.
Through five long generations had the heart
Of Walter's forefathers o'erflowed the
 bounds

Of their inheritance, that single cottage—
You see it yonder ! and those few green
 fields.

They toiled and wrought, and still, from
 sire to son,

Each struggled, and each yielded as before
A little—yet a little,—and old Walter,
They left to him the family heart, and land
With other burthens than the crop it bore.
Year after year the old man still kept up
A cheerful mind,—and buffeted with bond,
Interest, and mortgages ; at last he sank,
And went into his grave before his time.
Poor Walter ! whether it was care that
 spurred him

God only knows, but to the very last
He had the lightest foot in Ennerdale :
His pace was never that of an old man :
I almost see him tripping down the path
With his two grandsons after him :—but
 you,

Unless our Landlord be your host to-
 night,
Have far to travel,—and on these rough
 paths

Even in the longest day of midsummer—
Leonard. But those two Orphans !

Priest. Orphans !—Such they were—
Yet not while Walter lived : for, though
 their parents

Lay buried side by side as now they lie,
The old man was a father to the boys,
Two fathers in one father : and if tears,
Shed when he talked of them where they
 were not,

And hauntings from the infirmity of love,
Are aught of what makes up a mother's
 heart,

This old Man, in the day of his old age,
Was half a mother to them.—If you weep,
 Sir,

To hear a stranger talking about strangers,

Heaven bless you when you are among your
 kindred !

Ay—you may turn that way—it is a grave
Which will bear looking at.

Leonard. These boys—I hope
They loved this good old Man ?—

Priest. They did—and truly :
But that was what we almost overlooked,
They were such darlings of each other.
 Yes,

Though from the cradle they had lived with
 Walter,

The only kinsman near them, and though
 he

Inclined to both by reason of his age,
With a more fond, familiar, tenderness ;
They, notwithstanding, had much love to
 spare,

And it all went into each other's hearts.
Leonard, the elder by just eighteen months,
Was two years taller : 'twas a joy to see,
To hear, to meet them !—From their house
 the school

Is distant three short miles, and in the time
Of storm and thaw, when every watercourse
And unbridged stream, such as you may
 have noticed

Crossing our roads at every hundred steps,
Was swoln into a noisy rivulet,
Would Leonard then, when elder boys re-
 mained

At home, go staggering through the slippery
 fords,

Bearing his brother on his back. I have
 seen him,

On windy days, in one of those stray
 brooks,

Ay, more than once I have seen him, mid-
 leg deep,

Their two books lying both on a dry stone,
Upon the hither side : and once I said,
As I remember, looking round these rocks
And hills on which we all of us were born,
That God who made the great book of the
 world

Would bless such piety—

Leonard. It may be then—

Priest. Never did worthier lads break
 English bread :

The very brightest Sunday Autumn saw
With all its mealy clusters of ripe nuts,
Could never keep those boys away from
 church,

Or tempt them to an hour of sabbath breach.

Leonard and James! I warrant, every corner

Among these rocks, and every hollow place
That venturous foot could reach, to one or both

Was known as well as to the flowers that grow there.

Like roe-bucks they went bounding o'er the hills;

They played like two young ravens on the crags:

Then they could write, ay and speak too, as well

As many of their betters—and for Leonard! The very night before he went away, In my own house I put into his hand A Bible, and I'd wager house and field That, if he be alive, he has it yet.

Leonard. It seems, these Brothers have not lived to be

A comfort to each other—

Priest. That they might

Live to such end is what both old and young
In this our valley all of us have wished,
And what, for my part, I have often prayed:
But Leonard—

Leonard. Then James still is left among you!

Priest. 'Tis of the elder brother I am speaking:

They had an uncle;—he was at that time
A thriving man, and trafficked on the seas:
And, but for that same uncle, to this hour
Leonard had never handled rope or shroud:
For the boy loved the life which we lead here;

And though of unripe years, a stripling only,

His soul was knit to this his native soil.
But, as I said, old Walter was too weak
To strive with such a torrent; when he died,

The estate and house were sold; and all their sheep,

A pretty flock, and which, for aught I know,

Had clothed the Ewbanks for a thousand years:—

Well—all was gone, and they were destitute,
And Leonard, chiefly for his Brother's sake,
Resolved to try his fortune on the seas.

Twelve years are past since we had tidings from him.

If there were one among us who had heard

That Leonard Ewbank was come home again,

From the Great Gavel,¹ down by Leeza's banks,

And down the Enna, far as Egremont,
The day would be a joyous festival;

And those two bells of ours, which there you see—

Hanging in the open air—but, O good Sir!
This is sad talk—they'll never sound for him—

Living or dead.—When last we heard of him,

He was in slavery among the Moors
Upon the Barbary coast.—'Twas not a little
That would bring down his spirit; and no doubt,

Before it ended in his death, the Youth
Was sadly crossed.—Poor Leonard! when we parted,

He took me by the hand, and said to me,
If e'er he should grow rich, he would return,
To live in peace upon his father's land,
And lay his bones among us.

Leonard. If that day
Should come, 'twould needs be a glad day for him;

He would himself, no doubt, be happy then
As any that should meet him—

Priest. Happy! Sir—

Leonard. You said his kindred all were in their graves,

And that he had one Brother—

Priest. That is but
A fellow-tale of sorrow. From his youth
James, though not sickly, yet was delicate;
And Leonard being always by his side
Had done so many offices about him,
That, though he was not of a timid nature,
Yet still the spirit of a mountain-boy
In him was somewhat checked; and, when his Brother

Was gone to sea, and he was left alone,
The little colour that he had was soon

¹ The Great Gavel, so called, I imagine, from its resemblance to the gable end of a house, is one of the highest of the Cumberland mountains. It stands at the head of the several vales of Ennerdale, Wastdale, and Borrowdale.

The Leeza is a river which flows into the Lake of Ennerdale: on issuing from the Lake, it changes its name, and is called the End, Eyne, or Enna. It falls into the sea a little below Egremont.

Stolen from his cheek ; he drooped, and pined, and pined—

Leonard. But these are all the graves of full-grown men !

Priest. Ay, Sir, that passed away : we took him to us ;

He was the child of all the dale—he lived Three months with one, and six months with another,

And wanted neither food, nor clothes, nor love :

And many, many happy days were his. But, whether blithe or sad, 'tis my belief His absent Brother still was at his heart. And, when he dwelt beneath our roof, we found

(A practice till this time unknown to him) That often, rising from his bed at night, He in his sleep would walk about, and sleeping

He sought his brother Leonard.—You are moved !

Forgive me, Sir : before I spoke to you, I judged you most unkindly.

Leonard. But this Youth, How did he die at last ?

Priest. One sweet May-morning, (It will be twelve years since when Spring returns)

He had gone forth among the new-dropped lambs,

With two or three companions, whom their course

Of occupation led from height to height Under a cloudless sun—till he, at length, Through weariness, or, haply, to indulge The humour of the moment, lagged behind. You see yon precipice ;—it wears the shape

Of a vast building made of many crags ; And in the midst is one particular rock That rises like a column from the vale, Whence by our shepherds it is called, THE PILLAR.

Upon its airy summit crowned with heath, The loiterer, not unnoticed by his comrades, Lay stretched at ease ; but, passing by the place

On their return, they found that he was gone.

No ill was feared ; till one of them by chance

Entering, when evening was far spent, the house

Which at that time was James's home, there learned

That 'nobody had seen him all that day : The morning came, and still he was unheard of :

The neighbours were alarmed, and to the brook

Some hastened ; some ran to the lake : ere noon

They found him at the foot of that same rock

Dead, and with mangled limbs. The third day after

I buried him, poor Youth, and there he lies !

Leonard. And that then *is* his grave !— Before his death

You say that he saw many happy years ?

Priest. Ay, that he did—

Leonard. And all went well with him ?—

Priest. If he had one, the Youth had twenty homes.

Leonard. And you believe, then, that his mind was easy ?—

Priest. Yes, long before he died, he found that time

Is a true friend to sorrow ; and unless His thoughts were turned on Leonard's luckless fortune,

He talked about him with a cheerful love.

Leonard. He could not come to an unhallowed end !

Priest. Nay, God forbid !—You recollect I mentioned

A habit which disquietude and grief Had brought upon him ; and we all conjectured

That, as the day was warm, he had lain down

On the soft heath,—and, waiting for his comrades,

He there had fallen asleep ; that in his sleep He to the margin of the precipice

Had walked, and from the summit had fallen headlong :

And so no doubt he perished. When the Youth

Fell, in his hand he must have grasped, we think,

His shepherd's staff ; for on that Pillar of rock

It had been caught mid-way ; and there for years

It hung ;—and mouldered there.

The Priest here ended—

The Stranger would have thanked him, but
 he felt
 A gushing from his heart, that took away
 The power of speech. Both left the spot
 in silence ;
 And Leonard, when they reached the
 churchyard gate,
 As the Priest lifted up the latch, turned
 round,—
 And, looking at the grave, he said, " My
 Brother !"
 The Vicar did not hear the words : and now,
 He pointed towards his dwelling-place,
 entreating
 That Leonard would partake his homely
 fare :
 The other thanked him with an earnest voice ;
 But added, that, the evening being calm,
 He would pursue his journey. So they
 parted.
 It was not long ere Leonard reached a
 grove
 That overhung the road : he there stopped
 short,
 And, sitting down beneath the trees, re-
 viewed
 All that the Priest had said : his early years
 Werewith him :—his long absence, cherished
 hopes,
 And thoughts which had been his an hour
 before,
 All pressed on him with such a weight, that
 now,
 This vale, where he had been so happy,
 seemed
 A place in which he could not bear to live :
 So he relinquished all his purposes.
 He travelled back to Egremont : and thence,
 That night, he wrote a letter to the Priest,
 Reminding him of what had passed between
 them ;
 And adding, with a hope to be forgiven,
 That it was from the weakness of his heart
 He had not dared to tell him who he was.
 This done, he went on shipboard, and is
 now
 A Seaman, a grey-headed Mariner.

1800.

MICHAEL

A PASTORAL POEM

Written at Town-end, Grasmere, about the
 same time as "The Brothers." The Sheepfold,

on which so much of the poem turns, remains, or
 rather the ruins of it. The character and cir-
 cumstances of Luke were taken from a family to
 whom had belonged, many years before, the
 house we lived in at Town-end, along with some
 fields and woodlands on the eastern shore of
 Grasmere. The name of the Evening Star was
 not in fact given to this house, but to another on
 the same side of the valley, more to the north.

IF from the public way you turn your steps
 Up the tumultuous brook of Greenhead
 Ghyll,

You will suppose that with an upright path
 Your feet must struggle ; in such bold
 ascent

The pastoral mountains front you, face to
 face.

But, courage ! for around that boisterous
 brook

The mountains have all opened out them-
 selves,

And made a hidden valley of their own.

No habitation can be seen ; but they
 Who journey thither find themselves alone
 With a few sheep, with rocks and stones,
 and kites

That overhead are sailing in the sky.

It is in truth an utter solitude ;

Nor should I have made mention of this
 Dell

But for one object which you might pass
 by,

Might see and notice not. Beside the
 brook

Appears a straggling heap of unhewn
 stones !

And to that simple object appertains

A story—unenriched with strange events,

Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside,

Or for the summer shade. It was the
 first

Of those domestic tales that spake to me
 Of shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men
 Whom I already loved ; not verily
 For their own sakes, but for the fields and
 hills

Where was their occupation and abode.

And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy
 Careless of books, yet having felt the power

Of Nature, by the gentle agency

Of natural objects, led me on to feel

For passions that were not my own, and
 think

(At random and imperfectly indeed)

On man, the heart of man, and human life.

Therefore, although it be a history
Homely and rude, I will relate the same
For the delight of a few natural hearts ;
And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake
Of youthful Poets, who among these hills
Will be my second self when I am gone.

UPON the forest-side in Grasmere Vale
There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his name ;

An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.

His bodily frame had been from youth to age

Of an unusual strength : his mind was keen,
Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,
And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt
And watchful more than ordinary men.

Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,

Of blasts of every tone ; and, oftentimes,
When others heeded not, He heard the South

Make subterraneous music, like the noise
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.

The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock

Bethought him, and he to himself would say,

"The winds are now devising work for me !"
And, truly, at all times, the storm, that drives

The traveller to a shelter, summoned him
Up to the mountains : he had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
That came to him, and left him, on the heights.

So lived he till his eightieth year was past.
And grossly that man errs, who should suppose

That the green valleys, and the streams
and rocks,

Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts.

Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed

The common air ; hills, which with vigorous step

He had so often climbed ; which had impressed

So many incidents upon his mind
Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear ;
Which, like a book, preserved the memory

Of the dumb animals, whom he had saved,
Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts
The certainty of honourable gain ;

Those fields, those hills—what could they
less ? had laid

Strong hold on his affections, were to him
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,

The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in singleness.

His Helpmate was a comely matron, old—
Though younger than himself full twenty years.

She was a woman of a stirring life,
Whose heart was in her house : two wheels she had

Of antique form ; this large, for spinning wool ;

That small, for flax ; and if one wheel had rest

It was because the other was at work.

The Pair had but one inmate in their house,
An only Child, who had been born to them
When Michael, telling o'er his years, began
To deem that he was old,—in shepherd's phrase,

With one foot in the grave. This only Son,
With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many a storm,

The one of an inestimable worth,
Made all their household. I may truly say,

That they were as a proverb in the vale
For endless industry. When day was gone,
And from their occupations out of doors
The Son and Father were come home, even then,

Their labour did not cease ; unless when all
Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and there,

Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk,

Sat round the basket piled with oaten cakes,
And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when the meal

Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was named)

And his old Father both betook themselves
To such convenient work as might employ
Their hands by the fireside ; perhaps to card

Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or repair
Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,
Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the ceiling, by the chimney's
edge,
That in our ancient uncouth country style
With huge and black projection overbrowed
Large space beneath, as duly as the light
Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a
lamp ;
An aged utensil, which had performed
Service beyond all others of its kind.
Early at evening did it burn—and late,
Surviving comrade of uncounted hours,
Which, going by from year to year, had
found,
And left, the couple neither gay perhaps
Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with
hopes,
Living a life of eager industry.
And now, when Luke had reached his
eighteenth year,
There by the light of this old lamp they
sate,
Father and Son, while far into the night
The Housewife plied her own peculiar
work,
Making the cottage through the silent hours
Murmur as with the sound of summer flies.
This light was famous in its neighbourhood,
And was a public symbol of the life
That thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it
chanced,
Their cottage on a plot of rising ground
Stood single, with large prospect, north
and south,
High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise,
And westward to the village near the lake ;
And from this constant light, so regular
And so far seen, the House itself, by all
Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,
Both old and young, was named THE
EVENING STAR.
Thus living on through such a length of
years,
The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must
needs
Have loved his Helpmate ; but to Michael's
heart
This son of his old age was yet more dear—
Less from instinctive tenderness, the same
Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood
of all—
Than that a child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking
thoughts,

And stirrings of inquietude, when they
By tendency of nature needs must fail.
Exceeding was the love he bare to him,
His heart and his heart's joy ! For often-
times

Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,
Had done him female service, not alone
For pastime and delight, as is the use
Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced
To acts of tenderness ; and he had rocked
His cradle, as with a woman's gentle hand.

And, in a later time, ere yet the Boy
Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love,
Albeit of a stern unbending mind,
To have the Young-one in his sight, when
he

Wrought in the field, or on his shepherd's
stool

Sate with a fettered sheep before him
stretched

Under the large old oak, that near his door
Stood single, and, from matchless depth of
shade,

Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the
sun,

Thence in our rustic dialect was called
The CLIPPING TREE,¹ a name which yet it
bears.

There, while they two were sitting in the
shade,

With others round them, earnest all and
blithe,

Would Michael exercise his heart with looks
Of fond correction and reproof bestowed
Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep
By catching at their legs, or with his shouts
Scared them, while they lay still beneath
the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the
boy grew up

A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek
Two steady roses that were five years old ;
Then Michael from a winter coppice cut
With his own hand a sapling, which he
hooped

With iron, making it throughout in all
Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff,
And gave it to the Boy ; wherewith equipt
He as a watchman oftentimes was placed
At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock ;
And, to his office prematurely called,
There stood the urchin, as you will divine,

¹ Clipping is the word used in the North of
England for shearing.

Something between a hindrance and a help ;
And for this cause not always, I believe,
Receiving from his Father hire of praise ;
Though nought was left undone which
staff, or voice,

Or looks, or threatening gestures, could
perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old,
could stand

Against the mountain blasts ; and to the
heights,

Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,
He with his Father daily went, and they
Were as companions, why should I relate
That objects which the Shepherd loved
before

Were dearer now ? that from the Boy there
came

Feelings and emanations—things which
were

Light to the sun and music to the wind ;
And that the old Man's heart seemed born
again ?

Thus in his Father's sight the Boy grew
up :

And now, when he had reached his eighteenth
year,

He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple household
lived

From day to day, to Michael's ear there
came

Distressful tidings. Long before the time
Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been
bound

In surety for his brother's son, a man
Of an industrious life, and ample means ;
But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly
Had prest upon him ; and old Michael now
Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture,
A grievous penalty, but little less
Than half his substance. This unlooked-
for claim,

At the first hearing, for a moment took
More hope out of his life than he supposed
That any old man ever could have lost.
As soon as he had armed himself with
strength

To look his trouble in the face, it seemed
The Shepherd's sole resource to sell at once
A portion of his patrimonial fields.
Such was his first resolve ; he thought again,
And his heart failed him. " Isabel," said
he,

Two evenings after he had heard the news,
" I have been toiling more than seventy
years,

And in the open sunshine of God's love
Have we all lived ; yet if these fields of ours
Should pass into a stranger's hand, I think
That I could not lie quiet in my grave.
Our lot is a hard lot ; the sun himself
Has scarcely been more diligent than I ;
And I have lived to be a fool at last
To my own family. An evil man

That was, and made an evil choice, if he
Were false to us ; and if he were not false,
There are ten thousand to whom loss like
this

Had been no sorrow. I forgive him ;—but
'Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus.

When I began, my purpose was to speak
Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.

Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel ; the land
Shall not go from us, and it shall be free ;
He shall possess it, free as is the wind
That passes over it. We have, thou
know'st,

Another kinsman—he will be our friend
In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
Thriving in trade—and Luke to him shall
go,

And with his kinsman's help and his own
thrift

He quickly will repair this loss, and then
He may return to us. If here he stay,
What can be done ? Where every one is
poor,

What can be gained ?"

At this the old Man paused,
And Isabel sat silent, for her mind
Was busy, looking back into past times.
There's Richard Bateman, thought she to
herself,

He was a parish-boy—at the church-door
They made a gathering for him, shillings,
pence

And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours
bought

A basket, which they filled with pedlar's
wares ;

And, with this basket on his arm, the lad
Went up to London, found a master there,
Who, out of many, chose the trusty boy
To go and overlook his merchandise
Beyond the seas ; where he grew wondrous
rich,

And left estates and monies to the poor,

And, at his birth-place, built a chapel,
floored

With marble which he sent from foreign
lands.

These thoughts, and many others of like
sort,

Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel,
And her face brightened. The old Man

was glad,

And thus resumed :—"Well, Isabel ! this
scheme

These two days, has been meat and drink
to me.

Far more than we have lost is left us yet.

—We have enough—I wish indeed that I

Were younger ;—but this hope is a good
hope.

—Make ready Luke's best garments, of the
best

Buy for him more, and let us send him forth
To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night :

—If he *could* go, the Boy should go to-
night."

Here Michael ceased, and to the fields
went forth

With a light heart. The Housewife for
five days

Was restless morn and night, and all day
long

Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare
Things needful for the journey of her son.

But Isabel was glad when Sunday came

To stop her in her work : for, when she lay
By Michael's side, she through the last two

nights

Heard him, how he was troubled in his
sleep :

And when they rose at morning she could
see

That all his hopes were gone. That day
at noon

She said to Luke, while they two by them-
selves

Were sitting at the door, "Thou must not
go :

We have no other Child but thee to lose
None to remember—do not go away,

For if thou leave thy Father he will die."

The Youth made answer with a jocund
voice ;

And Isabel, when she had told her fears,
Recovered heart. That evening her best

fare

Did she bring forth, and all together sat

Like happy people round a Christmas fire.

With daylight Isabel resumed her work ;

And all the ensuing week the house appeared

As cheerful as a grove in Spring : at length

The expected letter from their kinsman

came,

With kind assurances that he would do

His utmost for the welfare of the Boy ;

To which, requests were added, that forth-
with

He might be sent to him. Ten times or
more

The letter was read over ; Isabel

Went forth to show it to the neighbours
round ;

Nor was there at that time on English land

A prouder heart than Luke's. When Isabel

Had to her house returned, the old Man

said,

"He shall depart to-morrow." To this
word

The Housewife answered, talking much of
things

Which, if at such short notice he should
go,

Would surely be forgotten. But at length

She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultuous brook of Greenhead

Ghyll,

In that deep valley, Michael had designed

To build a Sheepfold ; and, before he heard

The tidings of his melancholy loss,

For this same purpose he had gathered up

A heap of stones, which by the streamlet's
edge

Lay thrown together, ready for the work.

With Luke that evening thitherward he
walked :

And soon as they had reached the place he
stopped,

And thus the old Man spake to him :—

"My Son,

To-morrow thou wilt leave me : with full
heart

I look upon thee, for thou art the same

That wert a promise to me ere thy birth,

And all thy life hast been my daily joy.

I will relate to thee some little part

Of our two histories ; 'twill do thee good

When thou art from me, even if I should
touch

On things thou canst not know of.—

After thou

First cam'st into the world—as oft befalls

To new-born infants—thou didst sleep
 away
 Two days, and blessings from thy Father's
 tongue
 Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed
 on,
 And still I loved thee with increasing love.
 Never to living ear came sweeter sounds
 Than when I heard thee by our own fire-
 side
 First uttering, without words, a natural
 tune ;
 While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy
 joy
 Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month fol-
 lowed month,
 And in the open fields my life was passed
 And on the mountains ; else I think that
 thou
 Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's
 knees.
 But we were playmates, Luke : among
 these hills,
 As well thou knowest, in us the old and
 young
 Have played together, nor with me didst
 thou
 Lack any pleasure which a boy can know."
 Luke had a manly heart ; but at these
 words
 He sobbed aloud. The old Man grasped
 his hand,
 And said, "Nay, do not take it so—I see
 That these are things of which I need not
 speak.
 —Even to the utmost I have been to thee
 A kind and a good Father : and herein
 I but repay a gift which I myself
 Received at others' hands ; for, though
 now old
 Beyond the common life of man, I still
 Remember them who loved me in my youth.
 Both of them sleep together : here they
 lived,
 As all their Forefathers had done ; and
 when
 At length their time was come, they were
 not loth
 To give their bodies to the family mould.
 I wished that thou should'st live the life
 they lived :
 But, 'tis a long time to look back, my Son,
 And see so little gain from threescore
 years.

These fields were burthened when they
 came to me ;
 Till I was forty years of age, not more
 Than half of my inheritance was mine.
 I toiled and toiled ; God blessed me in my
 work,
 And till these three weeks past the land
 was free.
 —It looks as if it never could endure
 Another Master. Heaven forgive me,
 Luke,
 If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good
 That thou should'st go."
 At this the old Man paused ;
 Then, pointing to the stones near which
 they stood,
 Thus, after a short silence, he resumed :
 "This was a work for us ; and now, my
 Son,
 It is a work for me. But, lay one stone—
 Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own
 hands.
 Nay, Boy, be of good hope ;—we both may
 live
 To see a better day. At eighty-four
 I still am strong and hale ;—do thou thy
 part ;
 I will do mine.—I will begin again
 With many tasks that were resigned to
 thee :
 Up to the heights, and in among the
 storms,
 Will I without thee go again, and do
 All works which I was wont to do alone,
 Before I knew thy face.—Heaven bless
 thee, Boy !
 Thy heart these two weeks has been beat-
 ing fast
 With many hopes ; it should be so—yes—
 yes—
 I knew that thou could'st never have a wish
 To leave me, Luke : thou hast been bound
 to me
 Only by links of love : when thou art gone,
 What will be left to us !—But, I forget
 My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone,
 As I requested ; and hereafter, Luke,
 When thou art gone away, should evil men
 Be thy companions, think of me, my Son,
 And of this moment ; hither turn thy
 thoughts,
 And God will strengthen thee : amid all
 fear
 And all temptation, Luke, I pray that thou

May'st bear in mind the life thy Fathers
lived,

Who, being innocent, did for that cause
Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee
well—

When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt
see

A work which is not here : a covenant
'Twill be between us ; but, whatever fate
Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,
And bear thy memory with me to the
grave."

The Shepherd ended here ; and Luke
stooped down,

And, as his Father had requested, laid
The first stone of the Sheepfold. At the
sight

The old Man's grief broke from him ; to
his heart

He pressed his Son, he kissed him and
wept ;

And to the house together they returned.

—Hushed was that House in peace, or
seeming peace,

Ere the night fell :—with morrow's dawn
the Boy

Began his journey, and when he had reached
The public way, he put on a bold face ;

And all the neighbours, as he passed their
doors,

Came forth with wishes and with farewell
prayers,

That followed him till he was out of sight.

A good report did from their Kinsman
come,

Of Luke and his well-doing : and the Boy
Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news,
Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were
throughout

"The prettiest letters that were ever seen."
Both parents read them with rejoicing
hearts.

So, many months passed on : and once
again

The Shepherd went about his daily work
With confident and cheerful thoughts ; and
now

Sometimes when he could find a leisure
hour

He to that valley took his way, and there
Wrought at the Sheepfold. Meantime
Luke began

To slacken in his duty ; and, at length,
He in the dissolute city gave himself

To evil courses : ignominy and shame
Fell on him, so that he was driven at last
To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of
love ;

'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain, or break the
heart :

I have conversed with more than one who
well

Remember the old Man, and what he was
Years after he had heard this heavy news.
His bodily frame had been from youth to
age

Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks
He went, and still looked up to sun and
cloud,

And listened to the wind ; and, as before,
Performed all kinds of labour for his sheep,
And for the land, his small inheritance.

And to that hollow dell from time to time
Did he repair, to build the Fold of which
His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet
The pity which was then in every heart

For the old Man—and 'tis believed by all
That many and many a day he thither
went,

And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheepfold, sometimes was
he seen

Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog,
Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.

The length of full seven years, from time to
time,

He at the building of this Sheepfold
wrought,

And left the work unfinished when he died.
Three years, or little more, did Isabel
Survive her Husband : at her death the
estate

Was sold, and went into a stranger's hand.
The Cottage which was named the EVEN-
ING STAR

Is gone—the ploughshare has been through
the ground

On which it stood ; great changes have
been wrought

In all the neighbourhood :—yet the oak is
left

That grew beside their door ; and the re-
mains

Of the unfinished Sheepfold may be seen
Beside the boisterous brook of Greenhead
Ghyll. 1800.

THE IDLE SHEPHERD-BOYS ;

OR, DUNGEON-GHYLL FORCE ¹

A PASTORAL

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. I will only add a little monitory anecdote concerning this subject. When Coleridge and Southey were walking together upon the Fells, Southey observed that, if I wished to be considered a faithful painter of rural manners, I ought not to have said that my Shepherd-boys trimmed their rustic hats as described in the poem. Just as the words had passed his lips two boys appeared with the very plant entwined round their hats. I have often wondered that Southey, who rambled so much about the mountains, should have fallen into this mistake, and I record it as a warning for others who, with far less opportunity than my dear friend had of knowing what things are, and far less sagacity, give way to presumptuous criticism, from which he was free, though in this matter mistaken. In describing a tarn under Helvellyn, I say—

“ There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer.”

This was branded by a critic of these days, in a review ascribed to Mrs. Barbauld, as unnatural and absurd. I admire the genius of Mrs. Barbauld, and am certain that, had her education been favourable to imaginative influences, no female of her day would have been more likely to sympathise with that image, and to acknowledge the truth of the sentiment.

THE valley rings with mirth and joy ;
Among the hills the echoes play
A never never ending song,
To welcome in the May.
The magpie chatters with delight ;
The mountain raven's youngling brood
Have left the mother and the nest ;
And they go rambling east and west
In search of their own food ;
Or through the glittering vapours dart
In very wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock, upon the grass,
Two boys are sitting in the sun ;

¹ *Ghyll*, in the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is a short and, for the most part, a steep narrow valley, with a stream running through it. *Force* is the word universally employed in these dialects for waterfall.

Their work, if any work they have,
Is out of mind—or done.
On pipes of sycamore they play
The fragments of a Christmas hymn ;
Or with that plant which in our dale
We call stag-horn, or fox's tail,
Their rusty hats they trim :
And thus, as happy as the day,
Those Shepherds wear the time away.

Along the river's stony marge
The sand-lark chants a joyous song ;
The thrush is busy in the wood,
And carols loud and strong.
A thousand lambs are on the rocks,
All newly born ! both earth and sky
Keep jubilee, and more than all,
Those boys with their green coronal ;
They never hear the cry,
That plaintive cry ! which up the hill
Comes from the depth of Dungeon-Ghyll.

Said Walter, leaping from the ground,
“ Down to the stump of yon old yew
We'll for our whistles run a race.”
—Away the shepherds flew ;
They leapt—they ran—and when they came
Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,
Seeing that he should lose the prize,
“ Stop ! ” to his comrade Walter cries—
James stopped with no good will :
Said Walter then, exulting ; “ Here
You'll find a task for half a year.

“ Cross, if you dare, where I shall cross—
Come on, and tread where I shall tread.”
The other took him at his word,
And followed as he led.
It was a spot which you may see
If ever you to Langdale go ;
Into a chasm a mighty block
Hath fallen, and made a bridge of rock :
The gulf is deep below ;
And, in a basin black and small,
Receives a lofty waterfall.

With staff in hand across the cleft
The challenger pursued his march ;
And now, all eyes and feet, hath gained
The middle of the arch.
When list ! he hears a piteous moan—
Again !—his heart within him dies—
His pulse is stopped, his breath is lost,
He totters, pallid as a ghost,

And, looking down, espies
A lamb, that in the pool is pent
Within that black and frightful rent.

The lamb had slipped into the stream,
And safe without a bruise or wound
The cataract had borne him down
Into the gulf profound.
His dam had seen him when he fell,
She saw him down the torrent borne;
And, while with all a mother's love
She from the lofty rocks above
Sent forth a cry forlorn,
The lamb, still swimming round and round,
Made answer to that plaintive sound.

When he had learnt what thing it was,
That sent this rueful cry; I ween
The Boy recovered heart, and told
The sight which he had seen.
Both gladly now deferred their task;
Nor was there wanting other aid—
A Poet, one who loves the brooks
Far better than the sages' books,
By chance had thither strayed;
And there the helpless lamb he found
By those huge rocks encompassed round.

He drew it from the troubled pool,
And brought it forth into the light:
The Shepherds met him with his charge,
An unexpected sight!
Into their arms the lamb they took,
Whose life and limbs the flood had spared;
Then up the steep ascent they hied,
And placed him at his mother's side;
And gently did the Bard
Those idle Shepherd-boys upbraid,
And bade them better mind their trade.

1800.

THE PET-LAMB

A PASTORAL

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. Barbara Lewthwaite, now living at Ambleside (1843), though much changed as to beauty, was one of two most lovely sisters. Almost the first words my poor brother John said, when he visited us for the first time at Grasmere, were, "Were those two Angels that I have just seen?" and from his description I have no doubt they were those two sisters. The mother died in childhood; and one of our neighbours at Grasmere told me that the

loveliest sight she had ever seen was that mother as she lay in her coffin with her babe in her arm. I mention this to notice what I cannot but think a salutary custom once universal in these vales. Every attendant on a funeral made it a duty to look at the corpse in the coffin before the lid was closed, which was never done (nor I believe is now) till a minute or two before the corpse was removed. Barbara Lewthwaite was not in fact the child whom I had seen and overheard as described in the poem. I chose the name for reasons implied in the above; and will here add a caution against the use of names of living persons. Within a few months after the publication of this poem, I was much surprised, and more hurt, to find it in a child's school-book which, having been compiled by Lindley Murray, had come into use at Grasmere School where Barbara was a pupil; and, alas! I had the mortification of hearing that she was very vain of being thus distinguished; and, in after-life, she used to say that she remembered the incident and what I said to her upon the occasion.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began
to blink;

I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty
creature, drink!"

And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I
espied

A snow-white mountain-lamb with a Maiden
at its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near; the lamb
was all alone,

And by a slender cord was tethered to a
stone;

With one knee on the grass did the little
Maiden kneel,

While to that mountain-lamb she gave its
evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his
supper took,

Seemed to feast with head and ears; and
his tail with pleasure shook.

"Drink, pretty creature, drink," she said
in such a tone

That I almost received her heart into my
own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of
beauty rare!

I watched them with delight, they were a
lovely pair.

Now with her empty can the Maiden turned
away:

But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps
did she stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked; and
from a shady place

I unobserved could see the workings of her
face:

If Nature to her tongue could measured
numbers bring,

Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little
Maid might sing:

"What ails thee, young One? what? Why
pull so at thy cord?

Is it not well with thee? well both for bed
and board?

Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass
can be;

Rest, little young One, rest; what is't that
aileth thee?

'What is it thou wouldst seek? What is
wanting to thy heart?

Thy limbs are they not strong? And
beautiful thou art:

This grass is tender grass; these flowers
they have no peers;

And that green corn all day is rustling in
thy ears!

"If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch
thy woollen chain,

This beech is standing by, its covert thou
canst gain;

For rain and mountain-storms! the like
thou need'st not fear,

The rain and storm are things that scarcely
can come here.

"Rest, little young One, rest; thou hast
forgot the day

When my father found thee first in places
far away;

Many flocks were on the hills, but thou
wert owned by none,

And thy mother from thy side for evermore
was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity
brought thee home;

A blessed day for thee! then whither
wouldst thou roam?

A faithful nurse thou hast; the dam that
did thee yeon

Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could
have been.

"Thou know'st that twice a day I have
brought thee in this can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever
ran;

And twice in the day, when the ground is
wet with dew,

I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk
it is and new.

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as
they are now,

Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony
in the plough;

My playmate thou shalt be; and when the
wind is cold

Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall
be thy fold.

"It will not, will not rest!—Poor creature,
can it be

That 'tis thy mother's heart which is work-
ing so in thee?

Things that I know not of belike to thee are
dear,

And dreams of things which thou canst
neither see nor hear.

"Alas, the mountain-tops that look so green
and fair!

I've heard of fearful winds and darkness
that come there;

The little brooks that seem all pastime and
all play,

When they are angry, roar like lions for
their prey.

"Here thou need'st not dread the raven in
the sky;

Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage
is hard by.

Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at
thy chain?

Sleep—and at break of day I will come to
thee again!"

—As homeward through the lane I went
with lazy feet,

This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line
by line,

That but half of it was hers, and one half
of it was *mine*.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the
song;

"Nay," said I, "more than half to the
damsel must belong,

For she looked with such a look and she
spake with such a tone,

That I almost received her heart into my
own." 1800.

POEMS ON THE NAMING OF PLACES

ADVERTISEMENT

By persons resident in the country and attached to rural objects, many places will be found unnamed or of unknown names, where little Incidents must have occurred, or feelings been experienced, which will have given to such places a private and peculiar interest. From a wish to give some sort of record to such Incidents, and renew the gratification of such feelings, Names have been given to Places by the Author and some of his Friends, and the following Poems written in consequence.

I

Written at Grasmere. This poem was suggested on the banks of the brook that runs through Easedale, which is, in some parts of its course, as wild and beautiful as brook can be. I have composed thousands of verses by the side of it.

It was an April morning: fresh and clear
The Rivulet, delighting in its strength,
Ran with a young man's speed; and yet
the voice

Of waters which the winter had supplied
Was softened down into a vernal tone.
The spirit of enjoyment and desire,
And hopes and wishes, from all living
things

Went circling, like a multitude of sounds.
The budding groves seemed eager to urge
on

The steps of June; as if their various hues
Were only hindrances that stood between
Them and their object: but, meanwhile,
prevailed

Such an entire contentment in the air
That every naked ash, and tardy tree

Yet leafless, showed as if the countenance
With which it looked on this delightful day
Were native to the summer.—Up the brook
I roamed in the confusion of my heart,
Alive to all things and forgetting all.

At length I to a sudden turning came
In this continuous glen, where down a rock
The Stream, so ardent in its course before,
Sent forth such sallies of glad sound, that
all

Which I till then had heard, appeared the
voice

Of common pleasure: beast and bird, the
lamb,

The shepherd's dog, the linnet and the
thrush

Vied with this waterfall, and made a song,
Which, while I listened, seemed like the
wild growth

Or like some natural produce of the air,
That could not cease to be. Green leaves
were here;

But 'twas the foliage of the rocks—the birch,
The yew, the holly, and the bright green
thorn,

With hanging islands of resplendent furze:
And, on a summit, distant a short space,
By any who should look beyond the dell,
A single mountain-cottage might be seen.

I gazed and gazed, and to myself I said,
"Our thoughts at least are ours; and this
wild nook,

My EMMA, I will dedicate to thee."

—Soon did the spot become my other
home,

My dwelling, and my out-of-doors abode.
And, of the Shepherds who have seen me
there,

To whom I sometimes in our idle talk
Have told this fancy, two or three, perhaps,
Years after we are gone and in our graves,
When they have cause to speak of this wild
place,

May call it by the name of EMMA'S DELL.
1800.

II

TO JOANNA

Written at Grasmere. The effect of her laugh is an extravagance; though the effect of the reverberation of voices in some parts of the mountains is very striking. There is, in the "Excursion," an allusion to the bleat of a lamb thus re-echoed, and described without any ex-

aggregation, as I heard it, on the side of Stickle Tarn, from the precipice that stretches on to Langdale Pikes.

AMID the smoke of cities did you pass
The time of early youth; and there you
learned,

From years of quiet industry, to love
The living Beings by your own fireside,
With such a strong devotion, that your
heart

Is slow to meet the sympathies of them
Who look upon the hills with tenderness,
And make dear friendships with the streams
and groves.

Yet we, who are transgressors in this kind,
Dwelling retired in our simplicity
Among the woods and fields, we love you
well,

Joanna! and I guess, since you have been
So distant from us now for two long years,
That you will gladly listen to discourse,
However trivial, if you thence be taught
That they, with whom you once were
happy, talk

Familiarly of you and of old times.

While I was seated, now some ten days
past,

Beneath those lofty firs, that overtop
Their ancient neighbour, the old steeple-
tower,

The Vicar from his gloomy house hard by
Came forth to greet me; and when he had
asked,

"How fares Joanna, that wild-hearted
Maid!

And when will she return to us?" he
paused;

And, after short exchange of village news,
He with grave looks demanded, for what
cause,

Reviving obsolete idolatry,
I, like a Runic Priest, in characters
Of formidable size had chiselled out
Some uncouth name upon the native rock,
Above the Rotha, by the forest-side.

—Now, by those dear immunities of heart
Engendered between malice and true love,
I was not loth to be so catechised,
And this was my reply:—"As it befell,
One summer morning we had walked abroad
At break of day, Joanna and myself.

—'Twas that delightful season when the
broom,

Full-flowered, and visible on every steep,

Along the copses runs in veins of gold.
Our pathway led us on to Rotha's banks;
And when we came in front of that tall rock
That eastward looks, I there stopped short
—and stood

Tracing the lofty barrier with my eye
From base to summit; such delight I found
To note in shrub and tree, in stone and
flower

That intermixture of delicious hues,
Along so vast a surface, all at once,
In one impression, by connecting force
Of their own beauty, imaged in the heart.
—When I had gazed perhaps two minutes'
space,

Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld
That ravishment of mine, and laughed aloud.
The Rock, like something starting from a
sleep,

Took up the Lady's voice, and laughed
again;

That ancient Woman seated on Helm-crag
Was ready with her cavern; Hammar-scar,
And the tall Steep of Silver-how, sent forth
A noise of laughter; southern Loughrigg
heard,

And Fairfield answered with a mountain
tone;

Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
Carried the Lady's voice,—old Skiddaw
blew

His speaking-trumpet;—back out of the
clouds

Of Glaramara southward came the voice;
And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head.
—Now whether (said I to our cordial
Friend,

Who in the hey-day of astonishment
Smiled in my face) this were in simple truth
A work accomplished by the brotherhood
Of ancient mountains, or my ear was
touched

With dreams and visionary impulses
To me alone imparted, sure I am
That there was a loud uproar in the hills.
And, while we both were listening, to my
side

The fair Joanna drew, as if she wished
To shelter from some object of her fear.
—And hence, long afterwards, when eighteen
moons

Were wasted, as I chanced to walk alone
Beneath this rock, at sunrise, on a calm
And silent morning, I sat down, and there,

In memory of affections old and true,
 I chiselled out in those rude characters
 Joanna's name deep in the living stone:—
 And I, and all who dwell by my fireside,
 Have called the lovely rock, JOANNA'S
 ROCK." 1800.

NOTE.—In Cumberland and Westmoreland are several inscriptions, upon the native rock, which, from the wasting of time, and the rudeness of the workmanship, have been mistaken for Runic. They are without doubt Roman.

The Rotha, mentioned in this poem, is the River which, flowing through the lakes of Grasmere and Rydale, falls into Wynandermere. On Helm-crag, that impressive single mountain at the head of the Vale of Grasmere, is a rock which from most points of view bears a striking resemblance to an old Woman cowering. Close by this rock is one of those fissures or caverns, which in the language of the country are called dungeons. Most of the mountains here mentioned immediately surround the Vale of Grasmere; of the others, some are at a considerable distance, but they belong to the same cluster.

III

It is not accurate that the Eminence here alluded to could be seen from our orchard-seat. It rises above the road by the side of Grasmere lake, towards Keswick, and its name is Stone-Arthur.

THERE is an Eminence,—of these our hills
 The last that parleys with the setting sun ;
 We can behold it from our orchard-seat ;
 And, when at evening we pursue our walk
 Along the public way, this Peak, so high
 Above us, and so distant in its height,
 Is visible ; and often seems to send
 Its own deep quiet to restore our hearts.
 The meteors make of it a favourite haunt :
 The star of Jove, so beautiful and large
 In the mid heavens, is never half so fair
 As when he shines above it. 'Tis in truth
 The loneliest place we have among the
 clouds.
 And She who dwells with me, whom I have
 loved
 With such communion, that no place on
 earth
 Can ever be a solitude to me,
 Hath to this lonely Summit given my
 Name.

1800.

IV

The character of the eastern shore of Grasmere lake is quite changed, since these verses were written, by the public road being carried along its side. The friends spoken of were Coleridge and my Sister, and the facts occurred strictly as recorded.

A NARROW girdle of rough stones and
 crags,

A rude and natural causeway, interposed
 Between the water and a winding slope
 Of copse and thicket, leaves the eastern
 shore

Of Grasmere safe in its own privacy :
 And there myself and two beloved Friends,
 One calm September morning, ere the mist
 Had altogether yielded to the sun,
 Sauntered on this retired and difficult way.

—Ill suits the road with one in haste ;
 but we

Played with our time ; and, as we strolled
 along,

It was our occupation to observe
 Such objects as the waves had tossed
 ashore—

Feather, or leaf, or weed, or withered
 bough,

Each on the other heaped, along the line
 Of the dry wreck. And, in our vacant
 mood,

Not seldom did we stop to watch some tuft
 Of dandelion seed or thistle's beard,
 That skimmed the surface of the dead calm
 lake,

Suddenly halting now—a lifeless stand !
 And starting off again with freak as sudden ;
 In all its sportive wanderings, all the while,
 Making report of an invisible breeze
 That was its wings, its chariot, and its
 horse,

Its playmate, rather say, its moving soul.
 —And often, trifling with a privilege
 Alike indulged to all, we paused, one now,
 And now the other, to point out, perchance
 To pluck, some flower or water-weed, too
 fair

Either to be divided from the place
 On which it grew, or to be left alone
 To its own beauty. Many such there are,
 Fair ferns and flowers, and chiefly that tall
 fern,

So stately, of the queen Osmunda named ;
 Plant lovelier, in its own retired abode

On Grasmere's beach, than Naiad by the
side

Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the Mere,
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.

—So fared we that bright morning: from
the fields

Meanwhile, a noise was heard, the busy
mirth

Of reapers, men and women, boys and girls.
Delighted much to listen to those sounds,
And feeding thus our fancies, we advanced
Along the indented shore; when suddenly,
Through a thin veil of glittering haze was
seen

Before us, on a point of jutting land,
The tall and upright figure of a Man
Attired in peasant's garb, who stood alone,
Angling beside the margin of the lake.

"Improvident and reckless," we exclaimed,
"The Man must be, who thus can lose a
day

Of the mid harvest, when the labourer's
hire

Is ample, and some little might be stored
Wherewith to cheer him in the winter time."
Thus talking of that Peasant, we approached
Close to the spot where with his rod and
line

He stood alone; whereat he turned his
head

To greet us—and we saw a Man worn
down

By sickness, gaunt and lean, with sunken
cheeks

And wasted limbs, his legs so long and
lean

That for my single self I looked at them,
Forgetful of the body they sustained.—
Too weak to labour in the harvest field,
The Man was using his best skill to gain
A pittance from the dead unfeeling lake
That knew not of his wants. I will not
say

What thoughts immediately were ours, nor
how

The happy idleness of that sweet morn,
With all its lovely images, was changed
To serious musing and to self-reproach.
Nor did we fail to see within ourselves
What need there is to be reserved in speech,
And temper all our thoughts with charity.
—Therefore, unwilling to forget that day,
My Friend, Myself, and She who then
received

The same admonishment, have called the
place

By a memorial name, uncouth indeed
As e'er by mariner was given to bay
Or foreland, on a new-discovered coast;
And POINT RASH-JUDGMENT is the name
it bears.

1800.

v

TO M. H.

The pool alluded to is in Rydal Upper Park.

OUR walk was far among the ancient trees:
There was no road, nor any woodman's
path;

But a thick umbrage—checking the wild
growth

Of weed and sapling, along soft green turf
Beneath the branches—of itself had made
A track, that brought us to a slip of lawn,
And a small bed of water in the woods.
All round this pool both flocks and herds
might drink

On its firm margin, even as from a well,
Or some stone-basin which the herdsman's
hand

Had shaped for their refreshment; nor did
sun,

Or wind from any quarter, ever come,
But as a blessing to this calm recess,
This glade of water and this one green
field.

The spot was made by Nature for herself;
The travellers know it not, and 'twill
remain

Unknown to them; but it is beautiful;
And if a man should plant his cottage near,
Should sleep beneath the shelter of its trees,
And blend its waters with his daily meal,
He would so love it, that in his death-hour
Its image would survive among his thoughts:
And therefore, my sweet MARY, this still
Nook,

With all its beeches, we have named from
You!

1800.

THE WATERFALL AND THE EGLANTINE

* Suggested nearer to Grasmere, on the same
mountain track as that referred to in the following
Note. The Eglantine remained many years after-
wards, but is now gone.

I

"BEGONE, thou fond presumptuous Elf,"
Exclaimed an angry Voice,
"Nor dare to thrust thy foolish self
Between me and my choice!"
A small Cascade fresh swoln with snows
Thus threatened a poor Briar-rose,
That, all bespattered with his foam,
And dancing high and dancing low,
Was living, as a child might know,
In an unhappy home.

II

"Dost thou presume my course to block?
Off, off! or, puny Thing!
I'll hurl thee headlong with the rock
To which thy fibres cling."
The Flood was tyrannous and strong;
The patient Briar suffered long,
Nor did he utter groan or sigh,
Hoping the danger would be past;
But, seeing no relief, at last,
He ventured to reply.

III

"Ah!" said the Briar, "blame me not;
Why should we dwell in strife?
We who in this sequestered spot
Once lived a happy life!
You stirred me on my rocky bed—
What pleasure through my veins you
spread
The summer long, from day to day,
My leaves you freshened and bedewed;
Nor was it common gratitude
That did your cares repay.

IV

"When spring came on with bud and bell,
Among these rocks did I
Before you hang my wreaths to tell
That gentle days were nigh!
And in the sultry summer hours,
I sheltered you with leaves and flowers;
And in my leaves—now shed and gone,
The linnet lodged, and for us two
Chanted his pretty songs, when you
Had little voice or none.

V

"But now proud thoughts are in your
breast—
What grief is mine you see,

Ah! would you think, even yet how blest
Together we might be!
Though of both leaf and flower bereft,
Some ornaments to me are left—
Rich store of scarlet hips is mine,
With which I, in my humble way,
Would deck you many a winter day,
A happy Eglantine!"

VI

What more he said I cannot tell,
The Torrent down the rocky dell
Came thundering loud and fast;
I listened, nor aught else could hear;
The Briar quaked—and much I fear
Those accents were his last. 1800.

THE OAK AND THE BROOM

A PASTORAL

Suggested upon the mountain pathway that
leads from Upper Rydal to Grasmere. The pon-
derous block of stone which is mentioned in the
poem remains, I believe, to this day, a good way
up Nab-Scar. Broom grows under it, and in
many places on the side of the precipice.

I

His simple truths did Andrew glean
Beside the babbling rills;
A careful student he had been
Among the woods and hills.
One winter's night, when through the trees
The wind was roaring, on his knees
His youngest born did Andrew hold:
And while the rest, a ruddy quire,
Were seated round their blazing fire,
This Tale the Shepherd told.

II

"I saw a crag, a lofty stone
As ever tempest beat!
Out of its head an Oak had grown,
A Broom out of its feet.
The time was March, a cheerful noon—
The thaw-wind, with the breath of June,
Breathed gently from the warm south-west:
When, in a voice sedate with age,
This Oak, a giant and a sage,
His neighbour thus addressed:—

III

" 'Eight weary weeks, through rock and clay,
 Along this mountain's edge,
 The Frost hath wrought both night and day,
 Wedge driving after wedge.
 Look up ! and think, above your head
 What trouble, surely, will be bred ;
 Last night I heard a crash—'tis true,
 The splinters took another road—
 I see them yonder—what a load
 For such a Thing as you !

IV

" 'You are preparing as before,
 To deck your slender shape ;
 And yet, just three years back—no more—
 You had a strange escape :
 Down from yon cliff a fragment broke ;
 It thundered down, with fire and smoke,
 And hitherward pursued its way ;
 This ponderous block was caught by me,
 And o'er your head, as you may see,
 'Tis hanging to this day !

V

" 'If breeze or bird to this rough steep
 Your kind's first seed did bear ;
 The breeze had better been asleep,
 The bird caught in a snare :
 For you and your green twigs decoy
 The little witless shepherd-boy
 To come and slumber in your bower ;
 And, trust me, on some sultry noon,
 Both you and he, Heaven knows how soon !
 Will perish in one hour.

VI

" 'From me this friendly warning take'—
 The Broom began to doze,
 And thus, to keep herself awake,
 Did gently interpose :
 'My thanks for your discourse are due ;
 That more than what you say is true,
 I know, and I have known it long ;
 Frail is the bond by which we hold
 Our being, whether young or old,
 Wise, foolish, weak, or strong.

VII

" 'Disasters, do the best we can,
 Will reach both great and small ;

And he is oft the wisest man,
 Who is not wise at all.
 For me, why should I wish to roam ?
 This spot is my paternal home,
 It is my pleasant heritage ;
 My father many a happy year,
 Spread here his careless blossoms, here
 Attained a good old age.

VIII

" 'Even such as his may be my lot.
 What cause have I to haunt
 My heart with terrors ? Am I not
 In truth a favoured plant !
 On me such bounty Summer pours,
 That I am covered o'er with flowers ;
 And, when the Frost is in the sky,
 My branches are so fresh and gay
 That you might look at me and say,
 This Plant can never die.

IX

" 'The butterfly, all green and gold,
 To me hath often flown,
 Here in my blossoms to behold
 Wings lovely, as his own.
 When grass is chill with rain or dew,
 Beneath my shade, the mother-ewe
 Lies with her infant lamb ; I see
 The love they to each other make,
 And the sweet joy which they partake,
 It is a joy to me.'

X

" 'Her voice was blithe, her heart was light ;
 The Broom might have pursued
 Her speech, until the stars of night
 Their journey had renewed ;
 But in the branches of the oak
 Two ravens now began to croak
 Their nuptial song, a glad some air ;
 And to her own green bower the breeze
 That instant brought two stripling bees
 To rest, or murmur there.

XI

" 'One night, my Children ! from the north
 There came a furious blast ;
 At break of day I ventured forth,
 And near the cliff I passed.
 The storm had fallen upon the Oak,
 And struck him with a mighty stroke,

And whirled, and whirled him far away ;
 And, in one hospitable cleft,
 The little careless Broom was left
 To live for many a day." 1800.

HART-LEAP WELL

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The first eight stanzas were composed extempore one winter evening in the cottage ; when, after having tired myself with labouring at an awkward passage in "The Brothers," I started with a sudden impulse to this to get rid of the other, and finished it in a day or two. My Sister and I had past the place a few weeks before in our wild winter journey from Sockburn on the banks of the Tees to Grasmere. A peasant whom we met near the spot told us the story so far as concerned the name of the Well, and the Hart, and pointed out the Stones. Both the Stones and the Well are objects that may easily be missed ; the tradition by this time may be extinct in the neighbourhood : the man who related it to us was very old.

Hart-Leap Well is a small spring of water, about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road that leads from Richmond to Askrigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable Chase, the memory of which is preserved by the monuments spoken of in the second Part of the following Poem, which monuments do now exist as I have there described them.

THE Knight had ridden down from
 Wensley Moor

With the slow motion of a summer's cloud,
 And now, as he approached a vassal's door,
 "Bring forth another horse !" he cried aloud.

"Another horse !" — That shout the vassal
 heard

And saddled his best Steed, a comely grey ;
 Sir Walter mounted him ; he was the third
 Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes ;
 The horse and horseman are a happy pair ;
 But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,
 There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall,
 That as they galloped made the echoes roar ;
 But horse and man are vanished, one and
 all ;
 Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,
 Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain :
 Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their
 kind,

Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

The Knight hallooed, he cheered and chid
 them on

With suppliant gestures and upbraidings
 stern ;

But breath and eyesight fail ; and, one by
 one,

The dogs are stretched among the mountain
 fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the
 race ?

The bugles that so joyfully were blown ?

— This chase it looks not like an earthly
 chase ;

Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain-
 side ;

I will not stop to tell how far he fled,
 Nor will I mention by what death he died ;
 But now the Knight beholds him lying
 dead.

Dismounting, then, he leaned against a
 thorn ;

He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor boy :
 He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his
 horn,

But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter
 leaned,

Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat ;
 Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned ;
 And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet.

Upon his side the Hart was lying stretched :
 His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill,
 And with the last deep groan his breath
 had fetched

The waters of the spring were trembling
 still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,
 (Never had living man such joyful lot !)

Sir Walter walked all round, north, south,
 and west,

And gazed and gazed upon that darling
 spot.

And climbing up the hill—(it was at least
Four roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter found
Three several hoof-marks which the hunted
Beast
Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, "Till
now
Such sight was never seen by human eyes :
Three leaps have borne him from this lofty
brow,
Down to the very fountain where he lies.

"I'll build a pleasure-house upon this spot,
And a small harbour, made for rural joy ;
'Twill be the traveller's shed, the pilgrim's
cot,
A place of love for damsels that are coy.

"A cunning artist will I have to frame
A basin for that fountain in the dell !
And they who do make mention of the
same,
From this day forth, shall call it HART-
LEAP WELL.

"And, gallant Stag! to make thy praises
known,
Another monument shall here be raised ;
Three several pillars, each a rough-hewn
stone,
And planted where thy hoofs the turf have
grazed.

"And, in the summer-time when days are
long,
I will come hither with my Paramour ;
And with the dancers and the minstrel's
song
We will make merry in that pleasant bower.

"Till the foundations of the mountains
fail
My mansion with its harbour shall endure ;—
The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,
And them who dwell among the woods of
Ure !"

Then home he went, and left the Hart,
stone-dead,
With breathless nostrils stretched above the
spring.
—Soon did the Knight perform what he
had said ;
And far and wide the fame thereof did ring.

Ere thrice the Moon into her port had
steered,
A cup of stone received the living well ;
Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared,
And built a house of pleasure in the dell.

And near the fountain, flowers of stature
tall
With trailing plants and trees were inter-
twined,—
Which soon composed a little sylvan hall,
A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

And thither, when the summer days were
long,
Sir Walter led his wondering Paramour ;
And with the dancers and the minstrel's
song
Made merriment within that pleasant bower.

The Knight, Sir Walter, died in course of
time,
And his bones lie in his paternal vale.—
But there is matter for a second rhyme,
And I to this would add another tale.

PART SECOND

THE moving accident is not my trade ;
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts :
'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,
It chanced that I saw standing in a dell
Three aspens at three corners of a square ;
And one, not four yards distant, near a
well.

What this imported I could ill divine :
And, pulling now the rein my horse to
stop,
I saw three pillars standing in a line,—
The last stone-pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were grey, with neither arms nor
head ;
Half wasted the square mound of tawny
green ;
So that you just might say, as then I said,
"Here in old time the hand of man hath
been."

I looked upon the hill both far and near,
More doleful place did never eye survey;
It seemed as if the spring-time came not
here,

And Nature here were willing to decay.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,
When one, who was in shepherd's garb
attired,

Came up the hollow:—him did I accost,
And what this place might be I then
inquired.

The Shepherd stopped, and that same story
told

Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.
"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old!
But something ails it now: the spot is curst.

"You see these lifeless stumps of aspen
wood—

Some say that they are beeches, others elms—
These were the bower; and here a mansion
stood,

The finest palace of a hundred realms!

"The arbour does its own condition tell;
You see the stones, the fountain, and the
stream;

But as to the great Lodge! you might as
well

Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

"There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor
sheep,

Will wet his lips within that cup of stone;
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

"Some say that here a murder has been
done,

And blood cries out for blood: but, for my
part,

I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the
sun,

That it was all for that unhappy Hart.

"What thoughts must through the crea-
ture's brain have past!

Even from the topmost stone, upon the
steep,

Are but three bounds—and look, Sir, at
this last—

O Master! it has been a cruel leap.

"For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race;
And in my simple mind we cannot tell
What cause the Hart might have to love
this place,

And come and make his deathbed near the
well.

"Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,
Lulled by the fountain in the summer-tide;
This water was perhaps the first he drank
When he had wandered from his mother's
side.

"In April here beneath the flowering thorn
He heard the birds their morning carols
sing;

And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was
born

Not half a furlong from that self-same
spring.

"Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant
shade;

The sun on drearier hollow never shone;
So will it be, as I have often said,
Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all are
gone."

"Grey-headed Shepherd, thou hast spoken
well;

Small difference lies between thy creed and
mine:

This Beast not unobserved by Nature fell;
His death was mourned by sympathy divine.

"The Being, that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the
groves,

Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom he
loves.

"The pleasure-house is dust:—behind,
before,

This is no common waste, no common
gloom;

But Nature, in due course of time, once
more

Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

"She leaves these objects to a slow decay,
That what we are, and have been, may be
known;

But at the coming of the milder day,
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

"One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she shows, and what
conceals;

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that
feels."

1800.

"TIS SAID, THAT SOME HAVE DIED FOR LOVE"

'Tis said, that some have died for love:
And here and there a churchyard grave is
found

In the cold north's unhallowed ground,
Because the wretched man himself had slain,
His love was such a grievous pain.

And there is one whom I five years have
known;

He dwells alone

Upon Helvellyn's side:

He loved—the pretty Barbara died;

And thus he makes his moan:

Three years had Barbara in her grave been
laid

When thus his moan he made:

"Oh, move, thou Cottage, from behind
that oak!

Or let the aged tree uprooted lie,

That in some other way yon smoke

May mount into the sky!

The clouds pass on; they from the heavens
depart.

I look—the sky is empty space;

I know not what I trace;

But when I cease to look, my hand is on
my heart.

"Oh! what a weight is in these shades!
Ye leaves,

That murmur once so dear, when will it
cease?

Your sound my heart of rest bereaves,

It robs my heart of peace.

Thou Thrush, that singest loud—and loud
and free,

Into yon row of willows flit,

Upon that alder sit;

Or sing another song, or choose another tree.

"Roll back, sweet Rill! back to thy
mountain-bounds,

And there for ever be thy waters chained!
For thou dost haunt the air with sounds
That cannot be sustained;
If still beneath that pine-tree's ragged bough
Headlong yon waterfall must come,
Oh let it then be dumb!
Be anything, sweet Rill, but that which
thou art now.

"Thou Eglantine, so bright with sunny
showers,

Proud as a rainbow spanning half the vale,

Thou one fair shrub, oh! shed thy flowers,

And stir not in the gale.

For thus to see thee nodding in the air,

To see thy arch thus stretch and bend,

Thus rise and thus descend,—

Disturbs me till the sight is more than I can
dear."

The Man who makes this feverish com-
plaint

Is one of giant stature, who could dance

Equipped from head to foot in iron mail.

Ah gentle Love! if ever thought was thine

To store up kindred hours for me, thy face

Turn from me, gentle Love! nor let me
walk

Within the sound of Emma's voice, nor
know

Such happiness as I have known to-day.

1800.

THE CHILDLESS FATHER

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. When I was
a child at Cockermouth, no funeral took place
without a basin filled with sprigs of boxwood
being placed upon a table covered with a white
cloth in front of the house. The huntings on foot,
in which the old man is supposed to join as here
described, were of common, almost habitual,
occurrence in our vales when I was a boy; and
the people took much delight in them. They are
now less frequent.

"UP, Timothy, up with your staff and
away!

Not a soul in the village this morning will
stay;

The hare has just started from Hamilton's
grounds,

And Skiddaw is glad with the cry of the
hounds."

—Of coats and of jackets grey, scarlet, and green,

On the slopes of the pastures all colours were seen;

With their comely blue aprons, and caps white as snow,

The girls on the hills made a holiday show.

Fresh sprigs of green box-wood, not six months before,

Filled the funeral basin¹ at Timothy's door;
A coffin through Timothy's threshold had past;

One Child did it bear, and that Child was his last.

Now fast up the dell came the noise and the fray,

The horse and the horn, and the hark! hark away!

Old Timothy took up his staff, and he shut

With a leisurely motion the door of his hut.

Perhaps to himself at that moment he said;
"The key I must take, for my Ellen is dead."

But of this in my ears not a word did he speak;

And he went to the chase with a tear on his cheek.

1800.

SONG

FOR THE WANDERING JEW

THOUGH the torrents from their fountains
Roar down many a craggy steep,
Yet they find among the mountains
Resting-places calm and deep.

Clouds that love through air to hasten,
Ere the storm its fury stills,
Helmet-like themselves will fasten
On the heads of towering hills.

¹ In several parts of the North of England, when a funeral takes place, a basin full of sprigs of box-wood is placed at the door of the house from which the coffin is taken up, and each person who attends the funeral ordinarily takes a sprig of this box-wood, and throws it into the grave of the deceased.

What, if through the frozen centre
Of the Alps the Chamois bound,
Yet he has a home to enter
In some nook of chosen ground:

And the Sea-horse, though the ocean
Yield him no domestic cave,
Slumbers without sense of motion,
Couched upon the rocking wave.

If on windy days the Raven
Gambol like a dancing skiff,
Not the less she loves her haven
In the bosom of the cliff.

The fleet Ostrich, till day closes,
Vagrant over desert sands,
Brooding on her eggs reposes
When chill night that care demands.

Day and night my toils redouble,
Never nearer to the goal;
Night and day, I feel the trouble
Of the Wanderer in my soul. 1800.

RURAL ARCHITECTURE

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. These structures, as every one knows, are common amongst our hills, being built by shepherds, as conspicuous marks, and occasionally by boys in sport.

THERE's George Fisher, Charles Fleming,
and Reginald Shore,
Three rosy-cheeked school-boys, the highest
not more

Than the height of a counsellor's bag;
To the top of GREAT HOW¹ did it please
them to climb:

And there they built up, without mortar or lime,

A Man on the peak of the crag.

They built him of stones gathered up as
they lay:

They built him and christened him all in
one day,

An urchin both vigorous and hale;
And so without scruple they called him
Ralph Jones.

¹ Great How is a single and conspicuous hill, which rises towards the foot of Thirlmere, on the western side of the beautiful dale of Legberthwaite, along the high road between Keswick and Ambleside.

Now Ralph is renowned for the length of
his bones;
The Magog of Legberthwaite dale.

Just half a week after, the wind sallied forth,
And, in anger or merriment, out of the
north,
Coming on with a terrible pother,
From the peak of the crag blew the giant
away.
And what did these school-boys?—The
very next day
They went and they built up another.

—Some little I've seen of blind boisterous
works
By Christian disturbers more savage than
Turks,
Spirits busy to do and undo:
At remembrance whereof my blood some-
times will flag;
Then, light-hearted Boys, to the top of the
crag!
And I'll build up a giant with you.

1800.

ELLEN IRWIN:

OR,

THE BRAES OF KIRTLE¹

It may be worth while to observe that as there are Scotch Poems on this subject in simple ballad strain, I thought it would be both presumptuous and superfluous to attempt treating it in the same way; and, accordingly, I chose a construction of stanza quite new in our language; in fact, the same as that of Bürger's *Leonora*, except that the first and third lines do not, in my stanzas, rhyme. At the outset I threw out a classical image to prepare the reader for the style in which I meant to treat the story, and so to preclude all comparison.

FAIR Ellen Irwin, when she sate
Upon the braes of Kirtle,
Was lovely as a Grecian maid
Adorned with wreaths of myrtle;
Young Adam Bruce beside her lay,
And there did they beguile the day
With love and gentle speeches,
Beneath the budding beeches.

¹ The Kirtle is a river in the southern part of Scotland, on the banks of which the events here related took place.

From many knights and many squires
The Bruce had been selected;
And Gordon, fairest of them all,
By Ellen was rejected.
Sad tidings to that noble Youth!
For it may be proclaimed with truth,
If Bruce hath loved sincerely,
That Gordon loves as dearly.

But what are Gordon's form and face,
His shattered hopes and crosses,
To them, 'mid Kirtle's pleasant braes,
Reclined on flowers and mosses?
Alas that ever he was born!
The Gordon, couched behind a thorn,
Sees them and their caressing;
Beholds them blest and blessing.

Proud Gordon, maddened by the thoughts
That through his brain are travelling,
Rushed forth, and at the heart of Bruce
He launched a deadly javelin!
Fair Ellen saw it as it came,
And, starting up to meet the same,
Did with her body cover
The Youth, her chosen lover.

And, falling into Bruce's arms,
Thus died the beauteous Ellen,
Thus, from the heart of her True-love,
The mortal spear repelling.
And Bruce, as soon as he had slain
The Gordon, sailed away to Spain;
And fought with rage incessant
Against the Moorish crescent.

But many days, and many months,
And many years ensuing,
This wretched Knight did vainly seek
The death that he was wooing.
So, coming his last help to crave,
Heart-broken, upon Ellen's grave
His body he extended,
And there his sorrow ended.

Now ye, who willingly have heard
The tale I have been telling,
May in Kirkconnel churchyard view
The grave of lovely Ellen:
By Ellen's side the Bruce is laid;
And, for the stone upon his head,
May no rude hand deface it,
And its forlorn *Dieu jart*!

1800.

ANDREW JONES

I HATE that Andrew Jones; he'll breed
His children up to waste and pillage.
I wish the press-gang or the drum
With its tantara sound would come,
And sweep him from the village!

I said not this, because he loves
Through the long day to swear and tittle;
But for the poor dear sake of one
To whom a foul deed he had done,
A friendless man, a travelling cripple!

For this poor crawling helpless wretch,
Some horseman who was passing by,
A penny on the ground had thrown;
But the poor cripple was alone
And could not stoop—no help was nigh.

Inch-thick the dust lay on the ground
For it had long been droughty weather;
So with his staff the cripple wrought
Among the dust till he had brought
The half-pennies together.

It chanced that Andrew passed that way
Just at the time; and there he found
The cripple in the mid-day heat
Standing alone, and at his feet
He saw the penny on the ground.

He stopped and took the penny up:
And when the cripple nearer drew,
Quoth Andrew, "Under half-a-crown,
What a man finds is all his own,
And so, my Friend, good-day to you."

And hence I said, that Andrew's boys
Will all be trained to waste and pillage;
And wished the press-gang, or the drum
With its tantara sound, would come
And sweep him from the village.

1800.

THE TWO THIEVES;

OR, THE LAST STAGE OF AVARICE

This is Described from the life, as I was in the habit of observing when a boy at Hawkshead School. Daniel was more than eighty years older than myself when he was daily, thus occupied, under my notice. No book could have so early taught me to think of the changes to which

human life is subject; and while looking at him I could not but say to myself—we may, one of us, I or the happiest of my playmates, live to become still more the object of pity than this old man, this half-doating pilferer!

O NOW that the genius of Bewick were mine,
And the skill which he learned on the banks
of the Tyne.
Then the Muses might deal with me just
as they chose,
For I'd take my last leave both of verse
and of prose.

What feats would I work with my magical
hand!
Book-learning and books should be banished
the land:
And, for hunger and thirst and such
troublesome calls,
Every ale-house should then have a feast
on its walls.

The traveller would hang his wet clothes
on a chair;
Let them smoke, let them burn, not a straw
would he care!
For the Prodigal Son, Joseph's Dream and
his sheaves,
Oh, what would they be to my tale of two
Thieves?

The One, yet unbreeched, is not three
birthdays old,
His Grandsire that age more than thirty
times told;
There are ninety good seasons of fair and
foul weather
Between them, and both go a-pilfering
together.

With chips is the carpenter strewing his
floor?
Is a cart-load of turf at an old woman's
door?
Old Daniel his hand to the treasure will
slide!
And his Grandson's as busy at work by his
side.

Old Daniel begins; he stops short—and
his eye,
Through the lost look of dotage, is cunning
and sly:

'Tis a look which at this time is hardly his
own,
But tells a plain tale of the days that are
flown.

He once had a heart which was moved by
the wires
Of manifold pleasures and many desires :
And what if he cherished his purse ? 'Twas
no more
Than treading a path trod by thousands
before.

'Twas a path trod by thousands ; but
Daniel is one
Who went something farther than others
have gone,
And now with old Daniel you see how it
fares ;
You see to what end he has brought his
grey hairs.

The pair sally forth hand in hand : ere the
sun
Has peered o'er the beeches, their work is
begun :
And yet, into whatever sin they may fall,
This child but half knows it, and that, not
at all.

They hunt through the streets with deliber-
ate tread,
And each, in his turn, becomes leader or led ;
And, wherever they carry their plots and
their wiles,
Every face in the village is dimpled with
smiles.

Neither checked by the rich nor the needy
they roam ;
For the grey-headed Sire has a daughter
at home,
Who will gladly repair all the damage that's
done ;
And three, were it asked, would be ren-
dered for one.

Old Man ! whom so oft I with pity have
eyed,
I love thee, and love the sweet Boy at thy
side :
Long yet may'st thou live ! for a teacher
we see
That lifts up the veil of our nature in thee.

1800.

A CHARACTER

The principal features are taken from that of my
friend Robert Jones.

I MARVEL how Nature could ever find space
For so many strange contrasts in one human
face :

There's thought and no thought, and there's
paleness and bloom
And bustle and sluggishness, pleasure and
gloom.

There's weakness, and strength both re-
dundant and vain ;
Such strength as, if ever affliction and pain
Could pierce through a temper that's soft to
disease,
Would be rational peace—a philosopher's
ease.

There's indifference, alike when he fails or
succeeds,
And attention full ten times as much as
there needs ;
Pride where there's no envy, there's so much
of joy ;
And mildness, and spirit both forward and
coy.

There's freedom, and sometimes a diffident
stare
Of shame scarcely seeming to know that
she's there,
There's virtue, the title it surely may claim,
Yet wants heaven knows what to be worthy
the name.

This picture from nature may seem to
depart,
Yet the Man would at once run away with
your heart ;
And I for five centuries right gladly would be
Such an odd such a kind happy creature
as he.

1800.

INSCRIPTIONS

FOR THE SPOT WHERE THE HERMITAGE
STOOD ON ST. HERBERT'S ISLAND,
DERWENTWATER.

IF thou in the dear love of some one Friend
Hast been so happy that thou know'st what
thoughts

Will sometimes in the happiness of love
Make the heart sink, then wilt thou reverence

This quiet spot; and, Stranger! not unmoved

Wilt thou behold this shapeless heap of stones,

The desolate ruins of St. Herbert's Cell.

Here stood his threshold; here was spread the roof

That sheltered him, a self-secluded Man,

After long exercise in social cares

And offices humane, intent to adore

The Deity, with undistracted mind,

And meditate on everlasting things,

In utter solitude.—But he had left

A Fellow-labourer, whom the good Man loved

As his own soul. And, when with eye upraised

To heaven he knelt before the crucifix,

While o'er the lake the cataract of Lodore

Pealed to his orisons, and when he paced

Along the beach of this small isle and thought

Of his Companion, he would pray that both

(Now that their earthly duties were fulfilled)

Might die in the same moment. Nor in vain

So prayed he:—as our chronicles report,

Though here the Hermit numbered his last day

Far from St. Cuthbert his beloved Friend,

Those holy Men both died in the same hour. 1800.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL UPON A STONE
IN THE WALL OF THE HOUSE (AN OUT-
HOUSE), ON THE ISLAND AT GRASMERE.

RUDE is this Edifice, and Thou hast seen
Buildings, albeit rude, that have maintained
Proportions more harmonious, and approached

To closer fellowship with ideal grace.

But take it in good part:—alas! the poor

Vitruvius of our village had no help

From the great City; never, upon leaves

Of red Morocco folio, saw displayed,

In long succession, pre-existing ghosts

Of Beauties yet unborn—the rustic Lodge

Antique, and Cottage with verandah graced,
Nor lacking, for fit company, alcove,
Green-house, shell-grot, and moss-lined
hermitage.

Thou see'st a homely Pile, yet to these
walls

The heifer comes in the snow-storm, and
here

The new-dropped lamb finds shelter from
the wind.

And hither does one Poet sometimes row

His pinnacle, a small vagrant barge, up-piled

With plenteous store of heath and withered
fern,

(A lading which he with his sickle cuts,

Among the mountains) and beneath this
roof

He makes his summer couch, and here at
noon

Spreads out his limbs, while, yet unshorn,
the Sheep,

Panting beneath the burthen of their wool,

Lie round him, even as if they were a part

Of his own Household: nor, while from
his bed

He looks, through the open door-place,
toward the lake

And to the stirring breezes, does he want

Creations lovely as the work of sleep—

Fair sights, and visions of romantic joy!

1800.

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE PENCIL UPON A
STONE, THE LARGEST OF A HEAP
LYING NEAR A DESERTED QUARRY,
UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS AT RYDAL.

STRANGER! this hillock of mis-shapen
stones

Is not a Ruin spared or made by time,

Nor, as perchance thou rashly deem'st, the
Cairn

Of some old British Chief: 'tis nothing
more

Than the rude embryo of a little Dome

Or Pleasure-house, once destined to be
built

Among the birch-trees of this rocky isle.

But, as it chanced, Sir William having
learned

That from the shore a full-grown man
might wade,

And make himself a freeman of this spot

At any hour he chose, the prudent Knight

Desisted, and the quarry and the mound
 Are monuments of his unfinished task.
 The block on which these lines are traced,
 perhaps,
 Was once selected as the corner-stone
 Of that intended Pile, which would have
 been
 Some quaint odd plaything of elaborate
 skill,
 So that, I guess, the linnet and the thrush,
 And other little builders who dwell here,
 Had wondered at the work. But blame
 him not,
 For old Sir William was a gentle Knight,
 Bred in this vale, to which he appertained
 With all his ancestry. Then peace to him,
 And for the outrage which he had devised
 Entire forgiveness!—But if thou art one
 On fire with thy impatience to become
 An inmate of these mountains,—if, dis-
 turbed
 By beautiful conceptions, thou hast hewn
 Out of the quiet rock the elements
 Of thy trim Mansion destined soon to blaze
 In snow-white splendour,—think again;
 and, taught
 By old Sir William and his quarry, leave
 Thy fragments to the bramble and the
 rose;
 There let the vernal slow-worm sun himself,
 And let the redbreast hop from stone to
 stone. 1800.

THE SPARROW'S NEST

Written in the Orchard, Town-end, Grasmere.
 At the end of the garden of my father's house at
 Cockermouth was a high terrace that commanded
 a fine view of the river Derwent and Cockermouth
 Castle. This was our favourite play-ground. The
 terrace-wall, a low one, was covered with closely-
 clipt privet and roses, which gave an almost
 impervious shelter to birds that built their nests
 there. The latter of these stanzas alludes to one
 of those nests.

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,
 Those bright blue eggs together laid!
 On me the chance-discovered sight
 Gleamed like a vision of delight.
 I started—seeming to espy
 The home and sheltered bed,
 The Sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by
 My Father's house, in wet or dry

My sister Emmeline and I
 Together visited.

She looked at it and seemed to fear it;
 Dreading, tho' wishing, to be near it:
 Such heart was in her, being then
 A little Prattler among men.
 The Blessing of my later years
 Was with me when a boy:
 She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
 And humble cares, and delicate fears;
 A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
 And love, and thought, and joy.

1801.

"PELION AND OSSA FLOURISH SIDE BY SIDE"

PELION and Ossa flourish side by side,
 Together in immortal books enrolled:
 His ancient dower Olympus hath not sold;
 And that inspiring Hill, which "did divide
 Into two ample horns his forehead wide,"
 Shines with poetic radiance as of old;
 While not an English Mountain we behold
 By the celestial Muses glorified.
 Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise in
 crowds:
 What was the great Parnassus' self to Thee,
 Mount Skiddaw? In his natural sover-
 eignty
 Our British Hill is nobler far; he shrouds
 His double front among Atlantic clouds,
 And pours forth streams more sweet than
 Castaly. 1801.

THE PRIORESS'S TALE

FROM CHAUCER

"Call up him who left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold."

In the following Poem no further deviation
 from the original has been made than was neces-
 sary for the fluent reading and instant under-
 standing of the Author: so much, however, is the
 language altered since Chaucer's time, especially
 in pronunciation, that much was to be removed,
 and its place supplied with as little incongruity
 as possible. The ancient accent has been retained
 in a few conjunctions, as *also* and *alway*, from a
 conviction that such sprinklings of antiquity
 would be admitted, by persons of taste, to have
 a graceful accordance with the subject. The
 fierce bigotry of the Prioress forms a fine back-

ground for her tender-hearted sympathies with the Mother and Child; and the mode in which the story is told amply atones for the extravagance of the miracle.

I

"O LORD, our Lord! how wondrously,"
(quoth she)

"Thy name in this large world is spread
abroad!

For not alone by men of dignity
Thy worship is performed and precious
laud;

But by the mouths of children, gracious
God!

Thy goodness is set forth; they when they
lie

Upon the breast thy name do glorify.

II

"Wherefore in praise, the worthiest that I
may,

Jesu! of thee, and the white Lily-flower
Which did thee bear, and is a Maid for
aye,

To tell a story I will use my power;
Not that I may increase her honour's
dower,

For she herself is honour, and the root
Of goodness, next her Son, our soul's best
boot.

III

"O Mother Maid! O Maid and Mother
free!

O bush unburnt! burning in Moses' sight!
That down didst ravish from the Deity,
Through humbleness, the spirit that did
alight

Upon thy heart, whence, through that
glory's might,

Conceived was the Father's sapience,
Help me to tell it in thy reverence!

IV

"Lady! thy goodness, thy magnificence,
Thy virtue, and thy great humility,
Surpass all science and all utterance;
For sometimes, Lady! ere men pray to
thee

Thou goest before in thy benignity,
The light to us vouchsafing of thy prayer,
To be our guide unto thy Son so dear.

V

"My knowledge is so weak, O blissful
Queen!

To tell abroad thy mighty worthiness,
That I the weight of it may not sustain;
But as a child of twelvemonths old or less,
That laboureth his language to express,
Even so fare I; and therefore, I thee pray,
Guide thou my song which I of thee shall
say.

VI

"There was in Asia, in a mighty town,
'Mong Christian folk, a street where Jews
might be,
Assigned to them and given them for their
own

By a great Lord, for gain and usury,
Hateful to Christ and to his company;
And through this street who list might ride
and wend;
Free was it, and unbarred at either end.

VII

"A little school of Christian people stood
Down at the farther end, in which there
were

A nest of children come of Christian blood,
That learned in that school from year to
year

Such sort of doctrine as men used there,
That is to say, to sing and read also,
As little children in their childhood do.

VIII

"Among these children was a Widow's son,
A little scholar, scarcely seven years old,
Who day by day unto this school hath gone,
And eke, when he the image did behold
Of Jesu's Mother, as he had been told,
This Child was wont to kneel adown and
say

Ave Marie, as he goeth by the way.

IX

"This Widow thus her little Son hath taught
Our blissful Lady, Jesu's Mother dear,
To worship aye, and he forgot it not;
For simple infant hath a ready ear.
Sweet is the holiness of youth: and hence,
Calling to mind this matter when I may,
Saint Nicholas in my presence standeth aye,
For he so young to Christ did reverence.

X

"This little Child, while in the school he sate
His Primer conning with an earnest cheer,
The whilst the rest their anthem-book
repeat
The *Alma Redemptoris* did he hear;
And as he durst he drew him near and
near,
And hearkened to the words and to the
note,
Till the first verse he learned it all by rote.

XI

"This Latin knew he nothing what it said,
For he too tender was of age to know;
But to his comrade he repaired, and prayed
That he the meaning of this song would
show,
And unto him declare why men sing so;
This oftentimes, that he might be at ease,
'This child did him beseech on his bare
knees.

XII

"His Schoolfellow, who elder was than he,
Answered him thus:—'This song, I have
heard say,
Was fashioned for our blissful Lady free;
Her to salute, and also her to pray
To be our help upon our dying day:
If there is more in this, I know it not;
Song do I learn,—small grammar I have
got.'

XIII

"'And is this song fashioned in reverence
Of Jesu's Mother?' said this Innocent;
'Now, certes, I will use my diligence
To con it all ere Christmas-tide be spent;
Although I for my Primer shall be shent,
And shall be beaten three times in an hour,
Our Lady I will praise with all my power.'

XIV

"His Schoolfellow, whom he had so be-
sought,
As they went homeward taught him privily
And then he sang it well and fearlessly,
From word to word according to the note:
Twice in a day it passed through his
throat;
Homeward and schoolward whensoever he
went,
On Jesu's Mother fixed was his intent.

XV

"Through all the Jewry (this before said I)
This little Child, as he came to and fro,
Full merrily then would he sing and cry,
O *Alma Redemptoris*! high and low:
The sweetness of Christ's Mother pierced so
His heart, that her to praise, to her to
pray,
He cannot stop his singing by the way.

XVI

"The Serpent, Satan, our first foe, that hath
His wasp's nest in Jew's heart, upswelled
—'O woe,
O Hebrew people!' said he in his wrath,
'Is it an honest thing? Shall this be so?
'That such a Boy where'er he lists shall go
In your despite, and sing his hymns and
saws,
Which is against the reverence of our laws!'

XVII

"From that day forward have the Jews
conspired
Out of the world this Innocent to chase;
And to this end a Homicide they hired,
That in an alley had a privy place,
And, as the Child 'gan to the school to pace,
This cruel Jew him seized, and held him fast
And cut his throat, and in a pit him cast.

XVIII

"I say that him into a pit they threw,
A loathsome pit, whence noisome scents
exhale;
O cursèd folk! away, ye Herods new!
What may your ill intentions you avail?
Murder will out; certes it will not fail;
Know, that the honour of high God may
spread,
The blood cries out on your accursèd deed.

XIX

"O Martyr 'stablished in virginity!
Now may'st thou sing for aye before the
throne,
Following the Lamb celestial," quoth she,
"Of which the great Evangelist, Saint John,
In Patmos wrote, who saith of them that
go
Before the Lamb singing continually,
That never fleshly woman they did know.

XX

"Now this poor widow waiteth all that night
 After her little Child, and he came not;
 For which, by earliest glimpse of morning
 light,
 With face all pale with dread and busy
 thought,
 She at the School and elsewhere him hath
 sought
 Until thus far she learned, that he had been
 In the Jews' street, and there he last was
 seen.

XXI

"With Mother's pity in her breast enclosed
 She goeth, as she were half out of her mind,
 To every place wherein she hath supposed
 By likelihood her little Son to find;
 And ever on Christ's Mother meek and kind
 She cried, till to the Jewry she was brought,
 And him among the accursed Jews she
 sought.

XXII

"She asketh, and she piteously doth pray
 To every Jew that dwelleth in that place
 To tell her if her child had passed that way;
 They all said—Nay; but Jesu of his grace
 Gave to her thought, that in a little space
 She for her Son in that same spot did cry
 Where he was cast into a pit hard by.

XXIII

"O thou great God that dost perform thy
 laud
 By mouths of Innocents, lo! here thy might;
 This gem of chastity, this emerald,
 And eke of martyrdom this ruby bright,
 There, where with mangled throat he lay
 upright,
 The *Alma Redemptoris* 'gan to sing,
 So loud, that with his voice the place did
 ring.

XXIV

"The Christian folk that through the Jewry
 went
 Come to the spot in wonder at the thing;
 And hastily they for the Provost sent;
 Immediately he came, not tarrying,
 And praiseth Christ that is our heavenly
 King,
 And eke his Mother, honour of Mankind:
 Which done he bade that they the Jews
 should bind.

XXV

"This Child with piteous lamentation then
 Was taken up, singing his song alway;
 And with procession great and pomp of men
 To the next Abbey him they bare away;
 His Mother swooning by the body lay:
 And scarcely could the people that were
 near
 Remove this second Rachel from the bier.

XXVI

"Torment and shameful death to every one
 This Provost doth for those bad Jews
 prepare
 That of this murder wist, and that anon:
 Such wickedness his judgments cannot
 spare;
 Who will do evil, evil shall he bear;
 Them therefore with wild horses did he
 draw,
 And after that he hung them by the law.

XXVII

"Upon his bier this Innocent doth lie
 Before the altar while the Mass doth last:
 The Abbot with his convent's company
 Then sped themselves to bury him full fast;
 And, when they holy water on him cast,
 Yet spake this Child when sprinkled was
 the water,
 And sang, O *Alma Redemptoris Mater!*

XXVIII

"This Abbot, for he was a holy man,
 As all Monks are, or surely ought to be,
 In supplication to the Child began
 Thus saying, 'O dear Child! I summon
 thee
 In virtue of the holy Trinity
 Tell me the cause why thou dost sing this
 hymn
 Since that thy throat is cut, as it doth seem.'

XXIX

"'My throat is cut unto the bone, I trow,'
 Said this young Child, 'and by the law of
 kind
 I should have died, yea many hours ago;
 But Jesus Christ, as in the books ye find,
 Will that his glory last, and be in mind;
 And, for the worship of his Mother dear,
 Yet may I sing O *Alma!* loud and clear.

XXX

" 'This well of mercy, Jesu's Mother sweet,
After my knowledge I have loved alway;
And in the hour when I my death did meet
To me she came, and thus to me did say,
'Thou in thy dying sing this holy lay,'
As ye have heard; and soon as I had sung
Methought she laid a grain upon my tongue.

XXXI

" 'Wherefore I sing, nor can from song
refrain,
In honour of that blissful Maiden free,
Till from my tongue off-taken is the grain;
And after that thus said she unto me;
'My little Child, then will I come for thee
Soon as the grain from off thy tongue they
take:
Be not dismayed, I will not thee forsake!'"

XXXII

" 'This holy Monk, this Abbot—him mean I,
Touched then his tongue, and took away
the grain;
And he gave up the ghost full peacefully;
And, when the Abbot had this wonder seen,
His salt tears trickled down like showers of
rain;
And on his face he dropped upon the ground,
And still he lay as if he had been bound.

XXXIII

" 'Eke the whole Convent on the pavement
lay,
Weeping and praising Jesu's Mother dear;
And after that they rose, and took their way,
And lifted up this Martyr from the bier,
And in a tomb of precious marble clear
Enclosed his uncorrupted body sweet.—
Where'er he be, God grant us him to meet!

XXXIV

" 'Young Hew of Lincoln! in like sort laid
low
By cursèd Jews—thing well and widely
known,
For it was done a little while ago—
Pray also thou for us, while here we tarry
Weak sinful folk, that God, with pitying eye,
In mercy would his mercy multiply
On us, for reverence of his Mother Mary!'"

1801.

THE CUCKOO AND THE
NIGHTINGALE

FROM CHAUCER

I

THE God of Love—*ah, benedicite!*
How mighty and how great a Lord is he!
For he of low hearts can make high, of
high
He can make low, and unto death bring
nigh;
And hard hearts he can make them kind
and free.

II

Within a little time, as hath been found,
He can make sick folk whole and fresh and
sound;
Them who are whole in body and in mind,
He can make sick,—bind can he and un-
bind
All that he will have bound, or have
unbound.

III

To tell his might my wit may not suffice;
Foolish men he can make them out of
wise;—
For he may do all that he will devise;
Loose livers he can make abate their vice,
And proud hearts can make tremble in a
trice.

IV

In brief, the whole of what he will, he may;
Against him dare not any wight say nay;
To humble or afflict whome'er he will,
To gladden or to grieve, he hath like skill;
But most his might he sheds on the eve of
May.

V

For every true heart, gentle heart and free,
That with him is, or thinketh so to be,
Now against May shall have some stirring
—whether
To joy, or be it to some mourning; never
At other time, methinks, in like degree.

VI

For now when they may hear the small
birds' song,
And see the budding leaves the branches
through,

This unto their remembrance doth bring
All kinds of pleasure mixed with sorrowing;
And longing of sweet thoughts that ever
long.

VII

And of that longing heaviness doth come,
Whence oft great sickness grows of heart
and home:

Sick are they all for lack of their desire;
And thus in May their hearts are set on
fire,

So that they burn forth in great martyrdom.

VIII

In sooth, I speak from feeling, what though
now

Old am I, and to genial pleasure slow;
Yet have I felt of sickness through the May,
Both hot and cold, and heart-aches every
day,—

How hard, alas! to bear, I only know.

IX

Such shaking doth the fever in me keep
Through all this May that I have little
sleep;

And also 'tis not likely unto me,
That any living heart should sleepy be
In which Love's dart its fiery point doth
steep.

X

But tossing lately on a sleepless bed,
I of a token thought which Lovers heed;
How among them it was a common tale,
That it was good to hear the Nightingale,
Ere the vile Cuckoo's note be uttered.

XI

And then I thought anon as it was day,
I gladly would go somewhere to essay
If I perchance a Nightingale might hear,
For yet had I heard none, of all that year,
And it was then the third night of the May.

XII

And soon as I a glimpse of day espied,
No longer would I in my bed abide,
But straightway to a wood that was hard by,
Forth did I go, alone and fearlessly,
And held the pathway down by a brook-
side;

XIII

Till to a lawn I came all white and green,
I in so fair a one had never been.

The ground was green, with daisy powdered
over;

Tall were the flowers, the grove a lofty
cover,

All green and white; and nothing else was
seen.

XIV

There sate I down among the fair fresh
flowers,

And saw the birds come tripping from their
bowers,

Where they had rested them all night; and
they,

Who were so joyful at the light of day,
Began to honour May with all their powers.

XV

Well did they know that service all by rote,
And there was many and many a lovely
note,

Some, singing loud, as if they had com-
plained;

Some with their notes another manner
feigned;

And some did sing all out with the full
throat.

XVI

They pruned themselves, and made them-
selves right gay,

Dancing and leaping light upon the spray;

And ever two and two together were,
The same as they had chosen for the year,

Upon Saint Valentine's returning day.

XVII

Meanwhile the stream, whose bank I sate
upon,

Was making such a noise as it ran on
Accordant to the sweet Birds' harmony;
Methought that it was the best melody
Which ever to man's ear a passage won.

XVIII

And for delight, but how I never wot,
I in a slumber and a swoon was caught,
Not all asleep and yet not waking wholly;
And as I lay, the Cuckoo, bird unholy,
Broke silence, or I heard him in my thought.

XIX

And that was right upon a tree fast by,
 And who was then ill satisfied but I?
 Now, God, quoth I, that died upon the
 rood,
 From thee and thy base throat, keep all
 that's good,
 Full little joy have I now of thy cry.

XX

And, as I with the Cuckoo thus 'gan chide,
 In the next bush that was me fast beside,
 I heard the lusty Nightingale so sing,
 That her clear voice made a loud rioting,
 Echoing thorough all the green wood wide.

XXI

Ah! good sweet Nightingale! for my
 heart's cheer,
 Hence hast thou stayed a little while too
 long;
 For we have had the sorry Cuckoo here,
 And she hath been before thee with her
 song;
 Evil light on her! she hath done me wrong.

XXII

But hear you now a wondrous thing, I
 pray;
 As long as in that swooning-fit I lay,
 Methought I wist right well what these
 birds meant,
 And had good knowing both of their intent,
 And of their speech, and all that they
 would say.

XXIII

The Nightingale thus in my hearingspake:—
 Good Cuckoo, seek some other bush or
 brake,
 And, prithee, let us that can sing dwell here;
 For every wight eschews thy song to hear,
 Such uncouth singing verily dost thou make.

XXIV

What! quoth she then, what is't that ails
 thee now?
 It seems to me I sing as well as thou;
 For mine's a song that is both true and
 plain,—
 Although I cannot quaver so in vain
 As thou dost in thy throat, I wot not how.

XXV

All men may understanding have of me,
 But, Nightingale, so may they not of thee;
 For thou hast many a foolish and quaint
 cry:—
 Thou say'st OSEE, OSEE, then how may I
 Have knowledge, I thee pray, what this
 may be?

XXVI

Ah, fool! quoth she, wist thou not what it
 is?
 Oft as I say OSEE, OSEE, I wis,
 Then mean I, that I should be wonderous
 fain
 That shamefully they one and all were slain,
 Whoever against Love mean aught amiss.

XXVII

And also would I that they all were dead,
 Who do not think in love their life to lead;
 For who is loth the God of Love to obey,
 Is only fit to die, I dare well say,
 And for that cause OSEE I cry; take heed!

XXVIII

Ay, quoth the Cuckoo, that is a quaint law,
 That all must love or die; but I withdraw,
 And take my leave of all such company,
 For mine intent it neither is to die,
 Nor ever while I live Love's yoke to draw.

XXIX

For lovers of all folk that be alive,
 The most disquiet have and least do thrive;
 Most feeling have of sorrow woe and care,
 And the least welfare cometh to their share;
 What need is there against the truth to
 strive?

XXX

What! quoth she, thou art all out of thy
 mind,
 That in thy churlishness a cause canst find
 To speak of Love's true Servants in this
 mood;
 For in this world no service is so good
 To every wight that gentle is of kind.

XXXI

For thereof comes all goodness and all
 worth;
 All gentiless and honour thence come forth:

Thence worship comes, content and true
heart's pleasure,
And full-assured trust, joy without measure,
And jollity, fresh cheerfulness, and mirth;

XXXII

And bounty, lowliness, and courtesy,
And seemliness, and faithful company,
And dread of shame that will not do amiss;
For he that faithfully Love's servant is,
Rather than be disgraced, would chuse to
die.

XXXIII

And that the very truth it is which I
Now say—in such belief I'll live and die;
And Cuckoo, do thou so, by my advice.
Then, quoth she, let me never hope for
bliss,
If with that counsel I do e'er comply.

XXXIV

Good Nightingale! thou speakest wondrous
fair,
Yet for all that, the truth is found elsewhere;
For Love in young folk is but rage, I wis;
And Love in old folk a great dotage is;
Who most it useth, him 'twill most impair.

XXXV

For thereof come all contraries to gladness!
Thence sickness comes, and overwhelming
sadness,
Mistrust and jealousy, despite, debate,
Dishonour, shame, envy importunate,
Pride, anger, mischief, poverty, and mad-
ness.

XXXVI

Loving is aye an office of despair,
And one thing is therein which is not fair;
For whoso gets of love a little bliss,
Unless it alway stay with him, I wis
He may full soon go with an old man's
hair.

XXXVII

And, therefore, Nightingale! do thou keep
nigh,
For trust me well, in spite of thy quaint
cry,
If long time from thy mate thou be, or far,
Thou'lt be as others that forsaken are;
Then shalt thou raise a clamour as do I.

XXXVIII

Fie, quoth she, on thy name, Bird ill be-
seen!
The God of Love afflict thee with all teen,
For thou art worse than mad a thousand
fold;
For many a one hath virtues manifold,
Who had been nought, if Love had never
been.

XXXIX

For evermore his servants Love amendeth,
And he from every blemish them defendeth;
And maketh them to burn, as in a fire,
In loyalty, and worshipful desire,
And, when it likes him, joy enough them
sendeth.

XL

Thou Nightingale! the Cuckoo said, be still,
For Love no reason hath but his own will;—
For to th' untrue he oft gives ease and joy;
True lovers doth so bitterly annoy,
He lets them perish through that grievous
ill.

XLI

With such a master would I never be;¹
For he, in sooth, is blind, and may not see,
And knows not when he hurts and when he
heals;
Within this court full seldom Truth avails,
So diverse in his wilfulness is he.

XLII

Then of the Nightingale did I take note,
How from her inmost heart a sigh she
brought,
And said, Alas! that ever I was born,
Not one word have I now, I am so forlorn,—
And with that word, she into tears burst
out.

XLIII

Alas, alas! my very heart will break,
Quoth she, to hear this churlish bird thus
speak
Of Love, and of his holy services;
Now, God of Love; thou help me in some
wise,
That vengeance on this Cuckoo I may
wreak.

¹ From a manuscript in the Bodleian, as are also stanzas 44 and 45, which are necessary to complete the sense.

XLIV

And so methought I started up anon,
And to the brook I ran and got a stone,
Which at the Cuckoo hardly I cast,
And he for dread did fly away full fast;
And glad, in sooth, was I when he was
gone.

XLV

And as he flew, the Cuckoo, ever and aye,
Kept crying "Farewell!—farewell, Pop-
injay!"
As if in scornful mockery of me;
And on I hunted him from tree to tree,
Till he was far, all out of sight, away.

XLVI

Then straightway came the Nightingale to
me,
And said, Forsooth, my friend, do I thank
thee,
That thou wert near to rescue me; and
now,
Unto the God of Love I make a vow,
That all this May I will thy songstress be.

XLVII

Well satisfied, I thanked her, and she said,
By this mishap no longer be dismayed,
Though thou the Cuckoo heard, ere thou
heard'st me;
Yet if I live it shall amended be,
When next May comes, if I am not afraid.

XLVIII

And one thing will I counsel thee also,
The Cuckoo trust not thou, nor his Love's
saw;
All that she said is an outrageous lie.
Nay, nothing shall me bring thereto, quoth
I,
For Love, and it hath done me mighty woe.

XLIX

Yea, hath it? use, quoth she, this medicine;
This May-time, every day before thou
dine,
Go look on the fresh daisy; then say I,
Although for pain thou may'st be like to
die,
Thou wilt be eased, and less wilt droop and
pine.

L

And mind always that thou be good and
true,
And I will sing one song, of many new,
For love of thee, as loud as I may cry;
And then did she begin this song full high,
"Beshrew all them that are in love untrue."

LI

And soon as she had sung it to the end,
Now farewell, quoth she, for I hence must
wend;
And, God of Love, that can right well and
may,
Send unto thee as mickle joy this day,
As ever he to Lover yet did send.

LII

Thus takes the Nightingale her leave of
me;
I pray to God with her always to be,
And joy of love to send her evermore;
And shield us from the Cuckoo and her
lore,
For there is not so false a bird as she.

LIII

Forth then she flew, the gentle Nightingale,
To all the Birds that lodged within that
dale,
And gathered each and all into one place;
And them besought to hear her doleful case,
And thus it was that she began her tale,

LIV

The Cuckoo—'tis not well that I should
hide
How she and I did each the other chide,
And without ceasing, since it was daylight;
And now I pray you all to do me right
Of that false Bird whom Love can not
abide,

LV

Then spake one Bird, and full assent all
gave;
This matter asketh counsel good as grave,
For birds we are—all here together brought;
And, in good sooth, the Cuckoo here is
not;
And therefore we a Parliament will have.

LVI

And thereat shall the Eagle be our Lord,
 And other Peers whose names are on record;
 A summons to the Cuckoo shall be sent,
 And judgment there be given; or that
 intent
 Failing, we finally shall make accord.

LVII

And all this shall be done, without a nay,
 The morrow after Saint Valentine's day,
 Under a maple that is well beseen,
 Before the chamber-window of the Queen,
 At Woodstock, on the meadow green and
 gay.

LVIII

She thanked them; and then her leave she
 took,
 And flew into a hawthorn by that brook;
 And there she sate and sung—upon that
 tree—
 "For term of life Love shall have hold of
 me"—
 So loudly, that I with that song awoke."

Unlearned Book and rude, as well I know,
 For beauty thou hast none, nor eloquence,
 Who did on thee the hardness bestow
 To appear before my Lady? but a sense
 Thou surely hast of her benevolence,
 Whereof her hourly bearing proof doth
 give;
 For of all good she is the best alive.

Alas, poor Book! for thy unworthiness,
 To show to her some pleasant meanings
 writ
 In winning words, since through her gen-
 tiless,
 Thee she accepts as for her service fit!
 Oh! it repents me I have neither wit
 Nor leisure unto thee more worth to give;
 For of all good she is the best alive.

Beseech her meekly with all lowliness,
 Though I be far from her I reverence,
 To think upon my truth and steadfastness,
 And to abridge my sorrow's violence,
 Caused by the wish, as knows your sapience,
 She of her liking proof to me would give;
 For of all good she is the best alive.

L'ENVOY

Pleasure's Aurora, Day of gladness!
 Luna by night, with heavenly influence
 Illumined! root of beauty and goodness,
 Write, and allay, by your beneficence,
 My sighs breathed forth in silence,—com-
 fort give!

Since of all good, you are the best alive.

EXPLICIT

1801.

TROILOUS AND CRESIDA

FROM CHAUCER

NEXT morning Troilus began to clear
 His eyes from sleep, at the first break of
 day,

And unto Pandarus, his own Brother dear,
 For love of God, full piteously did say,
 We must the Palace see of Cresida;
 For since we yet may have no other feast,
 Let us behold her Palace at the least!

And therewithal to cover his intent
 A cause he found into the Town to go,
 And they right forth to Cresid's Palace
 went;

But, Lord, this simple Troilus was woe,
 Him thought his sorrowful heart would
 break in two;
 For when he saw her doors fast bolted all,
 Well nigh for sorrow down he 'gan to fall.

Therewith when this true Lover 'gan be-
 hold,

How shut was every window of the place,
 Like frost he thought his heart was icy cold;
 For which, with changèd, pale, and deadly
 face,

Without word uttered, forth he 'gan to
 pace;

And on his purpose bent so fast to ride,
 That no wight his continuance espied.

Then said he thus,—O Palace desolate!
 O house of houses, once so richly dight!
 O Palace empty and disconsolate!
 Thou lamp of which extinguished is the
 light;

O Palace whilom day that now art night,
 Thou ought'st to fall and I to die; since
 she

Is gone who held us both in sovereignty.

O, of all houses once the crownèd boast !
 Palace illumined with the sun of bliss ;
 O ring of which the ruby now is lost,
 O cause of woe, that cause has been of
 bliss :

Yet, since I may no better, would I kiss
 Thy cold doors ; but I dare not for this
 rout ;
 Farewell, thou shrine of which the Saint is
 out.

Therewith he cast on Pandarus an eye,
 With changèd face, and piteous to behold ;
 And when he might his time aright espy,
 Aye as he rode, to Pandarus he told
 Both his new sorrow and his joys of old,
 So piteously, and with so dead a hue,
 That every wight might on his sorrow rue.

Forth from the spot he rideth up and down,
 And everything to his remembrance
 Came as he rode by places of the town
 Where he had felt such perfect pleasure
 once.

Lo, yonder saw I mine own Lady dance,
 And in that Temple she with her bright
 eyes,
 My Lady dear, first bound me captive-wise.

And yonder with joy-smitten heart have I
 Heard my own Cresid's laugh ; and once
 at play

I yonder saw her eke full blissfully ;
 And yonder once she unto me 'gan say—
 Now, my sweet Troilus, love me well, I
 pray !

And there so graciously did me behold,
 That hers unto the death my heart I hold.

And at the corner of that self-same house
 Heard I my most belovèd Lady dear,
 So womanly, with voice melodious
 Singing so well, so goodly, and so clear,
 That in my soul methinks I yet do hear
 The blissful sound ; and in that very place
 My Lady first me took unto her grace. •

O blissful God of Love ! then thus he cried,
 When I the process have in memory,
 How thou hast wearied me on every side,
 Men thence a book might make, a history ;
 What need to seek a conquest over me,
 Since I am wholly at thy will ? what joy
 Hast thou thy own liege subjects to destroy ?

Dread Lord ! so fearful when provoked,
 thine ire

Well hast thou wreaked on me by pain and
 grief.

Now mercy, Lord ! thou know'st well I
 desire

Thy grace above all pleasures first and
 chief ;

And live and die I will in thy belief ;
 For which I ask for guerdon but one boon,
 That Cresida again thou send me soon.

Constrain her heart as quickly to return,
 As thou dost mine with longing her to see,
 Then know I well that she would not so
 journ.

Now, blissful Lord, so cruel do not be
 Unto the blood of Troy, I pray of thee,
 As Juno was unto the Theban blood,
 From whence to Thebes came griefs in
 multitude.

And after this he to the gate did go,
 Whence Cresid rode, as if in haste she was ;
 And up and down there went, and to and
 fro,

And to himself full oft he said, alas !
 From hence my hope, and solace forth did
 pass.

O would the blissful God now for his joy,
 I might her see again coming to Troy !

And up to yonder hill was I her guide ;
 Alas, and there I took of her my leave ;
 Yonder I saw her to her Father ride,
 For very grief of which my heart shall
 cleave ;—

And hither home I came when it was eve ;
 And here I dwell an outcast from all joy,
 And shall, unless I see her soon in Troy.

And of himself did he imagine oft,
 That he was blighted, pale, and waxen less
 Than he was wont ; and that in whispers
 soft

Men said, what may it be, can no one guess
 Why Troilus hath all this heaviness ?
 All which he of himself conceited wholly
 Out of his weakness and his melancholy.

Another time he took into his head,
 That every wight, who in the way passed by,
 Had of him ruth, and fancied that they
 said,

I am right sorry Troilus will die;
And thus a day or two drove wearily;
As ye have heard; such life 'gan he to lead
As one that standeth betwixt hope and
dread.

For which it pleased him in his songs to
show

The occasion of his woe, as best he might;
And made a fitting song, of words but few,
Somewhat his woeful heart to make more
light;

And when he was removed from all men's
sight,

With a soft night voice, he of his Lady
dear,

That absent was, 'gan sing as ye may hear.

O star, of which I lost have all the light,
With a sore heart well ought I to bewail,
That ever dark in torment, night by night,
Toward my death with wind I steer and
sail;

For which upon the tenth night if thou fail
With thy bright beams to guide me but
one hour,

My ship and me Charybdis will devour.

As soon as he this song had thus sung
through,

He fell again into his sorrows old;
And every night, as was his wont to do,
Troilus stood the bright moon to behold;
And all his trouble to the moon he told,
And said; I wis, when thou art horn'd
anew,

I shall be glad if all the world be true.

Thy horns were old as now upon that
morrow,

When hence did journey my bright Lady
dear,

That cause is of my torment and my sorrow;
For which, oh, gentle Luna, bright and
clear;

For love of God, run fast above thy sphere;
For when thy horns begin once more to
spring,

Then shall she come, that with her bliss
may bring.

The day is more, and longer every night
Than they were wont to be—for he thought
so;

And that the sun did take his course not
right,

By longer way than he was wont to go;
And said, I am in constant dread I trow,
That Phæton his son is yet alive,
His too fond father's car amiss to drive.

Upon the walls fast also would he walk,
To the end that he the Grecian host might
see;

And ever thus he to himself would talk:—
Lo! yonder is my own bright Lady free;
Or yonder is it that the tents must be;
And thence does come this air which is so
sweet,

That in my soul I feel the joy of it.

And certainly this wind, that more and
more

By moments thus increaseth in my face,
Is of my Lady's sighs heavy and sore;
I prove it thus; for in no other space
Of all this town, save only in this place,
Feel I a wind, that soundeth so like pain;
It saith, Alas, why severed are we twain?

A weary while in pain he tosseth thus,
Till fully past and gone was the ninth
night;

And ever at his side stood Pandarus,
Who busily made use of all his might
To comfort him, and make his heart more
light;

Giving him always hope, that she the morrow
Of the tenth day will come, and end his
sorrow.

1801.

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. I met this
woman near the Wishing-gate, on the high-road
that then led from Grasmere to Ambleside. Her
appearance was exactly as here described, and
such was her account, nearly to the letter.

ONE morning (raw it was and wet—
A foggy day in winter time)

A Woman on the road I met,
Not old, though something past her
prime:

Majestic in her person, tall and straight;
And like a Roman matron's was her mien
and gait.

The ancient spirit is not dead;
 Old times, thought I, are breathing there;
 Proud was I that my country bred
 Such strength, a dignity so fair:
 She begged an alms, like one in poor
 estate;

I looked at her again, nor did my pride
 abate.

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,
 "What is it," said I, "that you bear,
 Beneath the covert of your Cloak,
 Protected from this cold damp air?"
 She answered, soon as she the question
 heard,

"A simple burthen, Sir, a little Singing-
 bird."

And, thus continuing, she said,
 "I had a Son, who many a day
 Sailed on the seas, but he is dead;
 In Denmark he was cast away:

And I have travelled weary miles to see
 If aught which he had owned might still
 remain for me.

"The bird and cage they both were his:
 'Twas my Son's bird; and neat and trim
 He kept it: many voyages
 The singing-bird had gone with him;
 When last he sailed, he left the bird
 behind;

From bodings, as might be, that hung upon
 his mind.

"He to a fellow-lodger's care
 Had left it, to be watched and fed,
 And pipe its song in safety;—there
 I found it when my Son was dead;
 And now, God help me for my little wit!

I bear it with me, Sir;—he took so much
 delight in it." 1802.

ALICE FELL;

OR, POVERTY

Written to gratify Mr. Graham of Glasgow,
 brother of the Author of "The Sabbath." He
 was a zealous coadjutor of Mr. Clarkson, and a
 man of ardent humanity. The incident had hap-
 pened to himself, and he urged me to put it into
 verse, for humanity's sake. The humbleness,

meanness if you like, of the subject, together
 with the homely mode of treating it, brought
 upon me a world of ridicule by the small critics,
 so that in policy I excluded it from many editions
 of my Poems, till it was restored at the request
 of some of my friends, in particular my son-in-
 law, Edward Quillinan.

THE post-boy drove with fierce career,
 For threatening clouds the moon had
 drowned;
 When, as we hurried on, my ear
 Was smitten with a startling sound.

As if the wind blew many ways,
 I heard the sound,—and more and more,
 It seemed to follow with the chaise,
 And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the boy called out;
 He stopped his horses at the word,
 But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
 Nor aught else like it, could be heard.

The boy then smacked his whip, and fast
 The horses scampered through the rain;
 But, hearing soon upon the blast
 The cry, I bade him halt again.

Forthwith alighting on the ground,
 "Whence comes," said I, "this piteous
 moan?"

And there a little Girl I found,
 Sitting behind the chaise, alone.

"My cloak!" no other word she spake,
 But loud and bitterly she wept,
 As if her innocent heart would break;
 And down from off her seat she leapt.

"What ails you, child?"—she sobbed
 "Look here!"

I saw it in the wheel entangled,
 A weather-beaten rag as e'er
 From any garden scare-crow dangled.

There, twisted between nave and spoke,
 It hung, nor could at once be freed;
 But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,
 A miserable rag indeed!

"And whither are you going, child,
 To-night along these lonesome ways?"

"To Durham," answered she, half wild—
 "Then come with me into the chaise."

Insensible to all relief
Sat the poor girl, and forth did send
Sob after sob, as if her grief
Could never, never have an end.

"My child, in Durham do you dwell?"
She checked herself in her distress,
And said, "My name is Alice Fell;
I'm fatherless and motherless.

"And I to Durham, Sir, belong."
Again, as if the thought would choke
Her very heart, her grief grew strong;
And all was for her tattered cloak!

The chaise drove on; our journey's end
Was nigh; and, sitting by my side,
As if she had lost her only friend
She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern-door we post;
Of Alice and her grief I told;
And I gave money to the host,
To buy a new cloak for the old.

"And let it be of duffil grey,
As warm a cloak as man can sell!"
Proud creature was she the next day,
The little orphan, Alice Fell! 1802.

BEGGARS

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. Met, and
described to me by my Sister, near the quarry at
the head of Rydal lake, a place still a chosen
resort of vagrants travelling with their families.

SHE had a tall man's height or more;
Her face from summer's noontide heat
No bonnet shaded, but she wore
A mantle, to her very feet
Descending with a graceful flow,
And on her head a cap as white as new-
fallen snow.

Her skin was of Egyptian brown:
Haughty, as if her eye had seen
Its own light to a distance thrown,
She towered, fit person for a Queen
To lead those ancient Amazonian files;
Or ruling Bandit's wife among the Grecian
isles.

Advancing, forth she stretched her hand
And begged an alms with doleful plea
That ceased not; on our English land
Such woes, I knew, could never be;
And yet a boon I gave her, for the crea-
ture
Was beautiful to see—a weed of glorious
feature.

I left her, and pursued my way;
And soon before me did espy
A pair of little Boys at play,
Chasing a crimson butterfly;
The taller followed with his hat in hand,
Wreathed round with yellow flowers the
gayest of the land.

The other wore a rimless crown
With leaves of laurel stuck about;
And, while both followed up and down,
Each whooping with a merry shout,
In their fraternal features I could trace
Unquestionable lines of that wild Sup-
pliant's face.

Yet *they*, so blithe of heart, seemed fit
For finest tasks of earth or air:
Wings let them have, and they might flit
Precursors to Aurora's car,
Scattering fresh flowers; though happier far,
I ween,
To hunt their fluttering game o'er rock and
level green.

They dart across my path—but lo,
Each ready with a plaintive whine!
Said I, "not half an hour ago
Your Mother has had alms of mine."
"That cannot be," one answered—"she
is dead:"—
I looked reproof—they saw—but neither
hung his head.

"She has been dead, Sir, many a day."—
"Hush, boys! you're telling me a lie;
It was your Mother, as I say!"
And, in the twinkling of an eye,
"Come! Come!" cried one, and without
more ado,
Off to some other play the joyous Vagrants
flew!

1802.

TO A BUTTERFLY

Written in the orchard, Town-end, Grasmere.
My sister and I were parted immediately after
the death of our mother, who died in 1778, both
being very young.

STAY near me—do not take thy flight !
A little longer stay in sight !
Much converse do I find in thee,
Historian of my infancy !
Float near me ; do not yet depart !
Dead times revive in thee :
Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art !
A solemn image to my heart,
My father's family !

Oh ! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
The time, when, in our childish plays,
My sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the butterfly !
A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey :—with leaps and springs
I followed on from brake to bush ;
But she, God love her, feared to brush
The dust from off its wings. 1802.

THE EMIGRANT MOTHER

Suggested by what I have noticed in more
than one French fugitive during the time of the
French Revolution. If I am not mistaken, the
lines were composed at Sockburn, when I was on
a visit to Mrs. Wordsworth and her brother.

ONCE in a lonely hamlet I sojourned
In which a Lady driven from France did
dwell ;
The big and lesser griefs with which she
mourned,
In friendship she to me would often tell.
This Lady, dwelling upon British ground,
Where she was childless, daily would repair
To a poor neighbouring cottage ; as I
found,
For sake of a young Child whose home was
there.

Once having seen her clasp with fond em-
brace
This Child, I chanted to myself a lay,
Endeavouring, in our English tongue, to
trace

Such things as she unto the Babe might
say :

And thus, from what I heard and knew, or
guessed,
My song the workings of her heart ex-
pressed.

I

“ Dear Babe, thou daughter of another,
One moment let me be thy mother !
An infant's face and looks are thine,
And sure a mother's heart is mine :
Thy own dear mother's far away,
At labour in the harvest field :
Thy little sister is at play ;—
What warmth, what comfort would it yield
To my poor heart, if thou wouldst be
One little hour a child to me !

II

“ Across the waters I am come,
And I have left a babe at home :
A long, long way of land and sea !
Come to me—I'm no enemy :
I am the same who at thy side
Sate yesterday, and made a nest
For thee, sweet Baby !—thou hast tried,
Thou know'st the pillow of my breast ;
Good, good art thou :—alas ! to me
Far more than I can be to thee.

III

“ Here, little Darling, dost thou lie ;
An infant thou, a mother I !
Mine wilt thou be, thou hast no fears ;
Mine art thou—spite of these my tears.
Alas ! before I left the spot,
My baby and its dwelling-place ;
The nurse said to me, ‘ Tears should not
Be shed upon an infant's face,
It was unlucky’—no, no, no ;
No truth is in them who say so !

IV

“ My own dear Little-one will sigh,
Sweet Babe ! and they will let him die.
‘ He pines,’ they'll say, ‘ it is his doom,
And you may see his hour is come.’
Oh ! had he but thy cheerful smiles,
Limbs stout as thine, and lips as gay,
Thy looks, thy cunning, and thy wiles,
And countenance like a summer's day,

They would have hopes of him;—and
then
I should behold his face again!

V

"'Tis gone—like dreams that we forget;
There was a smile or two—yet—yet
I can remember them, I see
The smiles, worth all the world to me.
Dear Baby! I must lay thee down;
Thou troublest me with strange alarms;
Smiles hast thou, bright ones of thy own;
I cannot keep thee in my arms;
For they confound me;—where—where is
That last, that sweetest smile of his?

VI

"Oh! how I love thee!—we will stay
Together here this one half day.
My sister's child, who bears my name,
From France to sheltering England came;
She with her mother crossed the sea;
The babe and mother near me dwell:
Yet does my yearning heart to thee
Turn rather, though I love her well:
Rest, little Stranger, rest thee here!
Never was any child more dear!

VII

"—I cannot help it; ill intent
I've none, my pretty Innocent!
I weep—I know they do thee wrong,
These tears—and my poor idle tongue.
Oh, what a kiss was that! my cheek
How cold it is! but thou art good;
Thine eyes are on me—they would speak,
I think, to help me if they could.
Blessings upon that soft, warm face,
My heart again is in its place!

VIII

"While thou art mine, my little Love,
This cannot be a sorrowful grove;
Contentment, hope, and mother's glee,
I seem to find them all in thee:
Here's grass to play with, here are flowers;
I'll call thee by my darling's name;
Thou hast, I think, a look of ours,
Thy features seem to me the same;
His little sister thou shalt be;
And, when once more my home I see,
I'll tell him many tales of Thee."

1802.

"MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN
I BEHOLD"

Written at Town-end, Grasmere.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural ties.

1802.

"AMONG ALL LOVELY THINGS
MY LOVE HAD BEEN"

AMONG all lovely things my Love had been;
Had noted well the stars, all flowers that
grew
About her home; but she had never seen
A glow-worm, never one, and this I knew.

While riding near her home one stormy
night
A single glow-worm did I chance to espy;
I gave a fervent welcome to the sight,
And from my horse I leapt; great joy had I.

Upon a leaf the glow-worm did I lay,
To bear it with me through the stormy night:
And, as before, it shone without dismay;
Albeit putting forth a fainter light.

When to the dwelling of my Love I came,
I went into the orchard quietly;
And left the glow-worm, blessing it by name,
Laid safely by itself, beneath a tree.

The whole next day, I hoped, and hoped
with fear;
At night the glow-worm shone beneath the
tree;

I led my Lucy to the spot, "Look here,"
Oh! joy it was for her, and joy for me!

1802.

WRITTEN IN MARCH

WHILE RESTING ON THE BRIDGE AT
THE FOOT OF BROTHER'S WATER.

Extempore. This little poem was a favourite
with Joanna Baillie.

THE Cock is crowing,
 The stream is flowing,
 The small birds twitter,
 The lake doth glitter,
 The green field sleeps in the sun;
 The oldest and youngest
 Are at work with the strongest;
 The cattle are grazing,
 Their heads never raising;
 There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
 The snow hath retreated,
 And now doth fare ill
 On the top of the bare hill;
 The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon:
 There's joy in the mountains;
 There's life in the fountains;
 Small clouds are sailing,
 Blue sky prevailing;
 The rain is over and gone! 1802.

THE REDBREAST CHASING THE BUTTERFLY

Observed, as described, in the then beautiful orchard, Town-end, Grasmere.

ART thou the bird whom Man loves best,
 The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
 Our little English Robin;
 The bird that comes about our doors
 When Autumn-winds are sobbing?
 Art thou the Peter of Norway Boors?
 Their Thomas in Finland,
 And Russia far inland?

The bird, that by some name or other
 All men who know thee call their brother,
 The darling of children and men?
 Could Father Adam¹ open his eyes
 And see this sight beneath the skies,
 He'd wish to close them again.
 —If the Butterfly knew but his friend,
 Hither his flight he would bend;
 And find his way to me,
 Under the branches of the tree:
 In and out, he darts about;
 Can this be the bird, to man so good,
 That, after their bewildering,

¹ See *Paradise Lost*, Book XI., where Adam points out to Eve the ominous sign of the Eagle chasing "two birds of gayest plume," and the gentle Hart and Hind pursued by their enemy.

Covered with leaves the little children,
 So painfully in the wood?
 What ailed thee, Robin, that thou could'st
 pursue
 A beautiful creature,
 That is gentle by nature?
 Beneath the summer sky
 From flower to flower let him fly;
 'Tis all that he wishes to do.
 The cheerer Thou of our in-door sadness,
 He is the friend of our summer gladness:
 What hinders, then, that ye should be
 Playmates in the sunny weather,
 And fly about in the air together!
 His beautiful wings in crimson are drest,
 A crimson as bright as thine own:
 Would'st thou be happy in thy nest,
 O pious Bird! whom man loves best,
 Love him, or leave him alone! 1802.

TO A BUTTERFLY

Written in the orchard, Town-end, Grasmere.

I've watched you now a full half-hour,
 Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
 And, little Butterfly! indeed
 I know not if you sleep or feed.
 How motionless!—not frozen seas
 More motionless! and then
 What joy awaits you, when the breeze
 Hath found you out among the trees,
 And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard-ground is ours;
 My trees they are, my Sister's flowers;
 Here rest your wings when they are weary;
 Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
 Come often to us, fear no wrong;
 Sit near us on the bough!
 We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
 And summer days, when we were young;
 Sweet childish days, that were as long
 As twenty days are now. 1802.

FORESIGHT

Also composed in the orchard, Town-end, Grasmere.

THAT is work of waste and ruin—
 Do as Charles and I are doing!
 Strawberry-blossoms, one and all,
 We must spare them—here are many:

Look at it—the flower is small,
Small and low, though fair as any:
Do not touch it! summers two
I am older, Anne, than you.

Pull the primrose, sister Anne!
Pull as many as you can.
—Here are daisies, take your fill;
Pansies, and the cuckoo-flower:
Of the lofty daffodil
Make your bed, or make your bower;
Fill your lap, and fill your bosom;
Only spare the strawberry-blossom!

Primroses, the Spring may love them —
Summer knows but little of them:
Violets, a barren kind,
Withered on the ground must lie;
Daisies leave no fruit behind
When the pretty flowerets die;
Pluck them, and another year
As many will be blowing here.

God has given a kindlier power
To the favoured strawberry-flower.
Hither soon as spring is fled
You and Charles and I will walk;
Lurking berries, ripe and red,
Then will hang on every stalk,
Each within its leafy bower;
And for that promise spare the flower!

1802.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE¹

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. It is remarkable that this flower, coming out so early in the spring as it does, and so bright and beautiful, and in such profusion, should not have been noticed earlier in English verse. What adds much to the interest that attends it is its habit of shutting itself up and opening out according to the degree of light and temperature of the air.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star;

¹ Common Pilewort.

Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout!
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little Flower!—I'll make a stir,
Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an Elf
Bold, and lavish of thyself;
Since we needs must first have met
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
'Twas a face I did not know;
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless Prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood!
Travel with the multitude:
Never heed them; I aver
That they all are wanton wooers;
But the thrifty cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home;
Spring is coming, Thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly, unassuming Spirit!
Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane;—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours!
Buttercups, that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no;
Others, too, of lofty mien;
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill-requited upon earth;

Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing,
Serving at my heart's command,
Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love!

1802.

TO THE SAME FLOWER

PLEASURES newly found are sweet
When they lie about our feet:
February last, my heart
First at sight of thee was glad;
All unheard of as thou art,
Thou must needs, I think, have had,
Celandine! and long ago,
Praise of which I nothing know.

I have not a doubt but he,
Whosoe'er the man might be,
Who the first with pointed rays
(Workman worthy to be sainted)
Set the sign-board in a blaze,
When the rising sun he painted,
Took the fancy from a glance
At thy glittering countenance.

Soon as gentle breezes bring
News of winter's vanishing,
And the children build their bowers,
Sticking 'kerchief-plots of mould
All about with full-blown flowers,
Thick as sheep in shepherd's fold!
With the proudest thou art there,
Mantling in the tiny square.

Often have I sighed to measure
By myself a lonely pleasure,
Sighed to think, I read a book
Only read, perhaps, by me;
Yet I long could overlook
Thy bright coronet and Thee,
And thy arch and wily ways,
And thy store of other praise.

Blithe of heart, from week to week
Thou dost play at hide-and-seek;
While the patient primrose sits
Like a beggar in the cold,
Thou, a flower of wiser wits,
Slipp'st into thy sheltering hold;
Liveliest of the vernal train
When ye all are out again.

Drawn by what peculiar spell,
By what charm of sight or smell,
Does the dim-eyed curious Bee,
Labouring for her waxen cells,
Fondly settle upon Thee
Prized above all buds and bells
Opening daily at thy side,
By the season multiplied?

Thou art not beyond the moon,
But a thing "beneath our shoon:"
Let the bold Discoverer thrud
In his bark the polar sea;
Rear who will a pyramid;
Praise it is enough for me,
If there be but three or four
Who will love my little Flower.

1802.

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. This old Man I met a few hundred yards from my cottage; and the account of him is taken from his own mouth. I was in the state of feeling described in the beginning of the poem, while crossing over Barton Fell from Mr. Clarkson's, at the foot of Ullswater, towards Askham. The image of the hare I then observed on the ridge of the Fell.

I

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove
broods;

The Jay makes answer as the Magpie
chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise
of waters.

II

All things that love the sun are out of
doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops;—on
the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy
earth
Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she
doth run.

III

I was a Traveller then upon the moor,
 I saw the hare that raced about with joy ;
 I heard the woods and distant waters roar ;
 Or heard them not, as happy as a boy :
 The pleasant season did my heart employ :
 My old remembrances went from me
 wholly ;
 And all the ways of men, so vain and
 melancholy.

IV

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the
 might
 Of joy in minds that can no further go,
 As high as we have mounted in delight
 In our dejection do we sink as low ;
 To me that morning did it happen so ;
 And fears and fancies thick upon me came ;
 Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew
 not, nor could name.

V

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky ;
 And I bethought me of the playful hare :
 Even such a happy Child of earth am I ;
 Even as these blissful creatures do I fare ;
 Far from the world I walk, and from all
 care ;
 But there may come another day to me—
 Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and
 poverty.

VI

My whole life I have lived in pleasant
 thought,
 As if life's business were a summer mood ;
 As if all needful things would come un-
 sought
 To genial faith, still rich in genial good ;
 But how can He expect that others should
 Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
 Love him, who for himself will take no heed
 at all ?

VII

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous
 Boy,
 The sleepless Soul that perished in his
 pride ;
 Of Him who walked in glory and in joy
 Following his plough, along the mountain-
 side :

By our own spirits are we deified :
 We Poets in our youth begin in gladness ;
 But thereof come in the end despondency
 and madness.

VIII

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
 A leading from above, a something given,
 Yet it befell, that, in this lonely place,
 When I with these untoward thoughts had
 striven,
 Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
 I saw a Man before me unawares :
 The oldest man he seemed that ever wore
 grey hairs.

IX

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
 Couched on the bald top of an eminence ;
 Wonder to all who do the same espy,
 By what means it could thither come, and
 whence ;
 So that it seems a thing endued with
 sense :
 Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a
 shelf
 Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun
 itself ;

X

Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor
 dead,
 Nor all asleep—in his extreme old age :
 His body was bent double, feet and head
 Coming together in life's pilgrimage ;
 As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
 Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
 A more than human weight upon his frame
 had cast.

XI

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale
 face,
 Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood :
 And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
 Upon the margin of that moorish flood
 Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,
 That heareth not the loud winds when they
 call
 And moveth all together, if it move at all.

XII

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
 Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look

Upon the muddy water, which he conned,
As if he had been reading in a book :
And now a stranger's privilege I took ;
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,
" This morning gives us promise of a
glorious day."

XIII

A gentle answer did the old Man make,
In courteous speech which forth he slowly
drew :
And him with further words I thus be-
spoke,
" What occupation do you there pursue ?
This is a lonesome place for one like you."
Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid
eyes,

XIV

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
But each in solemn order followed each,
With something of a lofty utterance drest—
Choice word and measured phrase, above
the reach
Of ordinary men ; a stately speech ;
Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,
Religious men, who give to God and man
their dues.

V

He told, that to these waters he had come
To gather leeches, being old and poor ;
Employment hazardous and wearisome !
And he had many hardships to endure ;
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor
to moor ;
Housing, with God's good help, by choice
or chance,
And in this way he gained an honest main-
tenance.

XVI

The old Man still stood talking by my
side ;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard ; nor word from word could
I divide ;
And the whole body of the Man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a
dream ;
Or like a man from some far region sent,

To give me human strength, by apt ad-
monishment.

XVII

My former thoughts returned : the fear that
kills ;
And hope that is unwilling to be fed ;
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills ;
And mighty Poets in their misery dead.
—Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
My question eagerly did I renew,
" How is it that you live, and what is it
you do ?"

XVIII

He with a smile did then his words repeat ;
And said, that, gathering leeches, far and
wide
He travelled ; stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the pools where they abide.
" Once I could meet with them on every
side ;
But they have dwindled long by slow
decay ;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where
I may."

XIX

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The old Man's shape, and speech—all
troubled me :
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pur-
sued,
He, having made a pause, the same dis-
course renewed.

XX

And soon with this he other matter blended,
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,
But stately in the main ; and when he
ended,
I could have laughed myself to scorn to
find
In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.
" God," said I, " be my help and stay
secure ;
I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the
lonely moor !"

"I GRIEVED FOR BUONAPARTÉ"

I GRIEVED for Buonaparté, with a vain
And an unthinking grief! The tenderest
mood.

Of that Man's mind—what can it be? what
food

Fed his first hopes? what knowledge could
he gain?

'Tis not in battles that from youth we
train

The Governor who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly, and meek as woman-
hood.

Wisdom doth live with children round her
knees:

Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the
talk

Man holds with week-day man in the
hourly walk

Of the mind's business: these are the
degrees

By which true Sway doth mount; this is
the stalk

True Power doth grow on; and her rights
are these.

1802.

A FAREWELL

Composed just before my sister and I went to
fetch Mrs. Wordsworth from Gallow-hill, near
Scarborough.

FAREWELL, thou little Nook of mountain-
ground,

Thou rocky corner in the lowest stair
Of that magnificent temple which doth
bound

One side of our whole vale with grandeur
rare;

Sweet garden-orchard, eminently fair,
The loveliest spot that man hath ever
found,

Farewell!—we leave thee to Heaven's
peaceful care,

Thee, and the Cottage which thou dost
surround.

Our boat is safely anchored by the shore,
And there will safely ride when we are
gone;

The flowering shrubs that deck our humble
door

Will prosper, though untended and alone:
Fields, goods, and far-off chattels we have
none:

These narrow bounds contain our private
store

Of things earth makes, and sun doth shine
upon;

Here are they in our sight—we have no
more.

Sunshine and shower be with you, bud and
bell!

For two months now in vain we shall be
sought:

We leave you here in solitude to dwell
With these our latest gifts of tender
thought;

Thou, like the morning, in thy saffron
coat,

Bright gowan, and marsh-marigold, fare-
well!

Whom from the borders of the Lake we
brought,

And placed together near our rocky Well.

We go for One to whom ye will be dear;
And she will prize this Bower, this Indian
shed,

Our own contrivance, Building without
peer!

—A gentle Maid, whose heart is lowly
bred,

Whose pleasures are in wild fields gatherèd,
With joyousness, and with a thoughtful
cheer,

Will come to you; to you herself will wed;
And love the blessed life that we lead here.

Dear Spot! which we have watched with
tender heed,

Bringing thee chosen plants and blossoms
blown

Among the distant mountains, flower and
weed,

Which thou hast taken to thee as thy
own,

Making all kindness registered and known;
Thou for our sakes, though Nature's child
indeed,

Fair in thyself and beautiful alone,
Hast taken gifts which thou dost little
need.

And O most constant, yet most fickle
Place,
Thou hast thy wayward moods, as thou
dost show
To them who look not daily on thy face;
Who, being loved, in love no bounds dost
know,
And say'st, when we forsake thee, "Let
them go!"
Thou easy-hearted Thing, with thy wild
race
Of weeds and flowers, till we return be
slow,
And travel with the year at a soft pace.

Help us to tell Her tales of years gone by,
And this sweet spring, the best beloved and
best;
Joy will be flown in its mortality;
Something must stay to tell us of the rest.
Here, thronged with primroses, the steep
rock's breast
Glittered at evening like a starry sky;
And in this bush our sparrow built her
nest,
Of which I sang one song that will not die.

O happy Garden! whose seclusion deep
Hath been so friendly to industrious hours;
And to soft slumbers, that did gently steep
Our spirits, carrying with them dreams of
flowers,

And wild notes warbled among leafy bowers;
Two burning months let summer overleap,
And, coming back with Her who will be
ours,

Into thy bosom we again shall creep.

1802.

"THE SUN HAS LONG BEEN SET"

Reprinted at the request of my Sister, in whose
presence the lines were thrown off.

This *Impromptu* appeared, many years ago,
among the Author's poems, from which, in subse-
quent editions, it was excluded.

THE sun has long been set,
The stars are out by twos and threes,
The little birds are piping yet
Among the bushes and trees;
There's a cuckoo, and one or two thrushes,
And a far-off wind that rushes,
And a sound of water that gushes,
And the cuckoo's sovereign cry

Fills all the hollow of the sky.

Who would "go parading"
In London, "and masquerading,"
On such a night of June
With that beautiful soft half-moon,
And all these innocent blisses?
On such a night as this is! 1802.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER

BRIDGE, SEPT. 3, 1802

Written on the roof of a coach, on my way to
France.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples
lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless
air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE,

NEAR CALAIS, AUGUST 1802

FAIR Star of evening, Splendour of the
west,
Star of my Country!—on the horizon's
brink
Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to
sink
On England's bosom; yet well pleased to
rest,
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I
think,
Should'st be my Country's emblem; and
should'st wink,
Bright Star! with laughter on her banners,
drest
In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky
spot
Beneath thee, that is England; there she
lies.

Blessings be on you both ! one hope, one lot,
 One life, one glory !—I, with many a fear
 For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,
 Among men who do not love her, linger here.

CALAIS, AUGUST 1802

Is it a reed that's shaken by the wind,
 Or what is it that ye go forth to see ?
 Lords, lawyers, statesmen, squires of low degree,
 Men known, and men unknown, sick, lame, and blind,
 Post forward all, like creatures of one kind,
 With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend the knee
 In France, before the new-born Majesty.
 'Tis ever thus. Ye men of prostrate mind,
 A seemly reverence may be paid to power ;
 But that's a loyal virtue, never sown
 In haste, nor springing with a transient shower :
 When truth, when sense, when liberty were flown,
 What trashship had it been to wait an hour ?
 Shame on you, feeble Heads, to slavery prone !

COMPOSED NEAR CALAIS, ON THE
ROAD LEADING TO ARDRES,
AUGUST 7, 1802

JONES ! as from Calais southward you and I
 Went pacing side by side, this public Way
 Streamed with the pomp of a too-credulous day,¹
 When faith was pledged to new-born Liberty :
 A homeless sound of joy was in the sky :
 From hour to hour the antiquated Earth
 Beat like the heart of Man : songs, garlands, mirth,
 Banners, and happy faces, far and nigh !
 And now, sole register that these things were,
 Two solitary greetings have I heard,
 " Good-morrow, Citizen ! " a hollow word,
 As if a dead man spake it ! Yet despair
 Touches me not, though pensive as a bird
 Whose vernal coverts winter hath laid bare.²

¹ 14th July 1790.² See Note.

CALAIS, AUGUST 15, 1802

FESTIVALS have I seen that were not names :
 This is young Buonaparté's natal day,
 And his is henceforth an established sway—
 Consul for life. With worship France proclaims
 Her approbation, and with pomps and games.
 Heaven grant that other Cities may be gay !
 Calais is not : and I have bent my way
 To the sea-coast, noting that each man frames
 His business as he likes. Far other show
 My youth here witnessed, in a prouder time ;
 The senselessness of joy was then sublime !
 Happy is he, who, caring not for Pope,
 Consul, or King, can sound himself to know
 The destiny of Man, and live in hope.

" IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING,
CALM AND FREE "

This was composed on the beach near Calais,
 in the autumn of 1802.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
 The holy time is quiet as a Nun
 Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;
 The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea :

Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
 Dear Child ! dear Girl ! that walkest with me here,

If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine :
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year ;
 And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it not.

1802.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE
VENETIAN REPUBLIC

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous east in fee ;
 And was the safeguard of the west : the worth
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth,

Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
 She was a maiden City, bright and free;
 No guile seduced, no force could violate;
 And, when she took unto herself a Mate,
 She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
 And what if she had seen those glories fade,
 Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
 When her long life hath reached its final
 day:
 Men are we, and must grieve when even
 the Shade
 Of that which once was great, is passed
 away. 1802.

THE KING OF SWEDEN

THE Voice of song from distant lands shall
 call
 To that great King; shall hail the crowned
 Youth
 Who, taking counsel of unbending Truth,
 By one example hath set forth to all
 How they with dignity may stand; or fall,
 If fall they must. Now, whither doth it
 tend?
 And what to him and his shall be the end?
 That thought is one which neither can appal
 Nor cheer him; for the illustrious Swede
 hath done
 The thing which ought to be; is raised *above*
 All consequences: work he hath begun
 Of fortitude, and piety, and love,
 Which all his glorious ancestors approve:
 The heroes bless him, him their rightful
 son.¹ 1802.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of
 men!
 Whether the whistling Rustic tend his
 plough
 Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
 Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless
 den;—
 O miserable Chieftain! where and when
 Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do
 thou
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,

¹ See Note.

Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left
 behind
 Powers that will work for thee; air, earth,
 and skies;
 There's not a breathing of the common wind
 That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
 And love, and man's unconquerable mind.
 1802.

COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY NEAR DOVER, ON THE DAY OF LAND- ING

HERE, on our native soil, we breathe once
 more.
 The cock that crows, the smoke that curls,
 that sound
 Of bells; those boys who in yon meadow-
 ground
 In white-sleeved shirts are playing; and the
 roar
 Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore;—
 All, all are English. Oft have I looked
 round
 With joy in Kent's green vales; but never
 found
 Myself so satisfied in heart before.
 Europe is yet in bonds; but let that pass,
 Thought for another moment. Thou art
 free,
 My Country! and 'tis joy enough and
 pride
 For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the
 grass
 Of England once again, and hear and see,
 With such a dear Companion at my side.
 1802.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1802

Among the capricious acts of tyranny that disgraced those times, was the chasing of all Negroes from France by decree of the government: we had a Fellow-passenger who was one of the expelled.

WE had a female Passenger who came
 From Calais with us, spotless in array,—
 A white-robed Negro, like a lady gay,
 Yet downcast as a woman fearing blame;
 Meek, destitute, as seemed, of hope or aim
 She sate, from notice turning not away,
 But on all proffered intercourse did lay
 A weight of languid speech, or to the same
 No sign of answer made by word or face:

Yet still her eyes retained their tropic fire,
That, burning independent of the mind,
Joined with the lustre of her rich attire
To mock the Outcast.—O ye Heavens, be
kind!
And feel, thou Earth, for this afflicted Race!

NEAR DOVER, SEPTEMBER 1802

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood;
And saw, while sea was calm and air was
clear,
The coast of France—the coast of France
how near!
Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood.
I shrunk; for verily the barrier flood
Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
A span of waters; yet what power is there!
What mightiness for evil and for good!
Even so doth God protect us if we be
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and waters
roll,
Strength to the brave, and Power, and
Deity;
Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree
Spoke laws to *them*, and said that by the
soul
Only, the Nations shall be great and free.

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER
1802

This was written immediately after my return from France to London, when I could not but be struck, as here described, with the vanity and parade of our own country, especially in great towns and cities, as contrasted with the quiet, and I may say the desolation, that the revolution had produced in France. This must be borne in mind, or else the reader may think that in this and the succeeding Sonnets I have exaggerated the mischief engendered and fostered among us by undisturbed wealth. It would not be easy to conceive with what a depth of feeling I entered into the struggle carried on by the *Spaniards* for their deliverance from the usurped power of the French. Many times have I gone from Allan Bank in Grasmere vale, where we were then residing, to the top of the Raise-gap as it is called, so late as two o'clock in the morning, to meet the carrier bringing the newspaper from Keswick. Imperfect traces of the state of mind in which I then was may be found in my Tract on the Convention of Cintra, as well as in these Sonnets.

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must
look

For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mean handy-work of craftsman,
cook,
Or groom!—We must run glittering like a
brook

In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

LONDON, 1802

MILTON! thou should'st be living at this
hour:

England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and
bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom,
power.

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like
the sea:

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

"GREAT MEN HAVE BEEN
AMONG US"

GREAT men have been among us; hands
that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom—better
none:

The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others who called Milton
friend.

These moralists could act and comprehend:
They knew how genuine glory was put on;
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
In splendour: what strength was, that
would not bend

But in magnanimous meekness. France,
'tis strange,
Hath brought forth no such souls as we
had then.

Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road;
But equally a want of books and men!

1802.

"IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF"

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, un-
withstood,"

Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and
sands

Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the
tongue

That Shakspeare spake; the faith and
morals hold

Which Milton held.—In everything we are
sprung

Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

1802.

"WHEN I HAVE BORNE IN MEMORY"

WHEN I have borne in memory what has
tamed

Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts
depart

When men change swords for ledgers, and
desert

The student's bower for gold, some fears
unnamed

I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed?
Now, when I think of thee, and what thou
art,

Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
For dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men:
And I by my affection was beguiled:
What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

1802.

COMPOSED AFTER A JOURNEY ACROSS THE HAMBLETON HILLS, YORKSHIRE

Composed October 4th, 1802, after a journey
over the Hambleton Hills, on a day memorable
to me—the day of my marriage. The horizon
commanded by those hills is most magnificent.—
The next day, while we were travelling in a post-
chaise up Wensleydale, we were stopt by one of
the horses proving restive, and were obliged to
wait two hours in a severe storm before the post-
boy could fetch from the inn another to supply
its place. The spot was in front of Bolton Hall,
where Mary Queen of Scots was kept prisoner
soon after her unfortunate landing at Workington.
The place then belonged to the Scroopes,
and memorials of her are yet preserved there.
To beguile the time I composed a Sonnet. The
subject was our own confinement contrasted with
hers; but it was not thought worthy of being
preserved.

DARK and more dark the shades of evening
fell;

The wished-for point was reached—but at
an hour

When little could be gained from that rich
dower

Of prospect, whereof many thousands tell.
Yet did the glowing west with marvellous
power

Salute us; there stood Indian citadel,
Temple of Greece, and minster with its
tower

Substantially expressed—a place for bell
Or clock to toll from! Many a tempting
isle,

With groves that never were imagined, lay
'Mid seas how steadfast! objects all for
the eye

Of silent rapture; but we felt the while
We should forget them; they are of the
sky,

And from our earthly memory fade away.

1802.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN MY POCKET-COPY OF THOM- SON'S "CASTLE OF INDOLENCE"

Composed in the orchard, Town-end, Gras-
mere, Coleridge living with us much at the time:
his son Hartley has said, that his father's char-
acter and habits are here preserved in a livelier
way than in anything that has been written
about him.

WITHIN our happy Castle there dwelt One
Whom without blame I may not overlook;
For never sun on living creature shone
Who more devout enjoyment with us took:
Here on his hours he hung as on a book,
On his own time here would he float away,
As doth a fly upon a summer brook;
But go to-morrow, or belike to-day,
Seek for him,—he is fled; and whither
none can say.

Thus often would he leave our peaceful
home,
And find elsewhere his business or delight;
Out of our Valley's limits did he roam:
Full many a time, upon a stormy night,
His voice came to us from the neighbouring
height:
Oft could we see him driving full in view
At mid-day when the sun was shining
bright;
What ill was on him, what he had to do,
A mighty wonder bred among our quiet
crew.

Ah! piteous sight it was to see this Man
When he came back to us, a withered
flower,—
Or like a sinful creature, pale and wan.
Down would he sit; and without strength
or power
Look at the common grass from hour to
hour:
And oftentimes, how long I fear to say,
Where apple-trees in blossom made a
bower,
Retired in that sunshiny shade he lay;
And, like a naked Indian, slept himself
away.

Great wonder to our gentle tribe it was
Whenever from our Valley he withdrew;
For happier soul no living creature has
Than he had, being here the long day
through.
Some thought he was a lover, and did woo:
Some thought far worse of him, and judged
him wrong;
But verse was what he had been wedded
to;
And his own mind did like a tempest strong
Come to him thus, and drove the weary
Wight along.

With him there often walked in friendly
guise,
Or lay upon the moss by brook or tree,
A noticeable Man with large gray eyes,
And a pale face that seemed undoubtedly
As if a blooming face it ought to be;
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear,
Deprest by weight of musing Phantasy;
Profound his forehead was, though not
severe;
Yet some did think that he had little busi-
ness here:

Sweet heaven forfend! his was a lawful
right;
Noisy he was, and gamesome as a boy;
His limbs would toss about him with delight
Like branches when strong winds the trees
annoy.
Nor lacked his calmer hours device or toy
To banish listlessness and irksome care;
He would have taught you how you might
employ
Yourself; and many did to him repair,—
And certes not in vain; he had inventions
rare.

Expedients, too, of simplest sort he tried:
Long blades of grass, plucked round him
as he lay,
Made, to his ear attentively applied,
A pipe on which the wind would deftly
play;
Glasses he had, that little things display,
The beetle panoplied in gems and gold,
A mailed angel on a battle-day;
The mysteries that cups of flowers enfold,
And all the gorgeous sights which fairies
do behold.

He would entice that other Man to hear
His music, and to view his imagery:
And, sooth, these two were each to the
other dear:
No livelier love in such a place could be:
There did they dwell—from earthly labour
free,
As happy spirits as were ever seen;
If but a bird, to keep them company,
Or butterfly sate down, they were, I ween,
As pleased as if the same had been a Maiden-
queen.

TO H. C.

SIX YEARS OLD

O THOU! whose fancies from afar are
brought;

Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,
And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born
carol;

Thou faery voyager! that dost float
In such clear water, that thy boat
May rather seem
To brood on air than on an earthly stream;
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,
Where earth and heaven do make one
imagery;

O blessed vision! happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.

I thought of times when Pain might be
thy guest,

Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And Grief, uneasy lover! never rest
But when she sate within the touch of thee.
O too industrious folly!

O vain and causeless melancholy!
Nature will either end thee quite;
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown
flocks.

What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow?
Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn
brings forth,

Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;
A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no forewarning gives;
But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife
Slips in a moment out of life. 1802.

TO THE DAISY¹

This and the two following were composed in
the orchard, Town-end, Grasmere, where the bird
was often seen as here described.

"Her² divine skill taught me this,
That from every thing I saw
I could some instruction draw,
And raise pleasure to the height

¹ See Note.² His muse.

Through the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustelling;
By a Daisy whose leaves spread
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree;
She could more infuse in me
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.'

G. WITHER.

IN youth from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill in discontent
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy;
But now my own delights I make,—
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And gladly Nature's love partake,
Of Thee, sweet Daisy!

Thee Winter in the garland wears
That thinly decks his few grey hairs;
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
That she may sun thee;
Whole Summer-fields are thine by right;
And Autumn, melancholy Wight!
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane;
Pleased at his greeting thee again;
Yet nothing daunted,
Nor grieved if thou be set at nought:
And oft alone in nooks remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.

Be violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
Her head impearling,
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
Thou art indeed by many a claim
The Poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,
Or, some bright day of April sky,
Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie
Near the green holly,
And wearily at length should fare;
He needs but look about, and there
Thou art!—a friend at hand, to scare
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
 Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,
 Have I derived from thy sweet power
 Some apprehension ;
 Some steady love ; some brief delight ;
 Some memory that had taken flight ;
 Some chime of fancy wrong or right ;
 Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,
 And one chance look to Thee should turn,
 I drink out of an humbler urn
 A lowlier pleasure ;
 The homely sympathy that heeds
 The common life, our nature breeds ;
 A wisdom fitted to the needs
 Of hearts at leisure.

Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,
 When thou art up, alert and gay,
 Then, cheerful Flower ! my spirits play
 With kindred gladness :
 And when, at dusk, by dews opprest
 Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
 Hath often eased my pensive breast
 Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,
 All seasons through, another debt,
 Which I, wherever thou art met,
 To thee am owing ;
 An instinct call it, a blind sense ;
 A happy, genial influence,
 Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
 Nor whither going.

Child of the Year ! that round dost run
 Thy pleasant course,—when day's begun
 As ready to salute the sun
 As lark or leveret,
 Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain ;
 Nor be less dear to future men
 Than in old time ;—thou not in vain
 Art Nature's favourite.¹ 1802.

TO THE SAME FLOWER

With little here to do or see
 Of things that in the great world be,

¹ See, in Chaucer and the elder Poets, the honours formerly paid to this flower.

Daisy ! again I talk to thee,
 For thou art worthy,
 Thou unassuming Common-place
 Of Nature, with that homely face,
 And yet with something of a grace,
 Which Love makes for thee !

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
 I sit, and play with similies,
 Loose types of things through all degrees,
 Thoughts of thy raising :
 And many a fond and idle name
 I give to thee, for praise or blame,
 As is the humour of the game,
 While I am gazing.

A nun demure of lowly port ;
 Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,
 In thy simplicity the sport
 Of all temptations ;
 A queen in crown of rubies drest ;
 A starveling in a scanty vest ;
 Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
 Thy appellations.

A little cyclops, with one eye
 Staring to threaten and defy,
 That thought comes next—and instantly
 The freak is over,
 The shape will vanish—and behold
 A silver shield with boss of gold,
 That spreads itself, some faery bold
 In fight to cover !

I see thee glittering from afar—
 And then thou art a pretty star ;
 Not quite so fair as many are
 In heaven above thee !
 Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
 Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest ;—
 May peace come never to his nest,
 Who shall reprove thee !

Bright *Flower* ! for by that name at last,
 When all my reveries are past,
 I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
 Sweet silent creature !
 That breath'st with me in sun and air,
 Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
 My heart with gladness, and a share
 Of thy meek nature !

1802.

TO THE DAISY

This and the other Poems addressed to the same flower were composed at Town-end, Grasmere, during the earlier part of my residence there. I have been censured for the last line but one—"thy function apostolical"—as being little less than profane. How could it be thought so? The word is adopted with reference to its derivation, implying something sent on a mission; and assuredly this little flower, especially when the subject of verse, may be regarded, in its humble degree, as administering both to moral and to spiritual purposes.

BRIGHT Flower! whose home is every-where,

Bold in maternal Nature's care,
And all the long year through the heir

Of joy or sorrow;
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest thorough!

Is it that Man is soon deprest?
A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,

Or on his reason,
And Thou would'st teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind
And every season?

Thou wander'st the wide world about,
Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt,
With friends to greet thee, or without,

Yet pleased and willing;
Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
And all things suffering from all
Thy function apostolical

In peace fulfilling. 1802.

THE GREEN LINNET

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed

Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread

Of spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequestered nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat!
And birds and flowers once more to greet,
My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest:

Hail to Thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion!
Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,
Presiding Spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May;
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,

Art sole in thy employment:
A Life, a Presence like the Air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair;
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,
Yet seeming still to hover;
There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
A Brother of the dancing leaves;
Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves
Pours forth his song in gushes;
As if by that exulting strain
He mocked and treated with disdain
The voiceless Form he chose to feign,
While fluttering in the bushes.

1803.

YEW-TREES

Written at Grasmere. These yew-trees are still standing, but the spread of that at Lorton is much diminished by mutilation. I will here mention that a little way up the hill, on the road leading from Rosthwaite to Stonethwaite (in Borrowdale), lay the trunk of a yew-tree, which appeared as you approached, so vast was its diameter, like the entrance of a cave, and not a small one. Calculating upon what I have observed of the slow growth of this tree in rocky situations, and of its durability, I have often thought that the one I am describing must have been as old as the Christian era. The tree lay in the line of a fence. Great masses of its ruins were strewn about, and some had been rolled down the hillside and lay near the road at the

bottom. As you approached the tree, you were struck with the number of shrubs and young plants, ashes, etc., which had found a bed upon the decayed trunk and grew to no inconsiderable height, forming, as it were, a part of the hedge-row. In no part of England, or of Europe, have I ever seen a yew-tree at all approaching this in magnitude, as it must have stood. By the bye, Hutton, the old Guide, of Keswick, had been so impressed with the remains of this tree, that he used gravely to tell strangers that there could be no doubt of its having been in existence before the flood.

THERE is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,
Which to this day stands single, in the
midst

Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore;
Not loth to furnish weapons for the bands
Of Umfraville or Percy ere they marched
To Scotland's heaths; or those that crossed
the sea

And drew their sounding bows at Azincour,
Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poitiers.
Of vast circumference and gloom profound
This solitary Tree! a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed. But worthier still of
note

Are those fraternal Four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove;
Huge trunks! and each particular trunk a
growth

Of intertwined fibres serpentine
Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved;
Nor uninformed with Phantasy, and looks
That threaten the profane;—a pillared
shade,

Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown
hue,

By sheddings from the pining umbrage
tinged

Perennially—beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked
With unrejoicing berries—ghostly Shapes
May meet at noontide; Fear and trembling
Hope,

Silence and Foresight; Death the Skeleton
And Time the Shadow;—there to celebrate,
As in a natural temple scattered o'er
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
United worship; or in mute repose
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.

1803.

"WHO FANCIED WHAT A PRETTY SIGHT"

WHO fancied what a pretty sight
This Rock would be if edged around
With living snow-drops? circlet bright!
How glorious to this orchard-ground!
Who loved the little Rock, and set
Upon its head this coronet?

Was it the humour of a child?
Or rather of some gentle maid,
Whose brows, the day that she was styled
The shepherd-queen, were thus arrayed?
Of man mature, or matron sage?
Or old man toying with his age!

I asked—'twas whispered; The device
To each and all might well belong:
It is the Spirit of Paradise
That prompts such work, a Spirit strong,
That gives to all the self-same bent
Where life is wise and innocent. 1803.

"IT IS NO SPIRIT WHO FROM HEAVEN HATH FLOWN"

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. I remember the instant my sister, S. H., called me to the window of our Cottage, saying, "Look how beautiful is yon star! It has the sky all to itself." I composed the verses immediately.

IT is no Spirit who from heaven hath flown,
And is descending on his embassy;
Nor Traveller gone from earth the heavens
to espy!

'Tis Hesperus—there he stands with glitter-
ing crown,

First admonition that the sun is down!
For yet it is broad day-light: clouds pass by;
A few are near him still—and now the sky,
He hath it to himself—'tis all his own.

O most ambitious Star! an inquest wrought
Within me when I recognised thy light;
A moment I was startled at the sight:

And, while I gazed, there came to me a
thought

That I might step beyond my natural race
As thou seem'st now to do; might one day
trace

Some ground not mine; and, strong her
strength above,

My Soul, an Apparition in the place,
Tread there with steps that no one shall
reprove! 1803.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN
SCOTLAND

1803

Mr. Coleridge, my Sister, and myself started together from Town-end to make a tour in Scotland. Poor Coleridge was at that time in bad spirits, and somewhat too much in love with his own dejection; and he departed from us, as is recorded in my Sister's Journal, soon after we left Loch Lomond. The verses that stand foremost among these Memorials were not actually written for the occasion, but transplanted from my "Epistle to Sir George Beaumont."

I

DEPARTURE FROM THE VALE OF
GRASMERE

AUGUST 1803

THE gentlest Shade that walked Elysian
plains

Might sometimes covet dissoluble chains;
Even for the tenants of the zone that lies
Beyond the stars, celestial Paradise,
Methinks 'twould heighten joy, to overleap
At will the crystal battlements, and peep
Into some other region, though less fair,
To see how things are made and managed
there.

Change for the worse might please, incur-
sion bold

Into the tracts of darkness and of cold;
O'er Limbo lake with æry flight to steer,
And on the verge of Chaos hang in fear.
Such animation often do I find,
Power in my breast, wings growing in my
mind,

Then, when some rock or hill is overpast,
Perhance without one look behind me cast.
Some barrier with which Nature, from the
birth

Of things, has fenced this fairest spot on
earth.

O pleasant transit, Grasmere! to resign
Such happy fields, abodes so calm as thine;
Not like an outcast with himself at strife;
The slave of business, time, or care for life,
But moved by choice; or, if constrained in
part,

Yet still with Nature's freedom at the
heart;—

To cull contentment upon wildest shores,
And luxuries extract from bleakest moors;

With prompt embrace all beauty to enfold,
And having rights in all that we behold.

—Then why these lingering steps?—A
bright adieu,

For a brief absence, proves that love is
true;

Ne'er can the way be irksome or forlorn
That winds into itself for sweet return.

II

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS

1803

SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH

For illustration, see my Sister's Journal. It may be proper to add that the second of these pieces, though *felt* at the time, was not composed till many years after.

I SHIVER, Spirit fierce and bold,
At thought of what I now behold:
As vapours breathed from dungeons cold,
Strike pleasure dead,
So sadness comes from out the mould
Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near,
And thou forbidden to appear?
As if it were thyself that's here

I shrink with pain;
And both my wishes and my fear
Alike are vain.

Off weight—nor press on weight!—away
Dark thoughts!—they came, but not to
stay;

With chastened feelings would I pay
The tribute due

To him, and aught that hides his clay
From mortal view.

Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth
He sang, his genius "glinted" forth,
Rose like a star that touching earth,
For so it seems,
Doth glorify its humble birth
With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,
The struggling heart, where be they now?—
Full soon the Aspirant of the plough,
The prompt, the brave,
Slept, with the obscurest, in the low
And silent grave.

I mourned with thousands, but as one
 More deeply grieved, for He was gone
 Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
 And showed my youth
 How Verse may build a princely throne
 On humble truth.

Alas! where'er the current tends,
 Regret pursues and with it blends,—
 Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends
 By Skiddaw seen,—
 Neighbours we were, and loving friends
 We might have been;

True friends though diversely inclined;
 But heart with heart and mind with mind,
 Where the main fibres are entwined,
 Through Nature's skill,
 May even by contraries be joined
 More closely still.

The tear will start, and let it flow;
 Thou "poor Inhabitant below,"
 At this dread moment—even so—
 Might we together
 Have sate and talked where gowans blow,
 Or on wild heather.

What treasures would have then been placed
 Within my reach; of knowledge graced
 By fancy what a rich repast!
 But why go on?—
 Oh! spare to sweep, thou mournful blast,
 His grave grass-grown.

There, too, a Son, his joy and pride,
 (Not three weeks past the Stripling died,)
 Lies gathered to his Father's side,
 Soul-moving sight!
 Yet one to which is not denied
 Some sad delight:

For *he* is safe, a quiet bed
 Hath early found among the dead,
 Harboured where none can be misled,
 Wronged, or distressed;
 And surely here it may be said
 That such are blest.

And oh for Thee, by pitying grace
 Checked oft-times in a devious race,
 May He who halloweth the place
 Where Man is laid
 Receive thy Spirit in the embrace
 For which it prayed!

Sighing I turned away; but ere
 Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear,
 Music that sorrow comes not near,
 A ritual hymn,
 Chaunted in love that casts out fear
 By Seraphim.

III

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED THE DAY FOLLOWING, ON
 THE BANKS OF NITH, NEAR THE
 POET'S RESIDENCE

Too frail to keep the lofty vow
 That must have followed when his brow
 Was wreathed—"The Vision" tells us how—
 With holly spray,
 He faltered, drifted to and fro,
 And passed away.

Well might such thoughts, dear Sister,
 throng
 Our minds when, lingering all too long,
 Over the grave of Burns we hung
 In social grief—
 Indulged as if it were a wrong
 To seek relief.

But, leaving each unquiet theme
 Where gentlest judgments may misdeem,
 And prompt to welcome every gleam
 Of good and fair,
 Let us beside this limpid Stream
 Breathe hopeful air.

Enough of sorrow, wreck, and blight;
 Think rather of those moments bright
 When to the consciousness of right
 His course was true,
 When Wisdom prospered in his sight
 And virtue grew.

Yes, freely let our hearts expand,
 Freely as in youth's season bland,
 When side by side, his Book in hand,
 We wont to stray,
 Our pleasure varying at command
 Of each sweet Lay.

How oft inspired must he have trod
 These pathways, yon far-stretching road!
 There lurks his home; in that Abode,
 With mirth clate,
 Or in his nobly-pensive mood,
 The Rustic sate.

Proud thoughts that Image overawes,
 Before it humbly let us pause,
 And ask of Nature, from what cause
 And by what rules
 She trained her Burns to win applause
 That shames the Schools.

Through busiest street and loneliest glen
 Are felt the flashes of his pen;
 He rules 'mid winter snows, and when
 Bees fill their hives;
 Deep in the general heart of men
 His power survives.

What need of fields in some far clime
 Where Heroes, Sages, Bards sublime,
 And all that fetched the flowing rhyme
 From genuine springs,
 Shall dwell together till old Time
 Folds up his wings?

Sweet Mercy! to the gates of Heaven
 This Minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;
 The rueful conflict, the heart riven
 With vain endeavour,
 And memory of Earth's bitter leaven,
 Effaced for ever.

But why to Him confine the prayer,
 When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear
 On the frail heart the purest share
 With all that live?—
 The best of what we do and are,
 Just God, forgive!¹

IV

TO THE SONS OF BURNS

AFTER VISITING THE GRAVE OF THEIR
FATHER

"The Poet's grave is in a corner of the churchyard. We looked at it with melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each other his own verses—

"'Is there a man whose judgment clear,' etc."

*Extract from the Journal of my
 Fellow-Traveller.*

'MID crowded obelisks and urns
 I sought the untimely grave of Burns;

¹ See Note.

Sons of the Bard, my heart still mourns
 With sorrow true;
 And more would grieve, but that it turns
 Trembling to you!

Through twilight shades of good and ill
 Ye now are panting up life's hill,
 And more than common strength and skill
 Must ye display;
 If ye would give the better will
 Its lawful sway.

Hath Nature strung your nerves to bear
 Intemperance with less harm, beware!
 But if the Poet's wit ye share,
 Like him can speed
 The social hour—of tenfold care
 There will be need;

For honest men delight will take
 To spare your failings for his sake,
 Will flatter you,—and fool and rake
 Your steps pursue;
 And of your Father's name will make
 A snare for you.

Far from their noisy haunts retire,
 And add your voices to the quire
 That sanctify the cottage fire
 With service meet;
 There seek the genius of your Sire,
 His spirit greet;

Or where, 'mid "lonely heights and hows,"
 He paid to Nature tuneful vows;
 Or wiped his honourable brows
 Bedewed with toil,
 While reapers strove, or busy ploughs
 Upturned the soil;

His judgment with benignant ray
 Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way;
 But ne'er to a seductive lay
 Let faith be given;
 Nor deem that "light which leads astray,
 Is light from Heaven."

Let no mean hope your souls enslave;
 Be independent, generous, brave;
 Your Father such example gave,
 And such revere;
 But be admonished by his grave,
 And think, and fear!

V

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL

AT INVERSNYDE, UPON LOCH LOMOND

This delightful creature and her demeanour are particularly described in my Sister's Journal. The sort of prophecy with which the verses conclude has, through God's goodness, been realised; and now, approaching the close of my 73d year, I have a most vivid remembrance of her and the beautiful objects with which she was surrounded. She is alluded to in the Poem of "The Three Cottage Girls" among my Continental Memorials. In illustration of this class of poems I have scarcely anything to say beyond what is anticipated in my Sister's faithful and admirable Journal.

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head:
And these grey rocks; that household lawn;
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay; a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy Abode—
In truth together do ye seem
Like something fashioned in a dream;
Such Forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!
But, O fair Creature! in the light
Of common day, so heavenly bright,
I bless Thee, Vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart;
God shield thee to thy latest years!
Thee, neither know I, nor thy peers;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away:
For never saw I mien, or face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scattered, like a random seed,
Remote from men, Thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness:
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a Mountaineer:
A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!

And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech:
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind—
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful?
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell;
Adopt your homely ways, and dress,
A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see!
Thy elder Brother I would be,
Thy Father—anything to thee!

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had; and going hence
I bear away my recompence.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes:
Then, why should I be loth to stir?
I feel this place was made for her;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part:
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
And Thee, the Spirit of them all!

VI

GLEN-ALMAIN;

OR, THE NARROW GLEN

In this still place, remote from men,
Sleeps Ossian, in the NARROW GLEN;
In this still place, where murmurs on
But one meek streamlet, only one:

He sang of battles, and the breath
Of stormy war, and violent death;
And should, methinks, when all was past,
Have rightfully been laid at last
Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent
As by a spirit turbulent;
Where sights were rough, and sounds were
wild,

And everything unreconciled;
In some complaining, dim retreat,
For fear and melancholy meet;
But this is calm; there cannot be
A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the Bard sleep here indeed?
Or is it but a groundless creed?
What matters it?—I blame them not
Whose Fancy in this lonely Spot
Was moved; and in such way expressed
Their notion of its perfect rest.
A convent, even a hermit's cell,
Would break the silence of this Dell:
It is not quiet, is not ease;
But something deeper far than these:
The separation that is here
Is of the grave; and of austere
Yet happy feelings of the dead:
And, therefore, was it rightly said
That Ossian, last of all his race!
Lies buried in this lonely place.

VII

STEPPING WESTWARD

While my Fellow-traveller and I were walking
by the side of Loch Ketterine, one fine evening
after sunset, in our road to a Hut where, in the
course of our Tour, we had been hospitably en-
tertained some weeks before, we met, in one of
the loneliest parts of that solitary region, two
well-dressed Women, one of whom said to us, by
way of greeting, "What, you are stepping west-
ward?"

"What, you are stepping westward?"—
"Yea."

—'Twould be a *wildish* destiny,
If we, who thus together roam
In a strange Land, and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of Chance:
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on?

The dewy ground was dark and cold;
Behind, all gloomy to behold;

And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of *heavenly* destiny:
I liked the greeting; 'twas a sound
Of something without place or bound;
And seemed to give me spiritual right
To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake
Was walking by her native lake:
The salutation had to me
The very sound of courtesy:
Its power was felt; and while my eye
Was fixed upon the glowing Sky,
The echo of the voice enwrought
A human sweetness with the thought
Of travelling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way.

VIII

THE SOLITARY REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

IX

ADDRESS TO KILCHURN CASTLE,
UPON LOCH AWE

The first three lines were thrown off at the moment I first caught sight of the Ruin from a small eminence by the wayside; the rest was added many years after.

"From the top of the hill a most impressive scene opened upon our view,—a ruined Castle on an Island (for an Island the flood had made it) at some distance from the shore, backed by a Cove of the Mountain Cruachan, down which came a foaming stream. The Castle occupied every foot of the Island that was visible to us, appearing to rise out of the water,—mists rested upon the mountain side, with spots of sunshine; there was a mild desolation in the low grounds, a solemn grandeur in the mountains, and the Castle was wild, yet stately—not dismantled of turrets—nor the walls broken down, though obviously a ruin."—*Extract from the Journal of my Companion.*

CHILD of loud-throated War! the mountain Stream

Roars in thy hearing; but thy hour of rest
Is come, and thou art silent in thy age;

Save when the wind sweeps by and sounds
are caught

Ambiguous, neither wholly thine nor theirs.
Oh! there is life that breathes not; Powers
there are

That touch each other to the quick in
modes

Which the gross world no sense hath to
perceive,

No soul to dream of. What art Thou,
from care

Cast off—abandoned by thy rugged Sire,
Nor by soft Peace adopted; though, in
place

And in dimension, such that thou might'st
seem

But a mere footstool to yon sovereign Lord,
Huge Cruachan, (a thing that meaner hills
Might crush, nor know that it had suffered
harm;)

Yet he, not loth, in favour of thy claims
To reverence, suspends his own; submit-
ting

All that the God of Nature hath conferred,
All that he holds in common with the stars,
To the memorial majesty of Time

Impersonated in thy calm decay!

Take, then, thy seat, Vicegerent unre-
proved!

Now, while a farewell gleam of evening
light

Is fondly lingering on thy shattered front,
Do thou, in turn, be paramount; and rule
Over the pomp and beauty of a scene

Whose mountains, torrents, lake, and
woods, unite

To pay thee homage; and with these are
joined,

In willing admiration and respect,
Two Hearts, which in thy presence might
be called

Youthful as Spring.—Shade of departed
Power,

Skeleton of unfleshed humanity,
The chronicle were welcome that should call
Into the compass of distinct regard

The toils and struggles of thy infant years!
Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice;

Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,
Frozen by distance; so, majestic Pile,

To the perception of this Age, appear
Thy fierce beginnings, softened and sub-
dued

And quieted in character—the strife,
The pride, the fury uncontrollable,
Lost on the aerial heights of the Crusades!¹

X

ROB ROY'S GRAVE

I have since been told that I was misinformed as to the burial-place of Rob Roy. If so, I may plead in excuse that I wrote on apparently good authority, namely, that of a well-educated Lady who lived at the head of the Lake, within a mile or less of the point indicated as containing the remains of One so famous in the neighbourhood.

The history of Rob Roy is sufficiently known; his grave is near the head of Loch Ketterine, in one of those small pinfold-like Burial-grounds, of neglected and desolate appearance, which the traveller meets with in the Highlands of Scotland.

A FAMOUS man is Robin Hood,
The English ballad-singer's joy!
And Scotland has a thief as good,
An outlaw of as daring mood;

¹ The tradition is, that the Castle was built by a Lady during the absence of her Lord in Palestine.

She has her brave ROB ROY!
Then clear the weeds from off his Grave,
And let us chant a passing stave,
In honour of that Hero brave!

Heaven gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart
And wondrous length and strength of arm:
Nor craved he more to quell his foes,
Or keep his friends from harm.

Yet was Rob Roy as *wise* as brave;
Forgive me if the phrase be strong;—
A Poet worthy of Rob Roy
Must scorn a timid song.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave;
As wise in thought as bold in deed:
For in the principles of things
He sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, "What need of books?
Burn all the statutes and their shelves:
They stir us up against our kind;
And worse, against ourselves.

"We have a passion—make a law,
Too false to guide us or control!
And for the law itself we fight
In bitterness of soul.

"And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose
Distinctions that are plain and few:
These find I graven on my heart:
That tells me what to do.

"The creatures see of flood and field,
And those that travel on the wind!
With them no strife can last; they live
In peace, and peace of mind.

"For why?—because the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take, who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

"A lesson that is quickly learned,
A signal this which all can see!
Thus nothing here provokes the strong
To wanton cruelty.

"All freakishness of mind is checked;
He tamed, who foolishly aspires;
While to the measure of his might
Each fashions his desires.

"All kinds, and creatures, stand and fall
By strength of prowess or of wit:
'Tis God's appointment who must sway,
And who is to submit.

"Since, then, the rule of right is plain,
And longest life is but a day;
To have my ends, maintain my rights,
I'll take the shortest way."

And thus among these rocks he lived,
Through summer heat and winter snow:
The Eagle, he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below.

So was it—*would*, at least, have been
But through untowardness of fate;
For Polity was then too strong—
He came an age too late;

Or shall we say an age too soon?
For, were the bold Man living *now*,
How might he flourish in his pride,
With buds on every bough!

Then rents and factors, rights of chase,
Sheriffs, and lairds and their domains,
Would all have seemed but paltry things,
Not worth a moment's pains.

Rob Roy had never lingered here,
To these few meagre Vales confined;
But thought how wide the world, the times
How fairly to his mind!

And to his Sword he would have said,
"Do Thou my sovereign will enact
From land to land through half the earth!
Judge thou of law and fact!

"'Tis fit that we should do our part,
Becoming, that mankind should learn
That we are not to be surpassed
In fatherly concern.

"Of old things all are over old,
Of good things none are good enough:—
We'll show that we can help to frame
A world of other stuff.

"I, too, will have my kings that take
From me the sign of life and death:
Kingdoms shall shift about, like clouds,
Obedient to my breath."

And, if the word had been fulfilled,
As *might* have been, then, thought of joy!
France would have had her present Boast,
And we our own Rob Roy!

Oh! say not so; compare them not;
I would not wrong thee, Champion brave!
Would wrong thee nowhere; least of all
Here standing by thy grave.

For Thou, although with some wild thoughts,
Wild Chieftain of a savage Clan!
Hadst this to boast of; thou didst love
The *liberty* of man.

And, had it been thy lot to live
With us who now behold the light,
Thou would'st have nobly stirred thyself,
And battled for the Right.

For thou wert still the poor man's stay,
The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand;
And all the oppressed, who wanted strength,
Had thine at their command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh
Of thoughtful Herdsman when he strays
Alone upon Loch Veol's heights,
And by Loch Lomond's braes!

And, far and near, through vale and hill,
Are faces that attest the same;
The proud heart flashing through the eyes,
At sound of ROB ROY's name.

XI

SONNET

COMPOSED AT ——— CASTLE

The Castle here mentioned was Nidpath near Peebles. The person alluded to was the then Duke of Queensbury. The fact was told me by Walter Scott.

DEGENERATE Douglas! oh, the unworthy
Lord!

Whom mere despite of heart could so far
please,

And love of havoc, (for with such disease
Fame taxes him,) that he could send forth
word

To level with the dust a noble horde,
A brotherhood of venerable Trees,
Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like
these,

Beggared and outraged!—Many hearts
deplored

The fate of those old Trees; and oft with
pain

The traveller, at this day, will stop and
gaze

On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems
to heed:

For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and
bays,

And the pure mountains, and the gentle
Tweed,

And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

XII

YARROW UNVISITED

See the various Poems the scene of which is
laid upon the banks of the Yarrow; in particular,
the exquisite Ballad of Hamilton beginning

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny Bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome Marrow!"

FROM Stirling castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravelled;
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travelled;
And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my "*winsome Marrow*,"
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, *frae* Selkirk town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own;
Each maiden to her dwelling!
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!
But we will downward with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us;
And Dryborough, where with chiming
Tweed

The lintwhites sing in chorus;
There's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow:
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?

"What's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."

—Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn

My True-love sighed for sorrow ;
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow !

"Oh ! green," said I, "are Yarrow's holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing !
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,¹
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path, and open Strath,
We'll wander Scotland thorough ;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow.

"Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow !
We will not see them ; will not go,
To-day, nor yet to-morrow,
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown !
It must, or we shall rue it :
We have a vision of our own ;
Ah ! why should we undo it ?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow !
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow !

"If Care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly,—
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy ;
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,
That earth has something yet to show,
The bonny holms of Yarrow !"

XIII

THE MATRON OF JEDBOROUGH AND HER HUSBAND

At Jedborough, my companion and I went into private lodgings for a few days ; and the following Verses were called forth by the character and domestic situation of our Hostess.

AGE ! twine thy brows with fresh spring
flowers,
And call a train of laughing Hours ;

¹ See Hamilton's Ballad as above.

And bid them dance, and bid them sing ;
And thou, too, mingle in the ring !
Take to thy heart a new delight ;
If not, make merry in despite
That there is One who scorns thy power :—
But dance ! for under Jedborough Tower,
A Matron dwells who, though she bears
The weight of more than seventy years,
Lives in the light of youthful glee,
And she will dance and sing with thee.

Nay ! start not at that Figure—there !
Him who is rooted to his chair !
Look at him—look again ! for he
Hath long been of thy family.
With legs that move not, if they can,
And useless arms, a trunk of man,
He sits, and with a vacant eye ;
A sight to make a stranger sigh !
Deaf, drooping, that is now his doom :
His world is in this single room :
Is this a place for mirthful cheer ?
Can merry-making enter here ?

The joyous Woman is the Mate
Of him in that forlorn estate !
He breathes a subterraneous damp ;
But bright as Vesper shines her lamp :
He is as mute as Jedborough Tower :
She jocund as it was of yore,
With all its bravery on ; in times
When all alive with merry chimes,
Upon a sun-bright morn of May,
It roused the Vale to holiday.

I praise thee, Matron ! and thy due
Is praise, heroic praise, and true !
With admiration I behold
Thy gladness unsubdued and bold :
Thy looks, thy gestures, all present
The picture of a life well spent :
This do I see ; and something more ;
A strength unthought of heretofore !
Delighted am I for thy sake ;
And yet a higher joy partake :
Our Human-nature throws away
Its second twilight, and looks gay ;
A land of promise and of pride
Unfolding, wide as life is wide.

Ah ! see her helpless Charge ! enclosed
Within himself it seems, composed ;
To fear of loss, and hope of gain,
The strife of happiness and pain,
Utterly dead ! yet in the guise
Of little infants, when their eyes
Begin to follow to and fro
The persons that before them go,

He tracks her motions, quick or slow,
 Her buoyant spirit can prevail
 Where common cheerfulness would fail ;
 She strikes upon him with the heat
 Of July suns ; he feels it sweet ;
 An animal delight though dim !
 'Tis all that now remains for him !

The more I looked, I wondered more—
 And, while I scanned them o'er and o'er,
 Some inward trouble suddenly
 Broke from the Matron's strong black eye—
 A remnant of uneasy light,
 A flash of something over-bright !
 Nor long this mystery did detain
 My thoughts ;—she told in pensive strain
 That she had borne a heavy yoke,
 Been stricken by a twofold stroke ;
 Ill health of body ; and had pined
 Beneath worse ailments of the mind.

So be it !—but let praise ascend
 To Him who is our lord and friend !
 Who from disease and suffering
 Hath called for thee a second spring ;
 Repaid thee for that sore distress
 By no untimely joyousness ;
 Which makes of thine a blissful state ;
 And cheers thy melancholy Mate !

XIV

“FLY, SOME KIND HARBINGER, TO
 GRASMERE-DALE !”

This was actually composed the last day of our
 tour between Dalston and Grasmere.

FLY, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere-
 dale !

Say that we come, and come by this day's
 light ;

Fly upon swiftest wing round field and
 height,

But chiefly let one Cottage hear the tale ;
 There let a mystery of joy prevail,
 The kitten frolic, like a gamesome sprite,
 And Rover whine, as at a second sight
 Of near-approaching good that shall not
 fail :

And from that Infant's face let joy appear ;
 Yea, let our Mary's one companion child—
 That hath her six weeks' solitude beguiled
 With intimations manifold and dear,
 While we have wandered over wood and
 wild—

Smile on his Mother now with bolder cheer.

XV

THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY

A TALE TOLD BY THE FIRE-SIDE, AFTER
 RETURNING TO THE VALE OF GRASMERE

The story was told me by George Mackereth,
 for many years parish-clerk of Grasmere. He
 had been an eye-witness of the occurrence. The
 vessel in reality was a washing-tub, which the
 little fellow had met with on the shore of the
 Loch.

Now we are tired of boisterous joy,
 Have romped enough, my little Boy !
 Jane hangs her head upon my breast,
 And you shall bring your stool and rest ;
 This corner is your own.

There ! take your seat, and let me see
 That you can listen quietly :
 And, as I promised, I will tell
 That strange adventure which befell
 A poor blind Highland Boy.

A *Highland Boy* !—why call him so ?
 Because, my Darlings, ye must know
 That, under hills which rise like towers,
 Far higher hills than these of ours !
 He from his birth had lived.

He ne'er had seen one earthly sight
 The sun, the day ; the stars, the night ;
 Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,
 Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,
 Or woman, man, or child.

And yet he neither drooped nor pined,
 Nor had a melancholy mind ;
 For God took pity on the Boy,
 And was his friend ; and gave him joy
 Of which we nothing know.

His Mother, too, no doubt, above
 Her other children him did love :
 For, was she here, or was she there,
 She thought of him with constant care,
 And more than mother's love.

And proud she was of heart, when, clad
 In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,
 And bonnet with a feather gay,
 To Kirk he on the Sabbath day
 Went hand in hand with her.

A dog too, had he; not for need,
But one to play with and to feed;
Which would have led him, if bereft
Of company or friends, and left
Without a better guide.

And then the bagpipes he could blow—
And thus from house to house would go;
And all were pleased to hear and see,
For none made sweeter melody
Than did the poor blind Boy.

Yet he had many a restless dream;
Both when he heard the eagles scream,
And when he heard the torrents roar,
And heard the water beat the shore
Near which their cottage stood.

Beside a lake their cottage stood,
Not small like ours, a peaceful flood;
But one of mighty size, and strange;
That, rough or smooth, is full of change,
And stirring in its bed.

For to this lake, by night and day,
The great Sea-water finds its way
Through long, long windings of the hills
And drinks up all the pretty rills
And rivers large and strong:

Then hurries back the road it came—
Returns, on errand still the same;
This did it when the earth was new;
And this for evermore will do
As long as earth shall last.

And, with the coming of the tide,
Come boats and ships that safely ride
Between the woods and lofty rocks;
And to the shepherds with their flocks
Bring tales of distant lands.

And of those tales, whate'er they were,
The blind Boy always had his share;
Whether of mighty towns, or vales
With warmer suns and softer gales,
Or wonders of the Deep.

Yet more it pleased him, more it stirred,
When from the water-side he heard
The shouting, and the jolly cheers;
The bustle of the mariners
In stillness or in storm.

But what do his desires avail?
For He must never handle sail;
Nor mount the mast, nor row, nor float
In sailor's ship, or fisher's boat,
Upon the rocking waves.

His Mother often thought, and said,
What sin would be upon her head
If she should suffer this: "My Son,
Whate'er you do, leave this undone;
The danger is so great."

Thus lived he by Loch Leven's side
Still sounding with the sounding tide,
And heard the billows leap and dance,
Without a shadow of mischance,
Till he was ten years old.

When one day (and now mark me well,
Ye soon shall know how this befell)
He in a vessel of his own,
On the swift flood is hurrying down,
Down to the mighty Sea.

In such a vessel never more
May human creature leave the shore!
If this or that way he should stir,
Woe to the poor blind Mariner!
For death will be his doom.

But say what bears him?—Ye have seen
The Indian's bow, his arrows keen,
Rare beasts, and birds with plumage bright;
Gifts which, for wonder or delight,
Are brought in ships from far.

Such gifts had those seafaring men
Spread round that haven in the glen;
Each hut, perchance, might have its own;
And to the Boy they all were known—
He knew and prized them all.

The rarest was a Turtle-shell
Which he, poor Child, had studied well;
A shell of ample size, and light
As the pearly car of Amphitrite,
That sportive dolphins drew.

And, as a Coracle that braves
On Vaga's breast the fretful waves,
This shell upon the deep would swim,
And gaily lift its fearless brim
Above the tossing surge.

And this the little blind Boy knew :
 And he a story strange yet true
 Had heard, how in a shell like this
 An English Boy, O thought of bliss !
 Had stoutly launched from shore ;

Launched from the margin of a bay
 Among the Indian isles, where lay
 His father's ship, and had sailed far—
 To join that gallant ship of war,
 In his delightful shell.

Our Highland Boy oft visited
 The house that held this prize ; and, led
 By choice or chance, did thither come
 One day when no one was at home,
 And found the door unbarred.

While there he sate, alone and blind,
 That story flashed upon his mind ;—
 A bold thought roused him, and he took
 The shell from out its secret nook,
 And bore it on his head.

He launched his vessel,—and in pride
 Of spirit, from Loch Leven's side,
 Stepped into it—his thoughts all free
 As the light breezes that with glee
 Sang through the adventurer's hair.

A while he stood upon his feet ;
 He felt the motion—took his seat ;
 Still better pleased as more and more
 The tide retreated from the shore,
 And sucked, and sucked him in.

And there he is in face of Heaven.
 How rapidly the Child is driven !
 The fourth part of a mile, I ween,
 He thus had gone, ere he was seen
 By any human eye.

But when he was first seen, oh me
 What shrieking and what misery !
 For many saw ; among the rest
 His Mother, she who loved him best,
 She saw her poor blind Boy.

But for the child, the sightless Boy,
 It is the triumph of his joy !
 The bravest traveller in balloon,
 Mounting as if to reach the moon,
 Was never half so blessed.

And let him, let him go his way,
 Alone, and innocent, and gay !
 For, if good Angels love to wait
 On the forlorn unfortunate,
 This Child will take no harm.

But now the passionate lament,
 Which from the crowd on shore was sent,
 The cries which broke from old and young
 In Gaelic, or the English tongue,
 Are stifled—all is still.

And quickly with a silent crew
 A boat is ready to pursue ;
 And from the shore their course they take,
 And swiftly down the running lake
 They follow the blind Boy.

But soon they move with softer pace ;
 So have ye seen the fowler chase
 On Grasmere's clear unruffled breast
 A youngling of the wild-duck's nest
 With deftly-lifted oar ;

Or as the wily sailors crept
 To seize (while on the Deep it slept)
 The hapless creature which did dwell
 Erewhile within the dancing shell,
 They steal upon their prey.

With sound the least that can be made,
 They follow, more and more afraid,
 More cautious as they draw more near ;
 But in his darkness he can hear,
 And guesses their intent.

" *Lei-gha—Lei-gha* "—he then cried out,
 "*Lei-gha—Lei-gha* "—with eager shout ;
 Thus did he cry, and thus did pray,
 And what he meant was, " Keep away,
 And leave me to myself ! "

Alas ! and when he felt their hands—
 You've often heard of magic wands,
 That with a motion overthrow
 A palace of the proudest show,
 Or melt it into air :

So all his dreams—that inward light
 With which his soul had shone so bright—
 All vanished ;—'twas a heartfelt cross
 To him, a heavy, bitter loss,
 As he had ever known.

But hark ! a gratulating voice,
 With which the very hills rejoice :
 'Tis from the crowd, who tremblingly
 Have watched the event, and now can
 see
 That he is safe at last.

And then, when he was brought to land,
 Full sure they were a happy band,
 Which, gathering round, did on the banks
 Of that great Water give God thanks,
 And welcomed the poor Child.

And in the general joy of heart
 The blind Boy's little dog took part ;
 He leapt about, and oft did kiss
 His master's hands in sign of bliss,
 With sound like lamentation.

But most of all, his Mother dear,
 She who had fainted with her fear,
 Rejoiced when waking she espies
 The Child ; when she can trust her eyes,
 And touches the blind Boy.

She led him home, and wept amain,
 When he was in the house again :
 Tears flowed in torrents from her eyes ;
 She kissed him—how could she chastise ?
 She was too happy far.

Thus, after he had fondly braved
 The perilous Deep, the Boy was saved ;
 And, though his fancies had been wild,
 Yet he was pleased and reconciled
 To live in peace on shore.

And in the lonely Highland dell
 Still do they keep the Turtle-shell
 And long the story will repeat
 Of the blind Boy's adventurous feat,
 And how he was preserved.

NOTE.—It is recorded in Dampier's *Voyages*, that a boy, son of the captain of a Man-of-War, seated himself in a Turtle-shell, and floated in it from the shore to his father's ship, which lay at anchor at the distance of half a mile. In deference to the opinion of a Friend, I have substituted such a shell for the less elegant vessel in which my blind Voyager did actually entrust himself to the dangerous current of Loch Leven, as was related to me by an eye-witness.

OCTOBER 1803

ONE might believe that natural miseries
 Had blasted France, and made of it a land
 Unfit for men ; and that in one great band
 Her sons were bursting forth, to dwell at
 ease.

But 'tis a chosen soil, where sun and breeze
 Shed gentle favours : rural works are there,
 And ordinary business without care ;
 Spot rich in all things that can soothe and
 please !

How piteous then that there should be such
 dearth
 Of knowledge ; that whole myriads should
 unite

To work against themselves such fell despite :
 Should come in phrensy and in drunken
 mirth,

Impatient to put out the only light
 Of Liberty that yet remains on earth !

“ THERE IS A BONDAGE WORSE,
 FAR WORSE, TO BEAR ”

THERE is a bondage worse, far worse, to
 bear

Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor,
 and wall,

Pent in, a Tyrant's solitary Thrall :

'Tis his who walks about in the open air,
 One of a Nation who, henceforth, must wear
 Their fetters in their souls. For who could
 be,

Who, even the best, in such condition, free
 From self-reproach, reproach that he must
 share

With Human-nature ? Never be it ours
 To see the sun how brightly it will shine,
 And know that noble feelings, manly powers,
 Instead of gathering strength, must droop
 and pine ;

And earth with all her pleasant fruits and
 flowers

Fade, and participate in man's decline.

1803.

OCTOBER 1803

THESE times strike monied worldlings with
 dismay :

Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the
 air

With words of apprehension and despair :
While tens of thousands, thinking on the
affray,

Men unto whom sufficient for the day
And minds not stinted or untilled are given,
Sound, healthy, children of the God of
heaven,

Are cheerful as the rising sun in May.
What do we gather hence but firmer faith
That every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual
breath ;

That virtue and the faculties within
Are vital,—and that riches are akin
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death ?

“ENGLAND ! THE TIME IS COME
WHEN THOU SHOULD'ST WEAN ”

ENGLAND ! the time is come when thou
should'st wean

Thy heart from its emasculating food ;
The truth should now be better understood ;
Old things have been unsettled ; we have
seen

Fair seed-time, better harvest might have
been

But for thy trespasses ; and, at this day,
If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,
Aught good were destined, thou would'st
step between.

England ! all nations in this charge agree :
But worse, more ignorant in love and
hate,

Far—far more abject, is thine Enemy :
Therefore the wise pray for thee, though
the freight

Of thy offences be a heavy weight :
Oh grief that Earth's best hopes rest all
with Thee ! 1803.

OCTOBER 1803

WHEN, looking on the present face of
things,

I see one Man, of men the meanest too !
Raised up to sway the world, to do, undo,
With mighty Nations for his underlings,
The great events with which old story rings
Seen vain and hollow ; I find nothing great :
Nothing is left which I can venerate ;
So that a doubt almost within me springs
Of Providence, such emptiness at length

Seems at the heart of all things. But,
great God !

I measure back the steps which I have
trod :

And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the
strength

Of such poor Instruments, with thoughts
sublime

I tremble at the sorrow of the time.

TO THE MEN OF KENT

OCTOBER 1803

VANGUARD of Liberty, ye men of Kent,
Ye children of a Soil that doth advance
Her haughty brow against the coast of
France,

Now is the time to prove your hardiment !
To France be words of invitation sent !

They from their fields can see the counte-
nance

Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering
lance

And hear you shouting forth your brave
intent.

Left single, in bold parley, ye, of yore,
Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath ;
Confirmed the charters that were yours
before ;—

No parleying now ! In Britain is one breath ;
We all are with you now from shore to
shore :—

Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death !

IN THE PASS OF KILLICRANKY

An invasion being expected, October 1803.

SIX thousand veterans practised in war's
game,

Tried men, at Killicranky were arrayed
Against an equal host that wore the plaid,
Shepherds and herdsmen,—Like a whirl-
wind came

The Highlanders, the slaughter spread like
flame ;

And Garry, thundering down his mountain-
road,

Was stopped, and could not breathe be-
neath the load

Of the dead bodies.—'Twas a day of shame
For them whom precept and the pedantry
Of cold mechanic battle do enslave.

O for a single hour of that Dundee,
 Who on that day the word of onset gave !
 Like conquest would the Men of England
 see ;
 And her Foes find a like inglorious grave.

ANTICIPATION, OCTOBER 1803

SHOUT, for a mighty Victory is won !
 On British ground the Invaders are laid
 low ;
 The breath of Heaven has drifted them
 like snow,
 And left them lying in the silent sun,
 Never to rise again !—the work is done.
 Come forth, ye old men, now in peaceful
 show
 And greet your sons ! drums beat and
 trumpets blow !
 Make merry, wives ! ye little children, stun
 Your grandame's ears with pleasure of your
 noise !
 Clap, infants, clap your hands ! Divine
 must be
 That triumph, when the very worst, the pain,
 And even the prospect of our brethren slain,
 Hath something in it which the heart
 enjoys :—
 In glory will they sleep and endless sanctity.
 1803.

LINES ON THE EXPECTED INVASION, 1803

COME ye—who, if (which Heaven avert !)
 the Land
 Were with herself at strife, would take your
 stand,
 Like gallant Falkland, by the Monarch's
 side,
 And, like Montrose, make Loyalty your
 pride—
 Come ye—who, not less zealous, might
 display
 Banners at enmity with regal sway,
 And, like the Pymys and Miltons of that day,
 Think that a State would live in sounder
 health
 If Kingship bowed its head to Common-
 wealth—
 Ye too—whom no discreditable fear
 Would keep, perhaps with many a fruitless
 tear,

Uncertain what to choose and how to
 steer—
 And ye—who might mistake for sober
 sense
 And wise reserve the plea of indolence—
 Come ye—whate'er your creed—O waken
 all,
 Whate'er your temper, at your Country's
 call ;
 Resolving (this a free-born Nation can)
 To have one Soul, and perish to a man,
 Or save this honoured Land from every
 Lord
 But British reason and the British sword.

THE FARMER OF TILSBURY VALE¹

The character of this man was described to me, and the incident upon which the verses turn was told me, by Mr. Pool of Nether Stowey, with whom I became acquainted through our common friend, S. T. Coleridge. During my residence at Alfoxden I used to see much of him and had frequent occasions to admire the course of his daily life, especially his conduct to his labourers and poor neighbours : their virtues he carefully encouraged, and weighed their faults in the scales of charity. If I seem in these verses to have treated the weaknesses of the farmer, and his transgression, too tenderly, it may in part be ascribed to my having received the story from one so averse to all harsh judgment. After his death, was found in his escritoire a lock of grey hair carefully preserved, with a notice that it had been cut from the head of his faithful shepherd, who had served him for a length of years. I need scarcely add that he felt for all men as his brothers. He was much beloved by distinguished persons—Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Southey, Sir H. Davy, and many others ; and in his own neighbourhood was highly valued as a magistrate, a man of business, and in every other social relation. The latter part of the poem, perhaps, requires some apology as being too much of an echo to the "Reverie of Poor Susan."

'Tis not for the unfeeling, the falsely refined,
 The squeamish in taste, and the narrow of
 mind,
 And the small criticwielding his delicate pen,
 That I sing of old Adam, the pride of old
 men.

He dwells in the centre of London's wide
 Town ;

¹ See Note.

His staff is a sceptre—his grey hairs a crown;
And his bright eyes look brighter, set off
by the streak
Of the unfaded rose that still blooms on
his cheek.

'Mid the dews, in the sunshine of morn,—
'mid the joy
Of the fields, he collected that bloom, when
a boy,
That countenance there fashioned, which,
spite of a stain
That his life hath received, to the last will
remain.

A Farmer he was; and his house far and
near
Was the boast of the country for excellent
cheer:
How oft have I heard in sweet Tilsbury
Vale
Of the silver-rimmed horn whence he dealt
his mild ale!

Yet Adam was far as the farthest from ruin,
His fields seemed to know what their
Master was doing:
And turnips, and corn-land, and meadow,
and lea,
All caught the infection—as generous as he.

Yet Adam prized little the feast and the
bowl, —
The fields better suited the ease of his soul:
He strayed through the fields like an indo-
lent wight,
The quiet of nature was Adam's delight.

For Adam was simple in thought; and the
poor,
Familiar with him, made an inn of his door:
He gave them the best that he had; or,
to say
What less may mislead you, they took it
away.

Thus thirty smooth years did he thrive on
his farm:
The Genius of plenty preserved him from
harm:
At length, what to most is a season of
sorrow,
His means are run out,—he must beg, or
must borrow.

To the neighbours he went,—all were free
with their money;
For his hive had so long been replenished
with honey,
That they dreamt not of dearth;—He con-
tinued his rounds,
Knocked here—and knocked there, pounds
still adding to pounds.

He paid what he could with his ill-gotten
pelf,
And something, it might be, reserved for
himself:
Then (what is too true) without hinting a
word,
Turned his back on the country—and off
like a bird.

You lift up your eyes!—but I guess that
you frame
A judgment too harsh of the sin and the
shame;
In him it was scarcely a business of art,
For this he did all in the *case* of his heart.

To London—a sad emigration I ween—
With his grey hairs he went from the brook
and the green;
And there, with small wealth but his legs
and his hands,
As lonely he stood as a crow on the sands.

All trades, as need was, did old Adam
assume,—
Served as stable-boy, errand-boy, porter,
and groom;
But nature is gracious, necessity kind,
And, in spite of the shame that may lurk
in his mind,

He seems ten birthdays younger, is green
and is stout;
Twice as fast as before does his blood run
about;
You would say that each hair of his beard
was alive,
And his fingers are busy as bees in a hive.

For he's not like an Old Man that leisurely
goes
About work that he knows, in a track that
he knows;
But often his mind is compelled to demur,
And you guess that the more then his body
must stir.

In the throng of the town like a stranger
 is he,
 Like one whose own country's far over the
 sea;
 And Nature, while through the great city
 he hies,
 Full ten times a day takes his heart by sur-
 prise.

This gives him the fancy of one that is
 young,
 More of soul in his face than of words on
 his tongue;
 Like a maiden of twenty he trembles and
 sighs,
 And tears of fifteen will come into his eyes.

What's a tempest to him, or the dry
 parching heats?
 Yet he watches the clouds that pass over
 the streets;
 With a look of such earnestness often will
 stand,
 You might think he'd twelve reapers at
 work in the Strand.

Where proud Covent-garden, in desolate
 hours
 Of snow and hoar-frost, spreads her fruits
 and her flowers,
 Old Adam will smile at the pains that have
 made
 Poor winter look fine in such strange
 masquerade.

'Mid coaches and chariots, a waggon of
 straw,
 Like a magnet, the heart of old Adam can
 draw;
 With a thousand soft pictures his memory
 will teem,
 And his hearing is touched with the sounds
 of a dream.

Up the Haymarket hill he oft whistles his
 way,
 Thrusts his hands in a waggon, and smells
 at the hay;
 He thinks of the fields he so often hath
 mown,
 And is happy as if the rich freight were his
 own.

But chiefly to Smithfield he loves to re-
 pair,—

If you pass by at morning, you'll meet with
 him there.

The breath of the cows you may see him
 inhale,

And his heart all the while is in Tilsbury
 Vale.

Now farewell, old Adam! when low thou
 art laid,

May one blade of grass spring up over thy
 head;

And I hope that thy grave, wheresoever it
 be,

Will hear the wind sigh through the leaves
 of a tree. 1803.

TO THE CUCKOO

Composed in the orchard, Town-end, Grasmere.

O BLITHE New-comer! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice.

O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
 Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
 Thy twofold shout I hear,
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,
 At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale,
 Of sunshine and of flowers,
 Thou bringest unto me a tale
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
 Even yet thou art to me
 No bird, but an invisible thing,
 A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days
 I listened to; that Cry
 Which made me look a thousand ways
 In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
 Through woods and on the green;
 And thou wert still a hope, a love;
 Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
 Can lie upon the plain
 And listen, till I do beget
 That golden time again.

O blessèd Bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place;
That is fit home for Thee !

1804.

"SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF
DELIGHT"

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The germ of this poem was four lines composed as a part of the verses on the Highland Girl. Though beginning in this way, it was written from my heart, as is sufficiently obvious.

SHE was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and
smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

1804.

"I WANDERED LONELY AS
A CLOUD"

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The Daffodils grew and still grow on the margin

of Ullswater, and probably may be seen to this day as beautiful in the month of March, nodding their golden heads beside the dancing and foaming waves.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

1804.

THE AFFLICTION OF
MARGARET —

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. This was taken from the case of a poor widow who lived in the town of Penrith. Her sorrow was well known to Mrs. Wordsworth, to my Sister, and, I believe, to the whole town. She kept a shop, and when she saw a stranger passing by, she was in the habit of going out into the street to enquire of him after her son.

1

WHERE art thou, my beloved Son,
Where art thou, worse to me than dead ?
Oh find me, prosperous or undone !
Or, if the grave be now thy bed,
Why am I ignorant of the same
That I may rest; and neither blame
Nor sorrow may attend thy name ?

II

Seven years, alas! to have received
 No tidings of an only child;
 To have despaired, have hoped, believed,
 And been for evermore beguiled;
 Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss!
 I catch at them, and then I miss;
 Was ever darkness like to this?

III

He was among the prime in worth,
 An object beauteous to behold;
 Well born, well bred; I sent him forth
 Ingenious, innocent, and bold:
 If things ensued that wanted grace,
 As hath been said, they were not base;
 And never blush was on my face.

IV

Ah! little doth the young one dream,
 When full of play and childish cares,
 What power is in his wildest scream,
 Heard by his mother unawares!
 He knows it not, he cannot guess:
 Years to a mother bring distress;
 But do not make her love the less.

V

Neglect me! no, I suffered long
 From that ill thought; and, being blind,
 Said, "Pride shall help me in my wrong;
 Kind mother have I been, as kind
 As ever breathed:" and that is true;
 I've wet my path with tears like dew,
 Weeping for him when no one knew.

VI

My Son, if thou be humbled, poor,
 Hopeless of honour and of gain,
 Oh! do not dread thy mother's door;
 Think not of me with grief and pain:
 I now can see with better eyes;
 And worldly grandeur I despise,
 And fortune with her gifts and lies.

VII

Alas! the fowls of heaven have wings,
 And blasts of heaven will aid their flight;
 They mount—how short a voyage brings
 The wanderers back to their delight!
 Chains tie us down by land and sea;
 And wishes, vain as mine, may be
 All that is left to comfort thee.

VIII

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,
 Maimed, mangled by inhuman men;
 Or thou upon a desert throne
 Inheritest the lion's den;
 Or hast been summoned to the deep,
 Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep
 An incommunicable sleep.

IX

I look for ghosts; but none will force
 Their way to me: 'tis falsely said
 That there was ever intercourse
 Between the living and the dead;
 For, surely, then I should have sight
 Of him I wait for day and night,
 With love and longings infinite.

X

My apprehensions come in crowds;
 I dread the rustling of the grass;
 The very shadows of the clouds
 Have power to shake me as they pass:
 I question things and do not find
 One that will answer to my mind;
 And all the world appears unkind.

XI

Beyond participation lie
 My troubles, and beyond relief:
 If any chance to heave a sigh,
 They pity me, and not my grief.
 Then come to me, my Son, or send
 Some tidings that my woes may end;
 I have no other earthly friend!

1804.

THE FORSAKEN

This was an overflow from the "Affliction of Margaret —," and was excluded as superfluous there, but preserved in the faint hope that it may turn to account by restoring a shy lover to some forsaken damsel. My poetry has been complained of as deficient in interests of this sort,—a charge which the piece beginning, "Lyre! though such power do in thy magic live," will scarcely tend to obviate. The natural imagery of these verses was supplied by frequent, I might say intense, observation of the Rydal torrent. What an animating contrast is the ever-changing aspect of that, and indeed of every one of our mountain brooks, to the monotonous tone and unmitigated fury of such streams among the Alps as are fed all the summer long by glaciers and melting

snows. A traveller observing the exquisite purity of the great rivers, such as the Rhine at Geneva, and the Reuss at Lucerne, when they issue out of their respective lakes, might fancy for a moment that some power in nature produced this beautiful change, with a view to make amends for those Alpine sulliyings which the waters exhibit near their fountain heads; but, alas! how soon does that purity depart before the influx of tributary waters that have flowed through cultivated plains and the crowded abodes of men.

THE peace which others seek they find;
The heaviest storms not longest last;
Heaven grants even to the guiltiest mind
An amnesty for what is past;
When will my sentence be reversed?
I only pray to know the worst;
And wish as if my heart would burst.

O weary struggle! silent years
Tell seemingly no doubtful tale;
And yet they leave it short, and fears
And hopes are strong and will prevail.
My calmest faith escapes not pain;
And, feeling that the hope is vain,
I think that he will come again. 1804.

REPENTANCE

A PASTORAL BALLAD

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. Suggested by the conversation of our next neighbour, Margaret Ashburner.

THE fields which with covetous spirit we
sold,
Those beautiful fields, the delight of the
day,
Would have brought us more good than a
burthen of gold,
Could we but have been as contented as
they.

When the troublesome Tempter beset us,
said I,
"Let him come, with his purse proudly
grasped in his hand;
But, Allan, be true to me, Allan,—we'll die
Before he shall go with an inch of the
land!"

There dwelt we, as happy as birds in their
bowers;
Unfettered as bees that in gardens abide;

We could do what we liked with the land,
it was ours;
And for us the brook murmured that ran
by its side.

But now we are strangers, go early or late;
And often, like one overburthened with sin,
With my hand on the latch of the half-
opened gate,
I look at the fields, but I cannot go in!

When I walk by the hedge on a bright
summer's day,
Or sit in the shade of my grandfather's
tree,
A stern face it puts on, as if ready to say,
"What ails you, that you must come
creeping to me!"

With our pastures about us, we could not
be sad;
Our comfort was near if we ever were
crost;
But the comfort, the blessings, and wealth
that we had,
We slighted them all,—and our birth-right
was lost.

Oh, ill-judging sire of an innocent son
Who must now be a wanderer! but peace
to that strain!
Think of evening's repose when our labour
was done,
The sabbath's return; and its leisure's soft
chain!

And in sickness, if night had been sparing
of sleep,
How cheerful, at sunrise, the hill where I
stood,
Looking down on the kine, and our treasure
of sheep
That besprinkled the field; 'twas like youth
in my blood!

Now I cleave to the house, and am dull as
a snail;
And, oftentimes, hear the church-bell with
a sigh,
That follows the thought—We've no land
in the vale,
Save six feet of earth where our forefathers
lie!
1804.

THE SEVEN SISTERS;¹

OR, THE SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE

I

SEVEN Daughters had Lord Archibald,
 All children of one mother :
 You could not say in one short day
 What love they bore each other.
 A garland, of seven lilies, wrought !
 Seven Sisters that together dwell ;
 But he, bold Knight as ever fought,
 Their Father, took of them no thought,
 He loved the wars so well.
 Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie !

II

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
 And from the shores of Erin,
 Across the wave, a Rover brave
 To Binnorie is steering :
 Right onward to the Scottish strand
 The gallant ship is borne ;
 The warriors leap upon the land,
 And hark ! the Leader of the band
 Hath blown his bugle horn.
 Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie.

III

Beside a grotto of their own,
 With boughs above them closing,
 The Seven are laid, and in the shade
 They lie like fawns reposing.
 But now, upstarting with affright
 At noise of man and steed,
 Away they fly to left, to right—
 Of your fair household, Father-knight,
 Methinks you take small heed !
 Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie.

IV

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,
 And, over hill and hollow,
 With menace proud, and insult loud,
 The youthful Rovers follow.
 Cried they, "Your Father loves to roam :
 Enough for him to find
 The empty house when he comes home ;

¹ See Note.

For us your yellow ringlets comb,
 For us be fair and kind !"
 Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie.

V

Some close behind, some side to side,
 Like clouds in stormy weather ;
 They run, and cry, "Nay, let us die,
 And let us die together."
 A lake was near ; the shore was steep ;
 There never foot had been ;
 They ran, and with a desperate leap
 Together plunged into the deep,
 Nor ever more were seen.
 Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie.

VI

The stream that flows out of the lake,
 As through the glen it rambles,
 Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,
 For those seven lovely Campbells.
 Seven little Islands, green and bare,
 Have risen from out the deep :
 The fishers say, those sisters fair,
 By faeries all are buried there,
 And there together sleep.
 Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie. 1804.

ADDRESS TO MY INFANT
DAUGHTER, DORA

ON BEING REMINDED THAT SHE WAS A
 MONTH OLD THAT DAY, SEPTEMBER 16

—HAST thou then survived—
 Mild Offspring of infirm humanity,
 Meek Infant ! among all forlornest things
 The most forlorn—one life of that bright
 star,
 The second glory of the Heavens?—Thou
 hast,
 Already hast survived that great decay,
 That transformation through the wide earth
 felt,
 And by all nations. In that Being's sight
 From whom the Race of human kind pro-
 ceed,
 A thousand years are but as yesterday ;
 And one day's narrow circuit is to Him

Not less capacious than a thousand years.
But what is time? What outward glory?
neither

A measure is of Thee, whose claims extend
Through "heaven's eternal year."—Yet
hail to Thee,

Frail, feeble Monthling!—by that name,
methinks,

Thy scanty breathing-time is portioned out
Not idly.—Hadst thou been of Indian birth,
Couched on a casual bed of moss and leaves,
And rudely canopied by leafy boughs,
Or to the churlish elements exposed
On the blank plains,—the coldness of the
night,

Or the night's darkness, or its cheerful face
Of beauty, by the changing moon adorned,
Would, with imperious admonition, then
Have scored thine age, and punctually
timed

Thine infant history, on the minds of those
Who might have wandered with thee.—
Mother's love,

Nor less than mother's love in other breasts,
Will, among us warm-clad and warmly
housed,

Do for thee what the finger of the heavens
Doth all too often harshly execute
For thy unblest coevals, amid wilds
Where fancy hath small liberty to grace
The affections, to exalt them or refine;
And the maternal sympathy itself,
Though strong, is, in the main, a joyless
tie

Of naked instinct, wound about the heart.
Happier, far happier is thy lot and ours!
Even now—to solemnise thy helpless state,
And to enliven in the mind's regard
Thy passive beauty—parallels have risen,
Resemblances, or contrasts, that connect,
Within the region of a father's thoughts,
Thee and thy mate and sister of the sky.
And first;—thy sinless progress, through a
world

By sorrow darkened and by care disturbed,
Apt likeness bears to hers, through gathered
clouds,

Moving untouched in silver purity,
And cheering oft-times their reluctant gloom.
Fair are ye both, and both are free from
stain:

But thou, how leisurely thou fill'st thy horn
With brightness! leaving her to post along,
And range about, disquieted in change,

And still impatient of the shape she wears.
Once up, once down the hill, one journey,
Babe,

That will suffice thee; and it seems that
now

Thou hast fore-knowledge that such task is
thine;

Thou travellest so contentedly, and sleep'st
In such a heedless peace. Alas! full soon
Hath this conception, grateful to behold,
Changed countenance, like an object sullied
o'er

By breathing mist; and thine appears to be
A mournful labour, while to her is given
Hope, and a renovation without end.

—That smile forbids the thought; for on
thy face

Smiles are beginning, like the beams of
dawn,

To shoot and circulate; smiles have there
been seen

Tranquil assurances that Heaven supports
The feeble motions of thy life, and cheers
Thy loneliness: or shall those smiles be
called

Feelers of love, put forth as if to explore
This untried world, and to prepare thy
way

Through a strait passage intricate and dim?
Such are they; and the same are tokens,
signs,

Which, when the appointed season hath
arrived,

Joy, as her holiest language, shall adopt;
And Reason's godlike Power be proud to
own. 1804.

THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES

Seen at Town-end, Grasmere. The elder-bush
has long since disappeared: it hung over the wall
near the Cottage; and the Kitten continued to
leap up, catching the leaves as here described.
The infant was Dora.

THAT way look, my Infant, lo!
What a pretty baby-show!
See the Kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves—one—two—and three—
From the lofty elder-tree!
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,

Eddying round and round they sink
Softly, slowly: one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or Faery hither tending,—
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute,
In his wavering parachute.

—But the Kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts !
First at one, and then its fellow
Just as light and just as yellow ;
There are many now—now one—
Now they stop and there are none.
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire !
With a tiger-leap half-way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again :
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer ;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd ?
Over happy to be proud,
Over wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure !

'Tis a pretty baby-treat ;
Nor, I deem, for me unmeet ;
Here, for neither Babe nor me,
Other play-mate can I see.
Of the countless living things,
That with stir of feet and wings
(In the sun or under shade,
Upon bough or grassy blade)
And with busy revellings,
Chirp and song, and murmurings,
Made this orchard's narrow space,
And this vale so blithe a place ;
Multitudes are swept away
Never more to breathe the day :
Some are sleeping ; some in bands
Travelled into distant lands ;
Others slunk to moor and wood,
Far from human neighbourhood ;
And, among the Kinds that keep
With us closer fellowship,
With us openly abide,
All have laid their mirth aside.

Where is he that giddy Sprite,
Blue-cap, with his colours bright,
Who was blest as bird could be,
Feeding in the apple-tree ;
Made such wanton spoil and rout,
Turning blossoms inside out ;
Hung—head pointing towards the ground—
Fluttered, perched, into a round
Bound himself, and then unbound ;
Lithest, gaudiest Harlequin !
Prettiest Tumbler ever seen !
Light of heart and light of limb ;
What is now become of Him ?
Lambs, that through the mountains went
Frisking, bleating merriment,
When the year was in its prime,
They are sobered by this time.
If you look to vale or hill,
If you listen, all is still,
Save a little neighbouring rill,
That from out the rocky ground
Strikes a solitary sound.
Vainly glitter hill and plain,
And the air is calm in vain ;
Vainly Morning spreads the lure
Of a sky serene and pure ;
Creature none can she decoy
Into open sign of joy :
Is it that they have a fear
Of the dreary season near ?
Or that other pleasures be
Sweeter even than gaiety ?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell
In the impenetrable cell
Of the silent heart which Nature
Furnishes to every creature ;
Whatsoe'er we feel and know
Too sedate for outward show,
Such a light of gladness breaks,
Pretty Kitten ! from thy freaks,—
Spreads with such a living grace
O'er my little Dora's face ;
Yes, the sight so stirs and charms
Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,
That almost I could repine
That your transports are not mine,
That I do not wholly fare
Even as ye do, thoughtless pair !
And I will have my careless season
Spite of melancholy reason,
Will walk through life in such a way
That, when time brings on decay,
Now and then I may possess
Hours of perfect gladness.

—Pleased by any random toy;
 By a kitten's busy joy,
 Or an infant's laughing eye
 Sharing in the ecstasy;
 I would fare like that or this,
 Find my wisdom in my bliss;
 Keep the sprightly soul awake,
 And have faculties to take,
 Even from things by sorrow wrought,
 Matter for a jocund thought,
 Spite of care, and spite of grief,
 To gambol with Life's falling Leaf.

1804.

TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND

(AN AGRICULTURIST)

COMPOSED WHILE WE WERE LABOURING
 TOGETHER IN HIS PLEASURE-GROUND

This person was Thomas Wilkinson, a quaker by religious profession; by natural constitution of mind, or shall I venture to say, by God's grace, he was something better. He had inherited a small estate, and built a house upon it near Yanwath, upon the banks of the Emont. I have heard him say that his heart used to beat, in his boyhood, when he heard the sound of a drum and fife. Nevertheless, the spirit of enterprise in him confined itself to tilling his ground, and conquering such obstacles as stood in the way of its fertility. Persons of his religious persuasion do now, in a far greater degree than formerly, attach themselves to trade and commerce. He kept the old track. As represented in this poem, he employed his leisure hours in shaping pleasant walks by the side of his beloved river, where he also built something between a hermitage and a summer-house, attaching to it inscriptions after the manner of Shenstone at his Leasowes. He used to travel from time to time, partly from love of nature, and partly with religious friends in the service of humanity. His admiration of genius in every department did him much honour. Through his connection with the family in which Edmund Burke was educated, he became acquainted with that great man, who used to receive him with great kindness and consideration; and many times have I heard Wilkinson speak of those interesting interviews. He was honoured also by the friendship of Elizabeth Smith, and of Thomas Clarkson and his excellent wife, and was much esteemed by Lord and Lady Lonsdale, and every member of that family. Among his verses (he wrote many) are some worthy of preservation—one little poem in particular upon disturbing, by prying curiosity, a bird while hatching her

young in his garden. The latter part of this innocent and good man's life was melancholy. He became blind, and also poor by becoming surety for some of his relations. He was a bachelor. He bore, as I have often witnessed, his calamities with unfailing resignation. I will only add that, while working in one of his fields, he unearthed a stone of considerable size, then another, then two more, and, observing that they had been placed in order as if forming the segment of a circle, he proceeded carefully to uncover the soil, and brought into view a beautiful Druid's temple of perfect though small dimensions. In order to make his farm more compact, he exchanged this field for another; and, I am sorry to add, the new proprietor destroyed this interesting relic of remote ages for some vulgar purpose.

SPADE! with which Wilkinson hath tilled
 his lands,
 And shaped these pleasant walks by
 Emont's side,

Thou art a tool of honour in my hands;
 I press thee, through the yielding soil, with
 pride.

Rare master has it been thy lot to know;
 Long hast Thou served a man to reason
 true;
 Whose life combines the best of high and
 low,
 The labouring many and the resting few;

Health, meekness, ardour, quietness secure,
 And industry of body and of mind;
 And elegant enjoyments, that are pure
 As nature is; too pure to be refined.

Here often hast Thou heard the Poet sing
 In concord with his river murmuring by;
 Or in some silent field, while timid spring
 Is yet uncheered by other minstrelsy.

Who shall inherit Thee when death has laid
 Low in the darksome cell thine own dear
 lord?

That man will have a trophy, humble
 Spade!

A trophy nobler than a conqueror's sword.

If he be one that feels, with skill to part
 False praise from true, or, greater from the
 less,

Thee will he welcome to his hand and
 heart,

Thou monument of peaceful happiness!

He will not dread with Thee a toilsome
day—
Thee his loved servant, his inspiring mate !
And, when thou art past service, worn
away,
No dull oblivious nook shall hide thy fate.

His thrift thy uselessness will never scorn ;
An *heir-loom* in his cottage wilt thou
be :—
High will he hang thee up, well pleased to
adorn
His rustic chimney with the last of Thee !
1804.

THE SMALL CELANDINE

THERE is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,
That shrinks, like many more, from cold
and rain ;
And, the first moment that the sun may
shine,
Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again !

When hailstones have been falling, swarm
on swarm,
Or blasts the green field and the trees
distrest,
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,
In close self-shelter, like a Thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I
passed
And recognised it, though an altered form,
Now standing forth an offering to the
blast,
And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopped, and said with inly-muttered
voice,
" It doth not love the shower, nor seek the
cold :
This neither is its courage nor its choice,
But its necessity in being old.

" The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the
dew ;
It cannot help itself in its decay ;
Stiff in its members, withered, changed of
hue."
And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was
grey.

To be a Prodigal's Favourite—then, worse
truth,
A Miser's Pensioner—behold our lot !
O Man, that from thy fair and shining
youth
Age might but take the things Youth
needed not !
1804.

AT APPLETHWAITE, NEAR KESWICK

This place was presented to me by Sir George
Beaumont with a view to the erection of a house
upon it, for the sake of being near to Coleridge,
then living, and likely to remain, at Greta Hall
near Keswick. The *severe* necessities that pre-
vented this arose from his domestic situation.
This little property, with a considerable addition
that still leaves it very small, lies beautifully upon
the banks of a rill that gurgles down the side of
Skiddaw, and the orchard and other parts of the
grounds command a magnificent prospect of
Derwent Water, and of the mountains of Borrow-
dale and Newlands. Many years ago I gave the
place to my daughter.

BEAUMONT ! it was thy wish that I should
rear
A seemly Cottage in this sunny Dell,
On favoured ground, thy gift, where I
might dwell
In neighbourhood with One to me most dear,
That undivided we from year to year
Might work in our high Calling—a bright
hope
To which our fancies, mingling, gave free
scope
Till checked by some necessities severe.
And should these slacken, honoured
BEAUMONT ! still
Even then we may perhaps in vain implore
Leave of our fate thy wishes to fulfil.
Whether this boon be granted us or not,
Old Skiddaw will look down upon the Spot
With pride, the Muses love it evermore.
1804.

TO THE SUPREME BEING
FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO
THE prayers I make will then be sweet
indeed
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray :
My unassisted heart is barren clay,

That of its native self can nothing feed :
Of good and pious works thou art the seed,
That quickens only where thou say'st it may :
Unless Thou show to us thine own true way
No man can find it : Father ! Thou must
lead.

Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts
into my mind

By which such virtue may in me be bred
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread ;
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of thee,
And sound thy praises everlastingly.

1804.

ODE TO DUTY

This ode is on the model of Gray's Ode to Adversity, which is copied from Horace's Ode to Fortune. Many and many a time have I been twitted by my wife and sister for having forgotten this dedication of myself to the stern lawgiver. Transgressor indeed I have been, from hour to hour, from day to day : I would fain hope, however, not more flagrantly or in a worse way than most of my tuneful brethren. But these last words are in a wrong strain. We should be rigorous to ourselves and forbearing, if not indulgent, to others, and, if we make comparisons at all, it ought to be with those who have morally excelled us.

"Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eductus, ut non tantum rectè facere possim, sed nisi rectè facere non possim."

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God !
O Duty ! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove ;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe ;
From vain temptations dost set free ;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail
humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth :
Glad Hearts ! without reproach or blot
Who do thy work, and know it not :
Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power !
around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,

When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed ;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to
their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust :
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if
I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control ;
But in the quietness of thought :
Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
I feel the weight of chance-desires :
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face :
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
And the most ancient heavens, through
Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
I call thee : I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
Oh, let my weakness have an end !
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give ;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let
me live ! 1805.

TO A SKY-LARK

UP with me ! up with me into the clouds !
For thy song, Lark, is strong ;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds !
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,

Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind !

I have walked through wildernesses dreary
And to-day my heart is weary ;
Had I now the wings of a Faery,
Up to thee would I fly.
There is madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine ;
Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning
Thou art laughing and scorning ;
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark ! thou would'st be loth
To be such a traveller as I.
Happy, happy Liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain river
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both !

Alas ! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must
wind ;
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures, when life's
day is done. 1805.

FIDELITY

The young man whose death gave occasion to this poem was named Charles Gough, and had come early in the spring to Paterdale for the sake of angling. While attempting to cross over Helvellyn to Grasmere he slipped from a steep part of the rock where the ice was not thawed, and perished. His body was discovered as is told in this poem. Walter Scott heard of the accident, and both he and I, without either of us knowing that the other had taken up the subject, each wrote a poem in admiration of the dog's fidelity. His contains a most beautiful stanza :—
“ How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber,
When the wind waved his garment how oft didst thou start.”

I will add that the sentiment in the last four lines of the last stanza in my verses was uttered by a shepherd with such exactness, that a traveller, who afterwards reported his account in print, was induced to question the man whether he had read them, which he had not.

A BARKING sound the Shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox ;
He halts—and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks :
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern ;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

The Dog is not of mountain breed ;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy ;
With something, as the Shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry :
Nor is there any one in sight
All round, in hollow or on height ;
Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear ;
What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps, till June, December's snow ;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn¹ below !
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land ;
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;
The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere ;
Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—
And mists that spread the flying shroud ;
And sunbeams ; and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past ;
But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while
The Shepherd stood ; then makes his way
O'er rocks and stones, following the Dog
As quickly as he may ;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground ;
The appalled Discoverer with a sigh
Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The Man had fallen, that place of fear !
At length upon the Shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear :
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came ;

¹ Tarn is a *small* Mere or Lake, mostly high up in the mountains.

Remembered, too, the very day
On which the Traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell !
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The Dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This Dog, had been through three months'
space
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that, since the day
When this ill-fated Traveller died,
The Dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side :
How nourished here through such long time
He knows, who gave that love sublime ;
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate ! 1805.

INCIDENT

CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVOURITE DOG

This Dog I knew well. It belonged to Mrs. Wordsworth's brother, Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, who then lived at Sockburn on the Tees, a beautiful retired situation where I used to visit him and his sisters before my marriage. My sister and I spent many months there after our return from Germany in 1799.

ON his morning rounds the Master
Goes to learn how all things fare ;
Searches pasture after pasture,
Sheep and cattle eyes with care ;
And, for silence or for talk,
He hath comrades in his walk ;
Four dogs, each pair of different breed,
Distinguished two for scent, and two for
speed.

See a hare before him started !
—Off they fly in earnest chase ;
Every dog is eager-hearted,
All the four are in the race :
And the hare whom they pursue,
Knows from instinct what to do ;
Her hope is near : no turn she makes ;
But, like an arrow, to the river takes.

Deep the river was, and crusted
Thinly by a one night's frost ;

But the nimble Hare hath trusted
To the ice, and safely crost ;
She hath crost, and without heed
All are following at full speed,
When, lo ! the ice, so thinly spread,
Breaks—and the greyhound, DART, is over-
head !

Better fate have PRINCE and SWALLOW—
See them cleaving to the sport !
MUSIC has no heart to follow,
Little MUSIC, she stops short.
She hath neither wish nor heart,
Hers is now another part :
A loving creature she, and brave !
And fondly strives her struggling friend to
save.

From the brink her paws she stretches,
Very hands as you would say !
And afflicting moans she fetches,
As he breaks the ice away.
For herself she hath no fears,—
Him alone she sees and hears,—
Makes efforts with complainings ; nor gives
o'er
Until her fellow sinks to re-appear no more.
1805.

TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME DOG

LIE here, without a record of thy worth,
Beneath a covering of the common earth !
It is not from unwillingness to praise,
Or want of love, that here no Stone we raise ;
More thou deserv'st ; but *this* man gives to
man,
Brother to brother, *this* is all we can.
Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee
dear
Shall find thee through all changes of the
year :
This Oak points out thy grave ; the silent
tree
Will gladly stand a monument of thee.
We grieved for thee, and wished thy end
were past ;
And willingly have laid thee here at last :
For thou hadst lived till everything that
cheers
In thee had yielded to the weight of years ;
Extreme old age had wasted thee away,
And left thee but a glimmering of the day ;

Thy ears were deaf, and feeble were thy
 knees,—
 I saw thee stagger in the summer breeze,
 Too weak to stand against its sportive
 breath,
 And ready for the gentlest stroke of death.
 It came, and we were glad; yet tears were
 shed;
 Both man and woman wept when thou wert
 dead;
 Not only for a thousand thoughts that were,
 Old household thoughts, in which thou
 hadst thy share;
 But for some precious boons vouchsafed to
 thee,
 Found scarcely anywhere in like degree!
 For love, that comes wherever life and sense
 Are given by God, in thee was most intense;
 A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,
 A tender sympathy, which did thee bind
 Not only to us Men, but to thy Kind:
 Yea, for thy fellow-brutes in thee we saw
 A soul of love, love's intellectual law:—
 Hence, if we wept, it was not done in
 shame;
 Our tears from passion and from reason
 came,
 And, therefore, shalt thou be an honoured
 name! 1805.

TO THE DAISY

SWEET Flower! belike one day to have
 A place upon thy Poet's grave,
 I welcome thee once more:
 But He, who was on land, at sea,
 My Brother, too, in loving thee,
 Although he loved more silently,
 Sleeps by his native shore.

Ah! hopeful, hopeful was the day
 When to that Ship he bent his way,
 To govern and to guide:
 His wish was gained: a little time
 Would bring him back in manhood's prime
 And free for life, these hills to climb;
 With all his wants supplied.

And full of hope day followed day
 While that stout Ship at anchor lay
 Beside the shores of Wight;
 The May had then made all things green;

And, floating there, in pomp serene,
 That Ship was goodly to be seen,
 His pride and his delight!

Yet then, when called ashore, he sought
 The tender peace of rural thought:
 In more than happy mood
 To your abodes, bright daisy Flowers!
 He then would steal at leisure hours,
 And loved you glittering in your bowers
 A starry multitude.

But hark the word!—the ship is gone;—
 Returns from her long course:—anon
 Sets sail:—in season due,
 Once more on English earth they stand:
 But, when a third time from the land
 They parted, sorrow was at hand
 For Him and for his crew.

Ill-fated Vessel!—ghastly shock!
 —At length delivered from the rock,
 The deep she hath regained;
 And through the stormy night they steer;
 Labouring for life, in hope and fear,
 To reach a safer shore—how near,
 Yet not to be attained!

“Silence!” the brave Commander cried:
 To that calm word a shriek replied,
 It was the last death-shriek.
 —A few (my soul oft sees that sight)
 Survive upon the tall mast's height;
 But one dear remnant of the night—
 For Him in vain I seek.

Six weeks beneath the moving sea
 He lay in slumber quietly;
 Unforced by wind or wave
 To quit the Ship for which he died,
 (All claims of duty satisfied;)
 And there they found him at her side;
 And bore him to the grave.

Vain service! yet not vainly done
 For this, if other end were none,
 That He, who had been cast
 Upon a way of life unmeet
 For such a gentle Soul and sweet,
 Should find an undisturbed retreat
 Near what he loved, at last—

That neighbourhood of grove and field
 To Him a resting-place should yield,

A meek man and a brave!
 The birds shall sing and ocean make
 A mournful murmur for *his* sake;
 And 'Thou, sweet Flower, shalt sleep and
 wake
 Upon his senseless grave. 1805.

ELEGIAC STANZAS

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE
 CASTLE, IN A STORM, PAINTED BY SIR
 GEORGE BEAUMONT

Sir George Beaumont painted two pictures of
 this subject, one of which he gave to Mrs.
 Wordsworth, saying she ought to have it; but
 Lady Beaumont interfered, and after Sir George's
 death she gave it to Sir Uvedale Price, in whose
 house at Foxley I have seen it.

I WAS thy neighbour once, thou rugged
 Pile!
 Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of
 thee:
 I saw thee every day; and all the while
 Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
 So like, so very like, was day to day!
 When'er I looked, thy Image still was
 there;
 It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm! it seemed no
 sleep;
 No mood, which season takes away, or
 brings:
 I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
 Was even the gentlest of all gentle Things.

Ah! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's
 hand,
 To express what then I saw; and add the
 gleam,
 The light that never was, on sea or land,
 The consecration, and the Poet's dream;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile
 Amid a world how different from this!
 Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
 On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house
 divine
 Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven;—
 Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine
 The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease,
 Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
 No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
 Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
 Such Picture would I at that time have
 made:

And seen the soul of truth in every part,
 A stedfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no
 more;
 I have submitted to a new control:
 A power is gone, which nothing can restore;
 A deep distress hath humanised my Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
 A smiling sea, and be what I have been:
 The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
 This, which I know, I speak with mind
 serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have
 been the Friend,
 If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,
 This work of thine I blame not, but
 commend;
 This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate Work!—yet wise and
 well,
 Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
 That Hulk which labours in the deadly
 swell,
 This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
 I love to see the look with which it braves,
 Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,
 The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling
 waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
 Housed in a dream, at distance from the
 Kind!
 Such happiness, wherever it be known,
 Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
Such sights, or worse, as are before me
here.—

Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.
1805.

ELEGIAC VERSES

IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER, JOHN
WORDSWORTH,

COMMANDER OF THE E.I. COMPANY'S SHIP THE
EARL OF ABERGAVENNY, IN WHICH HE PER-
ISHED BY CALAMITOUS SHIPWRECK, FEB. 6,
1805.

Composed near the Mountain track that leads
from Grasmere through Grisdale Hawes, where
it descends towards Paterdale.

"Here did we stop; and here looked round,
While each into himself descends."

The point is two or three yards below the out-
let of Grisdale tarn, on a foot-road by which a
horse may pass to Paterdale—a ridge of Helvellyn
on the left, and the summit of Fairfield on the
right.

I

THE Sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo!
That instant, startled by the shock,
The Buzzard mounted from the rock
Deliberate and slow:
Lord of the air, he took his flight;
Oh! could he on that woeful night
Have lent his wing, my Brother dear,
For one poor moment's space to Thee,
And all who struggled with the Sea,
When safety was so near.

II

Thus in the weakness of my heart
I spoke (but let that pang be still)
When rising from the rock at will,
I saw the Bird depart.
And let me calmly bless the Power
That meets me in this unknown Flower.
Affecting type of him I mourn!
With calmness suffer and believe,
And grieve, and know that I must grieve,
Not cheerless, though forlorn.

III

Here did we stop; and here looked round
While each into himself descends,

For that last thought of parting Friends
That is not to be found.

Hidden was Grasmere Vale from sight,
Our home and his, his heart's delight,
His quiet heart's selected home.
But time before him melts away,
And he hath feeling of a day
Of blessedness to come.

IV

Full soon in sorrow did I weep,
Taught that the mutual hope was dust,
In sorrow, but for higher trust,
How miserably deep!
All vanished in a single word,
A breath, a sound, and scarcely heard:
Sea—Ship—drowned—Shipwreck—so it
came,
The meek, the brave, the good, was gone;
He who had been our living John
Was nothing but a name.

V

That was indeed a parting! oh,
Glad am I, glad that it is past;
For there were some on whom it cast
Unutterable woe.
But they as well as I have gains;—
From many a humble source, to pains
Like these, there comes a mild release;
Even here I feel it, even this Plant
Is in its beauty ministrant
To comfort and to peace.

VI

He would have loved thy modest grace,
Meek Flower! To Him I would have said,
"It grows upon its native bed
Beside our Parting-place;
There, cleaving to the ground, it lies
With multitude of purple eyes,
Spangling a cushion green like moss;
But we will see it, joyful tide!
Some day, to see it in its pride,
The mountain will we cross."

VII

—Brother and Friend, if verse of mine
Have power to make thy virtues known,
Here let a monumental Stone
Stand—sacred as a Shrine;

And to the few who pass this way,
Traveller or Shepherd, let it say,
Long as these mighty rocks endure,—
Oh do not Thou too fondly brood,
Although deserving of all good,
On any earthly hope, however pure!¹

1805.

"WHEN TO THE ATTRACTIONS OF THE BUSY WORLD."

The grove still exists, but the plantation has been walled in, and is not so accessible as when my brother John wore the path in the manner here described. The grove was a favourite haunt with us all while we lived at Town-end.

WHEN, to the attractions of the busy world,
Preferring studious leisure, I had chosen
A habitation in this peaceful Vale,
Sharp season followed of continual storm
In deepest winter; and, from week to week,
Pathway, and lane, and public road, were
clogged

With frequent showers of snow. Upon a
hill

At a short distance from my cottage, stands
A stately Fir-grove, whither I was wont
To hasten, for I found, beneath the roof
Of that perennial shade, a cloistral place
Of refuge, with an unincumbered floor.
Here, in safe covert, on the shallow snow,
And, sometimes, on a speck of visible earth,
The redbreast near me hopped; nor was I
loth

To sympathise with vulgar coppice birds
That, for protection from the nipping blast,
Hither repaired.—A single beech-tree grew
Within this grove of firs! and, on the fork
Of that one beech, appeared a thrush's nest;
A last year's nest, conspicuously built
At such small elevation from the ground
As gave sure sign that they, who in that
house

Of nature and of love had made their home
Amid the fir-trees, all the summer long
Dwelt in a tranquil spot. And oftentimes,
A few sheep, stragglers from some mountain-
flock,
Would watch my motions with suspicious
stare,

¹ The plant alluded to is the Moss Campion
(*Silene acaulis* of Linnæus). See Note.

From the remotest outskirts of the grove,—
Some nook where they had made their
final stand,
Huddling together from two fears—the
fear

Of me and of the storm. Full many an
hour

Here did I lose. But in this grove the
trees

Had been so thickly planted, and had
thriven

In such perplexed and intricate array;
That vainly did I seek, beneath their stems
A length of open space, where to and fro
My feet might move without concern or
care;

And, baffled thus, though earth from day
to day

Was fettered, and the air by storm dis-
turbed,

I ceased the shelter to frequent,—and
prized,

Less than I wished to prize, that calm
recess.

The snows dissolved, and genial Spring
returned

To clothe the fields with verdure. Other
haunts

Meanwhile were mine; till, one bright April
day,

By chance retiring from the glare of noon
To this forsaken covert, there I found
A hoary pathway traced between the trees,
And winding on with such an easy line
Along a natural opening, that I stood
Much wondering how I could have sought
in vain

For what was now so obvious. To abide,
For an allotted interval of ease,

Under my cottage-roof, had gladly come
From the wild sea a cherished Visitant;
And with the sight of this same path—
begun,

Begun and ended, in the shady grove,
Pleasant conviction flashed upon my mind
That, to this opportune recess allured,
He had surveyed it with a finer eye,
A heart more wakeful; and had worn the
track

By pacing here, unwearied and alone,
In that habitual restlessness of foot
That haunts the Sailor measuring o'er and
o'er

His short domain upon the vessel's deck,

While she pursues her course through the dreary sea.

When thou hadst quitted Esthwaite's pleasant shore,

And taken thy first leave of those green hills

And rocks that were the play-ground of thy youth,

Year followed year, my Brother! and we two,

Conversing not, knew little in what mould
Each other's mind was fashioned; and at length,

When once again we met in Grasmere Vale,

Between us there was little other bond
Than common feelings of fraternal love.

But thou, a Schoolboy, to the sea hadst carried

Undying recollections! Nature there

Was with thee; she, who loved us both,
she still

Was with thee; and even so didst thou
become

A *silent* Poet; from the solitude

Of the vast sea didst bring a watchful heart

Still couchant, an inevitable ear,

And an eye practised like a blind man's touch.

—Back to the joyless Ocean thou art gone;
Nor from this vestige of thy musing hours

Could I withhold thy honoured name,—
and now

I love the fir-grove with a perfect love.

Thither do I withdraw when cloudless suns
Shine hot, or wind blows troublesome and

strong;

And there I sit at evening, when the steep
Of Silver-how, and Grasmere's peaceful

lake,

And one green island, gleam between the stems

Of the dark firs, a visionary scene!

And, while I gaze upon the spectacle
Of clouded splendour, on this dream-like

sight

Of solemn loveliness, I think on thee,
My Brother, and on all which thou hast lost.

Nor seldom, if I rightly guess, while Thou,
Muttering the verses which I muttered first

Among the mountains, through the mid-
night watch

Art pacing thoughtfully the vessel's deck

In some far region, here, while o'er my head,

At every impulse of the moving breeze,
The fir-grove murmurs with a sea-like sound,

Alone I tread this path;—for aught I know,
Timing my steps to thine; and, with a store

Of undistinguishable sympathies,
Mingling most earnest wishes for the day
When we, and others whom we love, shall meet

A second time, in Grasmere's happy Vale.
1805.

NOTE.—This wish was not granted; the lamented Person not long after perished by shipwreck, in discharge of his duty as Commander of the Honourable East India Company's Vessel, the Earl of Abergavenny.

LOUISA

AFTER ACCOMPANYING HER ON A MOUNTAIN EXCURSION

Written at Town-end, Grasmere.

I MET Louisa in the shade,
And, having seen that lovely Maid,
Why should I fear to say
That, nymph-like, she is fleet and strong,
And down the rocks can leap along
Like rivulets in May?

She loves her fire, her cottage-home;
Yet o'er the moorland will she roam
In weather rough and bleak;
And, when against the wind she strains,
Oh! might I kiss the mountain rains
That sparkle on her cheek.

Take all that's mine "beneath the moon,"
If I with her but half a noon
May sit beneath the walls
Of some old cave, or mossy nook,
When up she winds along the brook
To hunt the waterfalls. 1805.

TO A YOUNG LADY

WHO HAD BEEN REPROACHED FOR TAKING LONG WALKS IN THE COUNTRY

Composed at the same time and on the same view as "I met Louisa in the shade": indeed they were designed to make one piece.

DEAR Child of Nature, let them rail !
—There is a nest in a green dale,
A harbour and a hold ;
Where thou, a Wife and Friend, shalt see
Thy own heart-stirring days, and be
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd boy,
And treading among flowers of joy
Which at no season fade,
Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,
Shalt show us how divine a thing
A Woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
Nor leave thee, when grey hairs are nigh,
A melancholy slave ;
But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave. 1805.

VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA¹

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. Faithfully narrated, though with the omission of many pathetic circumstances, from the mouth of a French lady, who had been an eye-and-ear-witness of all that was done and said. Many long years after, I was told that Duplignè was then a monk in the Convent of La Trappe.

The following tale was written as an Episode, in a work from which its length may perhaps exclude it. The facts are true ; no invention as to these has been exercised, as none was needed.

O HAPPY time of youthful lovers (thus
My story may begin) O balmy time,
In which a love-knot on a lady's brow
Is fairer than the fairest star in heaven !
To such inheritance of blessed fancy
(Fancy that sports more desperately with
minds
Than ever fortune hath been known to do)
The high-born Vaudracour was brought,
by years
Whose progress had a little overstepped
His stripling prime. A town of small
repute,
Among the vine-clad mountains of Auvergne,
Was the Youth's birth-place. There he
wooed a Maid
Who heard the heart-felt music of his suit

¹ The first four lines occur in *The Prelude*, book ix. p. 306.

With answering vows. Plebeian was the
stock,
Plebeian, though ingenuous, the stock,
From which her graces and her honours
sprung :
And hence the father of the enamoured
Youth,
With haughty indignation, spurned the
thought
Of such alliance.—From their cradles up,
With but a step between their several
homes,
Twins had they been in pleasure ; after
strife
And petty quarrels, had grown fond again ;
Each other's advocate, each other's stay ;
And, in their happiest moments, not con-
tent,
If more divided than a sportive pair
Of sea-fowl, conscious both that they are
hovering
Within the eddy of a common blast,
Or hidden only by the concave depth
Of neighbouring billows from each other's
sight.

Thus, not without concurrence of an age
Unknown to memory, was an earnest given
By ready nature for a life of love,
For endless constancy, and placid truth ;
But whatso'er of such rare treasure lay
Reserved, had fate permitted, for support
Of their maturer years, his present mind
Was under fascination ;—he beheld
A vision, and adored the thing he saw.
Arabian fiction never filled the world
With half the wonders that were wrought
for him.

Earth breathed in one great presence of the
spring ;
Life turned the meanest of her implements,
Before his eyes, to price above all gold ;
The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine ;
Her chamber-window did surpass in glory
The portals of the dawn ; all paradise
Could, by the simple opening of a door,
Let itself in upon him :—pathways
Swarmed with enchantment, till the
sank,
Surcharged, within him, overbrought
Beneath a sun that wakes a world
To its dull round of ordinary
A man too happy for mortality
So passed the time, till what
effect

Of some unguarded moment that dissolved
Virtuous restraint—ah, speak it, think it,
not!

Deem rather that the fervent Youth, who
saw

So many bars between his present state
And the dear haven where he wished to be
In honourable wedlock with his Love,
Was in his judgment tempted to decline
To perilous weakness, and entrust his cause
To nature for a happy end of all;

Deem that by such fond hope the Youth
was swayed,

And bear with their transgression, when I
add

That Julia, wanting yet the name of wife,
Carried about her for a secret grief
The promise of a mother.

To conceal

The threatened shame, the parents of the
Maid

Found means to hurry her away by night,
And unforwarned, that in some distant
spot

She might remain shrouded in privacy,
Until the babe was born. When morning
came

The Lover, thus bereft, stung with his loss,
And all uncertain whither he should turn,
Chafed like a wild beast in the toils; but
soon

Discovering traces of the fugitives,
Their steps he followed to the Maid's re-
treat.

Easily may the sequel be divined—
Walks to and fro—watchings at every
hour;

And the fair Captive, who, whene'er she
may,

Is busy at her casement as the swallow
Fluttering its pinions, almost within reach,
About the pendent nest, did thus espy
Her Lover!—thence a stolen interview,
Accomplished under friendly shade of
night.

the raptures of the pair;—such
me
venerable poets, touched
ightful verse than skill of mine
n; chiefly by that darling

liet and her Romeo,
ark's note heard before its

And of the streaks that laced the severing
clouds

In the unrelenting east.—Through all her
courts

The vacant city slept; the busy winds,
That keep no certain intervals of rest,
Moved not; meanwhile the galaxy dis-
played

Her fires, that like mysterious pulses beat
Aloft;—momentous but uneasy bliss!

To their full hearts the universe seemed
hung

On that brief meeting's slender filament!

They parted; and the generous Vaudra-
cour

Reached speedily the native threshold, bent
On making (so the Lovers had agreed)

A sacrifice of birthright to attain
A final portion from his father's hand;
Which granted, Bride and Bridegroom then
would flee

To some remote and solitary place,
Shady as night, and beautiful as heaven,
Where they may live, with no one to be-
hold

Their happiness, or to disturb their love.
But *now* of this no whisper; not the less,
If ever an obtrusive word were dropped
Touching the matter of his passion, still,
In his stern father's hearing, Vaudracour
Persisted openly that death alone
Should abrogate his human privilege
Divine, of swearing everlasting truth,
Upon the altar, to the Maid he loved.

"You shall be baffled in your mad in-
tent

If there be justice in the court of France,"
Muttered the Father.—From these words
the Youth

Conceived a terror; and, by night or day,
Stirred nowhere without weapons, that full
soon

Found dreadful provocation: for at night
When to his chamber he retired, attempt
Was made to seize him by three armed
men,

Acting, in furtherance of the father's will,
Under a private signet of the State.

One the rash Youth's ungovernable hand
Slew, and as quickly to a second gave
A perilous wound—he shuddered to behold
The breathless corse; then peacefully re-
signed

His person to the law, was lodged in prison,

And wore the fetters of a criminal.

Have you observed a tuft of wingèd seed
That, from the dandelion's naked stalk,
Mounted aloft, is suffered not to use
Its natural gifts for purposes of rest,
Driven by the autumnal whirlwind to and
fro

Through the wide element? or have you
marked

The heavier substance of a leaf-clad bough,
Within the vortex of a foaming flood,
Tormented? by such aid you may conceive
The perturbation that ensued;—ah, no!
Desperate the Maid—the Youth is stained
with blood;

Unmatchable on earth is their disquiet!
Yet as the troubled seed and tortured
bough

Is Man, subjected to despotic sway.

For him, by private influence with the
Court,

Was pardon gained, and liberty procured;
But not without exaction of a pledge,
Which liberty and love dispersed in air.

He flew to her from whom they would
divide him—

He clove to her who could not give him
peace—

Yea, his first word of greeting was,—“All
right

Is gone from me; my lately-towering hopes,
To the least fibre of their lowest root,
Are withered; thou no longer canst be
mine,

I thine—the conscience-stricken must not
woo

The unruffled Innocent,—I see thy face,
Behold thee, and my misery is complete!”

“One, are we not?” exclaimed the
Maiden—“One,

For innocence and youth, for weal and
woe?”

Then with the father's name she coupled
words

Of vehement indignation; but the Youth
Checked her with filial meekness; for no
thought

Uncharitable crossed his mind, no sense
Of hasty anger rising in the eclipse
Of true domestic loyalty, did e'er

Find place within his bosom.—Once again
The persevering wedge of tyranny

Achieved their separation: and once more
Were they united,—to be yet again

Disparted, pitiable lot! But here
A portion of the tale may well be left
In silence, though my memory could add
Much how the Youth, in scanty space of
time,

Was traversed from without; much, too,
of thoughts

That occupied his days in solitude
Under privation and restraint; and what,
Through dark and shapeless fear of things
to come,

And what, through strong compunction for
the past,

He suffered—breaking down in heart and
mind!

Doomed to a third and last captivity,
His freedom he recovered on the eve
Of Julia's travail. When the babe was
born,

Its presence tempted him to cherish schemes
Of future happiness. “You shall return,
Julia,” said he, “and to your father's
house

Go with the child.—You have been
wretched; yet

The silver shower, whose reckless burthen
weighs

Too heavily upon the lily's head,
Oft leaves a saving moisture at its root.

Malice, beholding you, will melt away.
Go!—'tis a town where both of us were
born;

None will reproach you, for our truth is
known;

And if, amid those once-bright bowers, our
fate

Remain unpitied, pity is not in man.
With ornaments—the prettiest, nature
yields

Or art can fashion, shall you deck our boy,
And feed his countenance with your own
sweet looks

Till no one can resist him.—Now, even
now,

I see him sporting on the sunny lawn
My father from the window sees
Startled, as if some new-created

Enriched the earth, or Faery
Bounded before him;—but the
Child

Shall by his beauty win his grace
So that it shall be softened, and
End happily, as they began!

‘Thes

Appeared but seldom; oftener was he seen
Propping a pale and melancholy face
Upon the Mother's bosom; resting thus
His head upon one breast, while from the
other

The Babe was drawing in its quiet food.
—That pillow is no longer to be thine,
Fond Youth! that mournful solace now
must pass

Into the list of things that cannot be!
Unwedded Julia, terror-smitten, hears
The sentence, by her mother's lip pronounced,

That dooms her to a convent.—Who shall
tell,

Who dares report, the tidings to the lord
Of her affections? so they blindly asked
Who knew not to what quiet depths a
weight

Of agony had pressed the Sufferer down:
The word, by others dreaded, he can hear
Composed and silent, without visible sign
Of even the least emotion. Noting this,
When the impatient object of his love
Upbraided him with slackness, he returned
No answer, only took the mother's hand
And kissed it; seemingly devoid of pain,
Or care, that what so tenderly he pressed,
Was a dependant on the obdurate heart
Of one who came to disunite their lives
For ever—sad alternative! preferred,
By the unbending Parents of the Maid,
To secret 'spousals meanly disavowed.
—So be it!

In the city he remained
A season after Julia had withdrawn
To those religious walls. He, too, de-
parts—

Who with him?—even the senseless Little-
one.

With that sole charge he passed the city-
gates,

For the last time, attendant by the side
Of a close chair, a litter, or sedan,

In which the Babe was carried. To a hill,
A brief league distant from the

in that house where he had

his steps, by anxious love

they parted from him there,
Good

Now till he had disappeared
stop. His eyes he scarcely took,

Throughout that journey, from the vehicle
(Slow-moving ark of all his hopes!) the
veiled

The tender infant: and, at every inn,
And under every hospitable tree
At which the bearers halted or reposed,
Laid him with timid care upon his knees,
And looked, as mothers ne'er were known
to look,

Upon the nursling which his arms em-
braced.

This was the manner in which Vaudracour
Departed with his infant; and thus reached
His father's house, where to the innocent
child

Admittance was denied. The young man
spake

No word of indignation or reproof,
But, of his father begged, a last request,
That a retreat might be assigned to him
Where in forgotten quiet he might dwell,
With such allowance as his wants required;
For wishes he had none. To a lodge that
stood

Deep in a forest, with leave given, at the
age

Of four-and-twenty summers he withdrew;
And thither took with him his motherless
Babe,

And one domestic for their common needs,
An aged woman. It consoled him here
To attend upon the orphan, and perform
Obsequious service to the precious child,
Which, after a short time, by some mistake
Or indiscretion of the Father, died.—
The Tale I follow to its last recess
Of suffering or of peace, I know not which:
Theirs be the blame who caused the woe,
not mine!

From this time forth he never shared a
smile

With mortal creature. An Inhabitant
Of that same town, in which the pair had
left

So lively a remembrance of their griefs,
By chance of business, coming within reach
Of his retirement, to the forest lodge
Repaired, but only found the matron there,
Who told him that his pains were thrown
away,

For that her Master never uttered word
To living thing—not even to her.—Behold!
While they were speaking, Vaudracour
approached;

But, seeing some one near, as on the latch
Of the garden-gate his hand was laid, he
shrunk—

And, like a shadow, glided out of view.
Shocked at his savage aspect, from the
place

The visitor retired.

Thus lived the Youth
Cut off from all intelligence with man,
And shunning even the light of common
day;

Nor could the voice of Freedom, which
through France

Full speedily resounded, public hope,
Or personal memory of his own deep
wrongs,

Rouse him: but in those solitary shades
His days he wasted, an imbecile mind!

1805.

THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT

BY MY SISTER

Suggested to her while beside my sleeping
children.

The days are cold, the nights are long,

The north-wind sings a doleful song;

Then hush again upon my breast;

All merry things are now at rest,

Save thee, my pretty Love!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,

The crickets long have ceased their mirth;

There's nothing stirring in the house

Save one wee, hungry, nibbling mouse,

Then why so busy thou?

Nay! start not at that sparkling light;

'Tis but the moon that shines so bright

On the window pane bedropped with rain:

Then, little Darling! sleep again,

And wake when it is day.

1805.

THE WAGGONER¹

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The char-
acters and story from fact.

In Cairo's crowded streets

The impatient Merchant, wondering, waits in
vain,

And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

THOMSON.

TO

CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

When I sent you, a few weeks ago,
the tale of Peter Bell, you asked "why THE
WAGGONER was not added?"—To say the truth
—from the higher tone of imagination, and the
deeper touches of passion aimed at in the former,
I apprehended this little Piece could not accom-
pany it without disadvantage. In the year 1806,
if I am not mistaken, THE WAGGONER was read
to you in manuscript, and, as you have remem-
bered it for so long a time, I am the more en-
couraged to hope, that, since the localities on
which the Poem partly depends did not prevent
its being interesting to you, it may prove accept-
able to others. Being therefore in some measure
the cause of its present appearance, you must
allow me the gratification of inscribing it to you;
in acknowledgment of the pleasure I have derived
from your Writings, and of the high esteem with
which

I am very truly yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, May 20, 1819.

CANTO FIRST

'Tis spent—this burning day of June!

Soft darkness o'er its latest gleams is
stealing;

The buzzing dor-hawk, round and round,
is wheeling,¹—

That solitary bird

Is all that can be heard

In silence deeper far than that of deepest
noon!

Confiding Glow-worms, 'tis a night
Propitious to your earth-born light!

But, where the scattered stars are seen

In hazy straits the clouds between,

Each, in his station twinkling not,

Seems changed into a pallid spot.

The mountains against heaven's
weight

Rise up, and grow to wondrous

The air, as in a lion's den,

Is close and hot;—and now a

Comes a tired and sultry breeze

With a haunting and a panting

Like the stifling of disease;

But the dews allay the heat,

And the silence makes it sweet.

¹ See Note.

Hush, there is some one on the stir!
 'Tis Benjamin the Waggoner;
 Who long hath trod this toilsome way,
 Companion of the night and day.
 That far-off tinkling's drowsy cheer,
 Mixed with a faint yet grating sound
 In a moment lost and found,
 The Wain announces—by whose side
 Along the banks of Rydal Mere
 He paces on, a trusty Guide,—
 Listen! you can scarcely hear!
 Hither he his course is bending;—
 Now he leaves the lower ground,
 And up the craggy hill ascending
 Many a stop and stay he makes,
 Many a breathing-fit he takes;—
 Steep the way and wearisome,
 Yet all the while his whip is dumb!

The Horses have worked with right
 good-will,
 And so have gained the top of the hill;
 He was patient, they were strong,
 And now they smoothly glide along,
 Recovering breath, and pleased to win
 The praises of mild Benjamin.
 Heaven shield him from mishap and snare!
 But why so early with this prayer?—
 Is it for threatenings in the sky?
 Or for some other danger nigh?
 No; none is near him yet, though he
 Be one of much infirmity;
 For at the bottom of the brow,
 Where once the DOVE and OLIVE-BOUGH
 Offered a greeting of good ale
 To all who entered Grasmere Vale;
 And called on him who must depart
 To leave it with a jovial heart;
 There, where the DOVE and OLIVE-BOUGH
 Once hung, a Poet harbours now,
 A simple water-drinking Bard;
 Why need our Hero then (though frail
 His best resolves) be on his guard?
 He marches by, secure and bold;
 Yet while he thinks on times of old,
 When that all looks wondrous cold;
 When his shoulders, shakes his head,
 When the honest folk within,
 That with Benjamin
 May be alive or dead!
 No danger,—none at all!
 When he walks secure;
 While—and then for trial,—
 His pride of self-denial;
 That tempting door,

Which with such friendly voice will call;
 If he resist those casement panes,
 And that bright gleam which thence will fall
 Upon his Leaders' bells and manes,
 Inviting him with cheerful lure:
 For still, though all be dark elsewhere,
 Some shining notice will be *there*,
 Of open house and ready fare.

The place to Benjamin right well
 Is known, and by as strong a spell
 As used to be that sign of love
 And hope—the OLIVE-BOUGH and DOVE
 He knows it to his cost, good Man!
 Who does not know the famous SWAN?
 Object uncouth! and yet our boast,
 For it was painted by the Host;
 His own conceit the figure planned,
 'Twas coloured all by his own hand;
 And that frail Child of thirsty clay,
 Of whom I sing this rustic lay,
 Could tell with self-dissatisfaction
 Quaint stories of the bird's attraction!¹

Well! that is past—and in despite
 Of open door and shining light.
 And now the conqueror essays
 The long ascent of Dunmail-raise;
 And with his team is gentle here
 As when he clomb from Rydal Mere;
 His whip they do not dread—his voice
 They only hear it to rejoice.
 To stand or go is at *their* pleasure;
 Their efforts and their time they measure
 By generous pride within the breast;
 And, while they strain, and while they rest
 He thus pursues his thoughts at leisure.

Now am I fairly safe to-night—
 And with proud cause my heart is light:
 I trespassed lately worse than ever—
 But Heaven has blest a good endeavour;
 And, to my soul's content, I find
 The evil One is left behind.
 Yes, let my master fume and fret,
 Here am I—with my horses yet!
 My jolly team, he finds that ye
 Will work for nobody but me!
 Full proof of this the Country gained;
 It knows how ye were vexed and strained
 And forced unworthy stripes to bear,
 When trusted to another's care.
 Here was it—on this rugged slope,
 Which now ye climb with heart and hope

¹ This rude piece of self-taught art (such is the progress of refinement) has been supplanted by professional production.

I saw you, between rage and fear,
Plunge, and fling back a spiteful ear,
And ever more and more confused,
As ye were more and more abused :
As chance would have it, passing by
I saw you in that jeopardy :
A word from me was like a charm ;
Ye pulled together with one mind ;
And your huge burthen, safe from harm,
Moved like a vessel in the wind !
—Yes, without me, up hills so high
'Tis vain to strive for mastery.
Then grieve not, jolly team ! though tough
The road we travel, steep, and rough ;
Though Rydal-heights and Dunmail-raise,
And all their fellow banks and braes,
Full often make you stretch and strain,
And halt for breath and halt again,
Yet to their sturdiness 'tis owing
That side by side we still are going !

While Benjamin in earnest mood
His meditations thus pursued,
A storm, which had been smothered long,
Was growing inwardly more strong ;
And, in its struggles to get free,
Was busily employed as he.
The thunder had begun to growl—
He heard not, too intent of soul ;
The air was now without a breath—
He marked not that 'twas still as death.
But soon large rain-drops on his head
Fell with the weight of drops of lead ;—
He starts—and takes, at the admonition,
A sage survey of his condition.
The road is black before his eyes,
Glimmering faintly where it lies ;
Black is the sky—and every hill,
Up to the sky, is blacker still—
Sky, hill, and dale, one dismal room,
Hung round and overhung with gloom ;
Save that above a single height
Is to be seen a lurid light,
Above Helm-crag¹—a streak half dead,
A burning of portentous red ;
And near that lurid light, full well
The ASTROLOGER, sage Sidrophel,
Where at his desk and book he sits,
Puzzling aloft his curious wits ;
He whose domain is held in common
With no one but the ANCIENT WOMAN,

¹ A mountain of Grasmere, the broken summit of which presents two figures, full as distinctly shaped as that of the famous Cobbler near Arrochar in Scotland.

Cowering beside her rifted cell,
As if intent on magic spell ;—
Dread pair, that, spite of wind and weather,
Still sit upon Helm-crag together !

The ASTROLOGER was not unseen
By solitary Benjamin ;
But total darkness came anon,
And he and everything was gone :
And suddenly a ruffling breeze,
(That would have rocked the sounding trees
Had aught of sylvan growth been there)
Swept through the Hollow long and bare :
The rain rushed down—the road was
battered,

As with the force of billows shattered ;
The horses are dismayed, nor know
Whether they should stand or go ;
And Benjamin is groping near them
Sees nothing, and can scarcely hear them,
He is astounded,—wonder not,—
With such a charge in such a spot ;
Astounded in the mountain gap
With thunder-peals, clap after clap,
Close-treading on the silent flashes—
And somewhere, as he thinks, by crashes
Among the rocks ; with weight of rain,
And sullen motions long and slow,
That to a dreary distance go—
Till, breaking in upon the dying strain,
Arending o'er his head begins the fray again.

Meanwhile, uncertain what to do,
And oftentimes compelled to halt,
The horses cautiously pursue
Their way, without mishap or fault ;
And now have reached that pile of stones,
Heaped over brave King Dunmail's bones ;
His who had once supreme command,
Last king of rocky Cumberland ;
His bones, and those of all his Power
Slain here in a disastrous hour !

When, passing through this narrow strait,
Stony, and dark, and desolate,
Benjamin can faintly hear
A voice that comes from some one near
A female voice :—"Whoe'er you be
Stop," it exclaimed, "and pity me
And, less in pity than in wonder
Amid the darkness and the thunder
The Waggoner, with prompt
Summons his horses to a stand

While, with increasing agitation
The Woman urged her supplication
In rueful words, with sobs between
The voice of tears that fell unseen

There came a flash—a startling glare,
And all Seat-Sandal was laid bare !
'Tis not a time for nice suggestion,
And Benjamin, without a question,
Taking her for some way-worn rover,
Said, "Mount, and get you under cover !"

Another voice, in tone as hoarse
As a swoln brook with rugged course,
Cried out, "Good brother, why so fast ?
I've had a glimpse of you—*avast !*
Or, since it suits you to be civil,
Take her at once—for good and evil !"

"It is my Husband," softly said
The Woman, as if half afraid :
By this time she was snug within,
Through help of honest Benjamin ;
She and her Babe, which to her breast
With thankfulness the Mother pressed ;
And now the same strong voice more near
Said cordially, "My Friend, what cheer ?
Rough doings these ! as God's my judge,
The sky owes somebody a grudge !
We've had in half an hour or less
A twelvemonth's terror and distress !"

Then Benjamin entreats the Man
Would mount, too, quickly as he can :
The Sailor—Sailor now no more,
But such he had been heretofore—
To courteous Benjamin replied,
"Go you your way, and mind not me ;
For I must have, whate'er betide,
My Ass and fifty things beside,—
Go, and I'll follow speedily !"

The Waggon moves—and with its load
Descends along the sloping road ;
And the rough Sailor instantly
Turns to a little tent hard by :
For when, at closing-in of day,
The family had come that way,
Green pasture and the soft warm air
Tempted them to settle there.—
Green is the grass for beast to graze,
Around the stones of Dunmail-raise !

The Sailor gathers up his bed,
And down the canvas overhead ;
And bids farewell to the place,
And says a word—though not of grace,
About his Ass and all his store,
And the Waggon went before,

CANTO SECOND

Turn's modest House of prayer,
Was the lowliest dwelling,

Had, with its belfry's humble stock,
A little pair that hang in air,
Been mistress also of a clock,
(And one, too, not in crazy plight)
Twelve strokes that clock would have been
telling

Under the brow of old Helvellyn—
Its bead-roll of midnight,
Then, when the Hero of my tale
Was passing by, and, down the vale
(The vale now silent, hushed I ween
As if a storm had never been)
Proceeding with a mind at ease ;
While the old Familiar of the seas,
Intent to use his utmost haste,
Gained ground upon the Waggon fast,
And gives another lusty cheer ;
For spite of rumbling of the wheels,
A welcome greeting he can hear ;—
It is a fiddle in its glee
Dinning from the CHERRY TREE !

Thence the sound—the light is there—
As Benjamin is now aware,
Who, to his inward thoughts confined,
Had almost reached the festive door,
When, startled by the Sailor's roar,
He hears a sound and sees a light,
And in a moment calls to mind
That 'tis the village MERRY-NIGHT !¹

Although before in no dejection,
At this insidious recollection
His heart with sudden joy is filled,—
His ears are by the music thrilled,
His eyes take pleasure in the road
Glittering before him bright and broad ;
And Benjamin is wet and cold,
And there are reasons manifold
That make the good, tow'rds which he
yearning,

Look fairly like a lawful earning.

Nor has thought time to come and go
To vibrate between yes and no ;
For, cries the Sailor, "Glorious chance
That blew us hither !—let him dance,
Who can or will !—my honest soul,
Our treat shall be a friendly bowl !"
He draws him to the door—"Come in,
Come, come," cries he to Benjamin !
And Benjamin—ah, woe is me !
Gave the word—the horses heard
And halted, though reluctantly.

¹ A term well known in the North of England and applied to rural Festivals where young people meet in the evening for the purpose of dancing.

"Blithe souls and lightsome hearts have
we,

Feasting at the CHERRY TREE !"
This was the outside proclamation,
This was the inside salutation ;
What bustling—jostling—high and low !
A universal overflow !
What tankards foaming from the tap !
What store of cakes in every lap !
What thumping—stumping—overhead !
The thunder had not been more busy :
With such a stir you would have said,
This little place may well be dizzy !
'Tis who can dance with greatest vigour—
'Tis what can be most prompt and eager ;
As if it heard the fiddle's call,
The pewter clatters on the wall ;
The very bacon shows its feeling,
Swinging from the smoky ceiling !

A steaming bowl, a blazing fire,
What greater good can heart desire ?
'Twere worth a wise man's while to try
The utmost anger of the sky :
To seek for thoughts of a gloomy cast,
If such the bright amends at last.
Now should you say I judge amiss,
The CHERRY TREE shows proof of this ;
For soon of all the happy there,
Our Travellers are the happiest pair ;
All care with Benjamin is gone—
A Cæsar past the Rubicon !
He thinks not of his long, long strife ;—
The Sailor, Man by nature gay,
Hath no resolves to throw away ;
And he hath now forgot his Wife,
Hath quite forgotten her—or may be
Thinks her the luckiest soul on earth,
Within that warm and peaceful berth,
Under cover,
Terror over,

Sleeping by her sleeping Baby.

With bowl that sped from hand to hand,
The gladdest of the gladsome band,
Amid their own delight and fun,
They hear—when every dance is done,
When every whirling bout is o'er—
The fiddle's *squeak*¹—that call to bliss,
Ever followed by a kiss ;
They envy not the happy lot,
But enjoy their own the more !

While thus our jocund Travellers fare,

Up springs the Sailor from his chair—
Limps (for I might have told before
That he was lame) across the floor—
Is gone—returns—and with a prize ;
With what ?—a Ship of lusty size ;
A gallant stately Man-of-war,
Fixed on a smoothly-sliding car.
Surprise to all, but most surprise
To Benjamin, who rubs his eyes,
Not knowing that he had befriended
A Man so gloriously attended !

"This," cries the Sailor, "a Third-rate
is—

Stand back, and you shall see her gratis !
This was the Flag-ship at the Nile,
The Vanguard—you may smirk and smile,
But, pretty Maid, if you look near,
You'll find you've much in little here !
A nobler ship did never swim,
And you shall see her in full trim :
I'll set, my friends, to do you honour,
Set every inch of sail upon her."
So said, so done ; and masts, sails, yards,
He names them all ; and interlards
His speech with uncouth terms of art,
Accomplished in the showman's part ;
And then, as from a sudden check,
Cries out—" 'Tis there, the quarter-deck
On which brave Admiral Nelson stood—
A sight that would have roused your blood !
One eye he had, which, bright as ten,
Burned like a fire among his men ;
Let this be land, and that be sea,
Here lay the French—and *thus* came we !"

Hushed was by this the fiddle's sound,
The dancers all were gathered round,
And, such the stillness of the house,
You might have heard a nibbling mouse ;
While, borrowing helps where'er he may,
The Sailor through the story runs
Of ships to ships and guns to guns ;
And does his utmost to display
The dismal conflict, and the might
And terror of that marvellous night !

"A bowl, a bowl of double measure
Cries Benjamin, "a draught of leniency
To Nelson, England's pride and
Her bulwark and her tower of strength
When Benjamin had seized the
The mastiff, from beneath the
Where he lay, watchful as a dog
Rattled his chain ; 'twas all
For Benjamin, triumphant soul
He heard the monitory growl ;

¹ At the close of each strathspey, or jig, a particular note from the fiddle summons the Rustic to the agreeable duty of saluting his partner.

Heard—and in opposition quaffed
 A deep, determined, desperate draught !
 Nor did the battered Tar forget,
 Or flinch from what he deemed his debt :
 Then, like a hero crowned with laurel,
 Back to her place the ship he led ;
 Wheeled her back in full apparel ;
 And so, flag flying at mast head,
 Re-yoked her to the Ass:—anon,
 Cries Benjamin, " We must be gone.
 Thus, after two hours' hearty stay,
 Agdin behold them on their way !

CANTO THIRD

RIGHT gladly had the horses stirred,
 When they the wished-for greeting heard,
 The whip's loud notice from the door,
 That they were free to move once more.
 You think, those doings must have bred
 In them disheartening doubts and dread ;
 No, not a horse of all the eight,
 Although it be a moonless night,
 Fears either for himself or freight ;
 For this they know (and let it hide,
 In part, the offences of their guide)
 That Benjamin, with clouded brains,
 Is worth the best with all their pains ;
 And, if they had a prayer to make,
 The prayer would be that they may take
 With him whatever comes in course,
 The better fortune or the worse ;
 That no one else may have business near them,
 And, drunk or sober, he may steer them.

So, forth in dauntless mood they fare,
 And with them goes the guardian pair.

Now, heroes, for the true commotion,
 The triumph of your late devotion
 Can aught on earth impede delight,
 Still mounting to a higher height ;
 And higher still—a greedy flight !
 Can any low-born care pursue her.
 Can any mortal clog come to her ? ¹

No notion have they—not a thought,
 As from joyless regions brought !

While they coast the silent lake,
 Inspiration I partake ;

Not empyreal spirits—yea,
 A enraptured vision, see—
 That a jubilee !

Not pictures—clad in gleams
 Bright as feverish dreams !
 Angled sky, and lake serene,

¹ See Note.

Involved and restless all—a scene
 Pregnant with mutual exaltation,
 Rich change, and multiplied creation !
 This sight to me the Muse imparts ;—
 And then, what kindness in their hearts
 What tears of rapture, what vow-making
 Profound entreaties, and hand-shaking
 What solemn, vacant, interlacing,
 As if they'd fall asleep embracing !
 Then, in the turbulence of glee,
 And in the excess of amity,
 Says Benjamin, " That Ass of thine,
 He spoils thy sport, and hinders mine :
 If he were tethered to the waggon,
 He'd drag as well what he is dragging,
 And we, as brother should with brother
 Might trudge it alongside each other ! "

Forthwith, obedient to command,
 The horses made a quiet stand ;
 And to the waggon's skirts was tied
 The Creature, by the Mastiff's side,
 The Mastiff wondering, and perplexed
 With dread of what will happen next ;
 And thinking it but sorry cheer,
 To have such company so near !

This new arrangement made, the W
 Through the still night proceeds again,
 No Moon hath risen her light to lend,
 But indistinctly may be kenned
 The VANGUARD, following close behind
 Sails spread, as if to catch the wind !

" Thy wife and child are snug and wa
 Thy ship will travel without harm ;
 I like," said Benjamin, " her shape
 stature :

And this of mine—this bulky creature
 Of which I have the steering—this,
 Seen fairly, is not much amiss !
 We want your streamers, friend, you kn
 But, altogether as we go,
 We make a kind of handsome show !
 Among these hills, from first to last,
 We've weathered many a furious blast,
 Hard passage forcing on, with head
 Against the storm, and canvas spread.
 I hate a boaster ; but to thee
 Will say't, who know'st both land
 sea,

The unluckiest hulk that stems the bri
 Is hardly worse beset than mine,
 When cross-winds on her quarter beat
 And, fairly lifted from my feet,
 I stagger onward—heaven knows how
 But not so pleasantly as now :

Poor pilot I, by snows confounded,
And many a foundrous pit surrounded !
Yet here we are, by night and day
Grinding through rough and smooth our
way ;

Through foul and fair our task fulfilling ;
And long shall be so yet—God willing !”

“Ay,” said the Tar, “through fair and
foul—

But save us from yon screeching owl !”
That instant was begun a fray
Which called their thoughts another way :
The mastiff, ill-conditioned carl !
What must he do but growl and snarl,
Still more and more dissatisfied
With the meek comrade at his side !
Till, not incensed though put to proof,
The Ass, uplifting a hind hoof,
Salutes the Mastiff on the head ;
And so were better manners bred,
And all was calmed and quieted.

“Yon screech-owl,” says the Sailor,
turning

Back to his former cause of mourning,
“Yon owl !—pray God that all be well !
‘Tis worse than any funeral bell ;
As sure as I’ve the gift of sight,
We shall be meeting ghosts to-night !”
—Said Benjamin, “This whip shall lay
A thousand, if they cross our way.
I know that Wanton’s noisy station,
I know him and his occupation ;
The jolly bird hath learned his cheer
Upon the banks of Windermere ;
Where a tribe of them make merry,
Mocking the Man that keeps the ferry ;
Hallooing from an open throat,
Like travellers shouting for a boat.
—The tricks he learned at Windermere
This vagrant owl is playing here—
That is the worst of his employment :
He’s at the top of his enjoyment !”

This explanation stilled the alarm,
Cured the foreboder like a charm ;
This, and the manner, and the voice,
Summoned the Sailor to rejoice ;
His heart is up—he fears no evil
From life or death, from man or devil ;
He wheels—and, making many stops,
Brandished his crutch against the mountain
tops ;

And, while he talked of blows and scars,
Benjamin, among the stars,
Beheld a dancing—and a glancing ;

Such retreating and advancing
As, I ween, was never seen
In bloodiest battle since the days of Mars !

CANTO FOURTH

THUS they, with freaks of proud delight,
Beguile the remnant of the night ;
And many a snatch of jovial song
Regales them as they wind along ;
While to the music, from on high,
The echoes make a glad reply.—
But the sage Muse the revel heeds
No farther than her story needs ;
Nor will she servilely attend
The loitering journey to its end.
—Blithe spirits of her own impel
The Muse, who scents the morning air,
To take of this transported pair
A brief and unproved farewell ;
To quit the slow-paced waggon’s side,
And wander down yon hawthorn dell,
With murmuring Greta for her guide.
—There doth she ken the awful form
Of Raven-crag—black as a storm—
Glimmering through the twilight pale ;
And Ghimmer-crag,¹ his tall twin brother,
Each peering forth to meet the other :—
And, while she roves through St. John’s
Vale,

Along the smooth unpathwayed plain,
By sheep-track or through cottage lane,
Where no disturbance comes to intrude
Upon the pensive solitude,
Her unsuspecting eye, perchance,
With the rude shepherd’s favoured glance,
Beholds the faeries in array,
Whose party-coloured garments gay
The silent company betray :
Red, green, and blue ; a moment’s sight !
For Skiddaw-top with rosy light
Is touched—and all the band take flight.
—Fly also, Muse ! and from the dell
Mount to the ridge of Nathdale Fell ;
Thence, look thou forth o’er wood and
lawn

Hoar with the frost-like dews of dawn ;
Across yon meadowy bottom look,
Where close fogs hide their parent brook ;
And see, beyond that hamlet small,
The ruined towers of Threlkeld-hall,
Lurking in a double shade,
By trees and lingering twilight made !

¹ The crag of the ewe lamb.

There, at Blencathara's rugged feet,
 Sir Lancelot gave a safe retreat
 To noble Clifford; from annoy
 Concealed the persecuted boy,
 Well pleased in rustic garb to feed
 His flock, and pipe on shepherd's reed
 Among this multitude of hills,
 Craggs, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills;
 Which soon the morning shall enfold,
 From east to west, in ample vest
 Of massy gloom and radiance bold.

The mists, that o'er the streamlet's bed
 Hung low, begin to rise and spread;
 Even while I speak, their skirts of grey
 Are smitten by a silver ray;
 And lo!—up Castrigg's naked steep
 (Where, smoothly urged, the vapours sweep
 Along—and scatter and divide,
 Like fleecy clouds self-multiplied)
 The stately waggon is ascending,
 With faithful Benjamin attending,
 Apparent now beside his team—
 Now lost amid a glittering steam:
 And with him goes his Sailor-friend,
 By this time near their journey's end;
 And, after their high-minded riot,
 Sickening into thoughtful quiet;
 As if the morning's pleasant hour
 Had for their joys a killing power.
 And, sooth, for Benjamin a vein
 Is opened of still deeper pain
 As if his heart by notes were stung
 From out the lowly hedge-rows flung;
 As if the Warbler lost in light
 Reproved his soarings of the night,
 In strains of rapture pure and holy
 Upbraided his distempered folly.

Drooping is he, his step is dull;
 But the horses stretch and pull;
 With increasing vigour climb,
 Eager to repair lost time;
 Whether, by their own desert,
 Knowing what cause there is for shame,
 They are labouring to avert
 As much as may be of the blame,
 Which, they foresee, must soon alight
 Upon *his* head, whom, in despite
 Of all his failings, they love best;
 Whether for him they are distressed,
 Or, by length of fasting roused,
 Are impatient to be housed:
 Up against the hill they strain
 Tugging at the iron chain,
 Tugging all with might and main,

Last and foremost, every horse
 To the utmost of his force!
 And the smoke and respiration,
 Rising like an exhalation,
 Blend with the mist—a moving shroud
 To form, an undissolving cloud;
 Which, with slant ray, the merry sun
 Takes delight to play upon.
 Never golden-haired Apollo,
 Pleased some favourite chief to follow
 Through accidents of peace or war,
 In a perilous moment threw
 Around the object of his care
 Veil of such celestial hue;
 Interposed so bright a screen—
 Him and his enemies between!

Alas! what boots it?—who can hide,
 When the malicious Fates are bent
 On working out an ill intent?
 Can destiny be turned aside?
 No—sad progress of my story!
 Benjamin, this outward glory
 Cannot shield thee from thy Master,
 Who from Keswick has pricked forth,
 Sour and surly as the north;
 And, in fear of some disaster,
 Comes to give what help he may,
 And to hear what thou canst say;
 If, as needs he must forebode,
 Thou hast been loitering on the road!
 His fears, his doubts, may now take flight
 The wished-for object is in sight;
 Yet, trust the Muse, it rather hath
 Stirred him up to livelier wrath;
 Which he stifles, moody man!
 With all the patience that he can;
 To the end that, at your meeting,
 He may give thee decent greeting.

There he is—resolved to stop,
 Till the waggon gains the top;
 But stop he cannot—must advance:
 Him Benjamin, with lucky glance,
 Espies—and instantly is ready,
 Self-collected, poised, and steady:
 And, to be the better seen,
 Issues from his radiant shroud,
 From his close-attending cloud,
 With careless air and open mien.
 Erect his port, and firm his going;
 So struts yon cock that now is crowing;
 And the morning light in grace
 Strikes upon his lifted face,
 Hurrying the pallid hue away
 That might his trespasses betray.

But what can all avail to clear him,
 Or what need of explanation,
 Parley or interrogation?
 For the Master sees, alas!
 That unhappy Figure near him,
 Limping o'er the dewy grass,
 Where the road it fringes, sweet,
 Soft and cool to way-worn feet;
 And, O indignity! an Ass,
 By his noble Mastiff's side,
 Tethered to the waggon's tail:
 And the ship, in all her pride,
 Following after in full sail!
 Not to speak of babe and mother;
 Who, contented with each other,
 And snug as birds in leafy arbour,
 Find, within, a blessed harbour!

With eager eyes the Master pries;
 Looks in and out, and through and through;
 Says nothing—till at last he spies
 A wound upon the Mastiff's head,
 A wound, where plainly might be read
 What feats an Ass's hoof can do!
 But drop the rest:—this aggravation,
 This complicated provocation,
 A hoard of grievances unsealed;
 All past forgiveness it repealed;
 And thus, and through distempered blood
 On both sides, Benjamin the good,
 The patient, and the tender-hearted,
 Was from his team and waggon parted;
 When duty of that day was o'er,
 Laid down his whip—and served no more.—
 Nor could the waggon long survive,
 Which Benjamin had ceased to drive:
 It lingered on;—guide after guide
 Ambitiously the office tried;
 But each unmanageable hill
 Called for *his* patience and *his* skill;—
 And sure it is, that through this night,
 And what the morning brought to light,
 Two losses had we to sustain,
 We lost both WAGGONER and WAIN!

But Nature might not be gainsaid;
 For what I have and what I miss
 I sing of these;—it makes my bliss!
 Nor is it I who play the part,
 But a shy spirit in my heart,
 That comes and goes—will sometimes leap
 From hiding-places ten years deep;
 Or haunts me with familiar face,
 Returning, like a ghost unladen,
 Until the debt I owe be paid.
 Forgive me, then; for I had been
 On friendly terms with this Machine:
 In him, while he was wont to trace
 Our roads, through many a long year's space,
 A living almanack had we;
 We had a speaking diary,
 That in this uneventful place
 Gave to the days a mark and name
 By which we knew them when they came.
 —Yes, I, and all about me here,
 Through all the changes of the year,
 Had seen him through the mountains go,
 In pomp of mist or pomp of snow,
 Majestically huge and slow:
 Or, with a milder grace adorning
 The landscape of a summer's morning;
 While Grasmere smoothed her liquid plain
 The moving image to detain;
 And mighty Fairfield, with a chime
 Of echoes, to his march kept time;
 When little other business stirred,
 And little other sound was heard;
 In that delicious hour of balm,
 Stillness, solitude, and calm,
 While yet the valley is arrayed,
 On this side with a sober shade;
 On that is prodigally bright—
 Crag, lawn, and wood—with rosy light.
 —But most of all, thou Lordly Wain!
 I wish to have thee here again,
 When windows flap and chimney roars,
 And all is dismal out of doors;
 And, sitting by my fire, I see
 Eight sorry carts, no less a train;
 Unworthy successors of thee,
 Come straggling through the wind and rain!
 And oft, as they pass slowly on,
 Beneath my windows, one by one,
 See, perched upon the naked height
 The summit of a cumbrous freight,
 A single traveller—and there
 Another; then perhaps a pair—
 The lame, the sickly, and the old;
 Men, women, heartless with the cold;

Accept, O Friend, for praise or blame,
 The gift of this adventurous song;
 A record which I dared to frame,
 Though timid scruples checked me long;
 They checked me—and I left the theme
 Untouched—in spite of many a gleam
 Of fancy which thereon was shed,
 Like pleasant sunbeams shifting still
 Upon the side of a distant hill:

And babes in wet and starveling plight
Which once, be weather as it might,
Had still a nest within a nest,
Thy shelter—and their mother's breast !
Then most of all, then far the most,
Do I regret what we have lost ;
Am grieved for that unhappy sin
Which robbed us of good Benjamin ;
And of his stately Charge, which none
Could keep alive when He was gone !

1805.

FRENCH REVOLUTION

AS IT APPEARED TO ENTHUSIASTS AT ITS
COMMENCEMENT.¹ REPRINTED FROM
"THE FRIEND"²

An extract from the long poem on my own
poetical education. It was first published by
Coleridge in his "Friend," which is the reason
of its having had a place in every edition of my
poems since.

OH ! pleasant exercise of hope and joy !
For mighty were the auxiliars which then
stood

Upon our side, we who were strong in love !
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven !—Oh !
times,

In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
The attraction of a country in romance !
When Reason seemed the most to assert
her rights,

When most intent on making of herself
A prime Enchantress—to assist the work,
Which then was going forward in her name !
Not favoured spots alone, but the whole
earth,

The beauty wore of promise, that which sets
(As at some moment might not be unfelt
Among the bowers of paradise itself)
The budding rose above the rose full blown.
What temper at the prospect did not wake
To happiness unthought of ? The inert
Were roused, and lively natures rapt away !
They who had fed their childhood upon
dreams,

¹ This and the Extract, p. 112, and the first
Piece of this Class, are from the [then] unpub-
lished Poem of which some account is given in
the Preface to the EXCURSION.

² Prelude, book xi. p. 315.

The playfellows of fancy, who had mad
All powers of swiftness, subtilty,
strength

Their ministers,—who in lordly wise
stirred

Among the grandest objects of the sense
And dealt with whatsoever they found
As if they had within some lurking right
To wield it ;—they, too, who, of ge-
mood,

Had watched all gentle motions, and
these

Had tried their own thoughts, scheming
more mild,

And in the region of their peaceful selves
Now was it that both found, the meek
lofty

Did both find, helpers to their heart's de-
And stuff at hand, plastic as they co-
wish ;

Were called upon to exercise their skill
Not in Utopia, subterranean fields,
Or some secreted island, Heaven kn-
where !

But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us,—the place where in the end
We find our happiness, or not at all !

1805.

THE PRELUDE

OR, GROWTH OF A POET'S MIND

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL POEM

ADVERTISEMENT

The following Poem was commenced in
beginning of the year 1799, and completed in
summer of 1805.

The design and occasion of the work
described by the Author in his Preface to
EXCURSION, first published in 1814, where-
thus speaks :—

"Several years ago, when the Author re-
turned to his native mountains with the hope of
being enabled to construct a literary work that
might live, it was a reasonable thing that he should
take a review of his own mind, and examine
how far Nature and Education had qualified him
such an employment.

"As subsidiary to this preparation, he
took to record, in verse, the origin and pro-
gress of his own powers, as far as he was acquai-
nted with them.

"That work, addressed to a dear friend,

distinguished for his knowledge and genius, and to whom the Author's intellect is deeply indebted, has been long finished; and the result of the investigation which gave rise to it, was a determination to compose a philosophical Poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society, and to be entitled the 'Recluse'; as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement.

"The preparatory poem is biographical, and conducts the history of the Author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labour which he had proposed to himself; and the two works have the same kind of relation to each other, if he may so express himself, as the Ante-chapel has to the body of a Gothic church. Continuing this allusion, he may be permitted to add, that his minor pieces, which have been long before the public, when they shall be properly arranged, will be found by the attentive reader to have such connection with the main work as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, ordinarily included in those edifices."

Such was the Author's language in the year 1814.

It will thence be seen, that the present Poem was intended to be introductory to the RECLUSE, and that the RECLUSE, if completed, would have consisted of Three Parts. Of these, the Second Part alone, viz. the EXCURSION, was finished, and given to the world by the Author.

The First Book of the First Part of the RECLUSE still remains in manuscript;¹ but the Third Part was only planned. The materials of which it would have been formed have, however, been incorporated, for the most part, in the Author's other Publications, written subsequently to the EXCURSION.

The Friend, to whom the present Poem is addressed, was the late SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, who was resident in Malta, for the restoration of his health, when the greater part of it was composed.

Mr. Coleridge read a considerable portion of the Poem while he was abroad; and his feelings, on hearing it recited by the Author (after his return to his own country), are recorded in his Verses, addressed to Mr. Wordsworth, which will be found in the *Sibylline Leaves*, p. 197, ed. 1817, or *Poetical Works*, by S. T. Coleridge, vol. i. p. 206.

RYDAL MOUNT

July 13th, 1850.

¹ Now printed, see p. 334.

BOOK FIRST

INTRODUCTION—CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL-TIME

Oh there is blessing in this gentle breeze,
A visitant that while it fans my cheek
Doth seem half-conscious of the joy it
brings

From the green fields, and from yon azure
sky.

Whate'er its mission, the soft breeze can
come

To none more grateful than to me; escaped
From the vast city, where I long had pined
A discontented sojourner: now free,
Free as a bird to settle where I will.

What dwelling shall receive me? in what
vale

Shall be my harbour? underneath what
grove

Shall I take up my home? and what clear
stream

Shall with its murmur lull me into rest?

The earth is all before me. With a heart
Joyous, nor scared at its own liberty,
I look about; and should the chosen guide
Be nothing better than a wandering cloud,
I cannot miss my way. I breathe again!
Trances of thought and mountings of the
mind

Come fast upon me: it is shaken off,
That burthen of my own unnatural self,
The heavy weight of many a weary day
Not mine, and such as were not made for
me.

Long months of peace (if such bold word
accord

With any promises of human life),
Long months of ease and undisturbed
delight

Are mine in prospect; whither shall I turn,
By road or pathway, or through trackless
field,

Up hill or down, or shall some floating
thing

Upon the river point me out my course?

Dear Liberty! Yet what would it avail
But for a gift that consecrates the joy?
For I, methought, while the sweet breath
of heaven

Was blowing on my body, felt within
A correspondent breeze, that gently moved

With quickening virtue, but is now become
A tempest, a redundant energy,
Vexing its own creation. Thanks to both,
And their congenial powers, that, while
they join

In breaking up a long-continued frost,
Bring with them vernal promises, the hope
Of active days urged on by flying hours,—
Days of sweet leisure, taxed with patient
thought

Abstruse, nor wanting punctual service
high,

Matins and vespers of harmonious verse!

Thus far, O Friend! did I, not used to
make

A present joy the matter of a song,
Pour forth that day my soul in measured
strains

That would not be forgotten, and are here
Recorded: to the open fields I told
A prophecy: poetic numbers came
Spontaneously to clothe in priestly robe
A renovated spirit singled out,
Such hope was mine, for holy services.
My own voice cheered me, and, far more,
the mind's

Internal echo of the imperfect sound;
To both I listened, drawing from them both
A cheerful confidence in things to come.

Content and not unwilling now to give
A respite to this passion, I paced on
With brisk and eager steps; and came, at
length,

To a green shady place, where down I sate
Beneath a tree, slackening my thoughts by
choice

And settling into gentler happiness.
'Twas autumn, and a clear and placid day,
With warmth, as much as needed, from a
sun

Two hours declined towards the west; a
day

With silver clouds, and sunshine on the
grass,
And in the sheltered and the sheltering
grove

A perfect stillness. Many were the
thoughts

Encouraged and dismissed, till choice was
made

Of a known Vale, whither my feet should
turn,

Nor rest till they had reached the very door
Of the one cottage which methought I saw.
No picture of mere memory ever looked
So fair; and while upon the fancied scene
I gazed with growing love, a higher power
Than Fancy gave assurance of some work
Of glory there forthwith to be begun,
Perhaps too there performed. Thus long
I mused,

Nor e'er lost sight of what I mused upon,
Save when, amid the stately grove of oaks,
Now here, now there, an acorn, from its
cup

Dislodged, through sere leaves rustled, or
at once

To the bare earth dropped with a startling
sound.

From that soft couch I rose not, till the
sun

Had almost touched the horizon; casting
then

A backward glance upon the curling cloud
Of city smoke, by distance ruralised;
Keen as a Truant or a Fugitive,
But as a Pilgrim resolute, I took,
Even with the chance equipment of that
hour,

The road that pointed toward the chosen
Vale.

It was a splendid evening, and my soul
Once more made trial of her strength, nor
lacked

Æolian visitations; but the harp
Was soon defrauded, and the banded host
Of harmony dispersed in straggling sounds,
And lastly utter silence! "Be it so;
Why think of anything but present good?"
So, like a home-bound labourer, I pursued
My way beneath the mellowing sun, that
shed

Mild influence; nor left in me one wish
Again to bend the Sabbath of that time
To a servile yoke. What need of many
words?

A pleasant loitering journey, through three
days

Continued, brought me to my hermitage.
I spare to tell of what ensued, the life
In common things—the endless store of
things,

Rare, or at least so seeming, every day
Found all about me in one neighbourhood—
The self-congratulation, and, from morn
To night, unbroken cheerfulness serene.

But speedily an earnest longing rose
To brace myself to some determined aim,
Reading or thinking; either to lay up
New stores, or rescue from decay the old
By timely interference: and therewith
Came hopes still higher, that with outward
life

I might endure some airy phantasies
That had been floating loose about for
years,

And to such beings temperately deal forth
The many feelings that oppressed my heart.
That hope hath been discouraged; welcome
light

Dawns from the east, but dawns to dis-
appear

And mock me with a sky that ripens not
Into a steady morning: if my mind,
Remembering the bold promise of the past,
Would gladly grapple with some noble
theme,

Vain is her wish; where'er she turns she
finds

Impediments from day to day renewed.

And now it would content me to yield up
Those lofty hopes awhile, for present gifts
Of humbler industry. But, oh, dear Friend!
The Poet, gentle creature as he is,
Hath, like the Lover, his unruly times;
His fits when he is neither sick nor well,
Though no distress be near him but his own
Unmanageable thoughts: his mind, best
pleased

While she as duteous as the mother dove
Sits brooding, lives not always to that end,
But like the innocent bird, hath goadings
on

That drive her as in trouble through the
groves;

With me is now such passion, to be blamed
No otherwise than as it lasts too long.

When, as becomes a man who would
prepare

For such an arduous work, I through myself
Make rigorous inquisition, the report
Is often cheering; for I neither seem

To lack that first great gift, the vital soul,
Nor general Truths, which are themselves
a sort

Of Elements and Agents, Under-powers,
Subordinate helpers of the living mind:
Nor am I naked of external things,

Forms, images, nor numerous other aids
Of less regard, though won perhaps with
toil

And needful to build up a Poet's praise.
Time, place, and manners do I seek, and
these

Are found in plenteous store, but nowhere
such

As may be singled out with steady choice;
No little band of yet remembered names
Whom I, in perfect confidence, might
hope

To summon back from lonesome banish-
ment,

And make them dwellers in the hearts of
men

Now living, or to live in future years.
Sometimes the ambitious Power of choice,
mistaking

Proud spring-tide swellings for a regular
sea,

Will settle on some British theme, some old
Romantic tale by Milton left unsung;
More often turning to some gentle place
Within the groves of Chivalry, I pipe

To shepherd swains, or seated harp in hand,
Amid reposing knights by a river side
Or fountain, listen to the grave reports
Of dire enchantments faced and overcome
By the strong mind, and tales of warlike
feats,

Where spear encountered spear, and sword
with sword

Fought, as if conscious of the blazonry
That the shield bore, so glorious was the
strife;

Whence inspiration for a song that winds
Through ever-changing scenes of votive
quest

Wrongs to redress, harmonious tribute paid
To patient courage and unblemished truth,
To firm devotion, zeal unquenchable,
And Christian meekness hallowing faithful
loves.

Sometimes, more sternly moved, I would
relate

How vanquished Mithridates northward
passed,

And, hidden in the cloud of years, became
Odin, the Father of a race by whom
Perished the Roman Empire: how the
friends

And followers of Sertorius, out of Spain
Flying, found shelter in the Fortunate Isles,

And left their usages, their arts and laws,
To disappear by a slow gradual death,
To dwindle and to perish one by one,
Starved in those narrow bounds: but not
the soul

Of Liberty, which fifteen hundred years
Survived, and, when the European came
With skill and power that might not be
withstood,

Did, like a pestilence, maintain its hold
And wasted down by glorious death that
race

Of natural heroes: or I would record
How, in tyrannic times, some high-souled
man,

Unnamed among the chronicles of kings,
Suffered in silence for Truth's sake: or tell,
How that one Frenchman,¹ through con-
tinued force

Of meditation on the inhuman deeds
Of those who conquered first the Indian
Isles,

Went single in his ministry across
The Ocean; not to comfort the oppressed,
But, like a thirsty wind, to roam about
Withering the Oppressor: how Gustavus
sought

Help at his need in Dalecarlia's mines:
How Wallace fought for Scotland; left the
name

Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,
All over his dear Country; left the deeds
Of Wallace, like a family of Ghosts,
To people the steep rocks and river banks,
Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul
Of independence and stern liberty.

Sometimes it suits me better to invent
A tale from my own heart, more near akin
To my own passions and habitual thoughts;
Some variegated story, in the main
Lofty, but the unsubstantial structure melts
Before the very sun that brightens it,
Mist into air dissolving! Then a wish,
My last and favourite aspiration, mounts
With yearning toward some philosophic
song

Of Truth that cherishes our daily life;
With meditations passionate from deep
Recesses in man's heart, immortal verse
Thoughtfully fitted to the Orphean lyre;
But from this awful burthen I full soon

¹ Dominique de Gourgues, a French gentleman who went in 1568 to Florida to avenge the massacre of the French by the Spaniards there.

Take refuge and beguile myself with trust
That mellow years will bring a riper mind
And clearer insight. Thus my days are
past

In contradiction; with no skill to part
Vague longing, haply bred by want of
power,

From paramount impulse not to be with-
stood,

A timorous capacity, from prudence,
From circumspection, infinite delay.
Humility and modest awe, themselves
Betray me, serving often for a cloak
To a more subtle selfishness; that now
Locks every function up in blank reserve,
Now dupes me, trusting to an anxious eye
That with intrusive restlessness beats off
Simplicity and self-presented truth.

Ah! better far than this, to stray about
Voluptuously through fields and rural walks,
And ask no record of the hours, resigned
To vacant musing, unproved neglect
Of all things, and deliberate holiday.
Far better never to have heard the name
Of zeal and just ambition, than to live
Baffled and plagued by a mind that every
hour

Turns recreant to her task; takes heart
again,

Then feels immediately some hollow thought
Hang like an interdict upon her hopes.
This is my lot; for either still I find
Some imperfection in the chosen theme,
Or see of absolute accomplishment
Much wanting, so much wanting, in my-
self,

That I recoil and droop, and seek repose
In listlessness from vain perplexity,
Unprofitably travelling toward the grave,
Like a false steward who hath much received
And renders nothing back.

Was it for this
That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved
To blend his murmurs with my nurse's song,
And, from his alder shades and rocky falls,
And from his fords and shallows, sent a
voice

That flowed along my dreams? For this,
didst thou,

O Derwent! winding among grassy holms
Where I was looking on, a babe in arms,
Make ceaseless music that composed my
thoughts

To more than infant softness, giving me

Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind
A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm
That Nature breathes among the hills and
groves.

When he had left the mountains and
received
On his smooth breast the shadow of those
towers

That yet survive, a shattered monument
Of feudal sway, the bright blue river passed
Along the margin of our terrace walk ;
A tempting playmate whom we dearly loved.
Oh, many a time have I, a five years' child,
In a small mill-race severed from his stream,
Made one long bathing of a summer's day ;
Basked in the sun, and plunged and basked
again

Alternate, all a summer's day, or scoured
The sandy fields, leaping through flowery
groves

Of yellow ragwort ; or, when rock and hill,
The woods, and distant Skiddaw's lofty
height,

Were bronzed with deepest radiance, stood
alone

Beneath the sky, as if I had been born
On Indian plains, and from my mother's hut
I had run abroad in wantonness, to sport
A naked savage, in the thunder shower.

Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear :
Much favoured in my birth-place, and no
less

In that beloved Vale to which erelong
We were transplanted ;—there were we let
loose

For sports of wider range. Ere I had told
Ten birth-days, when among the mountain
slopes

Frost, and the breath of frosty wind, had
snapped

The last autumnal crocus, 'twas my joy
With store of springes o'er my shoulder
hung

To range the open heights where woodcocks
run

Along the smooth green turf. Through
half the night,

Scudding away from snare to snare, I plied
That anxious visitation ;—moon and stars
Were shining o'er my head. I was alone,
And seemed to be a trouble to the peace

That dwelt among them. Sometimes it
befell

In these night wanderings, that a strong
desire

O'erpowered my better reason, and the bird
Which was the captive of another's toil
Became my prey ; and when the deed was
done

I heard among the solitary hills
Low breathings coming after me, and sounds
Of undistinguishable motion, steps
Almost as silent as the turf they trod.

Nor less, when spring had warmed the
cultured Vale,

Moved we as plunderers where the mother-
bird

Had in high places built her lodge ; though
mean

Our object and inglorious, yet the end
Was not ignoble. Oh ! when I have hung
Above the raven's nest, by knots of grass
And half-inch fissures in the slippery rock
But ill sustained, and almost (so it seemed)
Suspended by the blast that blew amain,
Shouldering the naked crag, oh, at that time
While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,
With what strange utterance did the loud
dry wind

Blow through my ear ! the sky seemed not
a sky

Of earth—and with what motion moved the
clouds !

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows
Like harmony in music ; there is a dark
Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles
Discordant elements, makes them cling
together

In one society. How strange, that all
The terrors, pains, and early miseries,
Regrets, vexations, lassitudes interfused
Within my mind, should e'er have borne a
part,

And that a needful part, in making up
The calm existence that is mine when I
Am worthy of myself ! Praise to the end !
Thanks to the means which Nature deigned
to employ ;

Whether her fearless visitings, or those
That came with soft alarm, like hurtless
light

Opening the peaceful clouds ; or she would
use

Severer interventions, ministry
More palpable, as best might suit her aim.

One summer evening (led by her) I found
A little boat tied to a willow tree
Within a rocky cave, its usual home.
Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping
in

Pushed from the shore. It was an act of
stealth

And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice
Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on;
Leaving behind her still, on either side,
Small circles glittering idly in the moon,
Until they melted all into one track
Of sparkling light. But now, like one who
rows,

Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
With an unswerving line, I fixed my view
Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,
The horizon's utmost boundary; far above
Was nothing but the stars and the grey sky.
She was an elfin pinnace; lustily
I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
Went heaving through the water like a swan;
When, from behind that craggy steep till
then

The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black
and huge,
As if with voluntary power instinct,
Upreared its head. I struck and struck
again,

And growing still in stature the grim shape
Towered up between me and the stars, and
still,

For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
And measured motion like a living thing,
Strode after me. With trembling oars I
turned,

And through the silent water stole my way
Back to the covert of the willow tree;
There in her mooring-place I left my bark,—
And through the meadows homeward went,
in grave

And serious mood; but after I had seen
That spectacle, for many days, my brain
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
Of unknown modes of being; o'er my
thoughts

There hung a darkness, call it solitude
Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes
Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields;

But huge and mighty forms, that do not live
Like living men, moved slowly through the
mind

By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

¹ Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!
Thou Soul that art the eternity of thought
That givest to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion, not in vain
By day or star-light thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of
man,
But with high objects, with enduring
things—

With life and nature—purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying, by such discipline,
Both pain and fear, until we recognise
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.
Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
With stinted kindness. In November days,
When vapours rolling down the valley made
A lonely scene more lonesome, among
woods,

At noon and 'mid the calm of summer
nights,

When, by the margin of the trembling lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills homeward I went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine;
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,
And by the waters, all the summer long.

And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and visible for many a mile
The cottage windows blazed through
twilight gloom,

I heeded not their summons: happy time
It was indeed for all of us—for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
The village clock tolled six,—I wheeled
about,

Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for his home. All shod
with steel,

We hissed along the polished ice in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding
horn,
The pack loud chiming, and the hunted
hare.

¹ These lines have been printed before. See
p. 112.

So through the darkness and the cold we
flew,

And not a voice was idle; with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while far distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the
west

The orange sky of evening died away.
Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous
throng,

To cut across the reflex of a star
That fled, and, flying still before me,
gleamed

Upon the glassy plain; and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness,
spinning still

The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had
rolled

With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and
watched

Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep.

Ye Presences of Nature in the sky
And on the earth! Ye Visions of the hills!
And Souls of lonely places! can I think
A vulgar hope was yours when ye employed
Such ministry, when ye, through many a
year

Haunting me thus among my boyish sports,
On caves and trees, upon the woods and
hills,

Impressed, upon all forms, the characters
Of danger or desire; and thus did make
The surface of the universal earth,
With triumph and delight, with hope and
fear,

Work like a sea?

Not uselessly employed,
Might I pursue this theme through every
change

Of exercise and play, to which the year
Did summon us in his delightful round.

We were a noisy crew; the sun in heaven
Beheld not vales more beautiful than ours;
Nor saw a band in happiness and joy
Richer, or worthier of the ground they
trod.

I could record with no reluctant voice
The woods of autumn, and their hazel
bowers

With milk-white clusters hung; the rod
and line,

True symbol of hope's foolishness, whose
strong

And unproved enchantment led us on
By rocks and pools shut out from every
star,

All the green summer, to forlorn cascades
Among the windings hid of mountain
brooks.

—Unfading recollections! at this hour
The heart is almost mine with which I felt,
From some hill-top on sunny afternoons,
The paper kite high among fleecy clouds
Pull at her rein like an impetuous courser;
Or, from the meadows sent on gusty days,
Beheld her breast the wind, then suddenly
Dashed headlong, and rejected by the
storm.

Ye lowly cottages wherein we dwelt,
A ministration of your own was yours;
Can I forget you, being as you were
So beautiful among the pleasant fields
In which ye stood? or can I here forget
The plain and seemly countenance with
which

Ye dealt out your plain comforts? Yet
had ye

Delights and exultations of your own.
Eager and never weary we pursued
Our home-amusements by the warm peat-
fire

At evening, when with pencil, and smooth
slate

In square divisions parcelled out and all
With crosses and with cyphers scribbled
o'er,

We schemed and puzzled, head opposed to
head

In strife too humble to be named in verse:
Or round the naked table, snow-white deal,
Cherry or maple, sate in close array,
And to the combat, Loo or Whist, led on
A thick-ribbed army; not, as in the world,
Neglected and ungratefully thrown by

Even for the very service they had wrought,
But husbanded through many a long campaign.

Uncouth assemblage was it, where no few
Had changed their functions: some, plebeian cards

Which Fate, beyond the promise of their birth,

Had dignified, and called to represent

The persons of departed potentates.

Oh, with what echoes on the board they fell!

Ironie diamonds,—clubs, hearts, diamonds, spades,

A congregation piteously akin!

Cheap matter offered they to boyish wit,

Those sooty knaves, precipitated down

With scoffs and taunts, like Vulcan out of heaven:

The paramount ace, a moon in her eclipse,
Queens gleaming through their splendour's last decay,

And monarchs surly at the wrongs sustained

By royal visages. Meanwhile abroad

Incessant rain was falling, or the frost

Raged bitterly, with keen and silent tooth;

And, interrupting oft that eager game,

From under Esthwaite's splitting fields of ice

The pent-up air, struggling to free itself,

Gave out to meadow grounds and hills a loud

Protracted yelling, like the noise of wolves

Howling in troops along the Bothnic Main.

Nor, sedulous as I have been to trace

How Nature by extrinsic passion first

Peopled the mind with forms sublime or fair,

And made me love them, may I here omit

How other pleasures have been mine, and joys

Of subtler origin; how I have felt,

Not seldom even in that tempestuous time,

Those hallowed and pure motions of the sense

Which seem, in their simplicity, to own

An intellectual charm; that calm delight

Which, if I err not, surely must belong

To those first-born affinities that fit

Our new existence to existing things,

And, in our dawn of being, constitute

The bond of union between life and joy.

Yes, I remember when the changeeful earth,

And twice five summers on my mind had stamped

The faces of the moving year, even then

I held unconscious intercourse with beauty

Old as creation, drinking in a pure

Organic pleasure from the silver wreaths

Of curling mist, or from the level plain

Of waters coloured by impending clouds.

The sands of Westmoreland, the creeks and bays

Of Cumbria's rocky limits, they can tell

How, when the Sea threw off his evening shade,

And to the shepherd's hut on distant hills

Sent welcome notice of the rising moon,

How I have stood, to fancies such as these

A stranger, linking with the spectacle

No conscious memory of a kindred sight,

And bringing with me no peculiar sense

Of quietness or peace; yet have I stood,

Even while mine eye hath moved o'er many a league

Of shining water, gathering as it seemed,

Through every hair-breadth in that field of light,

New pleasure like a bee among the flowers.

Thus oft amid those fits of vulgar joy

Which, through all seasons, on a child's pursuits

Are prompt attendants, 'mid that giddy bliss

Which, like a tempest, works along the blood

And is forgotten; even then I felt

Gleams like the flashing of a shield;—the earth

And common face of Nature spake to me

Rememberable things; sometimes, 'tis true,

By chance collisions and quaint accidents

(Like those ill-sorted unions, work supposed

Of evil-minded fairies), yet not vain

Nor profitless, if haply they impressed

Collateral objects and appearances,

Albeit lifeless then, and doomed to sleep

Until maturer seasons called them forth

To impregnate and to elevate the mind.

—And if the vulgar joy by its own weight

Wearied itself out of the memory,

The scenes which were a witness of that joy

Remained in their substantial lineaments
 Depicted on the brain, and to the eye
 Were visible, a daily sight; and thus
 By the impressive discipline of fear,
 By pleasure and repeated happiness,
 So frequently repeated, and by force
 Of obscure feelings representative
 Of things forgotten, these same scenes so
 bright,

So beautiful, so majestic in themselves,
 Though yet the day was distant, did be-
 come

Habitually dear, and all their forms
 And changeful colours by invisible links
 Were fastened to the affections.

I began

My story early—not misled, I trust,
 By an infirmity of love for days
 Disowned by memory—ere the breath of
 spring

Planting my snowdrops among winter
 snows:

Nor will it seem to thee, O Friend! so
 prompt

In sympathy, that I have lengthened out
 With fond and feeble tongue a tedious tale.
 Meanwhile, my hope has been, that I
 might fetch

Invigorating thoughts from former years;
 Might fix the wavering balance of my mind,
 And haply meet reproaches too, whose
 power

May spur me on, in manhood now mature
 To honourable toil. Yet should these
 hopes

Prove vain, and thus should neither I be
 taught

To understand myself, nor thou to know
 With better knowledge how the heart was
 framed

Of him thou lovest; need I dread from
 thee

Harsh judgments, if the song be loth to
 quit

Those recollected hours that have the charm
 Of visionary things, those lovely forms
 And sweet sensations that throw back our
 life,

And almost make remotest infancy
 A visible scene, on which the sun is shining?

One end at least hath been attained; my
 mind

Hath been revived, and if this genial mood

Desert me not, forthwith shall be brought
 down

Through later years the story of my life.
 The road lies plain before me;—'tis a
 theme

Single and of determined bounds; and
 hence

I choose it rather at this time, than work
 Of ampler or more varied argument,
 Where I might be discomfited and lost:
 And certain hopes are with me, that to thee
 This labour will be welcome, honoured
 Friend!

BOOK SECOND

SCHOOL-TIME (*continued*)

THUS far, O Friend! have we, though
 leaving much

Unvisited, endeavoured to retrace
 The simple ways in which my childhood
 walked;

Those chiefly that first led me to the love
 Of rivers, woods, and fields. The passion
 yet

Was in its birth, sustained as might befall
 By nourishment that came unsought; for
 still

From week to week, from month to month,
 we lived

A round of tumult. Duly were our games
 Prolonged in summer till the daylight
 failed:

No chair remained before the doors; the
 bench

And threshold steps were empty; fast
 asleep

The labourer, and the old man who had
 sate

A later lingerer; yet the revelry
 Continued and the loud uproar: at last,
 When all the ground was dark, and twink-
 ling stars

Edged the black clouds, home and to bed
 we went,

Feverish with weary joints and beating
 minds.

Ah! is there one who ever has been young,
 Nor needs a warning voice to tame the
 pride

Of intellect and virtue's self-esteem?
 One is there, though the wisest and the
 best

Of all mankind, who covets not at times
Union that cannot be;—who would not
give

If so he might, to duty and to truth
The eagerness of infantine desire?
A tranquillising spirit presses now
On my corporeal frame, so wide appears
The vacancy between me and those days
Which yet have such self-presence in my
mind,

That, musing on them, often do I seem
Two consciousnesses, conscious of myself
And of some other Being. A rude mass
Of native rock, left midway in the square
Of our small market village, was the goal
Or centre of these sports; and when, re-
turned

After long absence, thither I repaired,
Gone was the old grey stone, and in its
place

A smart Assembly-room usurped the ground
That had been ours. There let the fiddle
scream,

And be ye happy! Yet, my Friends! I
know

That more than one of you will think with
me

Of those soft starry nights, and that old
Dame

From whom the stone was named, who
there had sate,

And watched her table with its huckster's
wares

Assiduous, through the length of sixty years.

We ran a boisterous course; the year
span round
With giddy motion. But the time ap-
proached

That brought with it a regular desire
For calmer pleasures, when the winning
forms

Of Nature were collaterally attached
To every scheme of holiday delight
And every boyish sport, less grateful else
And languidly pursued.

When summer came,
Our pastime was, on bright half-holidays,
To sweep along the plain of Windermere
With rival oars; and the selected bourne
Was now an Island musical with birds
That sang and ceased not; now a Sister
Isle

Beneath the oaks' umbrageous covert, sown

With lilies of the valley like a field;
And now a third small Island, where sur-
vived

In solitude the ruins of a shrine
Once to Our Lady dedicate, and served
Daily with chaunted rites. In such a race
So ended, disappointment could be none,
Uneasiness, or pain, or jealousy:
We rested in the shade, all pleased alike,
Conquered and conqueror. Thus the pride
of strength,

And the vain-glory of superior skill,
Were tempered; thus was gradually pro-
duced

A quiet independence of the heart;
And to my Friend who knows me I may
add,

Fearless of blame, that hence for future days
Ensued a diffidence and modesty,
And I was taught to feel, perhaps too
much,

The self-sufficing power of Solitude.

Our daily meals were frugal, Sabine fare!
More than we wished we knew the blessing
then

Of vigorous hunger—hence corporeal
strength

Unsapped by delicate viands; for, exclude
A little weekly stipend, and we lived
Through three divisions of the quartered
year

In penniless poverty. But now to school
From the half-yearly holidays returned,
We came with weightier purses, that suf-
ficed

To furnish treats more costly than the
Dame

Of the old grey stone, from her scant board,
supplied.

Hence rustic dinners on the cool green
ground,

Or in the woods, or by a river side
Or shady fountains, while among the leaves
Soft airs were stirring, and the mid-day sun
Unfelt shone brightly round us in our joy.

Nor is my aim neglected if I tell
How sometimes, in the length of those half-
years,

We from our funds drew largely;—proud
to curb,

And eager to spur on, the galloping steed,
And with the courteous inn-keeper, whose
stud

Supplied our want, we haply might employ
Sly subterfuge, if the adventure's bound
Were distant : some famed temple where
of yore

The Druids worshipped, or the antique
walls

Of that large abbey, where within the Vale
Of Nightshade, to St. Mary's honour built,
Stands yet a mouldering pile with fractured
arch,

Belfry, and images, and living trees ;
A holy scene !—Along the smooth green
turf

Our horses grazed. To more than inland
peace,

Left by the west wind sweeping overhead
From a tumultuous ocean, trees and towers
In that sequestered valley may be seen,
Both silent and both motionless alike ;
Such the deep shelter that is there, and such
The safeguard for repose and quietness.

Our steeds remounted and the summons
given,

With whip and spur we through the
chauntry flew

In uncouth race, and left the cross-legged
knight,

And the stone-abbot, and that single wren
Which one day sang so sweetly in the nave
Of the old church, that—though from
recent showers

The earth was comfortless, and, touched
by faint

Internal breezes, sobbings of the place
And respirations, from the roofless walls
The shuddering ivy dripped large drops—
yet still

So sweetly 'mid the gloom the invisible bird
Sang to herself, that there I could have
made

My dwelling-place, and lived for ever there
To hear such music. Through the walls
we flew

And down the valley, and, a circuit made
In wantonness of heart, through rough and
smooth

We scampered homewards. Oh, ye rocks
and streams,

And that still spirit shed from evening air !
Even in this joyous time I sometimes felt
Your presence, when with slackened step
we breathed

Along the sides of the steep hills, or when

Lighted by gleams of moonlight from the
sea

We beat with thundering hoofs the level
sand.

Midway on long Winander's eastern
shore,

Within the crescent of a pleasant bay,
A tavern stood ; no homely-featured house,
Primeval like its neighbouring cottages,
But 'twas a splendid place, the door beset
With chaises, grooms, and liveries, and
within

Decanters, glasses, and the blood-red wine.
In ancient times, and ere the Hall was
built

On the large island, had this dwelling been
More worthy of a poet's love, a hut,
Proud of its own bright fire and sycamore
shade.

But—though the rhymes were gone that
once inscribed

The threshold, and large golden characters,
Spread o'er the spangled sign-board, had
dislodged

The old Lion and usurped his place, in
slight

And mockery of the rustic painter's hand—
Yet, to this hour, the spot to me is dear
With all its foolish pomp. The garden
lay

Upon a slope surmounted by a plain
Of a small bowling-green ; beneath us stood
A grove, with gleams of water through the
trees

And over the tree-tops ; nor did we want
Refreshment, strawberries and mellow
cream.

There, while through half an afternoon we
played

On the smooth platform, whether skill pre-
vailed

Or happy blunder triumphed, bursts of glee
Made all the mountains ring. But, ere
night-fall,

When in our pinnace we returned at leisure
Over the shadowy lake, and to the beach
Of some small island steered our course
with one,

The Minstrel of the Troop, and left him
there,

And rowed off gently, while he blew his
flute

Alone upon the rock—oh, then, the calm

And dead still water lay upon my mind
Even with a weight of pleasure, and the
sky,

Never before so beautiful, sank down
Into my heart, and held me like a dream !
Thus were my sympathies enlarged, and
thus

Daily the common range of visible things
Grew dear to me : already I began
To love the sun ; a boy I loved the sun,
Not as I since have loved him, as a pledge
And surety of our earthly life, a light
Which we behold and feel we are alive ;
Nor for his bounty to so many worlds—
But for this cause, that I had seen him lay
His beauty on the morning hills, had seen
The western mountain touch his setting orb,
In many a thoughtless hour, when, from
excess

Of happiness, my blood appeared to flow
For its own pleasure, and I breathed with
joy.

And, from like feelings, humble though
intense,

To patriotic and domestic love
Analogous, the moon to me was dear ;
For I could dream away my purposes,
Standing to gaze upon her while she hung
Midway between the hills, as if she knew
No other region, but belonged to thee,
Yea, appertained by a peculiar right
To thee and thy grey huts, thou one dear
Vale !

Those incidental charms which first
attached

My heart to rural objects, day by day
Grew weaker, and I hasten on to tell
How Nature, intervenient till this time
And secondary, now at length was sought
For her own sake. But who shall parcel
out

His intellect by geometric rules,
Split like a province into round and square ?
Who knows the individual hour in which
His habits were first sown, even as a seed ?
Who that shall point as with a wand and
say

" This portion of the river of my mind
Came from yon fountain ? " Thou, my
Friend ! art one

More deeply read in thy own thoughts ; to
thee

Science appears but what in truth she is,

Not as our glory and our absolute boast,
But as a succedaneum, and a prop
To our infirmity. No officious slave
Art thou of that false secondary power
By which we multiply distinctions, then
Deem that our puny boundaries are things
That we perceive, and not that we have
made.

To thee, unblinded by these formal arts,
The unity of all hath been revealed,
And thou wilt doubt, with me less aptly
skilled

Than many are to range the faculties
In scale and order, class the cabinet
Of their sensations, and in voluble phrase
Run through the history and birth of each
As of a single independent thing.
Hard task, vain hope, to analyse the mind,
If each most obvious and particular
thought,

Not in a mystical and idle sense,
But in the words of Reason deeply weighed,
Hath no beginning.

Blest the infant Babe,
(For with my best conjecture I would trace
Our Being's earthly progress,) blest the
Babe,

Nursed in his Mother's arms, who sinks to
sleep

Rocked on his Mother's breast ; who with
his soul

Drinks in the feelings of his Mother's eye !
For him, in one dear Presence, there exists
A virtue which irradiates and exalts
Objects through widest intercourse of sense
No outcast he, bewildered and depressed :
Along his infant veins are interfused
The gravitation and the filial bond
Of nature that connect him with the world
Is there a flower, to which he points with
hand

Too weak to gather it, already love
Drawn from love's purest earthly fount for
him

Hath beautified that flower ; already shades
Of pity cast from inward tenderness
Do fall around him upon aught that bears
Unightly marks of violence or harm.
Emphatically such a Being lives,
Frail creature as he is, helpless as frail,
An inmate of this active universe :
For, feeling has to him imparted power
That through the growing faculties of sense
Doth like an agent of the one great Mind

Create, creator and receiver both,
Working but in alliance with the works
Which it beholds.—Such, verily, is the
first

Poetic spirit of our human life,
By uniform control of after years,
In most, abated or suppressed; in some,
Through every change of growth and of
decay,

Pre-eminent till death.

From early days,
Beginning not long after that first time
In which, a Babe, by intercourse of touch
I held mute dialogues with my Mother's
heart,

I have endeavoured to display the means
Whereby this infant sensibility,
Great birthright of our being, was in me
Augmented and sustained. Yet is a path
More difficult before me; and I fear
That in its broken windings we shall need
The chamois' sinews, and the eagle's wing:
For now a trouble came into my mind
From unknown causes. I was left alone
Seeking the visible world, nor knowing why.
The props of my affections were removed,
And yet the building stood, as if sustained
By its own spirit! All that I beheld

Was dear, and hence to finer influxes
The mind lay open to a more exact
And close communion. Many are our joys
In youth, but oh! what happiness to live
When every hour brings palpable access
Of knowledge, when all knowledge is de-
light,

And sorrow is not there! The seasons
came,

And every season wheresoe'er I moved
Unfolded transitory qualities,
Which, but for this most watchful power
of love,

Had been neglected; left a register
Of permanent relations, else unknown.
Hence life, and change, and beauty, soli-
tude

More active ever than "best society"—
Society made sweet as solitude
By silent inobtrusive sympathies,
And gentle agitations of the mind
From manifold distinctions, difference
Perceived in things, where, to the un-
watchful eye,

No difference is, and hence, from the same
source,

Sublimar joy; for I would walk alone,
Under the quiet stars, and at that time
Have felt whate'er there is of power in
sound

To breathe an elevated mood, by form
Or image unprofaned; and I would stand,
If the night blackened with a coming storm,
Beneath some rock, listening to notes that
are

The ghostly language of the ancient earth,
Or make their dim abode in distant winds.
Thence did I drink the visionary power;
And deem not profitless those fleeting
moods

Of shadowy exultation: not for this,
That they are kindred to our purer mind
And intellectual life; but that the soul,
Remembering how she felt, but what she
felt

Remembering not, retains an obscure
sense

Of possible sublimity, whereto
With growing faculties she doth aspire,
With faculties still growing, feeling still
That whatsoever point they gain, they yet
Have something to pursue.

And not alone,
'Mid gloom and tumult, but no less 'mid
fair

And tranquil scenes, that universal power
And fitness in the latent qualities
And essences of things, by which the mind
Is moved with feelings of delight, to me
Came strengthened with a superadded soul,
A virtue not its own. My morning walks
Were early;—oft before the hours of school
I travelled round our little lake, five miles
Of pleasant wandering. Happy time!
more dear

For this, that one was by my side, a
Friend,¹

Then passionately loved; with heart how
full

Would he peruse these lines! For many
years

Have since flowed in between us, and, our
minds

Both silent to each other, at this time
We live as if those hours had never been.
Nor seldom did I lift our cottage latch
Far earlier, ere one smoke-wreath had
risen

¹ The late Rev. John Fleming, of Rayrigg,
Windermere.

From human dwelling, or the vernal thrush
Was audible; and sate among the woods
Alone upon some jutting eminence,
At the first gleam of dawn-light, when the
Vale,

Yet slumbering, lay in utter solitude.
How shall I seek the origin? where find
Faith in the marvellous things which then
I felt?

Oft in these moments such a holy calm
Would overspread my soul, that bodily eyes
Were utterly forgotten, and what I saw
Appeared like something in myself, a
dream,
A prospect in the mind.

'Twere long to tell
What spring and autumn, what the winter
snows,
And what the summer shade, what day
and night,
Evening and morning, sleep and waking,
thought

From sources inexhaustible, poured forth
To feed the spirit of religious love
In which I walked with Nature. But let
this

Be not forgotten, that I still retained
My first creative sensibility;
That by the regular action of the world
My soul was unsubdued. A plastic power
Abode with me; a forming hand, at times
Rebellious, acting in a devious mood;
A local spirit of his own, at war
With general tendency, but, for the most,
Subservient strictly to external things
With which it communed. An auxiliar
light

Came from my mind, which on the setting
sun
Bestowed new splendour; the melodious
birds,

The fluttering breezes, fountains that run on
Murmuring so sweetly in themselves,
obeyed

A like dominion, and the midnight storm
Grew darker in the presence of my eye:
Hence my obeisance, my devotion hence,
And hence my transport.

Nor should this, perchance,
Pass unrecorded, that I still had loved
The exercise and produce of a toil,
Than analytic industry to me
More pleasing, and whose character I deem
Is more poetic as resembling more

Creative agency. The song would speak
Of that interminable building reared
By observation of affinities
In objects where no brotherhood exists
To passive minds. My seventeenth year
was come

And, whether from this habit rooted now
So deeply in my mind, or from excess
In the great social principle of life
Coercing all things into sympathy,
To unorganic natures were transferred
My own enjoyments; or the power of
truth

Coming in revelation, did converse
With things that really are; I, at this
time,

Saw blessings spread around me like a sea.
Thus while the days flew by, and years
passed on,

From Nature and her overflowing soul,
I had received so much, that all my
thoughts

Were steeped in feeling; I was only then
Contented, when with bliss ineffable
I felt the sentiment of Being spread
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth
still;

O'er all that, lost beyond the reach of
thought

And human knowledge, to the human eye
Invisible, yet liveth to the heart;
O'er all that leaps and runs, and shouts
and sings,

Or beats the gladsome air; o'er all that
glides

Beneath the wave, yea, in the wave itself,
And mighty depth of waters. Wonder not
If high the transport, great the joy I felt,
Communing in this sort through earth and
heaven

With every form of creature, as it looked
Towards the Uncreated with a countenance
Of adoration, with an eye of love.

One song they sang, and it was audible,
Most audible, then, when the fleshly ear,
O'ercome by humblest prelude of that strain,
Forgot her functions, and slept undisturbed.

If this be error, and another faith
Find easier access to the pious mind,
Yet were I grossly destitute of all
Those human sentiments that make this
earth

So dear, if I should fail with grateful voice

To speak of you, ye mountains, and ye
lakes
And sounding cataracts, ye mists and winds
That dwell among the hills where I was
born.

If in my youth I have been pure in heart,
If, mingling with the world, I am content
With my own modest pleasures, and have
lived

With God and Nature communing, removed
From little enmities and low desires—

The gift is yours; if in these times of fear,
This melancholy waste of hopes o'erthrown,
If, 'mid indifference and apathy,
And wicked exultation when good men

On every side fall off, we know not how,
To selfishness, disguised in gentle names
Of peace and quiet and domestic love

Yet mingled not unwillingly with sneers
On visionary minds; if, in this time
Of dereliction and dismay, I yet

Despair not of our nature, but retain
A more than Roman confidence, a faith
That fails not, in all sorrow my support,
The blessing of my life—the gift is yours,
Ye winds and sounding cataracts! 'tis yours,
Ye mountains! thine, O Nature! Thou
hast fed

My lofty speculations; and in thee,
For this uneasy heart of ours, I find
A never-failing principle of joy
And purest passion.

Thou, my Friend! wert reared
In the great city, 'mid far other scenes;
But we, by different roads, at length have
gained
The selfsame bourne. And for this cause
to thee

I speak, unapprehensive of contempt,
The insinuated scoff of coward tongues,
And all that silent language which so oft
In conversation between man and man
Blots from the human countenance all trace
Of beauty and of love. For thou hast
sought

The truth in solitude, and, since the days
That gave thee liberty, full long desired,
To serve in Nature's temple, thou hast been
The most assiduous of her ministers;
In many things my brother, chiefly here
In this our deep devotion.

Fare thee well!

Health and the quiet of a healthful mind
Attend thee! seeking oft the haunts of men,

And yet more often living with thyself,
And for thyself, so haply shall thy days
Be many, and a blessing to mankind.

BOOK THIRD

RESIDENCE AT CAMBRIDGE

It was a dreary morning when the wheels
Rolled over a wide plain o'erhung with
clouds,

And nothing cheered our way till first we
saw

The long-roofed chapel of King's College
lift

Turrets and pinnacles in answering files,
Extended high above a dusky grove.

Advancing, we espied upon the road
A student clothed in gown and tasselled
cap,

Striding along as if o'ertasked by Time,
Or covetous of exercise and air;

He passed—nor was I master of my eyes
Till he was left an arrow's flight behind.
As near and nearer to the spot we drew,
It seemed to suck us in with an eddy's
force.

Onward we drove beneath the Castle;
caught,

While crossing Magdalene Bridge, a glimpse
of Cam;

And at the *Hoop* alighted, famous Inn.

My spirit was up, my thoughts were full
of hope;

Some friends I had, acquaintances who
there

Seemed friends, poor simple schoolboys,
now hung round

With honour and importance: in a world
Of welcome faces up and down I roved;
Questions, directions, warnings and advice,
Flowed in upon me, from all sides; fresh
day

Of pride and pleasure! to myself I seemed
A man of business and expense, and went
From shop to shop about my own affairs,
To Tutor or to Tailor, as befell,
From street to street with loose and care-
less mind.

I was the Dreamer, they the Dream; I
roamed

Delighted through the motley spectacle;
Gowns grave, or gaudy, doctors, students,
streets,
Courts, cloisters, flocks of churches, gate-
ways, towers:
Migration strange for a stripling of the hills,
A northern villager.

As if the change
Had waited on some Fairy's wand, at once
Behold me rich in monies, and attired
In splendid garb, with hose of silk, and hair
Powdered like rimy trees, when frost is keen.
My lordly dressing-gown, I pass it by,
With other signs of manhood that supplied
The lack of beard.—The weeks went roundly
on,
With invitations, suppers, wine and fruit,
Smooth housekeeping within, and all with-
out
Liberal, and suiting gentleman's array.

The Evangelist St. John my patron was:
Three Gothic courts are his, and in the first
Was my abiding-place, a nook obscure;
Right underneath, the College kitchens
made
A humming sound, less tuneable than bees,
But hardly less industrious; with shrill
notes
Of sharp command and scolding intermixed.
Near me hung Trinity's loquacious clock,
Who never let the quarters, night or day,
Slip by him unproclaimed, and told the
hours
Twice over with a male and female voice.
Her pealing organ was my neighbour too;
And from my pillow, looking forth by light
Of moon or favouring stars, I could behold
The antechapel where the statue stood
Of Newton with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of Thought,
alone.

Of College labours, of the Lecturer's
room
All studded round, as thick as chairs could
stand,
With loyal students, faithful to their books,
Half-and-half idlers, hardy recusants,
And honest dunces—of important days,
Examinations, when the man was weighed
As in a balance of excessive hopes,
Tremblings withal and commendable fears,

Small jealousies, and triumphs good or
bad—

Let others that know more speak as they
know.

Such glory was but little sought by me,
And little won. Yet from the first crude
days

Of settling time in this untried abode,
I was disturbed at times by prudent thoughts,
Wishing to hope without a hope, some
fears

About my future worldly maintenance,
And, more than all, a strangeness in the
mind,

A feeling that I was not for that hour,
Nor for that place. But wherefore be cast
down?

For (not to speak of Reason and her pure
Reflective acts to fix the moral law
Deep in the conscience, nor of Christian
Hope,

Bowing her head before her sister Faith
As one far mightier), hither I had come,
Bear witness Truth, endowed with holy
powers

And faculties, whether to work or feel.
Oft when the dazzling show no longer new
Had ceased to dazzle, oftimes did I quit
My comrades, leave the crowd, buildings
and groves,

And as I paced alone the level fields
Far from those lovely sights and sounds
sublime

With which I had been conversant, the
mind

Drooped not; but there into herself return-
ing,

With prompt rebound seemed fresh as here-
tofore.

At least I more distinctly recognised
Her native instincts: let me dare to speak
A higher language, say that now I felt
What independent solaces were mine,
To mitigate the injurious sway of place
Or circumstance, how far soever changed
In youth, or to be changed in after years.
As if awakened, summoned, roused, con-
strained,

I looked for universal things; perused
The common countenance of earth and sky:
Earth, nowhere unembellished by some
trace

Of that first Paradise whence man was
driven;

And sky, whose beauty and bounty are expressed
 By the proud name she bears—the name of Heaven.
 I called on both to teach me what they might;
 Or, turning the mind in upon herself,
 Pored, watched, expected, listened, spread my thoughts
 And spread them with a wider creeping; felt
 Incumbencies more awful, visitings
 Of the Upholder of the tranquil soul,
 That tolerates the indignities of Time,
 And, from the centre of Eternity
 All finite motions overruling, lives
 In glory immutable. But peace! enough
 Here to record that I was mounting now
 To such community with highest truth—
 A track pursuing, not untrod before,
 From strict analogies by thought supplied
 Or consciousnesses not to be subdued.
 To every natural form, rock, fruits, or flower,
 Even the loose stones that cover the highway,
 I gave a moral life: I saw them feel,
 Or linked them to some feeling: the great mass
 Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all
 That I beheld respired with inward meaning.
 Add that whate'er of Terror or of Love
 Or Beauty, Nature's daily face put on
 From transitory passion, unto this
 I was as sensitive as waters are
 To the sky's influence in a kindred mood
 Of passion; was obedient as a lute
 That waits upon the touches of the wind.
 Unknown, unthought of, yet I was most rich—
 I had a world about me—'twas my own;
 I made it, for it only lived to me,
 And to the God who sees into the heart.
 Such sympathies, though rarely, were betrayed
 By outward gestures and by visible looks:
 Some called it madness—so indeed it was,
 If child-like fruitfulness in passing joy,
 If steady moods of thoughtfulness matured
 To inspiration, sort with such a name;
 If prophecy be madness; if things viewed
 By poets in old time, and higher up
 By the first men, earth's first inhabitants,

May in these tutored days no more be seen
 With undisordered sight. But leaving this,

It was no madness, for the bodily eye
 Amid my strongest workings evermore
 Was searching out the lines of difference
 As they lie hid in all external forms,
 Near or remote, minute or vast; an eye
 Which, from a tree, a stone, a withered leaf,

To the broad ocean and the azure heavens
 Spangled with kindred multitudes of stars,
 Could find no surface where its power
 might sleep;
 Which spake perpetual logic to my soul,
 And by an unrelenting agency
 Did bind my feelings even as in a chain.

And here, O Friend! have I retraced
 my life

Up to an eminence, and told a tale
 Of matters which not falsely may be called

The glory of my youth. Of genius, power,
 Creation and divinity itself

I have been speaking, for my theme has been

What passed within me. Not of outward things

Done visibly for other minds, words, signs,
 Symbols or actions, but of my own heart
 Have I been speaking, and my youthful mind.

O Heavens! how awful is the might of souls,

And what they do within themselves while yet

The yoke of earth is new to them, the world

Nothing but a wild field where they were sown.

This is, in truth, heroic argument,
 This genuine provess, which I wished to touch

With hand however weak, but in the main
 It lies far hidden from the reach of words.
 Points have we all of us within our souls
 Where all stand single; this I feel, and make

Breathings for incommunicable powers;
 But is not each a memory to himself,
 And, therefore, now that we must quit this theme,

I am not heartless, for there's not a man

That lives who hath not known his god-like
 hours,
 And feels not what an empire we inherit
 As natural beings in the strength of Nature.

No more : for now into a populous plain
 We must descend. A Traveller I am,
 Whose tale is only of himself ; even so,
 So be it, if the pure of heart be prompt
 To follow, and if thou, my honoured
 Friend !

Who in these thoughts art ever at my side,
 Support, as heretofore, my fainting steps.

It hath been told, that when the first
 delight
 That flashed upon me from this novel show
 Had failed, the mind returned into herself ;
 Yet true it is, that I had made a change
 In climate, and my nature's outward coat
 Changed also slowly and insensibly.
 Full oft the quiet and exalted thoughts
 Of loneliness gave way to empty noise
 And superficial pastimes ; now and then
 Forced labour, and more frequently forced
 hopes ;

And, worst of all, a treasonable growth
 Of indecisive judgments, that impaired
 And shook the mind's simplicity. — And
 yet

This was a gladsome time. Could I be-
 hold—

Who, less invisible than sodden clay
 In a sea-river's bed at ebb of tide,
 Could have beheld, — with undelighted
 heart,

So many happy youths, so wide and fair
 A congregation in its budding-time
 Of health, and hope, and beauty, all at
 once

So many divers samples from the growth
 Of life's sweet season—could have seen
 unmoved

That miscellaneous garland of wild flowers
 Decking the matron temples of a place
 So famous through the world? To me, at
 least,

It was a goodly prospect : for, in sooth,
 Though I had learnt betimes to stand un-
 propped,

And independent musings pleased me so
 That spells seemed on me when I was
 alone,

Yet could I only cleave to solitude

In lonely places ; if a throng was near
 That way I leaned by nature ; for my
 heart
 Was social, and loved idleness and joy.

Not seeking those who might participate
 My deeper pleasures (nay, I had not once,
 Though not unused to mutter loathsome
 songs,

Even with myself divided such delight,
 Or looked that way for aught that might be
 clothed

In human language), easily I passed
 From the remembrances of better things,
 And slipped into the ordinary works
 Of careless youth, unburthened, unalarmed,
Caverns there were within my mind which
 sun

Could never penetrate, yet did there not
 Want store of leafy *arbours* where the light
 Might enter in at will. Companionships,
 Friendships, acquaintances, were welcome
 all.

We sauntered, played, or rioted ; we talked
 Unprofitable talk at morning hours ;
 Drifted about along the streets and walks,
 Read lazily in trivial books, went forth
 To gallop through the country in blind zeal
 Of senseless horsemanship, or on the breast
 Of Cam sailed boisterously, and let the stars
 Come forth, perhaps without one quiet
 thought.

Such was the tenor of the second act
 In this new life. Imagination slept,
 And yet not utterly. I could not print
 Ground where the grass had yielded to the
 steps

Of generations of illustrious men,
 Unmoved. I could not always lightly pass
 Through the same gateways, sleep where
 they had slept,

Wake where they waked, range that in-
 closure old,

That garden of great intellects, undisturbed,
 Place also by the side of this dark sense
 Of noble feeling, that those spiritual men,
 Even the great Newton's own ethereal self,
 Seemed humbled in these precincts thence
 to be

The more endeared. Their several memo-
 ries here

(Even like their persons in their portraits
 clothed

With the accustomed garb of daily life)
Put on a lowly and a touching grace
Of more distinct humanity, that left
All genuine admiration unimpaired.

Beside the pleasant Mill of Trompington
I laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorn
shade;

Heard him, while birds were warbling, tell
his tales

Of amorous passion. And that gentle
Bard,

Chosen by the Muses for their Page of
State—

Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded
heaven

With the moon's beauty and the moon's
soft pace,

I called him Brother, Englishman, and
Friend!

Yea, our blind Poet, who in his later day,
Stood almost single; uttering odious
truth—

Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,
Soul awful—if the earth has ever lodged

An awful soul—I seemed to see him here
Familiarly, and in his scholar's dress

Bounding before me, yet a stripling youth—
A boy, no better, with his rosy cheeks

Angelical, keen eye, courageous look,
And conscious step of purity and pride.

Among the band of my compeers was one
Whom chance had stationed in the very

room
Honoured by Milton's name. O temperate
Bard!

Be it confessed that, for the first time, seated
Within thy innocent lodge and oratory,

One of a festive circle, I poured out
Libations, to thy memory drank, till pride

And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain
Never excited by the fumes of wine

Before that hour, or since. Then, forth I
ran

From the assembly; through a length of
streets,

Ran, ostrich-like, to reach our chapel door
In not a desperate or opprobrious time,

Albeit long after the importunate bell
Had stopped, with wearisome Cassandra

voice
No longer haunting the dark winter night.

Call back, O Friend! a moment to thy
mind.

The place itself and fashion of the rites,
With careless ostentation shouldering up
My surprise, through the inferior throng I
clove

Of the plain Burghers, who in audience
stood

On the last skirts of their permitted ground,
Under the pealing organ. Empty thoughts!

I am ashamed of them: and that great
Bard,

And thou, O Friend! who in thy ample
mind

Hast placed me high above my best deserts,
Ye will forgive the weakness of that hour,

In some of its unworthy vanities,
Brother to many more.

In this mixed sort
The months passed on, remissly, not given

up
To wilful alienation from the right,

Or walks of open scandal, but in vague
And loose indifference, easy likings, aims

Of a low pitch—duty and zeal dismissed,
Yet Nature, or a happy course of things

Not doing in their stead the needful work.
The memory languidly revolved, the heart

Reposed in noontide rest, the inner pulse
Of contemplation almost failed to beat.

Such life might not inaptly be compared
To a floating island, an amphibious spot

Unsound, of spongy texture, yet withal
Not wanting a fair face of water weeds

And pleasant flowers. The thirst of living
praise,

Fit reverence for the glorious Dead, the sight
Of those long vistas, sacred catacombs,

Where mighty *minds* lie visibly entombed,
Have often stirred the heart of youth, and

bred
A fervent love of rigorous discipline.—

Alas! such high emotion touched not me.
Look was there none within these walls to

shame
My easy spirits, and discountenance

Their light composure, far less to instil
A calm resolve of mind, firmly addressed

To puissant efforts. Nor was this the
blame

Of others but my own; I should, in truth,
As far as doth concern my single self,

Misdeem most widely, lodging it elsewhere:
For I, bred up, 'mid Nature's luxuries,

Was a spoiled child, and, rambling like
the wind,

As I had done in daily intercourse
With those crystalline rivers, solemn heights,
And mountains, ranging like a fowl of the
air,

I was ill-tutored for captivity;
To quit my pleasure, and, from month to
month,

Take up a station calmly on the perch
Of sedentary peace. Those lovely forms
Had also left less space within my mind,
Which, wrought upon instinctively, had
found

A freshness in those objects of her love,
A winning power, beyond all other power.
Not that I slighted books,—that were to
lack

All sense,—but other passions in me ruled,
Passions more fervent, making me less
prompt

To in-door study than was wise or well,
Or suited to those years. Yet I, though
used

In magisterial liberty to rove,
Culling such flowers of learning as might
tempt

A random choice, could shadow forth a
place

(If now I yield not to a flattering dream)
Whose studious aspect should have bent
me down

To instantaneous service; should at once
Have made me pay to science and to arts
And written lore, acknowledged my liege
lord,

A homage frankly offered up, like that
Which I had paid to Nature. Toil and
pains

In this recess, by thoughtful Fancy built,
Should spread from heart to heart; and
stately groves,

Majestic edifices, should not want

A corresponding dignity within.

The congregating temper that pervades
Our unripe years, not wasted, should be
taught

To minister to works of high attempt—
Works which the enthusiast would perform
with love.

Youth should be awed, religiously possessed
With a conviction of the power that waits
On knowledge, when sincerely sought and
prized

For its own sake, on glory and on praise
If but by labour won, and fit to endure

The passing day; should learn to put aside
Her trappings here, should strip them off
abashed

Before antiquity and stedfast truth
And strong book-mindedness; and over all
A healthy sound simplicity should reign,
A seemly plainness, name it what you will,
Republican or pious.

If these thoughts
Are a gratuitous emblazonry
That mocks the recreant age *we* live in,
then

Be Folly and False-seeming free to affect
Whatever formal gait of discipline
Shall raise them highest in their own
esteem—

Let them parade among the Schools at will,
But spare the House of God. Was ever
known

The witless shepherd who persists to drive
A flock that thirsts not to a pool disliked?
A weight must surely hang on days begun
And ended with such mockery. Be wise,
Ye Presidents and Deans, and, till the spirit
Of ancient times revive, and youth be trained
At home in pious service, to your bells
Give seasonable rest, for 'tis a sound
Hollow as ever vexed the tranquil air;
And your officious doings bring disgrace
On the plain steeples of our English Church,
Whose worship, 'mid remotest village trees,
Suffers for this. Even Science, too, at
hand

In daily sight of this irreverence,
Is smitten thence with an unnatural taint,
Loses her just authority, falls beneath
Collateral suspicion, else unknown.

This truth escaped me not, and I confess,
That having 'mid my native hills given loose
To a schoolboy's vision, I had raised a pile
Upon the basis of the coming time,
That fell in ruins round me. Oh, what joy
To see a sanctuary for our country's youth
Informed with such a spirit as might be
Its own protection; a primeval grove,
Where, though the shades with cheerfulness
were filled,

Nor indigent of songs warbled from crowds
In under-coverts, yet the countenance
Of the whole place should bear a stamp of
awe;

A habitation sober and demure
For ruminating creatures; a domain
For quiet things to wander in; a haunt

In which the heron should delight to feed
By the shy rivers, and the pelican
Upon the cypress spire in lonely thought
Might sit and sun himself.—Alas ! Alas !
In vain for such solemnity I looked ;
Mine eyes were crossed by butterflies, ears
vexed

By chattering popinjays ; the inner heart
Seemed trivial, and the impresses without
Of a too gaudy region.

Different sight

Those venerable Doctors saw of old,
When all who dwelt within these famous
walls

Led in abstemiousness a studious life ;
When, in forlorn and naked chambers
cooped

And crowded, o'er the ponderous books
they hung

Like caterpillars eating out their way
In silence, or with keen devouring noise
Not to be tracked or fathered. Princes
then

At matins froze, and couched at curfew-
time,

Trained up through piety and zeal to prize
Spare diet, patient labour, and plain weeds.
O seat of Arts ! renowned throughout the
world !

Far different service in those homely days
The Muses' modest nurslings underwent
From their first childhood : in that glorious
time

When Learning, like a stranger come from
far,

Sounding through Christian lands her
trumpet, roused

Peasant and king ; when boys and youths,
the growth

Of ragged villages and crazy huts,
Forsook their homes, and, errant in the
quest

Of Patron, famous school or friendly nook,
Where, pensioned, they in shelter might sit
down,

From town to town and through wide
scattered realms

Journeyed with ponderous folios in their
hands ;

And often, starting from some covert place,
Saluted the chance comer on the road,

Crying, " An obolus, a penny give
To a poor scholar ! "—when illustrious
men,

Lovers of truth, by penury constrained,
Bucer, Erasmus, or Melancthon, read
Before the doors or windows of their cells
By moonshine through mere lack of taper
light.

But peace to vain regrets ! We see but
darkly
Even when we look behind us, and best
things

Are not so pure by nature that they needs
Must keep to all, as fondly all believe,
Their highest promise. If the mariner,
When at reluctant distance he hath passed
Some tempting island, could but know the
ills

That must have fallen upon him had he
brought

His bark to land upon the wished-for shore,
Good cause would oft be his to thank the
surf

Whose white belt scared him thence, or
wind that blew

Inexorably adverse : for myself
I grieve not ; happy is the gownèd youth,
Who only misses what I missed, who falls
No lower than I fell.

I did not love,
Judging not ill perhaps, the timid course
Of our scholastic studies ; could have wished
To see the river flow with ampler range
And freer pace ; but more, far more, I
grieved

To see displayed among an eager few,
Who in the field of contest persevered,
Passions unworthy of youth's generous heart
And mounting spirit, pitiably repaid,
When so disturbed, whatever palms are
won.

From these I turned to travel with the shoal
Of more unthinking natures, easy minds
And pillow ; yet not wanting love that
makes

The day pass lightly on, when foresight
sleeps,

And wisdom and the pledges interchanged
With our own inner being are forgot.

Yet was this deep vacation not given up
To utter waste. Hitherto I had stood
In my own mind remote from social life,
(At least from what we commonly so
name,)

Like a lone shepherd on a promontory

Who lacking occupation looks far forth
 Into the boundless sea, and rather makes
 Than finds what he beholds. And sure it is,
 That this first transit from the smooth
 delights

And wild outlandish walks of simple youth
 To something that resembles an approach
 Towards human business, to a privileged
 world

Within a world, a midway residence
 With all its intervenient imagery,
 Did better suit my visionary mind,
 Far better, than to have been bolted forth,
 Thrust out abruptly into Fortune's way
 Among the conflicts of substantial life;
 By a more just gradation did lead on
 To higher things; more naturally matured,
 For permanent possession, better fruits,
 Whether of truth or virtue, to ensue.
 In serious mood, but oftener, I confess,
 With playful zest of fancy, did we note
 (How could we less?) the manners and the
 ways

Of those who lived distinguished by the
 badge

Of good or ill report; or those with whom
 By frame of Academic discipline
 We were perforce connected, men whose
 sway

And known authority of office served
 To set our minds on edge, and did no more.
 Nor wanted we rich pastime of this kind,
 Found everywhere, but chiefly in the ring
 Of the grave Elders, men unscoured, grotesque

In character, tricked out like aged trees
 Which through the lapse of their infirmity
 Give ready place to any random seed
 That chooses to be reared upon their trunks.

Here on my view, confronting vividly
 Those shepherd swains whom I had lately
 left

Appeared a different aspect of old age;
 How different! yet both distinctly marked,
 Objects embossed to catch the general eye,
 Or portraitures for special use designed,
 As some might seem, so aptly do they
 serve

To illustrate Nature's book of rudiments—
 That book upheld as with maternal care
 When she would enter on her tender scheme
 Of teaching comprehension with delight,
 And mingling playful with pathetic thoughts.

The surfaces of artificial life
 And manners finely wrought, the delicate
 race

Of colours, lurking, gleaming up and down
 Through that state arras woven with silk
 and gold;

This wily interchange of snaky hues,
 Willingly or unwillingly revealed,
 I neither knew nor cared for; and as such
 Were wanting here, I took what might be
 found

Of less elaborate fabric. At this day
 I smile, in many a mountain solitude
 Conjuring up scenes as obsolete in freaks
 Of character, in points of wit as broad,
 As aught by wooden images performed
 For entertainment of the gaping crowd
 At wake or fair. And oftentimes do flit
 Remembrances before me of old men—
 Old humourists, who have been long in
 their graves,

And having almost in my mind put off
 Their human names, have into phantoms
 passed

Of texture midway between life and books.

I play the loiterer: 'tis enough to note
 That here in dwarf proportions were expressed

The limbs of the great world; its eager
 strifes

Collaterally pourtrayed, as in mock fight,
 A tournament of blows, some hardly dealt
 Though short of mortal combat; and what-
 e'er

Might in this pageant be supposed to hit
 An artless rustic's notice, this way less,
 More that way, was not wasted upon me—
 And yet the spectacle may well demand
 A more substantial name, no mimic show,
 Itself a living part of a live whole,
 A creek in the vast sea; for, all degrees
 And shapes of spurious fame and short-
 lived praise

Here sate in state, and fed with daily alms
 Retainers won away from solid good;
 And here was Labour, his own bond-slave;
 Hope,

That never set the pains against the prize;
 Idleness halting with his weary clog,
 And poor misguided Shame, and witless

Fear,
 And simple Pleasure foraging for Death;
 Honour misplaced, and Dignity astray;

Feuds, factions, flatteries, enmity, and guile,
Murmuring submission, and bald govern-
ment,
(The idol weak as the idolater),
And Decency and Custom starving Truth,
And blind Authority beating with his staff
The child that might have led him; Empti-
ness
Followed as of good omen, and meek Worth
Left to herself unheard of and unknown.

Of these and other kindred notices
I cannot say what portion is in truth
The naked recollection of that time,
And what may rather have been called to life
By after-meditation. But delight
That, in an easy temper lulled asleep,
Is still with Innocence its own reward,
This was not wanting. Carelessly I roamed
As through a wide museum from whose
stores

A casual rarity is singled out
And has its brief perusal, then gives way
To others, all supplanted in their turn;
Till 'mid this crowded neighbourhood of
things

That are by nature most unneighbourly,
The head turns round and cannot right
itself;

And though an aching and a barren sense
Of gay confusion still be uppermost,
With few wise longings and but little love,
Yet to the memory something cleaves at
last,

Whence profit may be drawn in times to
come.

Thus in submissive idleness, my Friend!
The labouring time of autumn, winter,
spring,

Eight months I rolled pleasingly away; the
ninth

Came and returned me to my native hills.

BOOK FOURTH

SUMMER VACATION

BRIGHT was the summer's noon when
quickenings steps

Followed each other till a dreary moor
Was crossed, a bare ridge clomb, upon
whose top

Standing alone, as from a rampart's edge,

I overlooked the bed of Windermere,
Like a vast river, stretching in the sun.
With exultation, at my feet I saw
Lake, islands, promontories, gleaming bays,
A universe of Nature's fairest forms
Proudly revealed with instantaneous burst,
Magnificent, and beautiful, and gay.
I bounded down the hill shouting again
For the old Ferryman; to the shout the
rocks

Replied, and when the Charon of the flood
Had staid his oars, and touched the jutting
pier,

I did not step into the well-known boat
Without a cordial greeting. Thence with
speed

Up the familiar hill I took my way
Towards that sweet Valley¹ where I had
been reared;

'Twas but a short hour's walk, ere vicing
round

I saw the snow-white church upon her hill
Sit like a throned Lady, sending out
A gracious look all over her domain.

Yon azure smoke betrays the lurking town;
With eager footsteps I advance and reach
The cottage threshold where my journey
closed.

Glad welcome had I, with some tears,
perhaps,

From my old Dame, so kind and motherly,
While she perused me with a parent's pride.
The thoughts of gratitude shall fall like dew
Upon thy grave, good creature! While
my heart

Can beat never will I forget thy name.

Heaven's blessing be upon thee where thou
liest

After thy innocent and busy stir

In narrow cares, thy little daily growth
Of calm enjoyments, after eighty years,
And more than eighty, of untroubled life;
Childless, yet by the strangers to thy blood
Honoured with little less than filial love.

What joy was mine to see thee once again,
Thee and thy dwelling, and a crowd of
things

About its narrow precincts all beloved,
And many of them seeming yet my own!
Why should I speak of what a thousand
hearts

Have felt, and every man alive can guess?
The rooms, the court, the garden were not left

¹ Hawkshead.

Long unsaluted, nor the sunny seat
 Round the stone table under the dark pine,
 Friendly to studious or to festive hours;
 Nor that unruly child of mountain birth,
 The famous brook, who, soon as he was
 boxed

Within our garden, found himself at once,
 As if by trick insidious and unkind,
 Stripped of his voice and left to dimple
 down

(Without an effort and without a will)
 A channel paved by man's officious care.
 I looked at him and smiled, and smiled
 again,

And in the press of twenty thousand
 thoughts,

"Ha," quoth I, "pretty prisoner, are you
 there!"

Well might sarcastic Fancy then have
 whispered,

"An emblem here behold of thy own life;
 In its late course of even days with all
 Their smooth enthrallment;" but the heart
 was full,

Too full for that reproach. My aged Dame
 Walked proudly at my side: she guided
 me;

I willing, nay—nay, wishing to be led.
 —The face of every neighbour whom I met
 Was like a volume to me; some were hailed
 Upon the road, some busy at their work,
 Unceremonious greetings interchanged
 With half the length of a long field between.
 Among my schoolfellows I scattered round
 Like recognitions, but with some constraint
 Attended, doubtless, with a little pride,
 But with more shame, for my habiliments,
 The transformation wrought by gay attire.
 Not less delighted did I take my place
 At our domestic table: and, dear Friend!
 In this endeavour simply to relate
 A Poet's history, may I leave untold
 The thankfulness with which I laid me
 down

In my accustomed bed, more welcome now
 Perhaps than if it had been more desired
 Or been more often thought of with regret;
 That lowly bed whence I had heard the
 wind

Roar, and the rain beat hard; where I so
 oft

Had lain awake on summer nights to watch
 The moon in splendour couched among the
 leaves

Of a tall ash, that near our cottage stood;
 Had watched her with fixed eyes while to
 and fro
 In the dark summit of the waving tree
 She rocked with every impulse of the breeze.

Among the favourites whom it pleased
 me well

To see again, was one by ancient right
 Our inmate, a rough terrier of the hills;
 By birth and call of nature pre-ordained
 To hunt the badger and unearth the fox
 Among the impervious crags, but having
 been

From youth our own adopted, he had
 passed

Into a gentler service. And when first
 The boyish spirit flagged, and day by day
 Along my veins I kindled with the stir,
 The fermentation, and the vernal heat
 Of poesy, affecting private shades
 Like a sick Lover, then this dog was used
 To watch me, an attendant and a friend,
 Obsequious to my steps early and late,
 Though often of such dilatory walk
 Tired, and uneasy at the halts I made.
 A hundred times when, roving high and
 low,

I have been harassed with the toil of verse,
 Much pains and little progress, and at once
 Some lovely Image in the song rose up
 Full-formed, like Venus rising from the sea;
 Then have I darted forwards to let loose
 My hand upon his back with stormy joy,
 Caressing him again and yet again.
 And when at evening on the public way
 I sauntered, like a river murmuring
 And talking to itself when all things else
 Are still, the creature trotted on before;
 Such was his custom; but whene'er he met
 A passenger approaching, he would turn
 To give me timely notice, and straightway,
 Grateful for that admonishment, I hushed
 My voice, composed my gait, and, with
 the air

And mien of one whose thoughts are free,
 advanced

To give and take a greeting that might save
 My name from piteous rumours, such as
 wait

On men suspected to be crazed in brain.

Those walks well worthy to be prized
 and loved—

Regretted!—that word, too, was on my tongue,

But they were richly laden with all good,
And cannot be remembered but with thanks
And gratitude, and perfect joy of heart—
Those walks in all their freshness now came back

Like a returning Spring. When first I made

Once more the circuit of our little lake,
If ever happiness hath lodged with man,
That day consummate happiness was mine,
Wide-spreading, steady, calm, contemplative.

The sun was set, or setting, when I left
Our cottage door, and evening soon brought on

A sober hour, not winning or serene,
For cold and raw the air was, and untuned :
But as a face we love is sweetest then
When sorrow damps it, or, whatever look
It chance to wear, is sweetest if the heart
Have fulness in herself; even so with me
It fared that evening. Gently did my soul
Put off her veil, and, self-transmuted, stood
Naked, as in the presence of her God.
While on I walked, a comfort seemed to touch

A heart that had not been disconsolate :
Strength came where weakness was not known to be,

At least not felt; and restoration came
Like an intruder knocking at the door
Of unacknowledged weariness. I took
The balance, and with firm hand weighed myself.

—Of that external scene which round me lay,

Little, in this abstraction, did I see ;
Remembered less ; but I had inward hopes
And swellings of the spirit, was rapt and soothed,

Conversed with promises, had glimmering views

How life pervades the undecaying mind ;
How the immortal soul with God-like power

Informs, creates, and thaws the deepest sleep

That time can lay upon her ; how on earth,
Man, if he do but live within the light
Of high endeavours, daily spreads abroad
His being armed with strength that cannot fail.

Nor was there want of milder thoughts, of love,

Of innocence, and holiday repose ;
And more than pastoral quiet, 'mid the stir
Of holdest projects, and a peaceful end
At last, or glorious, by endurance won.
Thus musing, in a wood I sate me down
Alone, continuing there to muse : the slopes
And heights meanwhile were slowly over-spread

With darkness, and before a rippling breeze
The long lake lengthened out its hoary line,
And in the sheltered coppice where I sate,
Around me from among the hazel leaves,
Now here, now there, moved by the straggling wind,

Came ever and anon a breath-like sound,
Quick as the pantings of the faithful dog,
The off and on companion of my walk ;
And such, at times, believing them to be,
I turned my head to look if he were there ;
Then into solemn thought I passed once more.

A freshness also found I at this time
In human Life, the daily life of those
Whose occupations really I loved ;
The peaceful scene oft filled me with surprise

Changed like a garden in the heat of spring
After an eight-days' absence. For (to omit
The things which were the same and yet appeared

Far otherwise) amid this rural solitude,
A narrow Vale where each was known to all,

'Twas not indifferent to a youthful mind
To mark some sheltering bower or sunny nook

Where an old man had used to sit alone,
Now vacant ; pale-faced babes whom I had left

In arms, now rosy prattlers at the feet
Of a pleased grandame tottering up and down ;

And growing girls whose beauty, filched away

With all its pleasant promises, was gone
To deck some slighted playmate's homely cheek.

Yes, I had something of a subtler sense,
And often looking round was moved to smiles

Such as a delicate work of humour breeds ;
I read, without design, the opinions,
thoughts,

Of those plain-living people now observed
With clearer knowledge ; with another eye
I saw the quiet woodman in the woods,
The shepherd roam the hills. With new
delight,

This chiefly, did I note my grey-haired
Dame ;

Saw her go forth to church or other work
Of state equipped in monumental trim ;
Short velvet cloak, (her bonnet of the like),
A mantle such as Spanish Cavaliers
Wore in old times. Her smooth domestic
life,

Affectionate without disquietude,
Her talk, her business, pleased me ; and
no less

Her clear though shallow stream of piety
That ran on Sabbath days a fresher course ;
With thoughts unfelt till now I saw her
read

Her Bible on hot Sunday afternoons,
And loved the book, when she had dropped
asleep

And made of it a pillow for her head.

Nor less do I remember to have felt,
Distinctly manifested at this time,
A human-heartedness about my love
For objects hitherto the absolute wealth
Of my own private being and no more ;
Which I had loved, even as a blessed spirit
Or Angel, if he were to dwell on earth,
Might love in individual happiness.

But now there opened on me other thoughts
Of change, congratulation or regret,
A pensive feeling ! It spread far and wide ;
The trees, the mountains shared it, and the
brooks,

The stars of Heaven, now seen in their old
haunts—

White Sirius glittering o'er the southern
crag,

Orion with his belt, and those fair Seven,
Acquaintances of every little child,
And Jupiter, my own beloved star !

Whatever shadings of mortality,
Whatever imports from the world of death
Had come among these objects heretofore,

Were, in the main, of mood less tender :
strong,

Deep, gloomy were they, and severe ; the
scatterings

Of awe or tremulous dread, that had given
way

In later youth to yearnings of a love
Enthusiastic, to delight and hope.

As one who hangs down-bending from
the side

Of a slow-moving boat, upon the breast
Of a still water, solacing himself
With such discoveries as his eye can make
Beneath him in the bottom of the deep,
Sees many beauteous sights—weeds, fishes,
flowers,

Grots, pebbles, roots of trees, and fancies
more,

Yet often is perplexed, and cannot part
The shadow from the substance, rocks and
sky,

Mountains and clouds, reflected in the depth
Of the clear flood, from things which there
abide

In their true dwelling ; now is crossed by
gleam

Of his own image, by a sunbeam now,
And wavering motions sent he knows not
whence,

Impediments that make his task more
sweet ;

Such pleasant office have we long pursued
Incumbent o'er the surface of past time
With like success, nor often have appeared
Shapes fairer or less doubtfully discerned
Than these to which the Tale, indulgent
Friend !

Would now direct thy notice. Yet in spite
Of pleasure won, and knowledge not with-
held,

There was an inner falling off—I loved,
Loved deeply all that had been loved before,
More deeply even than ever : but a swarm
Of heady schemes jostling each other,
gawds,

And feast and dance, and public revelry,
And sports and games (too grateful in
themselves,

Yet in themselves less grateful, I believe,
Than as they were a badge glossy and fresh
Of manliness and freedom) all conspired
To lure my mind from firm habitual quest
Of feeding pleasures, to depress the zeal
And damp those yearnings which had once
been mine—

A wild, unworldly-minded youth, given up
 To his own eager thoughts. It would
 demand
 Some skill, and longer time than may be
 spared
 To paint these vanities, and how they
 wrought
 In haunts where they, till now, had been
 unknown.
 It seemed the very garments that I wore
 Preyed on my strength, and stopped the
 quiet stream
 Of self-forgetfulness.

Yes, that heartless chase
 Of trivial pleasures was a poor exchange
 For books and nature at that early age.
 'Tis true, some casual knowledge might be
 gained

Of character or life; but at that time,
 Of manners put to school I took small note,
 And all my deeper passions lay elsewhere.
 Far better had it been to exalt the mind
 By solitary study, to uphold
 Intense desire through meditative peace;
 And yet, for chastisement of these regrets,
 The memory of one particular hour
 Doth here rise up against me. 'Mid a
 throng

Of maids and youths, old men, and matrons
 staid,

A medley of all tempers, I had passed
 The night in dancing, gaiety, and mirth,
 With din of instruments and shuffling feet,
 And glancing forms, and tapers glittering,
 And unaimed prattle flying up and down;
 Spirits upon the stretch, and here and there
 Slight shocks of young love-liking inter-
 spersed,

Whose transient pleasure mounted to the
 head,
 And tingled through the veins. Ere we
 retired,

The cock had crowed, and now the eastern
 sky

Was kindling, not unseen, from humble
 copse

And open field, through which the pathway
 wound,

And homeward led my steps. Magnificent
 The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
 Glorious as e'er I had beheld—in front,
 The sea lay laughing at a distance; near,
 The solid mountains shone, bright as the
 clouds,

Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean
 light;

And in the meadows and the lower grounds
 Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
 Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds,
 And labourers going forth to till the fields.
 Ah! need I say, dear Friend! that to the
 brim

My heart was full; I made no vows, but
 vows

Were then made for me; bond unknown to
 me

Was given, that I should be, else sinning
 greatly,

A dedicated Spirit. On I walked
 In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.

Strange rendezvous! My mind was at
 that time

A parti-coloured show of grave and gay,
 Solid and light, short-sighted and profound;
 Of inconsiderate habits and sedate,
 Consorting in one mansion unproved.

The worth I knew of powers that I pos-
 sessed,

Though slighted and too oft misused.
 Besides,

That summer, swarming as it did with
 thoughts

Transient and idle, lacked not intervals
 When Folly from the frown of fleeting
 Time

Shrunk, and the mind experienced in herself
 Conformity as just as that of old

To the end and written spirit of God's
 works,

Whether held forth in Nature or in Man,
 Through pregnant vision, separate or con-
 joined.

When from our better selves we have too
 long

Been parted by the hurrying world, and
 droop,

Sick of its business, of its pleasures tired,
 How gracious, how benign, is Solitude;
 How potent a mere image of her sway;

Most potent when impressed upon the mind
 With an appropriate human centre—hermit,

Deep in the bosom of the wilderness;
 Votary (in vast cathedral, where no foot

Is treading, where no other face is seen)
 Kneeling at prayers; or watchman on the

top

Of lighthouse, beaten by Atlantic waves ;
 Or as the soul of that great Power is met
 Sometimes embodied on a public road,
 When, for the night deserted, it assumes
 A character of quiet more profound
 Than pathless wastes.

Once, when those summer months
 Were flown, and autumn brought its annual
 show

Of oars with oars contending, sails with
 sails,

Upon Winander's spacious breast, it chanced
 That—after I had left a flower-decked room
 (Whose in-door pastime, lighted up, sur-
 vived

To a late hour), and spirits overwrought
 Were making night do penance for a day
 Spent in a round of strenuous idleness—
 My homeward course led up a long ascent,
 Where the road's watery surface, to the top
 Of that sharp rising, glittered to the moon
 And bore the semblance of another stream
 Stealing with silent lapse to join the brook
 That murmured in the vale. All else was
 still ;

No living thing appeared in earth or air,
 And, save the flowing water's peaceful
 voice,

Sound there was none—but, lo ! an uncouth
 shape,

Shown by a sudden turning of the road,
 So near that, slipping back into the shade
 Of a thick hawthorn, I could mark him well,
 Myself unseen. He was of stature tall,
 A span above man's common measure, tall,
 Stiff, lank, and upright ; a more meagre
 man

Was never seen before by night or day.

Long were his arms, pallid his hands ; his
 mouth

Looked ghastly in the moonlight : from
 behind,

A mile-stone propped him ; I could also ken
 That he was clothed in military garb,
 Though faded, yet entire. Companionless,
 No dog attending, by no staff sustained,
 He stood, and in his very dress appeared
 A desolation, a simplicity,
 To which the trappings of a gaudy world
 Make a strange back-ground. From his
 lips, ere long,

Issued low muttered sounds, as if of pain
 Or some uneasy thought ; yet still his form
 Kept the same awful steadiness—at his feet

His shadow lay, and moved not. From
 self-blame

Not wholly free, I watched him thus ; at
 length

Subduing my heart's specious cowardice,
 I left the shady nook where I had stood
 And hailed him. Slowly from his resting-
 place

He rose, and with a lean and wasted arm
 In measured gesture lifted to his head
 Returned my salutation ; then resumed
 His station as before ; and when I asked
 His history, the veteran, in reply,
 Was neither slow nor eager ; but, unmoved,
 And with a quiet uncomplaining voice,
 A stately air of mild indifference,
 He told in few plain words a soldier's tale—
 That in the Tropic Islands he had served,
 Whence he had landed scarcely three weeks
 past ;

That on his landing he had been dismissed,
 And now was travelling towards his native
 home.

This heard, I said, in pity, "Come with
 me."

He stooped, and straightway from the
 ground took up

An oaken staff by me yet unobserved—
 A staff which must have dropped from his
 slack hand

And lay till now neglected in the grass.
 Though weak his step and cautious, he
 appeared

To travel without pain, and I beheld,
 With an astonishment but ill suppressed,
 His ghostly figure moving at my side ;
 Nor could I, while we journeyed thus, for-
 bear

To turn from present hardships to the past,
 And speak of war, battle, and pestilence,
 Sprinkling this talk with questions, better
 spared,

On what he might himself have seen or felt.
 He all the while was in demeanour calm,
 Concise in answer ; solemn and sublime
 He might have seemed, but that in all he
 said

There was a strange half-absence, as of one
 Knowing too well the importance of his
 theme,

But feeling it no longer. Our discourse
 Soon ended, and together on we passed
 In silence through a wood gloomy and still,
 Up-turning, then, along an open field,

We reached a cottage. At the door I
knocked,
And earnestly to charitable care
Commended him as a poor friendless man,
Belated and by sickness overcome.
Assured that now the traveller would repose
In comfort, I entreated that henceforth
He would not linger in the public ways,
But ask for timely furtherance and help
Such as his state required. At this reproof,
With the same ghastly mildness in his look,
He said, "My trust is in the God of
Heaven,
And in the eye of him who passes me!"

The cottage door was speedily unbarred,
And now the soldier touched his hat once
more
With his lean hand, and in a faltering
voice,
Whose tone bespoke reviving interests
Till then unfelt, he thanked me; I returned
The farewell blessing of the patient man,
And so we parted. Back I cast a look,
And lingered near the door a little space,
Then sought with quiet heart my distant
home.

BOOK FIFTH

BOOKS

WHEN Contemplation, like the night-calm
felt
Through earth and sky, spreads widely,
and sends deep
Into the soul its tranquillising power,
Even then I sometimes grieve for thee, O
Man,
Earth's paramount Creature! not so much
for woes
That thou endurest; heavy though that
weight be,
Cloud-like it mounts, or touched with light
divine
Doth melt away; but for those palms
achieved
Through length of time, by patient exercise
Of study and hard thought; there, there,
it is
That sadness finds its fuel. Hitherto,
In progress through this Verse, my mind
hath looked
Upon the speaking face of earth and heaven

As her prime teacher, intercourse with man
Established by the sovereign Intellect,
Who through that bodily image hath dif-
fused,

As might appear to the eye of fleeting time,
A deathless spirit. Thou also, man! hast
wrought,

For commerce of thy nature with herself,
Things that aspire to unconquerable life;
And yet we feel—we cannot choose but
feel—

That they must perish. Tremblings of the
heart

It gives, to think that our immortal being
No more shall need such garments; and
yet man,

As long as he shall be the child of earth,
Might almost "weep to have" what he
may lose,

Nor be himself extinguished, but survive,
Abject, depressed, forlorn, disconsolate.

A thought is with me sometimes, and I
say,—

Should the whole frame of earth by inward
throes

Be wrenched, or fire come down from far
to scorch

Her pleasant habitations, and dry up
Old Ocean, in his bed left singed and bare,
Yet would the living Presence still subsist
Victorious, and composure would ensue,
And kindlings like the morning—presage
sure

Of day returning and of life revived.

But all the meditations of mankind,

Yea, all the adamantine holds of truth

By reason built, or passion, which itself

Is highest reason in a soul sublime;

The consecrated works of Bard and Sage,

Sensuous or intellectual, wrought by men,

Twin labourers and heirs of the same hopes;

Where would they be? Oh! why hath not
the Mind

Some element to stamp her image on

In nature somewhat nearer to her own?

Why, gifted with such powers to send
abroad

Her spirit, must it lodge in shrines so frail?

One day, when from my lips a like
complaint

Had fallen in presence of a studious friend,

He with a smile made answer, that in truth

'Twas going far to seek disquietude;

But on the front of his reproof confessed
That he himself had oftentimes given way
To kindred hauntings. Whereupon I told,
That once in the stillness of a summer's
noon,

While I was seated in a rocky cave
By the sea-side, perusing, so it chanced,
The famous history of the errant knight
Recorded by Cervantes, these same thoughts
Beset me, and to height unusual rose,
While listlessly I sate, and, having closed
The book, had turned my eyes toward the
wide sea.

On poetry and geometric truth,
And their high privilege of lasting life,
From all internal injury exempt,
I mused ; upon these chiefly : and at length,
My senses yielding to the sultry air,
Sleep seized me, and I passed into a dream.
I saw before me stretched a boundless plain
Of sandy wilderness, all black and void,
And as I looked around, distress and fear
Came creeping over me, when at my side,
Close at my side, an uncouth shape ap-
peared

Upon a dromedary, mounted high.
He seemed an Arab of the Bedouin tribes :
A lance he bore, and underneath one arm
A stone, and in the opposite hand a shell
Of a surpassing brightness. At the sight
Much I rejoiced, not doubting but a guide
Was present, one who with unerring skill
Would through the desert lead me ; and
while yet

I looked and looked, self-questioned what
this freight

Which the new-comer carried through the
waste

Could mean, the Arab told me that the
stone

(To give it in the language of the dream)
Was "Euclid's Elements," and "This,"
said he,

"Is something of more worth ;" and at
the word

Stretched forth the shell, so beautiful in
shape,

In colour so resplendent, with command
That I should hold it to my ear. I did so,
And heard that instant in an unknown
tongue,

Which yet I understood, articulate sounds,
A loud prophetic blast of harmony ;
An Ode, in passion uttered, which foretold

Destruction to the children of the earth
By deluge, now at hand. No sooner ceased
The song, than the Arab with calm look
declared

That all would come to pass of which the
voice

Had given forewarning, and that he himself
Was going then to bury those two books :
The one that held acquaintance with the
stars,

And wedded soul to soul in purest bond
Of reason, undisturbed by space or time ;
The other that was a god, yea many gods,
Had voices more than all the winds, with
power

To exhilarate the spirit, and to soothe,
Through every clime, the heart of human
kind.

While this was uttering, strange as it may
seem,

I wondered not, although I plainly saw
The one to be a stone, the other a shell ;
Nor doubted once but that they both were
books,

Having a perfect faith in all that passed.
Far stronger, now, grew the desire I felt
To cleave unto this man ; but when I prayed
To share his enterprise, he hurried on
Reckless of me : I followed, not unseen,
For oftentimes he cast a backward look,
Grasping his twofold treasure.—Lance in
rest,

He rode, I keeping pace with him ; and
now

He, to my fancy, had become the knight
Whose tale Cervantes tells ; yet not the
knight,

But was an Arab of the desert too ;
Of these was neither, and was both at once.
His countenance, meanwhile, grew more
disturbed ;

And, looking backwards when he looked,
mine eyes

Saw, over half the wilderness diffused,
A bed of glittering light : I asked the cause :
"It is," said he, "the waters of the deep
Gathering upon us ;" quickening then the
pace

Of the unwieldy creature he bestrode,
He left me : I called after him aloud ;
He heeded not ; but, with his twofold
charge

Still in his grasp, before me, full in view,
Went hurrying o'er the illimitable waste,

With the fleet waters of a drowning world
In chase of him ; whereat I waked in terror,
And saw the sea before me, and the book,
In which I had been reading, at my side.

Full often, taking from the world of sleep
This Arab phantom, which I thus beheld,
This semi-Quixote, I to him have given
A substance, fancied him a living man,
A gentle dweller in the desert, crazed
By love and feeling, and internal thought
Protracted among endless solitudes ;
Have shaped him wandering upon this
quest !

Nor have I pitied him ; but rather felt
Reverence was due to a being thus em-
ployed ;

And thought that, in the blind and awful
lair

Of such a madness, reason did lie couched.
Enow there are on earth to take in charge
Their wives, their children, and their virgin
loves,

Or whatsoever else the heart holds dear ;
Enow to stir for these ; yea, will I say,
Contemplating in soberness the approach
Of an event so dire, by signs in earth
Or heaven made manifest, that I could share
That maniac's fond anxiety, and go
Upon like errand. Oftentimes at least
Me hath such strong entrancement over-
come,

When I have held a volume in my hand,
Poor earthly casquet of immortal verse,
Shakespeare, or Milton, labourers divine !

Great and benign, indeed, must be the
power

Of living nature, which could thus so long
Detain me from the best of other guides
And dearest helpers, left unthanked, un-
praised,

Even in the time of lisping infancy ;
And later down, in prattling childhood even,
While I was travelling back among those
days,

How could I ever play an ingrate's part ?
Once more should I have made those bowers
resound,

By intermingling strains of thankfulness
With their own thoughtless melodies ; at
least

It might have well beseemed me to repeat
Some simply fashioned tale, to tell again,

In slender accents of sweet verse, some tale
That did bewitch me then, and soothes me
now.

O Friend ! O Poet ! brother of my soul,
Think not that I could pass along untouched
By these remembrances. Yet wherefore
speak ?

Why call upon a few weak words to say
What is already written in the hearts
Of all that breathe?—what in the path of all
Drops daily from the tongue of every child,
Wherever man is found ? The trickling tear
Upon the cheek of listening Infancy
Proclaims it, and the insuperable look
That drinks as if it never could be full.

That portion of my story I shall leave
There registered : whatever else of power
Or pleasure sown, or fostered thus, may be
Peculiar to myself, let that remain
Where still it works, though hidden from
all search

Among the depths of time. Yet is it just
That here, in memory of all books which lay
Their sure foundations in the heart of man,
Whether by native prose, or numerous verse,
That in the name of all inspired souls—
From Homer the great Thunderer, from the
voice

That roars along the bed of Jewish song,
And that more varied and elaborate,
Those trumpet-tones of harmony that shake
Our shores in England,—from those loftiest
notes

Down to the low and wren-like warblings,
made

For cottagers and spinners at the wheel,
And sun-burnt travellers resting their tired
limbs,

Stretched under wayside hedge-rows, ballad
tunes,

Food for the hungry ears of little ones,
And of old men who have survived their
joys—

'Tis just that in behalf of these, the works,
And of the men that framed them, whether
known

Or sleeping nameless in their scattered
graves,

That I should here assert their rights, attest
Their honours, and should, once for all,
pronounce

Their benediction : speak of them as Powers
For ever to be hallowed ; only less,

For what we are and what we may become,
Than Nature's self, which is the breath of
God,
Or His pure Word by miracle revealed.

Rarely and with reluctance would I stoop
To transitory themes; yet I rejoice,
And, by these thoughts admonished, will
pour out
Thanks with uplifted heart, that I was
reared

Safe from an evil which these days have
laid

Upon the children of the land, a pest
That might have dried me up, body and
soul.

This verse is dedicate to Nature's self,
And things that teach as Nature teaches:
then,

Oh! where had been the Man, the Poet
where,

Where had we been, we two, beloved
Friend!

If in the season of unperilous choice,
In lieu of wandering, as we did, through
vales

Rich with indigenous produce, open ground
Of Fancy, happy pastures ranged at will,
We had been followed, hourly watched,
and noosed,

Each in his several melancholy walk
Stringed like a poor man's heifer at its feed,
Led through the lanes in forlorn servitude;
Or rather like a stalled ox debarred
From touch of growing grass, that may
not taste

A flower till it have yielded up its sweets
A prelibation to the mower's scythe.

Behold the parent hen amid her brood,
Though fledged and feathered, and well
pleased to part

And straggle from her presence, still a
brood,

And she herself from the maternal bond
Still undischarged; yet doth she little more
Than move with them in tenderness and
love,

A centre to the circle which they make;
And now and then, alike from need of
theirs

And call of her own natural appetites,
She scratches, ransacks up the earth for
food,

Which they partake at pleasure. Early died
My honoured Mother, she who was the
heart

And hinge of all our learnings and our
loves:

She left us destitute, and, as we might,
Trooping together. Little suits it me
To break upon the sabbath of her rest
With any thought that looks at others'
blame;

Nor would I praise her but in perfect love.
Hence am I checked: but let me boldly
say,

In gratitude, and for the sake of truth,
Unheard by her, that she, not falsely
taught,

Fetching her goodness rather from times
past,

Than shaping novelties for times to come,
Had no presumption, no such jealousy,
Nor did by habit of her thoughts mistrust
Our nature, but had virtual faith that He
Who fills the mother's breast with innocent
milk,

Doth also for our nobler part provide,
Under His great correction and control,
As innocent instincts, and as innocent
food;

Or draws, for minds that are left free to
trust

In the simplicities of opening life,
Sweet honey out of spurned or dreaded
weeds.

This was her creed, and therefore she was
pure

From anxious fear of error or mishap,
And evil, overweeningly so called;

Was not puffed up by false unnatural
hopes,

Nor selfish with unnecessary cares,
Nor with impatience from the season asked
More than its timely produce; rather loved
The hours for what they are, than from
regard

Glanced on their promises in restless pride.
Such was she—not from faculties more
strong

Than others have, but from the times,
perhaps,

And spot in which she lived, and through
a grace

Of modest meekness, simple-mindedness,
A heart that found benignity and hope,
Being itself benign.

My drift I fear
 Is scarcely obvious; but, that common
 sense
 May try this modern system by its fruits,
 Leave let me take to place before her sight
 A specimen pourtrayed with faithful hand.
 Full early trained to worship seemliness,
 This model of a child is never known
 To mix in quarrels; that were far beneath
 Its dignity; with gifts he bubbles o'er
 As generous as a fountain; selfishness
 May not come near him, nor the little
 throng
 Of flitting pleasures tempt him from his
 path;
 The wandering beggars propagate his
 name,
 Dumb creatures find him tender as a nun,
 And natural or supernatural fear,
 Unless it leap upon him in a dream,
 Touches him not. To enhance the
 wonder, see
 How arch his notices, how nice his sense
 Of the ridiculous; not blind is he
 To the broad follies of the licensed world,
 Yet innocent himself withal, though shrewd,
 And can read lectures upon innocence;
 A miracle of scientific lore,
 Ships he can guide across the pathless
 sea,
 And tell you all their cunning; he can read
 The inside of the earth, and spell the stars;
 He knows the policies of foreign lands;
 Can string you names of districts, cities,
 towns,
 The whole world over, tight as beads of
 dew
 Upon a gossamer thread; he sifts, he
 weighs;
 All things are put to question; he must
 live
 Knowing that he grows wiser every day
 Or else not live at all, and seeing too
 Each little drop of wisdom as it falls
 Into the dimpling cistern of his heart:
 For this unnatural growth the trainer
 blame,
 Pity the tree.—Poor human vanity,
 Wert thou extinguished, little would be
 left
 Which he could truly love; but how
 escape?
 For, ever as a thought of purer birth
 Rises to lead him toward a better clime,

Some intermeddler still is on the watch
 To drive him back, and pound him, like a
 stray,
 Within the pinfold of his own conceit.
 Meanwhile old grandame earth is grieved
 to find
 The playthings, which her love designed
 for him,
 Unthought of: in their woodland beds the
 flowers
 Weep, and the river sides are all forlorn.
 Oh! give us once again the wishing-cap
 Of Fortunatus, and the invisible coat
 Of Jack the Giant-killer, Robin Hood,
 And Sabra in the forest with St. George!
 The child, whose love is here, at least, doth
 reap
 One precious gain, that he forgets himself.

These mighty workmen of our later age,
 Who, with a broad highway, have over-
 bridged
 The froward chaos of futurity,
 Tamed to their bidding; they who have
 the skill
 To manage books, and things, and make
 them act
 On infant minds as surely as the sun
 Deals with a flower; the keepers of our
 time,
 The guides and wardens of our faculties,
 Sages who in their prescience would control
 All accidents, and to the very road
 Which they have fashioned would confine
 us down,
 Like engines; when will their presumption
 learn,
 That in the unreasoning progress of the
 world
 A wiser spirit is at work for us,
 A better eye than theirs, most prodigal
 Of blessings, and most studious of our
 good,
 Even in what seem our most unfruitful
 hours?

¹ There was a Boy: ye knew him well,
 ye cliffs

And islands of Winander!—many a time
 At evening, when the earliest stars began
 To move along the edges of the hills,
 Rising or setting, would he stand alone
 Beneath the trees or by the glimmering lake,

¹ See p. 113.

And there, with fingers interwoven, both
 hands
 Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his
 mouth
 Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
 Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
 That they might answer him; and they
 would shout
 Across the watery vale, and shout again,
 Responsive to his call, with quivering peals,
 And long halloos and screams, and echoes
 loud,
 Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild
 Of jocund din; and, when a lengthened
 pause
 Of silence came and baffled his best skill,
 Then sometimes, in that silence while he
 hung
 Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
 Has carried far into his heart the voice
 Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene
 Would enter unawares into his mind,
 With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
 Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, re-
 ceived
 Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This Boy was taken from his mates, and
 died
 In childhood, ere he was full twelve years
 old.
 Fair is the spot, most beautiful the vale
 Where he was born; the grassy church-
 yard hangs
 Upon a slope above the village school,
 And through that churchyard when my
 way has led
 On summer evenings, I believe that there
 A long half hour together I have stood
 Mute, looking at the grave in which he
 lies!
 Even now appears before the mind's clear
 eye
 That self-same village church; I see her
 sit
 (The throned Lady whom erewhile we
 hailed)
 On her green hill, forgetful of this Boy
 Who slumbers at her feet,—forgetful, too,
 Of all her silent neighbourhood of graves,
 And listening only to the gladsome sounds
 That, from the rural school ascending, play
 Beneath her and about her. May she long
 Behold a race of young ones like to those

With whom I herded!—(easily, indeed,
 We might have fed upon a fatter soil
 Of arts and letters—but be that forgiven)—
 A race of real children; not too wise,
 Too learned, or too good; but wanton,
 fresh,
 And bandied up and down by love and hate;
 Not unresentful where self-justified;
 Fierce, moody, patient, venturous, modest,
 shy;
 Mad at their sports like withered leaves in
 winds;
 Though doing wrong and suffering, and
 full oft
 Bending beneath our life's mysterious weight
 Of pain, and doubt, and fear, yet yielding
 not
 In happiness to the happiest upon earth.
 Simplicity in habit, truth in speech,
 Be these the daily strengtheners of their
 minds;
 May books and Nature be their early joy!
 And knowledge, rightly honoured with that
 name—
 Knowledge not purchased by the loss of
 power!

Well do I call to mind the very week
 When I was first intrusted to the care
 Of that sweet Valley; when its paths, its
 shores,
 And brooks were like a dream of novelty
 To my half-infant thoughts; that very
 week,
 While I was roving up and down alone,
 Seeking I knew not what, I chanced to cross
 One of those open fields, which; shaped
 like ears,
 Make green peninsulas on Esthwaite's Lake:
 Twilight was coming on, yet through the
 gloom
 Appeared distinctly on the opposite shore
 A heap of garments, as if left by one
 Who might have there been bathing. Long
 I watched,
 But no one owned them; meanwhile the
 calm lake
 Grew dark with all the shadows on its breast,
 And, now and then, a fish up-leaping
 snapped
 The breathless stillness. The succeeding
 day,
 Those unclaimed garments telling a plain
 tale

Drew to the spot an anxious crowd; some
looked

In passive expectation from the shore,
While from a boat others hung o'er the
deep,

Sounding with grappling irons and long
poles.

At last, the dead man, 'mid that beauteous
scene

Of trees and hills and water, bolt upright
Rose, with his ghastly face, a spectre shape
Of terror; yet no soul-debasing fear,
Young as I was, a child not nine years old,
Possessed me, for my inner eye had seen
Such sights before, among the shining
streams

Of faëry land, the forest of romance.
Their spirit hallowed the sad spectacle
With decoration of ideal grace;
A dignity, a smoothness, like the works
Of Grecian art, and purest poesy.

A precious treasure had I long possessed,
A little yellow, canvas-covered book,
A slender abstract of the Arabian tales;
And, from companions in a new abode,
When first I learnt, that this dear prize of
mine

Was but a block hewn from a mighty
quarry—

'That there were four large volumes, laden
all

With kindred matter, 'twas to me, in truth,
A promise scarcely earthly. Instantly,
With one not richer than myself, I made
A covenant that each should lay aside
The moneys he possessed, and hoard up
more,

Till our joint savings had amassed enough
To make this book our own. Through
several months,

In spite of all temptation, we preserved
Religiously that vow; but firmness failed,
Nor were we ever masters of our wish.

And when thereafter to my father's house
The holidays returned me, there to find
'That golden store of books which I had
left,

What joy was mine! How often in the
course

Of those glad respites, though a soft west
wind

Ruffled the waters to the angler's wish,

For a whole day together, have I lain
Down by thy side, O Derwent! murmuring
stream,

On the hot stones, and in the glaring sun,
And there have read, devouring as I read,
Defrauding the day's glory, desperate!
Till with a sudden bound of smart reproach,
Such as an idler deals with in his shame,
I to the sport betook myself again.

A gracious spirit o'er this earth presides,
And o'er the heart of man; invisibly
It comes, to works of unproved delight,
And tendency benign, directing those
Who care not, know not, think not, what
they do.

The tales that charm away the wakeful night
In Araby, romances; legends penned
For solace by dim light of monkish lamps;
Fictions, for ladies of their love, devised
By youthful squires; adventures endless,
spun

By the dismantled warrior in old age,
Out of the bowels of those very schemes
In which his youth did first extravagate;
These spread like day, and something in
the shape

Of these will live till man shall be no more.
Dumb yearnings, hidden appetites, are ours,
And *they must* have their food. Our child-
hood sits,

Our simple childhood, sits upon a throne
That hath more power than all the elements.
I guess not what this tells of Being past,
Nor what it augurs of the life to come;
But so it is; and, in that dubious hour—
That twilight—when we first begin to see
This dawning earth, to recognise, expect,
And, in the long probation that ensues,
The time of trial, ere we learn to live
In reconciliation with our stinted powers;
To endure this state of meagre vassalage,
Unwilling to forego, confess, submit,
Uneasy and unsettled, yoke-fellows
To custom, mettlesome, and not yet tamed
And humbled down—oh! then we feel, we
feel,

We know where we have friends. Ye
dreamers, then,

Forgers of daring tales! we bless you then,
Impostors, drivellers, dotards, as the ape
Philosophy will call you: *then* we feel
With what, and how great might ye are in
league,

Who make our wish, our power, our thought
 a deed,
 An empire, a possession,—ye whom time
 And seasons serve; all Faculties to whom
 Earth crouches, the elements are potter's
 clay,
 Space like a heaven filled up with northern
 lights,
 Here, nowhere, there, and everywhere at
 once.

Relinquishing this lofty eminence
 For ground, though humbler, not the less a
 tract
 Of the same isthmus, which our spirits cross
 In progress from their native continent
 To earth and human life, the Song might
 dwell
 On that delightful time of growing youth,
 When craving for the marvellous gives way
 To strengthening love for things that we
 have seen;
 When sober truth and steady sympathies,
 Offered to notice by less daring pens,
 Take firmer hold of us, and words them-
 selves
 Move us with conscious pleasure.

I am sad
 At thought of rapture now for ever flown;
 Almost to tears I sometimes could be sad
 To think of, to read over, many a page,
 Poems withal of name, which at that time
 Did never fail to entrance me, and are now
 Dead in my eyes, dead as a theatre
 Fresh emptied of spectators. Twice five
 years

Or less I might have seen, when first my
 mind
 With conscious pleasure opened to the
 charm

Of words in tuneful order, found them sweet
 For their own *sakes*, a passion, and a power;
 And phrases pleased me chosen for delight,
 For pomp, or love. Oft, in the public roads
 Yet unfrequented, while the morning light
 Was yellowing the hill tops, I went abroad
 With a dear friend, and for the better part
 Of two delightful hours we strolled along
 By the still borders of the misty lake,
 Repeating favourite verses with one voice,
 Or conning more, as happy as the birds
 That round us chaunted. Well might we
 be glad,

Lifted above the ground by airy fancies,

More bright than madness or the dreams
 of wine;

And, though full oft the objects of our love
 Were false, and in their splendour over-
 wrought,

Yet was there surely then no vulgar power
 Working within us,—nothing less, in truth,
 Than that most noble attribute of man,
 Though yet untutored and inordinate,
 That wish for something loftier, more
 adorned,

Than is the common aspect, daily garb,
 Of human life. What wonder, then, if
 sounds

Of exultation echoed through the groves!
 For, images, and sentiments, and words,
 And everything encountered or pursued
 In that delicious world of poesy,
 Kept holiday, a never-ending show,
 With music, incense, festival, and flowers!

Here must we pause: this only let me
 add,
 From heart-experience, and in humblest
 sense

Of modesty, that he, who in his youth
 A daily wanderer among woods and fields
 With living Nature hath been intimate,
 Not only in that raw unpractised time
 Is stirred to ecstasy, as others are,
 By glittering verse; but further, doth receive,
 In measure only dealt out to himself,
 Knowledge and increase of enduring joy
 From the great Nature that exists in works
 Of mighty Poets. Visionary power
 Attends the motions of the viewless winds,
 Embodied in the mystery of words:
 There, darkness makes abode, and all the
 host

Of shadowy things work endless changes,—
 there,

As in a mansion like their proper home,
 Even forms and substances are circumfused
 By that transparent veil with light divine,
 And, through the turnings intricate of verse,
 Present themselves as objects recognised,
 In flashes, and with glory not their own.

BOOK SIXTH

CAMBRIDGE AND THE ALPS

THE leaves were fading when to Esthwaite's
 banks

And the simplicities of cottage life
 I bade farewell ; and, one among the youth
 Who, summoned by that season, reunite
 As scattered birds troop to the fowler's lure,
 Went back to Granta's cloisters, not so
 prompt
 Or eager, though as gay and undepressed
 In mind, as when I thence had taken flight
 A few short months before. I turned my
 face
 Without repining from the coves and
 heights
 Clothed in the sunshine of the withering
 fern ;
 Quitted, not loth, the mild magnificence
 Of calmer lakes and louder streams ; and
 you,
 Frank-hearted maids of rocky Cumber-
 land,
 You and your not unwelcome days of mirth,
 Relinquished, and your nights of revelry,
 And in my own unlovely cell sate down
 In lightsome mood—such privilege has
 youth
 That cannot take long leave of pleasant
 thoughts.

The bonds of indolent society
 Relaxing in their hold, henceforth I lived
 More to myself. Two winters may be
 passed
 Without a separate notice : many books
 Were skimmed, devoured, or studiously
 perused,
 But with no settled plan. I was detached
 Internally from academic cares ;
 Yet independent study seemed a course
 Of hardy disobedience toward friends
 And kindred, proud rebellion and unkind.
 This spurious virtue, rather let it bear
 A name it now deserves, this cowardice,
 Gave treacherous sanction to that over-love
 Of freedom which encouraged me to turn
 From regulations even of my own
 As from restraints and bonds. Yet who
 can tell—
 Who knows what thus may have been
 gained, both then
 And at a later season, or preserved ;
 What love of nature, what original strength
 Of contemplation, what intuitive truths
 The deepest and the best, what keen re-
 search,
 Unbiassed, unbewildered, and unawed ?

The Poet's soul was with me at that
 time ;
 Sweet meditations, the still overflow
 Of present happiness, while future years
 Lacked not anticipations, tender dreams,
 No few of which have since been realised ;
 And some remain, hopes for my future life.
 Four years and thirty, told this very week,
 Have I been now a sojourner on earth,
 By sorrow not unsmitten ; yet for me
 Life's morning radiance hath not left the
 hills,
 Her dew is on the flowers. Those were
 the days
 Which also first emboldened me to trust
 With firmness, hitherto but slightly touched
 By such a daring thought, that I might
 leave
 Some monument behind me which pure
 hearts
 Should reverence. The instinctive humble-
 ness,
 Maintained even by the very name and
 thought
 Of printed books and authorship, began
 To melt away ; and further, the dread awe
 Of mighty names was softened down and
 seemed
 Approachable, admitting fellowship
 Of modest sympathy. Such aspect now,
 Though not familiarly, my mind put on,
 Content to observe, to achieve, and to enjoy.

All winter long, whenever free to choose,
 Did I by night frequent the College grove
 And tributary walks ; the last, and oft
 The only one, who had been lingering
 there
 Through hours of silence, till the porter's
 bell,
 A punctual follower on the stroke of nine,
 Rang with its blunt uncereemonious voice ;
 Inexorable summons ! Lofty elms,
 Inviting shades of opportune recess,
 Bestowed composure on a neighbourhood
 Unpeaceful in itself. A single tree
 With sinuous trunk, boughs exquisitely
 wreathed,
 Grew there ; an ash which Winter for him-
 self
 Decked out with pride, and with outlandish
 grace :
 Up from the ground, and almost to the
 top,

The trunk and every master branch were
green

With clustering ivy, and the lightsome twigs
And outer spray profusely tipped with seeds
That hung in yellow tassels, while the air
Stirred them, not voiceless. Often have I
stood

Foot-bound uplooking at this lovely tree.
Beneath a frosty moon. The hemisphere
Of magic fiction, verse of mine perchance
May never tread; but scarcely Spenser's
self

Could have more tranquil visions in his
youth,

Or could more bright appearances create
Of human forms with superhuman powers,
Than I beheld, loitering on calm clear
nights

Alone, beneath this fairy work of earth.

On the vague reading of a truant youth
'Twere idle to descant. My inner judg-
ment

Not seldom differed from my taste in books,
As if it appertained to another mind,
And yet the books which then I valued most
Are dearest to me *now*; for, having scanned,
Not heedlessly, the laws, and watched the
forms

Of Nature, in that knowledge I possessed
A standard, often usefully applied,
Even when unconsciously, to things re-
moved

From a familiar sympathy.—In fine,
I was a better judge of thoughts than words,
Misled in estimating words, not only
By common inexperience of youth,
But by the trade in classic niceties,
The dangerous craft, of culling term and
phrase

From languages that want the living voice
To carry meaning to the natural heart;
To tell us what is passion, what is truth,
What reason, what simplicity and sense.

Yet may we not entirely overlook
The pleasure gathered from the rudiments
Of geometric science. Though advanced
In these enquiries, with regret I speak,
No farther than the threshold, there I found
Both elevation and composed delight:
With Indian awe and wonder, ignorance
pleased

With its own struggles, did I meditate

On the relation those abstractions bear
To Nature's laws, and by what process
led,

Those immaterial agents bowed their heads
Duly to serve the mind of earth-born man;
From star to star, from kindred sphere to
sphere,

From system on to system without end.

More frequently from the same source I
drew

A pleasure quiet and profound, a sense
Of permanent and universal sway,
And paramount belief; there, recognised
A type, for finite natures, of the one
Supreme Existence, the surpassing life
Which—to the boundaries of space and
time,

Of melancholy space and doleful time,
Superior and incapable of change,
Nor touched by welterings of passion—is,
And hath the name of, God. Transcendent
peace

And silence did await upon these thoughts
That were a frequent comfort to my youth.

'Tis told by one whom stormy waters
threw,

With fellow-sufferers by the shipwreck
spared,

Upon a desert coast, that having brought
To land a single volume, saved by chance,
A treatise of Geometry, he wont,
Although of food and clothing destitute,
And beyond common wretchedness de-
pressed,

To part from company and take this book
(Then first a self-taught pupil in its truths)
To spots remote, and draw his diagrams
With a long staff upon the sand, and thus
Did oft beguile his sorrow, and almost
Forget his feeling: so (if like effect
From the same cause produced, 'mid out-
ward things

So different, may rightly be compared),
So was it then with me, and so will be
With Poets ever. Mighty is the charm
Of those abstractions to a mind beset
With images and haunted by herself,
And specially delightful unto me
Was that clear synthesis built up aloft
So gracefully; even then when it appeared
Not more than a mere plaything, or a toy
To sense embodied: not the thing it is

In verity, an independent world,
Created out of pure intelligence.

Such dispositions then were mine un-
earned
By aught, I fear, of genuine desert—
Mine, through heaven's grace and inborn
aptitudes.

And not to leave the story of that time
Imperfect, with these habits must be joined,
Moods melancholy, fits of spleen, that loved
A pensive sky, sad days, and piping winds,
The twilight more than dawn, autumn than
spring;

A treasured and luxurious gloom of choice
And inclination mainly, and the mere
Redundancy of youth's contentedness.
—To time thus spent, add multitudes of
hours

Pilfered away, by what the Bard who sang
Of the Enchanter Indolence hath called
"Good-natured lounging," and behold a
map

Of my collegiate life—far less intense
Than duty called for, or, without regard
To duty, *might* have sprung up of itself
By change of accidents, or even, to speak
Without unkindness, in another place.
Yet why take refuge in that plea?—the
fault,

This I repeat, was mine; mine be the
blame.

In summer, making quest for works of
art,

Or scenes renowned for beauty, I explored
That streamlet whose blue current works
its way

Between romantic Dovedale's spiry rocks;
Pried into Yorkshire dales, or hidden tracts
Of my own native region, and was blest
Between these sundry wanderings with a joy
Above all joys, that seemed another morn
Risen on mid noon; blest with the presence,
Friend

Of that sole Sister, her who hath been long
Dear to thee also, thy true friend and mine,
Now, after separation desolate,
Restored to me—such absence that she
seemed

A gift then first bestowed. The varied
banks

Of Emont, hitherto unnamed in song,
And that monastic castle, 'mid tall trees,

Low standing by the margin of the stream,
A mansion visited (as fame reports)
By Sidney, where, in sight of our Helvellyn,
Or stormy Cross-fell, snatches he might pen
Of his Arcadia, by fraternal love

Inspired;—that river and those mouldering
towers

Have seen us side by side, when, having
clomb

The darksome windings of a broken stair,
And crept along a ridge of fractured wall,
Not without trembling, we in safety looked
Forth, through some Gothic window's open
space,

And gathered with one mind a rich reward
From the far-stretching landscape, by the
light

Of morning beautified, or purple eve;
Or, not less pleased, lay on some turret's
head,

Catching from tufts of grass and hare-bell
flowers

Their faintest whisper to the passing breeze,
Given out while mid-day heat oppressed
the plains.

Another maid there was, who also shed
A gladness o'er that season, then to me,
By her exulting outside look of youth
And placid under-countenance, first en-
deared;

That other spirit, Coleridge! who is now
So near to us, that meek confiding heart,
So revered by us both. O'er paths and
fields

In all that neighbourhood, through narrow
lanes

Of eglantine, and through the shady woods,
And o'er the Border Beacon, and the waste
Of naked pools, and common crags that
lay

Exposed on the bare fell, were scattered
love,

The spirit of pleasure, and youth's golden
gleam.

O Friend! we had not seen thee at that
time,

And yet a power is on me, and a strong
Confusion, and I seem to plant thee there.
Far art thou wandered now in search of
health

And milder breezes,—melancholy lot!

But thou art with us, with us in the past,
The present, with us in the times to come.

There is no grief, no sorrow, no despair,
 No languor, no dejection, no dismay,
 No absence scarcely can there be, for those
 Who love as we do. Speed thee well!
 divide

With us thy pleasure; thy returning
 strength,

Receive it daily as a joy of ours;
 Share with us thy fresh spirits, whether
 gift

Of gales Etesian or of tender thoughts.

I, too, have been a wanderer; but, alas!
 How different the fate of different men.
 Though mutually unknown, yea nursed and
 reared

As if in several elements, we were framed
 To bend at last to the same discipline,
 Predestined, if two beings ever were,
 To seek the same delights, and have one
 health,

One happiness. Throughout this narrative,
 Else sooner ended, I have borne in mind
 For whom it registers the birth, and marks
 the growth,

Of gentleness, simplicity, and truth,
 And joyous loves, that hallow innocent
 days

Of peace and self-command. Of rivers,
 fields,

And groves I speak to thee, my Friend! to
 thee,

Who, yet a liveried schoolboy, in the depths
 Of the huge city, on the leaded roof
 Of that wide edifice, thy school and home,
 Wert used to lie and gaze upon the clouds
 Moving in heaven; or, of that pleasure
 tired,

To shut thine eyes, and by internal light
 See trees, and meadows, and thy native
 stream,

Far distant, thus beheld from year to year
 Of a long exile. Nor could I forget,
 In this late portion of my argument,
 That scarcely, as my term of pupilage
 Ceased, had I left those academic bowers
 When thou wert thither guided. From the
 heart

Of London, and from cloisters there, thou
 camest,

And didst sit down in temperance and
 peace,

A rigorous student. What a stormy course
 Then followed. Oh! it is a pang that calls

For utterance, to think what easy change
 Of circumstances might to thee have spared
 A world of pain, ripened a thousand hopes,
 For ever withered. Through this retrospect
 Of my collegiate life I still have had
 Thy after-sojourn in the self-same place
 Present before my eyes, have played with
 times

And accidents as children do with cards,
 Or as a man, who, when his house is built,
 A frame locked up in wood and stone, doth
 still,

As impotent fancy prompts, by his fireside,
 Rebuild it to his liking. I have thought
 Of thee, thy learning, gorgeous eloquence,
 And all the strength and plumage of thy
 youth,

Thy subtle speculations, toils abstruse
 Among the schoolmen, and Platonic forms
 Of wild ideal pageantry, shaped out
 From things well-matched or ill, and words
 for things,

The self-created sustenance of a mind
 Debarred from Nature's living images,
 Compelled to be a life unto herself,
 And unrelentingly possessed by thirst
 Of greatness, love, and beauty. Not alone,
 Ah! surely not in singleness of heart
 Should I have seen the light of evening fade
 From smooth Cam's silent waters: had we
 met,

Even at that early time, needs must I trust
 In the belief, that my maturer age,
 My calmer habits, and more steady voice,
 Would with an influence benign have
 soothed,

Or chased away, the airy wretchedness
 That battered on thy youth. But thou hast
 trod

A march of glory, which doth put to shame
 These vain regrets; health suffers in thee,
 else

Such grief for thee would be the weakest
 thought

That ever harboured in the breast of man.

A passing word erewhile did lightly
 touch

On wanderings of my own, that now
 embraced

With livelier hope a region wider far.

When the third summer freed us from
 restraint,

A youthful friend, he too a mountaineer,
Not slow to share my wishes, took his staff,
And sallying forth, we journeyed side by
side,

Bound to the distant Alps. A hardy slight,
Did this unprecedented course imply,
Of college studies and their set rewards;
Nor had, in truth, the scheme been formed
by me

Without uneasy forethought of the pain,
The censures, and ill-omening, of those
To whom my worldly interests were dear.
But Nature then was sovereign in my mind,
And mighty forms, seizing a youthful fancy,
Had given a charter to irregular hopes.
In any age of uneventful calm

Among the nations, surely would my heart
Have been possessed by similar desire;
But Europe at that time was thrilled with
joy,

France standing on the top of golden hours,
And human nature seeming born again.

Lightly equipped, and but a few brief
looks

Cast on the white cliffs of our native shore
From the receding vessel's deck, we chanced
To land at Calais on the very eve
Of that great federal day; and there we
saw,

In a mean city, and among a few,
How bright a face is worn when joy of one
Is joy for tens of millions. Southward
thence

We held our way, direct through hamlets,
towns,

Gaudy with reliques of that festival,
Flowers left to wither on triumphal arcs,
And window-garlands. On the public
roads,

And, once, three days successively, through
paths

By which our toilsome journey was abridged,
Among sequestered villages we walked
And found benevolence and blessedness
Spread like a fragrance everywhere, when
spring

Hath left no corner of the land untouched;
Where elms for many and many a league
in files

With their thin umbrage, on the stately
roads

Of that great kingdom, rustled o'er our
heads,

For ever near us as we paced along:
How sweet at such a time, with such delight
On every side, in prime of youthful strength,
To feed a Poet's tender melancholy
And fond conceit of sadness, with the sound
Of undulations varying as might please
The wind that swayed them; once, and
more than once,

Unhoused beneath the evening star we saw
Dances of liberty, and, in late hours
Of darkness, dances in the open air
Deftly prolonged, though grey-haired
lookers on

Might waste their breath in chiding.

Under hills—

The vine-clad hills and slopes of Burgundy,
Upon the bosom of the gentle Saone
We glided forward with the flowing stream.
Swift Rhone! thou wert the *wings* on
which we cut

A winding passage with majestic ease
Between thy lofty rocks. Enchanting show
Those woods and farms and orchards did
present,

And single cottages and lurking towns,
Reach after reach, succession without end
Of deep and stately vales! A lonely pair
Of strangers, till day closed, we sailed
along

Clustered together with a merry crowd
Of those emancipated, a blithe host
Of travellers, chiefly delegates, returning
From the great spousals newly solemnised
At their chief city, in the sight of Heaven.
Like bees they swarmed, gaudy and gay
as bees;

Some vapoured in the unruliness of joy,
And with their swords flourished as if to
fight

The saucy air. In this proud company
We landed—took with them our evening
meal,

Guests welcome almost as the angels were
To Abraham of old. The supper done,
With flowing cups elate and happy thoughts
We rose at signal given, and formed a ring
And, hand in hand, danced round and
round the board;

All hearts were open, every tongue was
loud

With amity and glee; we bore a name
Honoured in France, the name of English-
men,

And hospitably did they give us hail,

As their forerunners in a glorious course;
And round and round the board we danced
again.

With these blithe friends our voyage we
renewed

At early dawn. The monastery bells
Made a sweet jingling in our youthful ears;
The rapid river flowing without noise,
And each uprising or receding spire
Spake with a sense of peace, at intervals.
Touching the heart amid the boisterous crew
By whom we were encompassed. Taking
leave

Of this glad throng, foot-travellers side by
side,

Measuring our steps in quiet, we pursued
Our journey, and ere twice the sun had set
Beheld the Convent of Chartreuse, and
there

Rested within an awful *solitude*:
Yes; for even then no other than a place
Of soul-affecting *solitude* appeared
That far-famed region, though our eyes
had seen,

As toward the sacred mansion we advanced,
Arms flashing, and a military glare
Of riotous men commissioned to expel
The blameless inmates, and belike subvert
That frame of social being, which so long
Had bodied forth the ghostliness of things
In silence visible and perpetual calm.

—"Stay, stay your sacrilegious hands!"
—The voice

Was Nature's, uttered from her Alpine
throne;

I heard it then and seem to hear it now—
"Your impious work forbear, perish what
may,

Let this one temple last, be this one spot
Of earth devoted to eternity!"

She ceased to speak, but while St. Bruno's
pines

Waved their dark tops, not silent as they
waved,

And while below, along their several beds,
Murmured the sister streams of Life and
Death,

Thus by conflicting passions pressed, my
heart

Responded; "Honour to the patriot's zeal!
Glory and hope to new-born Liberty!

Hail to the mighty projects of the time!
Discerning sword that Justice wields, do
thou

Go forth and prosper; and, ye purging
fires,

Up to the loftiest towers of Pride ascend,
Fanned by the breath of angry Providence.
But oh! if Past and Future be the wings
On whose support harmoniously conjoined
Moves the great spirit of human knowledge,
spare

These courts of mystery, where a step
advanced

Between the portals of the shadowy rocks
Leaves far behind life's treacherous vanities,
For penitential tears and trembling hopes
Exchanged—to equalise in God's pure
sight

Monarch and peasant: be the house
redeemed

With its unworldly votaries, for the sake
Of conquest over sense, hourly achieved
Through faith and meditative reason,
resting

Upon the word of heaven-imparted truth,
Calmly triumphant; and for humbler claim
Of that imaginative impulse sent
From these majestic floods, yon shining
cliffs,

The untransmuted shapes of many worlds,
Cerulean ether's pure inhabitants,
These forests unapproachable by death,
That shall endure as long as man endures,
To think, to hope, to worship, and to feel,
To struggle, to be lost within himself
In trepidation, from the blank abyss
To look with bodily eyes, and be consoled,"
Not seldom since that moment have I
wished

That thou, O Friend! the trouble or the
calm

Hadst shared, when, from profane regards
apart,

In sympathetic reverence we trod
The floors of those dim cloisters, till that
hour,

From their foundation, strangers to the
presence

Of unrestricted and unthinking man.

Abroad, how cheeringly the sunshine lay
Upon the open lawns! Vallombre's groves
Entering, we fed the soul with darkness;
thence

Issued, and with uplifted eyes beheld,
In different quarters of the bending sky,
The cross of Jesus stand erect, as if
Hands of angelic powers had fixed it there,

Memorial revered by a thousand storms;
Yet then, from the indiscriminating sweep
And rage of one State-whirlwind, insecure.

'Tis not my present purpose to retrace
That variegated journey step by step.
A march it was of military speed,
And Earth did change her images and
forms

Before us, fast as clouds are changed in
heaven.

Day after day, up early and down late,
From hill to vale we dropped, from vale to
hill

Mounted—from province on to province
swept,

Keen hunters in a chase of fourteen weeks,
Eager as birds of prey, or as a ship
Upon the stretch, when winds are blowing
fair:

Sweet coverts did we cross of pastoral life,
Enticing valleys, greeted them and left
Too soon, while yet the very flash and
gleam

Of salutation were not passed away.

Oh! sorrow for the youth who could have
seen,

Unchastened, unsubdued, unawed, un-
raised

To patriarchal dignity of mind,
And pure simplicity of wish and will,
Those sanctified abodes of peaceful man,
Pleased (though to hardship born, and
compassed round

With danger, varying as the seasons
change),

Pleased with his daily task, or, if not
pleased,

Contented, from the moment that the dawn
(Ah! surely not without attendant gleams
Of soul-illumination) calls him forth
To industry, by glistenings flung on rocks,
Whose evening shadows lead him to repose.

Well might a stranger look with bounding
heart

Down on a green recess, the first I saw
Of those deep haunts, an aboriginal vale,
Quiet and lorded over and possessed
By naked huts, wood-built, and sown like
tents

Or Indian cabins over the fresh lawns
And by the river side.

That very day,

From a bare ridge we also first beheld
Unveiled the summit of Mont Blanc, and
grieved

To have a soulless image on the eye
That had usurped upon a living thought
That never more could be. The wondrous
Vale

Of Chamouny stretched far below, and
soon

With its dumb cataracts and streams of ice,
A motionless array of mighty waves,
Five rivers broad and vast, made rich
amends,

And reconciled us to realities;
There small birds warble from the leafy
trees,

The eagle soars high in the element,
There doth the reaper bind the yellow
sheaf,

The maiden spread the haycock in the sun,
While Winter like a well-tamed lion walks,
Descending from the mountain to make
sport

Among the cottages by beds of flowers.

Whate'er in this wide circuit we beheld,
Or heard, was fitted to our unripe state
Of intellect and heart. With such a book
Before our eyes, we could not choose but
read

Lessons of genuine brotherhood, the plain
And universal reason of mankind,
The truths of young and old. Nor, side
by side

Pacing, two social pilgrims, or alone
Each with his humour, could we fail to
abound

In dreams and fictions, pensively composed:
Dejection taken up for pleasure's sake,
And gilded sympathies, the willow wreath,
And sober posies of funereal flowers,
Gathered among those solitudes sublime
From formal gardens of the lady Sorrow,
Did sweeten many a meditative hour.

Yet still in me with those soft luxuries
Mixed something of stern mood, an under-
thirst

Of vigour seldom utterly allayed:
And from that source how different a sad-
ness

Would issue, let one incident make known.
When from the Vallais we had turned, and
clomb.

Along the Simplon's steep and rugged road,
 Following a band of muleteers, we reached
 A halting-place, where all together took
 Their noon-tide meal. Hastily rose our
 guide,
 Leaving us at the board; awhile we
 lingered,
 Then paced the beaten downward way that
 led
 Right to a rough stream's edge, and there
 broke off;
 The only track now visible was one
 That from the torrent's further brink held
 forth
 Conspicuous invitation to ascend
 A lofty mountain. After brief delay
 Crossing the unbridged stream, that road
 we took,
 And clomb with eagerness, till anxious
 fears
 Intruded, for we failed to overtake
 Our comrades gone before. By fortunate
 chance,
 While every moment added doubt to
 doubt,
 A peasant met us, from whose mouth we
 learned
 That to the spot which had perplexed us
 first
 We must descend, and there should find
 the road,
 Which in the stony channel of the stream
 Lay a few steps, and then along its banks;
 And, that our future course, all plain to
 sight,
 Was downwards, with the current of that
 stream.
 Loth to believe what we so grieved to hear,
 For still we had hopes that pointed to the
 clouds,
 We questioned him again, and yet again;
 But every word that from the peasant's
 lips
 Came in reply, translated by our feelings,
 Ended in this,—*that we had crossed the
 Alps.*

Imagination—here the Power so called
 Through sad incompetence of human
 speech,
 That awful Power rose from the mind's
 abyss
 Like an unfathered vapour that enwraps,

At once, some lonely traveller. I was
 lost;
 Halted without an effort to break through;
 But to my conscious soul I now can say—
 "I recognise thy glory:" in such strength
 Of usurpation, when the light of sense
 Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed
 The invisible world, doth greatness make
 abode,
 There harbours; whether we be young or
 old,
 Our destiny, our being's heart and home,
 Is with infinitude, and only there;
 With hope it is, hope that can never die,
 Effort, and expectation, and desire,
 And something evermore about to be.
 Under such banners militant, the soul
 Seeks for no trophies, struggles for no
 spoils
 That may attest her prowess, blest in
 thoughts
 That are their own perfection and reward,
 Strong in herself and in beatitude
 That hides her, like the mighty flood of
 Nile
 Poured from his fount of Abyssinian clouds
 To fertilise the whole Egyptian plain.

The melancholy slackening that ensued
 Upon those tidings by the peasant given
 Was soon dislodged. Downwards we
 hurried fast,
 And, with the half-shaped road which we
 had missed,
 Entered a narrow chasm. ¹ The brook
 and road
 Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy strait,
 And with them did we journey several
 hours
 At a slow pace. The immeasurable height
 Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
 The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
 And in the narrow rent at every turn
 Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and
 forlorn,
 The torrents shooting from the clear blue
 sky,
 The rocks that muttered close upon our
 ears,
 Black drizzling crags that spake by the
 way-side
 As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
 And giddy prospect of the raving stream,

¹ See p. 112.

The unfettered clouds and region of the
Heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the
light—
Were all like workings of one mind, the
features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree ;
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without
end.

That night our lodging was a house that
stood
Alone within the valley, at a point
Where, tumbling from aloft, a torrent
swelled
The rapid stream whose margin we had
trod ;
A dreary mansion, large beyond all need,
With high and spacious rooms, deafened
and stunned
By noise of waters, making innocent sleep
Lie melancholy among weary bones.

Uprisen betimes, our journey we re-
newed,
Led by the stream, ere noon-day magnified
Into a lordly river, broad and deep,
Dimpling along in silent majesty,
With mountains for its neighbours, and in
view
Of distant mountains and their snowy tops,
And thus proceeding to Locarno's Lake,
Fit resting-place for such a visitant.
Locarno ! spreading out in width like
Heaven,
How dost thou cleave to the poetic heart,
Bask in the sunshine of the memory ;
And Como ! thou, a treasure whom the
earth
Keeps to herself, confined as in a depth
Of Abyssinian privacy. I spake
Of thee, thy chestnut woods, and garden
plots
Of Indian corn tended by dark-eyed maids ;
Thy lofty steep, and pathways roofed with
vines,
Winding from house to house, from town
to town,
Sole link that binds them to each other ;
walks,
League after league, and cloistral avenues,
Where silence dwells if music be not there :

While yet a youth undisciplined in verse,
Through fond ambition of that hour I
strove
To chant your praise ; nor can approach
you now
Ungreeted by a more melodious Song,
Where tones of Nature smoothed by
learned Art
May flow in lasting current. Like a breeze
Or sunbeam over your domain I passed
In motion without pause ; but ye have left
Your beauty with me, a serene accord
Of forms and colours, passive, yet endowed
In their submissiveness with power as sweet
And gracious, almost, might I dare to say,
As virtue is, or goodness ; sweet as love,
Or the remembrance of a generous deed,
Or mildest visitations of pure thought,
When God, the giver of all joy, is thanked
Religiously, in silent blessedness ;
Sweet as this last herself, for such it is.

With those delightful pathways we ad-
vanced,
For two days' space, in presence of the
Lake,
That, stretching far among the Alps,
assumed
A character more stern. The second night,
From sleep awakened, and misled by
sound
Of the church clock telling the hours with
strokes
Whose import then we had not learned, we
rose
By moonlight, doubting not that day was
nigh,
And that meanwhile, by no uncertain
path,
Along the winding margin of the lake,
Led, as before, we should behold the scene
Hushed in profound repose. We left the
town
Of Gravedona with this hope ; but soon
Were lost, bewildered among woods im-
mense,
And on a rock sate down, to wait for day.
An open place it was, and overlooked,
From high, the sullen water far beneath,
On which a dull red image of the moon
Lay bedded, changing oftentimes its form
Like an uneasy snake. From hour to hour
We sate and sate, wondering, as if the
night

Had been ensnared by witchcraft. On the
 rock
 At last we stretched our weary limbs for
 sleep,
 But *could not* sleep, tormented by the
 stings
 Of insects, which, with noise like that of
 noon,
 Filled all the woods: the cry of unknown
 birds;
 The mountains more by blackness visible
 And their own size, than any outward
 light;
 The breathless wilderness of clouds; the
 clock
 That told, with unintelligible voice,
 The widely parted hours; the noise of
 streams,
 And sometimes rustling motions nigh at
 hand,
 That did not leave us free from personal
 fear;
 And, lastly, the withdrawing moon, that
 set
 Before us, while she still was high in
 heaven;—
 These were our food; and such a summer's
 night
 Followed that pair of golden days that
 shed
 On Como's Lake, and all that round it lay,
 Their fairest, softest, happiest influence.

But here I must break off, and bid fare-
 well
 To days, each offering some new sight, or
 fraught
 With some untried adventure, in a course
 Prolonged till sprinklings of autumnal snow
 Checked our unwearied steps. Let this
 alone
 Be mentioned as a parting word, that not
 In hollow exultation, dealing out
 Hyperboles of praise comparative,
 Not rich one moment to be poor for ever;
 Not prostrate, overborne, as if the mind
 Herself were nothing, a mere pensioner
 On outward forms—did we in presence
 stand

Of that magnificent region. On the front
 Of this whole Song is written that my heart
 Must, in such Temple, needs have offered
 up

A different worship. Finally, whate'er

I saw, or heard, or felt, was but a stream
 That flowed into a kindred stream; a gale,
 Confederate with the current of the soul,
 To speed my voyage; every sound or sight,
 In its degree of power, administered
 To grandeur or to tenderness,—to the one
 Directly, but to tender thoughts by means
 Less often instantaneous in effect;
 Led me to these by paths that, in the main,
 Were more circuitous, but not less sure
 Duly to reach the point marked out by
 Heaven.

Oh, most beloved Friend! a glorious
 time,
 A happy time that was; triumphant looks
 Were then the common language of all
 eyes;
 As if awakened from sleep, the Nations hailed
 Their great expectancy: the life of war
 Was then a spirit-stirring sound indeed,
 A blackbird's whistle in a budding grove.
 We left the Swiss exulting in the fate
 Of their near neighbours; and, when short-
 ening fast
 Our pilgrimage, nor distant far from home,
 We crossed the Brabant armies on the fret
 For battle in the cause of Liberty.
 A stripling, scarcely of the household then
 Of social life, I looked upon these things
 As from a distance; heard, and saw, and
 felt,
 Was touched, but with no intimate concern;
 I seemed to move along them, as a bird
 Moves through the air, or as a fish pursues
 Its sport, or feeds in its proper element;
 I wanted not that joy, I did not need
 Such help; the ever-living universe,
 Turn where I might, was opening out its
 glories,
 And the independent spirit of pure youth
 Called forth, at every season, new delights,
 Spread round my steps like sunshine o'er
 green fields.

BOOK SEVENTH

RESIDENCE IN LONDON

SIX changeful years have vanished since I
 first

Poured out (saluted by that quickening
 breeze

Which met me issuing from the City's¹
walls)

A glad preamble to this Verse: I sang
Aloud, with fervour irresistible
Of short-lived transport, like a torrent
bursting,

From a black thunder-cloud, down Scaffell's
side

To rush and disappear. But soon broke
forth

(So willed the Muse) a less impetuous
stream,

That flowed awhile with unabating strength,
Then stopped for years; not audible again
Before last primrose-time. Belovèd Friend!
The assurance which then cheered some
heavy thoughts

On thy departure to a foreign land
Has failed; too slowly moves the promised
work.

Through the whole summer have I been at
rest,

Partly from voluntary holiday,
And part through outward hindrance. But
I heard,

After the hour of sunset yester-even,
Sitting within doors between light and
dark,

A choir of redbreasts gathered somewhere
near

My threshold,—minstrels from the distant
woods

Sent in on Winter's service, to announce,
With preparation artful and benign,
That the rough lord had left the surly
North

On his accustomed journey. The delight,
Due to this timely notice, unawares
Smote me, and, listening, I in whispers
said,

"Ye heartsome Choristers, ye and I will be
Associates, and, unscared by blustering
winds,

Will chant together." Thereafter, as the
shades

Of twilight deepened, going forth, I spied
A glow-worm underneath a dusky plume
Or canopy of yet unwithered fern,
Clear-shining, like a hermit's taper seen
Through a thick forest. Silence touched
me here

No less than sound had done before; the
child

¹ The City of Goslar, in Lower Saxony.

Of Summer, lingering, shining, by herself,
The voiceless worm on the unfrequented
hills,

Seemed sent on the same errand with the
choir

Of Winter that had warbled at my door,
And the whole year breathed tenderness
and love.

The last night's genial feeling overflowed
Upon this morning, and my favourite grove,
Tossing in sunshine its dark boughs aloft,
As if to make the strong wind visible,
Wakes in me agitations like its own,
A spirit friendly to the Poet's task,
Which we will now resume with lively
hope,

Nor checked by aught of tamer argument
That lies before us, needful to be told.

Returned from that excursion,² soon I
bade

Farewell for ever to the sheltered seats
Of gowned students, quitted hall and
bower,

And every comfort of that privileged
ground,

Well pleased to pitch a vagrant tent among
The unfenced regions of society.

Yet, undetermined to what course of life
I should adhere, and seeming to possess
A little space of intermediate time
At full command, to London first I turned,
In no disturbance of excessive hope,
By personal ambition unenslaved,
Frugal as there was need, and, though
self-willed,

From dangerous passions free. Three
years had flown

Since I had felt in heart and soul the shock
Of the huge town's first presence, and had
paced

Her endless streets, a transient visitant:
Now, fixed amid that concourse of man-
kind

Where Pleasure whirls about incessantly,
And life and labour seem but one, I filled
An idler's place; an idler well content
To have a house (what matter for a home?)
That owned him; living cheerfully abroad
With unchecked fancy ever on the stir,
And all my young affections out of doors

² See p. 274.

There was a time when whatsoe'er is
 feigned
 Of airy palaces, and gardens built
 By Genii of romance; or hath in grave
 Authentic history been set forth of Rome,
 Alcairo, Babylon, or Persepolis;
 Or given upon report by pilgrim friars,
 Of golden cities ten months' journey deep
 Among Tartarian wilds—fell short, far
 short,
 Of what my fond simplicity believed
 And thought of London—held me by a
 chain
 Less strong of wonder and obscure delight.
 Whether the bolt of childhood's Fancy
 shot
 For me beyond its ordinary mark,
 'Twere vain to ask; but in our flock of
 boys
 Was One, a cripple from his birth, whom
 chance
 Summoned from school to London; fortunate
 And envied traveller! When the Boy
 returned,
 After short absence, curiously I scanned
 His mien and person, nor was free, in
 sooth,
 From disappointment, not to find some
 change
 In look and air, from that new region
 brought,
 As if from Fairy-land. Much I questioned
 him;
 And every word he uttered, on my ears
 Fell flatter than a caged parrot's note,
 That answers unexpectedly awry,
 And mocks the prompter's listening.
 Marvellous things
 Had vanity (quick Spirit that appears
 Almost as deeply seated and as strong
 In a Child's heart as fear itself) conceived
 For my enjoyment. Would that I could
 now
 Recall what then I pictured to myself,
 Of mitred Prelates, Lords in ermine clad,
 The King, and the King's Palace, and,
 not last,
 Nor least, Heaven bless him! the renowned
 Lord Mayor.
 Dreams not unlike to those which once
 begat
 A change of purpose in young Whittington,
 When he, a friendless and a drooping boy,

Sate on a stone, and heard the bells speak
 out
 Articulate music. Above all, one thought
 Baffled my understanding: how men lived
 Even next-door neighbours, as we say, yet
 still
 Strangers, not knowing each the other's
 name.

Oh, wondrous power of words, by simple
 faith
 Licensed to take the meaning that we love!
 Vauxhall and Ranelagh! I then had heard
 Of your green groves, and wilderness of
 lamps
 Dimming the stars, and fireworks magical,
 And gorgeous ladies, under splendid
 domes,
 Floating in dance, or warbling high in air
 The songs of spirits! Nor had Fancy fed
 With less delight upon that other class
 Of marvels, broad-day wonders permanent:
 The River proudly bridged; the dizzy top
 And Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's; the
 tombs
 Of Westminster; the Giants of Guildhall;
 Bedlam, and those carved maniacs at the
 gates,
 Perpetually recumbent; Statues—man,
 And the horse under him—in gilded pomp
 Adorning flowery gardens, 'mid vast squares;
 The Monument, and that Chamber of the
 Tower
 Where England's sovereigns sit in long
 array,
 Their steeds bestriding,—every mimic
 shape
 Cased in the gleaming mail the monarch
 wore,
 Whether for gorgeous tournament ad-
 dressed,
 Or life or death upon the battle-field.
 Those bold imaginations in due time
 Had vanished, leaving others in their stead:
 And now I looked upon the living scene;
 Familiarly perused it; oftentimes,
 In spite of strongest disappointment,
 pleased
 Through courteous self-submission, as a
 tax
 Paid to the object by prescriptive right.
 Rise up, thou monstrous ant-hill on the
 plain

Of a too busy world! Before me flow,
Thou endless stream of men and moving
things!

Thy every-day appearance, as it strikes—
With wonder heightened, or sublimed by
awe—

On strangers, of all ages; the quick dance
Of colours, lights, and forms; the deafen-
ing din;

The comers and the goers face to face,
Face after face; the string of dazzling
wares,

Shop after shop, with symbols, blazoned
names,

And all the tradesman's honours overhead:
Here, fronts of houses, like a title-page,
With letters huge inscribed from top to toe,
Stationed above the door, like guardian
saints;

There, allegoric shapes, female or male,
Or physiognomies of real men,
Land-warriors, kings, or admirals of the sea,
Boyle, Shakspeare, Newton, or the attract-
ive head

Of some quack-doctor, famous in his day.

Meanwhile the roar continues, till at
length,

Escaped as from an enemy, we turn
Abruptly into some sequestered nook,
Still as a sheltered place when winds blow
loud!

At leisure, thence, through tracts of thin
resort,

And sights and sounds that come at inter-
vals,

We take our way. A raree-show is here,
With children gathered round; another
street

Presents a company of dancing dogs,
Or dromedary, with an antic pair
Of monkeys on his back; a minstrel band
Of Savoyards; or, single and alone,
An English ballad-singer. Private courts,
Gloomy as coffins, and unsightly lanes
Thrilled by some female vendor's scream,
belike

The very shrillest of all London cries,
May then entangle our impatient steps;
Conducted through those labyrinths, un-
aware,

To privileged regions and inviolate,
Where from their airy lodges studious
lawyers

Look out on waters, walks, and gardens
green.

Thence back into the throng, until we
reach,

Following the tide that slackens by degrees,
Some half-frequented scene, where wider
streets

Bring straggling breezes of suburban air.
Here files of ballads dangle from dead
walls;

Advertisements, of giant-size, from high
Press forward, in all colours, on the sight;
These, bold in conscious merit, lower
down;

That, fronted with a most imposing word,
Is, peradventure, one in masquerade.

As on the broadening causeway we advance,
Behold, turned upwards, a face hard and
strong

In lineaments, and red with over-toil.

'Tis one encountered here and everywhere;
A travelling cripple, by the trunk cut short,
And stumping on his arms. In sailor's
garb

Another lies at length, beside a range
Of well-formed characters, with chalk in-
scribed

Upon the smooth flat stones: the Nurse is
here,

The Bachelor, that loves to sun himself,

The military Idler, and the Dame,

That field-ward takes her walk with decent
steps.

Now homeward through the thickening
hubbub, where

See, among less distinguishable shapes,
The begging scavenger, with hat in hand;
The Italian, as he thrids his way with care,
Steadying, far-seen, a frame of images
Upon his head; with basket at his breast
The Jew; the stately and slow-moving
Turk,

With freight of slippers piled beneath his
arm!

Enough;—the mighty concourse I sur-
veyed

With no unthinking mind, well pleased to
note

Among the crowd all specimens of man,
Through all the colours which the sun
bestows,

And every character of form and face:
 The Swede, the Russian; from the genial
 south,
 The Frenchman and the Spaniard; from
 remote
 America, the Hunter-Indian; Moors,
 Malays, Lascars, the Tartar, the Chinese,
 And Negro Ladies in white muslin gowns.

At leisure, then, I viewed, from day to
 day,
 The spectacles within doors,—birds and
 beasts
 Of every nature, and strange plants con-
 vened
 From every clime; and, next, those sights
 that ape
 The absolute presence of reality,
 Expressing, as in mirror, sea and land,
 And what earth is, and what she has to
 show.

I do not here allude to subtlest craft,
 By means refined attaining purest ends,
 But imitations, fondly made in plain
 Confession of man's weakness and his loves.
 Whether the Painter, whose ambitious will
 Submits to nothing less than taking in
 A whole horizon's circuit, do with power,
 Like that of angels or commissioned spirits,
 Fix us upon some lofty pinnacle,
 Or in a ship on waters, with a world
 Of life, and life-like mockery beneath,
 Above, behind, far stretching and before;
 Or more mechanic artist represent
 By scale exact, in model, wood or clay,
 From blended colours also borrowing help,
 Some miniature of famous spots or things,—
 St. Peter's Church; or, more aspiring aim,
 In microscopic vision, Rome herself;
 Or, haply, some choice rural haunt,—the
 Falls

Of Tivoli; and, high upon that steep,
 The Sibyl's mouldering Temple! every tree,
 Villa, or cottage, lurking among rocks
 Throughout the landscape; tuft, stone
 scratch minute—

All that the traveller sees when he is there.

Add to these exhibitions, mute and still,
 Others of wider scope, where living men,
 Music, and shifting pantomimic scenes,
 Diversified the allurements. Need I fear
 To mention by its name, as in degree,
 Lowest of these and humblest in attempt,

Yet richly graced with honours of her own,
 Half-rural Sadler's Wells? Though at
 that time

Intolerant, as is the way of youth
 Unless itself be pleased, here more than
 once

Taking my seat, I saw (nor blush to add,
 With ample recompense) giants and dwarfs,
 Clowns, conjurors, posture-masters, harle-
 quins,

Amid the uproar of the rabblement,
 Perform their feats. Nor was it mean
 delight

To watch crude Nature work in untaught
 minds;

To note the laws and progress of belief;
 Though obstinate on this way, yet on that
 How willingly we travel, and how far!

To have, for instance, brought upon the
 scene

The champion, Jack the Giant-killer: Lo!
 He dons his coat of darkness; on the stage
 Walks, and achieves his wonders, from the
 eye

Of living Mortal covert, "as the moon"
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave."

Delusion bold! and how can it be wrought?
 The garb he wears is black as death, the
 word

"Invisible" flames forth upon his chest.

Here, too, were "forms and pressures of
 the time,"

Rough, bold, as Grecian comedy displayed
 When Art was young; dramas of living
 men,

And recent things yet warm with life; a
 sea-fight,

Shipwreck, or some domestic incident
 Divulged by Truth and magnified by Fame,
 Such as the daring brotherhood of late
 Set forth, too serious theme for that light
 place—

I mean, O distant Friend! a story drawn
 From our own ground,—the Maid of
 Buttermere,—

And how, unfaithful to a virtuous wife
 Deserted and deceived, the Spoiler came
 And wooed the artless daughter of the hills,
 And wedded her, in cruel mockery
 Of love and marriage bonds. These words
 to thee

Must needs bring back the moment when
 we first,

Ere the broad world rang with the maiden's name,

Beheld her serving at the cottage inn;
Both stricken, as she entered or withdrew,
With admiration of her modest mien
And carriage, marked by unexampled grace.

We since that time not unfamiliarly
Have seen her,—her discretion have observed,

Her just opinions, delicate reserve,
Her patience, and humility of mind
Unspoiled by commendation and the excess
Of public notice—an offensive light
To a meek spirit suffering inwardly.

From this memorial tribute to my theme
I was returning, when, with sundry forms
Commingled—shapes which met me in the way

That we must tread—thy image rose again,
Maiden of Buttermere! She lives in peace
Upon the spot where she was born and reared;

Without contamination doth she live
In quietness, without anxiety:
Beside the mountain chapel, sleeps in earth
Her new-born infant, fearless as a lamb
That, thither driven from some unsheltered place,

Rests underneath the little rock-like pile
When storms are raging. Happy are they both—

Mother and child!—These feelings, in themselves

Trite, do yet scarcely seem so when I think
On those ingenuous moments of our youth
Ere we have learnt by use to slight the crimes

And sorrows of the world. Those simple days

Are now my theme; and, foremost of the scenes,

Which yet survive in memory, appears
One, at whose centre sate a lovely Boy,
A sportive infant, who, for six months' space,

Not more, had been of age to deal about
Articulate prattle—Child as beautiful
As ever clung around a mother's neck,
Or father fondly gazed upon with pride.
There, too, conspicuous for stature tall
And large dark eyes, beside her infant stood
The mother; but, upon her cheeks diffused,

False tints too well accorded with the glare
From play-house lustres thrown without reserve

On every object near. The Boy had been
The pride and pleasure of all lookers-on
In whatsoever place, but seemed in this
A sort of alien scattered from the clouds.
Of lusty vigour, more than infantine
He was in limb, in cheek a summer rose
Just three parts blown—a cottage-child—if e'er,

By cottage-door on breezy mountain-side,
Or in some sheltering vale, was seen a babe
By Nature's gifts so favoured. Upon a board

Decked with refreshments had this child been placed

His little stage in the vast theatre,
And there he sate, surrounded with a throng
Of chance spectators, chiefly dissolute men
And shameless women, treated and caressed;
Ate, drank, and with the fruit and glasses played,

While oaths and laughter and indecent speech

Were rife about him as the songs of birds
Contending after showers. The mother now

Is fading out of memory, but I see
The lovely Boy as I beheld him then
Among the wretched and the falsely gay,
Like one of those who walked with hair unsinged

Amid the fiery furnace. Charms and spells
Muttered on black and spiteful instigation
Have stopped, as some believe, the kindest growths.

Ah, with how different spirit might a prayer
Have been preferred, that this fair creature, checked

By special privilege of Nature's love,
Should in his childhood be detained for ever!

But with its universal freight the tide
Hath rolled along, and this bright innocent,
Mary! may now have lived till he could look

With envy on thy nameless babe that sleeps,
Beside the mountain chapel, undisturbed.

Four rapid years had scarcely then been told

Since, travelling southward from our pastoral hills,

I heard, and for the first time in my life,
 The voice of woman utter blasphemy—
 Saw woman as she is, to open shame
 Abandoned, and the pride of public vice;
 I shuddered, for a barrier seemed at once
 Thrown in that from humanity divorced
 Humanity, splitting the race of man
 In twain, yet leaving the same outward form.
 Distress of mind ensued upon the sight,
 And ardent meditation. Later years
 Brought to such spectacle a milder sadness,
 Feelings of pure commiseration, grief
 For the individual and the overthrow
 Of her soul's beauty; farther I was then
 But seldom led, or wished to go; in truth
 The sorrow of the passion stopped me there.

But let me now, less moved, in order take
 Our argument. Enough is said to show
 How casual incidents of real life,
 Observed where pastime only had been
 sought,

Outweighed, or put to flight, the set events
 And measured passions of the stage, albeit
 By Siddons trod in the fulness of her power,
 Yet was the theatre my dear delight;
 The very gilding, lamps and painted scrolls,
 And all the mean upholstery of the place,
 Wanted not animation, when the tide
 Of pleasure ebbed but to return as fast
 With the ever-shifting figures of the scene,
 Solemn or gay; whether some beauteous
 dame

Advanced in radiance through a deep recess
 Of thick entangled forest, like the moon
 Opening the clouds; or sovereign king,
 announced

With flourishing trumpet, came in full-blown
 state

Of the world's greatness, winding round
 with train

Of courtiers, banners, and a length of
 guards;

Or captive led in abject weeds, and jingling
 His slender manacles; or romping girl
 Bounced, leapt, and pawed the air; or
 mumbling sire,

A scare-crow pattern of old age dressed up
 In all the tatters of infirmity

All loosely put together, hobbled in,
 Stumping upon a cane with which he smites,
 From time to time, the solid boards, and
 makes them

Prate somewhat loudly of the whereabouts

Of one so overloaded with his years.

But what of this! the laugh, the grin, gri-
 mace,

The antics striving to outstrip each other,
 Were all received, the least of them not lost,
 With an unmeasured welcome. Through
 the night,

Between the show, and many-headed mass
 Of the spectators, and each several nook
 Filled with its fray or brawl, how eagerly
 And with what flashes, as it were, the mind
 Turned this way—that way! sportive and
 alert

And watchful, as a kitten when at play,
 While winds are eddying round her, among
 straws

And rustling leaves. Enchanting age and
 sweet!

Romantic almost, looked at through a space,
 How small, of intervening years! For then,
 Though surely no mean progress had been
 made

In meditations holy and sublime,
 Yet something of a girlish child-like gloss
 Of novelty survived for scenes like these;
 Enjoyment haply handed down from times
 When at a country-playhouse, some rude
 barn

Tricked out for that proud use, if I per-
 chance

Caught, on a summer evening through a
 chink

In the old wall, an unexpected glimpse
 Of daylight, the bare thought of where I
 was

Gladdened me more than if I had been led
 Into a dazzling cavern of romance,
 Crowded with Genii busy among works
 Not to be looked at by the common sun.

The matter that detains us now may seem,
 To many, neither dignified enough
 Nor arduous, yet will not be scorned by
 them,

Who, looking inward, have observed the
 ties

That bind the perishable hours of life
 Each to the other, and the curious props
 By which the world of memory and thought
 Exists and is sustained. More lofty themes,
 Such as at least do wear a prouder face,
 Solicit our regard; but when I think
 Of these, I feel the imaginative power
 Languish within me; even then it slept,

When, pressed by tragic sufferings, the
heart

Was more than full; amid my sobs and
tears

It slept, even in the pregnant season of
youth.

For though I was most passionately moved
And yielded to all changes of the scene

With an obsequious promptness, yet the
storm

Passed not beyond the suburbs of the mind;
Save when realities of act and mien,

The incarnation of the spirits that move
In harmony amid the Poet's world,

Rose to ideal grandeur, or, called forth

By power of contrast, made me recognise,
As at a glance, the things which I had
shaped,

And yet not shaped, had seen and scarcely
seen,

When, having closed the mighty Shak-
speare's page,

I mused, and thought, and felt, in solitude.

Pass we from entertainments, that are
such

Professedly, to others titled higher,

Yet, in the estimate of youth at least,

More nearakin to those than names imply,—
I mean the brawls of lawyers in their courts

Before the ermined judge, or that great
stage

Where senators, tongue-favoured men, per-
form,

Admired and envied. Oh! the beating
heart,

When one among the prime of these rose
up,—

One, of whose name from childhood we had
heard

Familiarly, a household term, like those,
The Bedfords, Glosters, Salsburys, of old,

Whom the fifth Harry talks of. Silence!
hush!

This is no trifter, no short-flighted wit,

No stammerer of a minute, painfully

Delivered. No! the Orator hath yoked

The Hours, like young Aurora, to his car:
Thrice welcome Presence! how can patience

e'er

Grow weary of attending on a track

That kindles with such glory! All are
charmed,

Astonished; like a hero in romance,

He winds away his never-ending horn;

Words follow words, sense seems to follow
sense:

What memory and what logic! till the strain

Transcendent, superhuman as it seemed,

Grows tedious even in a young man's ear.

Genius of Burke! forgive the pen seduced
By specious wonders, and too slow to tell

Of what the ingenuous, what bewildered
men,

Beginning to mistrust their boastful guides,
And wise men, willing to grow wiser, caught,

Rapt auditors! from thy most eloquent
tongue—

Now mute, for ever mute in the cold grave.

I see him,—old, but vigorous in age,—

Stand like an oak whose stag-horn branches
start

Out of its leafy brow, the more to awe

The younger brethren of the grove. But
some—

While he forewarns, denounces, launches
forth,

Against all systems built on abstract rights,
Keen ridicule; the majesty proclaims

Of Institutes and Laws, hallowed by time;

Declares the vital power of social ties

Endeared by Custom; and with high dis-
dain,

Exploding upstart Theory, insists

Upon the allegiance to which men are born—

Some—say at once a froward multitude—

Murmur (for truth is hated, where not
loved)

As the winds fret within the Æolian cave,

Galled by their monarch's chain. The
times were big

With ominous change, which, night by
night, provoked

Keen struggles, and black clouds of passion
raised;

But memorable moments intervened,

When Wisdom, like the Goddess from
Jove's brain,

Broke forth in armour of resplendent words,
Startling the Synod. Could a youth, and

one

In ancient story versed, whose breast had
heaved

Under the weight of classic eloquence,

Sit, see, and hear, unthankful, uninspired?

Nor did the Pulpit's oratory fail

To achieve its higher triumph. Not unfelt
Were its admonishments, nor lightly heard
The awful truths delivered thence by tongues
Endowed with various power to search the
soul ;

Yet ostentation, domineering, oft
Poured forth harangues, how sadly out of
place !—

There have I seen a comely bachelor,
Fresh from a toilette of two hours, ascend
His rostrum, with seraphic glance look up,
And, in a tone elaborately low
Beginning, lead his voice through many a
maze

A minuet course ; and, winding up his
mouth,

From time to time, into an orifice
Most delicate, a lurking eyelet, small,
And only not invisible, again
Open it out, diffusing thence a smile
Of rapt irradiation, exquisite.

Meanwhile the Evangelists, Isaiah, Job,
Moses, and he who penned, the other day,
The Death of Abel, Shakspeare, and the
Bard

Whose genius spangled o'er a gloomy theme
With fancies thick as his inspiring stars,
And Ossian (doubt not—'tis the naked
truth)

Summoned from streamy Morven—each
and all

Would, in their turns, lend ornaments and
flowers

To entwine the crook of eloquence that
helped

This pretty Shepherd, pride of all the
plains,

To rule and guide his captivated flock.

I glance but at a few conspicuous marks,
Leaving a thousand others, that, in hall,
Court, theatre, conventicle, or shop,
In public room or private, park or street,
Each fondly reared on his own pedestal,
Looked out for admiration. Folly, vice,
Extravagance in gesture, mien, and dress,
And all the strife of singularity,
Lies to the ear, and lies to every sense—
Of these, and of the living shapes they wear,
There is no end. Such candidates for re-
gard,

Although well pleased to be where they
were found,

I did not hunt after, nor greatly prize,

Nor made unto myself a secret boast
Of reading them with quick and curious
eye ;

But, as a common produce, things that are
To-day, to-morrow will be, took of them
Such willing note, as, on some errand bound
That asks not speed, a traveller might be-
stow

On sea-shells that bestrew the sandy beach,
Or daisies swarming through the fields of
June.

But foolishness and madness in parade,
Though most at home in this their dear
domain,

Are scattered everywhere, no rarities,
Even to the rudest novice of the Schools.
Me, rather, it employed, to note, and keep
In memory, those individual sights
Of courage, or integrity, or truth,
Or tenderness, which there, set off by foil,
Appeared more touching. One will I
select—

A Father—for he bore that sacred name ;—
Him saw I, sitting in an open square,
Upon a corner-stone of that low wall,
Wherein were fixed the iron pales that
fenced

A spacious grass-plot ; there, in silence,
sate

This One Man, with a sickly babe out-
stretched

Upon his knee, whom he had thither
brought

For sunshine, and to breathe the fresher
air.

Of those who passed, and me who looked
at him,

He took no heed ; but in his brawny arms
(The Artificer was to the elbow bare,
And from his work this moment had been
stolen)

He held the child, and, bending over it,
As if he were afraid both of the sun
And of the air, which he had come to seek,
Eyed the poor babe with love unutterable.

As the black storm upon the mountain
top

Sets off the sunbeam in the valley, so
That huge fermenting mass of human-kind
Serves as a solemn back-ground, or relief,
To single forms and objects, whence they
draw,

For feeling and contemplative regard,
More than inherent liveliness and power.
How oft, amid those overflowing streets,
Have I gone forward with the crowd, and
said

Unto myself, "The face of every one
That passes by me is a mystery!"
Thus have I looked, nor ceased to look,
oppressed

By thoughts of what and whither, when
and how,

Until the shapes before my eyes became
A second-sight procession, such as glides
Over still mountains, or appears in dreams;
And once, far-travelled in such mood, be-
yond

The reach of common indication, lost
Amid the moving pageant, I was smitten
Abruptly, with the view (a sight not rare)
Of a blind Beggar, who, with upright face,
Stood, propped against a wall, upon his
chest

Wearing a written paper, to explain
His story, whence he came, and who he
was.

Caught by the spectacle my mind turned
round

As with the might of waters; and apt type
This label seemed of the utmost we can
know,

Both of ourselves and of the universe;
And, on the shape of that unmoving man,
His steadfast face and sightless eyes, I
gazed,

As if admonished from another world.

Though reared upon the base of outward
things,

Structures like these the excited spirit
mainly

Builds for herself; scenes different there are,
Full-formed, that take, with small internal
help,

Possession of the faculties,—the peace
That comes with night; the deep solemnity
Of nature's intermediate hours of rest,
When the great tide of human life stands
still:

The business of the day to come, unborn,
Of that gone by, locked up, as in the grave;
The blended calmness of the heavens and
earth,

Moonlight and stars, and empty streets,
and sounds

Unfrequent as in deserts; at late hours
Of winter evenings, when unwholesome
rains

Are falling hard, with people yet astir,
The feeble salutation from the voice
Of some unhappy woman, now and then
Heard as we pass, when no one looks
about,

Nothing is listened to. But these, I fear,
Are falsely catalogued; things that are,
are not,

As the mind answers to them, or the heart
Is prompt, or slow, to feel. What say
you, then,

To times, when half the city shall break
out

Full of one passion, vengeance, rage, or
fear?

To executions, to a street on fire,
Mobs, riots, or rejoicings? From these
sights

Take one,—that ancient festival, the Fair,
Holden where martyrs suffered in past time,
And named of St. Bartholomew; there,
see

A work completed to our hands, that lays,
If any spectacle on earth can do,

The whole creative powers of man asleep!—
For once, the Muse's help will we implore,
And she shall lodge us, wafted on her
wings,

Above the press and danger of the crowd,
Upon some showman's platform. What
a shock

For eyes and ears! what anarchy and din,
Barbarian and infernal,—a phantasma,
Monstrous in colour, motion, shape, sight,
sound!

Below, the open space, through every nook
Of the wide area, twinkles, is alive

With heads; the midway region, and
above,

Is thronged with staring pictures and huge
scrolls,

Dumb proclamations of the Prodigies;
With chattering monkeys dangling from
their poles,

And children whirling in their roundabouts;
With those that stretch the neck and strain
the eyes,

And crack the voice in rivalry, the crowd
Inviting; with buffoons against buffoons
Grimacing, writhing, screaming,—him who
grinds

The hurdy-gurdy, at the fiddle weaves,
 Rattles the salt-box, thumps the kettle-
 drum,
 And him who at the trumpet puffs his
 cheeks,
 The silver-collared Negro with his timbrel,
 Equestrians, tumblers, women, girls, and
 boys,
 Blue-breeched, pink-vested, with high-
 towering plumes.—
 All moveables of wonder, from all parts,
 Are here—Albinos, painted Indians,
 Dwarfs,
 The Horse of knowledge, and the learned
 Pig,
 The Stone-eater, the man that swallows
 fire,
 Giants, Ventriloquists, the Invisible Girl,
 The Bust that speaks and moves its gog-
 gling eyes,
 The Wax-work, Clock-work, all the mar-
 vellous craft
 Of modern Merlins, Wild Beasts, Puppet-
 shows,
 All out-o'-the-way, far-fetched, perverted
 things,
 All freaks of nature, all Promethean thoughts
 Of man, his dulness, madness, and their
 feats
 All jumbled up together, to compose
 A Parliament of Monsters. Tents and
 Booths
 Meanwhile, as if the whole were one vast
 mill,
 Are vomiting, receiving on all sides,
 Men, Women, three-years' Children, Babes
 in arms.

Oh, blank confusion ! true epitome
 Of what the mighty City is herself,
 To thousands upon thousands of her sons,
 Living amid the same perpetual whirl
 Of trivial objects, melted and reduced
 To one identity, by differences
 That have no law, no meaning, and no
 end—

Oppression, under which even highest minds
 Must labour, whence the strongest are not
 free.

But though the picture weary out the eye,
 By nature an unmanageable sight,
 It is not wholly so to him who looks
 In steadiness, who hath among least things
 An under-sense of greatest ; sees the parts

As parts, but with a feeling of the whole.
 This, of all acquisitions, first awaits
 On sundry and most widely different modes
 Of education, nor with least delight
 On that through which I passed. Attention
 springs,

And comprehensiveness and memory flow,
 From early converse with the works of God
 Among all regions ; chiefly where appear
 Most obviously simplicity and power.

Think, how the everlasting streams and
 woods,

Stretched and still stretching far and wide,
 exalt

The roving Indian, on his desert sands :
 What grandeur not unfelt, what pregnant
 show

Of beauty, meets the sun-burnt Arab's eye :
 And, as the sea propels, from zone to zone,
 Its currents ; magnifies its shoals of life
 Beyond all compass ; spreads, and sends
 aloft

Armies of clouds,—even so, its powers and
 aspects

Shape for mankind, by principles as fixed,
 The views and aspirations of the soul
 To majesty. Like virtue have the forms
 Perennial of the ancient hills ; nor less
 The changeful language of their counte-
 nances

Quickens the slumbering mind, and aids
 the thoughts,

However multitudinous, to move
 With order and relation. This, if still,
 As hitherto, in freedom I may speak,
 Not violating any just restraint,
 As may be hoped, of real modesty,—
 This did I feel, in London's vast domain.
 The Spirit of Nature was upon me there ;
 The soul of Beauty and enduring Life
 Vouchsafed her inspiration, and diffused,
 Through meagre lines and colours, and the
 press

Of self-destroying, transitory things,
 Composure, and ennobling Harmony.

BOOK EIGHTH

RETROSPECT—LOVE OF NATURE LEADING TO LOVE OF MAN

WHAT sounds are those, Helvellyn, that
 are heard

Up to thy summit, through the depth of air
Ascending, as if distance had the power
To make the sounds more audible? What
crowd

Covers, or sprinkles o'er, yon village green?
Crowd seems it, solitary hill! to thee,
Though but a little family of men,
Shepherds and tillers of the ground—be-
times

Assembled with their children and their
wives,

And here and there a stranger interspersed.
They hold a rustic fair—a festival,
Such as, on this side now, and now on
that,

Repeated through his tributary vales,
Helvellyn, in the silence of his rest,
Sees annually, if clouds towards either
ocean

Blown from their favourite resting-place, or
mists

Dissolved, have left him an unshrouded
head.

Delightful day it is for all who dwell
In this secluded glen, and eagerly
They give it welcome. Long ere heat of
noon,

From byre or field the kine were brought;
the sheep

Are penned in cotes; the chaffering is
begun.

The heifer lows, uneasy at the voice
Of a new master; bleat the flocks aloud.
Booths are there none; a stall or two is
here;

A lame man or a blind, the one to beg,
The other to make music; hither, too,
From far, with basket, slung upon her arm,
Of hawk's wares—books, pictures, combs,
and pins—

Some aged woman finds her way again,
Year after year, a punctual visitant!
There also stands a speech-maker by rote,
Pulling the strings of his boxed raree-show;
And in the lapse of many years may come
Prouder itinerant, mountebank, or he
Whose wonders in a covered wain lie hid.
But one there is, the loveliest of them all,
Some sweet lass of the valley, looking out
For gains, and who that sees her would not
buy?

Fruits of her father's orchard are her wares,
And with the ruddy produce she walks
round

Among the crowd, half pleased with, half
ashamed

Of, her new office, blushing restlessly.
The children now are rich, for the old
to-day

Are generous as the young; and, if content
With looking on, some ancient wedded pair
Sit in the shade together; while they gaze,
"A cheerful smile unbends the wrinkled
brow,

The days departed start again to life,
And all the scenes of childhood reappear,
Faint, but more tranquil, like the changing
sun

To him who slept at noon and wakes at
eve."¹

Thus gaiety and cheerfulness prevail,
Spreading from young to old, from old to
young,

And no one seems to want his share.—
Immense

Is the recess, the circumambient world
Magnificent, by which they are embraced:
They move about upon the soft green turf:
How little they, they and their doings,
seem,

And all that they can further or obstruct!
Through utter weakness pitiable dear,
As tender infants are: and yet how great!
For all things serve them: them the morning
light

Loves, as it glistens on the silent rocks;
And them the silent rocks, which now from
high

Look down upon them; the reposing clouds;
The wild brooks prattling from invisible
haunts;

And old Helvellyn, conscious of the stir
Which animates this day their calm abode.

With deep devotion, Nature, did I feel,
In that enormous City's turbulent world
Of men and things, what benefit I owed
To thee, and those domains of rural peace,
Where to the sense of beauty first my heart
Was opened; tract more exquisitely fair
Than that famed paradise of ten thousand
trees,

Or Gehol's matchless gardens, for delight
Of the Tartarian dynasty composed
(Beyond that mighty wall, not fabulous,

¹ These lines are from a descriptive Poem—
"Malvern Hills"—by one of Mr. Wordsworth's
oldest friends, Mr. Joseph Cottle.

China's stupendous mound) by patient toil
Of myriads and boon nature's lavish help ;
There, in a clime from widest empire chosen,
Fulfilling (could enchantment have done
more?)

A sumptuous dream of flowery lawns, with
domes

Of pleasure sprinkled over, shady dells
For eastern monasteries, sunny mounts
With temples crested, bridges, gondolas,
Rocks, dens, and groves of foliage taught
to melt

Into each other their obsequious hues,
Vanished and vanishing in subtle chase,
Too fine to be pursued ; or standing forth
In no discordant opposition, strong
And gorgeous as the colours side by side
Bedded among rich plumes of tropic birds ;
And mountains over all, embracing all ;
And all the landscape, endlessly enriched
With waters running, falling, or asleep.

But lovelier far than this, the paradise
Where I was reared ; in Nature's primitive
gifts

Favoured no less, and more to every sense
Delicious, seeing that the sun and sky,
The elements, and seasons as they change,
Do find a worthy fellow-labourer there—
Man free, man working for himself, with
choice

Of time, and place, and object ; by his
wants,

His comforts, native occupations, cares,
Cheerfully led to individual ends
Or social, and still followed by a train
Unwooded, unthought-of even—simplicity,
And beauty, and inevitable grace.

Yea, when a glimpse of those imperial
bowers

Would to a child be transport over-great,
When but a half-hour's roam through such
a place

Would leave behind a dance of images,
That shall break in upon his sleep for weeks ;
Even then the common haunts of the green
earth,

And ordinary interests of man,
Which they embosom, all without regard
As both may seem, are fastening on the
heart

Insensibly, each with the other's help.
For me, when my affections first were led

From kindred, friends, and playmates, to
partake

Love for the human creature's absolute self,
That noticeable kindliness of heart
Sprang out of fountains, there abounding
most,

Where sovereign Nature dictated the tasks
And occupations which her beauty adorned,
And Shepherds were the men that pleased
me first ;

Not such as Saturn ruled 'mid Latian wilds,
With arts and laws so tempered, that their
lives

Left, even to us toiling in this late day,
A bright tradition of the golden age ;
Not such as, 'mid Arcadian fastnesses
Sequestered, handed down among them-
selves

Felicity, in Grecian song renowned ;
Nor such as—when an adverse fate had
driven,

From house and home, the courtly band
whose fortunes

Entered, with Shakspeare's genius, the wild
woods

Of Arden—amid sunshine or in shade
Culled the best fruits of Time's uncounted
hours,

Ere Phœbe sighed for the false Ganymede ;
Or there where Perdita and Florizel

Together danced, Queen of the feast, and
King ;

Nor such as Spenser fabled. True it is,
That I had heard (what he perhaps had
seen)

Of maids at sunrise bringing in from far
Their May-bush, and along the streets in
flocks

Parading with a song of taunting rhymes,
Aimed at the laggards slumbering within
doors ;

Had also heard, from those who yet remem-
bered,

Tales of the May-pole dance, and wreaths
that decked

Porch, door-way, or kirk-pillar ; and of
youths,

Each with his maid, before the sun was up,
By annual custom, issuing forth in troops,
To drink the waters of some sainted well,
And hang it round with garlands. Love
survives ;

But, for such purpose, flowers no longer
grow :

The times, too sage, perhaps too proud,
have dropped

These lighter graces; and the rural ways
And manners which my childhood looked
upon

Were the unluxuriant produce of a life
Intent on little but substantial needs,
Yet rich in beauty, beauty that was felt.
But images of danger and distress,
Man suffering among awful Powers and
Forms;

Of this I heard, and saw enough to make
Imagination restless; nor was free
Myself from frequent perils; nor were tales
Wanting,—the tragedies of former times,
Hazards and strange escapes, of which the
rocks

Immutable, and everflowing streams,
Where'er I roamed, were speaking monu-
ments.

Smooth life had flock and shepherd in
old time,
Long springs and tepid winters, on the
banks

Of delicate Galesus; and no less
Those scattered along Adria's myrtle shores:
Smooth life had herdsman, and his snow-
white herd

To triumphs and to sacrificial rites
Devoted, on the inviolable stream
Of rich Clitumnus; and the goat-herd
lived

As calmly, underneath the pleasant brows
Of cool Lucretilis, where the pipe was heard
Of Pan, Invisible God, thrilling the rocks,
With tutelary music, from all harm

The fold protecting. I myself, mature
In manhood then, have seen a pastoral tract
Like one of these, where Fancy might run
wild,

Though under skies less generous, less
serene:

There, for her own delight had Nature
framed

A pleasure-ground, diffused a fair expanse
Of level pasture, islanded with groves
And banked with woody risings; but the
Plain

Endless, here opening widely out, and there
Shut up in lesser lakes or beds of lawn
And intricate recesses, creek or bay
Sheltered within a shelter, where at large
The shepherd strays, a rolling hut his home.

Thither he comes with spring-time, there
abides

All summer, and at sunrise ye may hear
His flageolet to liquid notes of love
Attuned, or sprightly life resounding far.
Nook is there none, nor tract of that vast
space

Where passage opens, but the same shall
have

In turn its visitant, telling there his hours
In unlaborious pleasure, with no task
More toilsome than to carve a beechen bowl
For spring or fountain, which the traveller
finds,

When through the region he pursues at will
His devious course. A glimpse of such
sweet life

I saw when, from the melancholy walls
Of Goslar, once imperial, I renewed
My daily walk along that wide campaign,
That, reaching to her gates, spreads east and
west,

And northwards, from beneath the moun-
tainous verge

Of the Hercynian forest. Yet, hail to you
Moors, mountains, headlands, and ye
hollow vales,

Ye long deep channels for the Atlantic's
voice,

Powers of my native region! Ye that seize
The heart with firmer grasp! Your snows
and streams

Ungovernable, and your terrifying winds,
That howl so dismally for him who treads
Companionless your awful solitudes!
There, 'tis the shepherd's task the winter
long

To wait upon the storms: of their approach
Sagacious, into sheltering coves he drives
His flock, and thither from the homestead
bears

A toilsome burden up the craggy ways,
And deals it out, their regular nourishment
Strewn on the frozen snow. And when the
spring

Looks out, and all the pastures dance with
lambs,

And when the flock, with warmer weather,
climbs

Higher and higher, him his office leads
To watch their goings, whatsoever track
The wanderers choose. For this he quits
his home

At day-spring, and no sooner doth the sun

Begin to strike him with a fire-like heat,
Than he lies down upon some shining rock,
And breakfasts with his dog. When they
have stolen,

As is their wont, a pittance from strict time,
For rest not needed or exchange of love,
Then from his couch he starts; and now
his feet

Crush out a livelier fragrance from the
flowers

Of lowly thyme, by Nature's skill enwrought
In the wild turf: the lingering dews of morn
Smoke round him, as from hill to hill he
hies,

His staff protending like a hunter's spear,
Or by its aid leaping from crag to crag,
And o'er the brawling beds of unbridged
streams.

Philosophy, methinks, at Fancy's call,
Might deign to follow him through what he
does

Or sees in his day's march; himself he feels,
In those vast regions where his service lies,
A freeman, wedded to his life of hope
And hazard, and hard labour interchanged
With that majestic indolence so dear
To native man. A rambling schoolboy, thus,
I felt his presence in his own domain,
As of a lord and master, or a power,
Or genius, under Nature, under God,
Presiding; and severest solitude
Had more commanding looks when he was
there.

When up the lonely brooks on rainy days
Angling I went, or trod the trackless hills
By mists bewildered, suddenly mine eyes
Have glanced upon him distant a few steps,
In size a giant, stalking through thick fog,
His sheep like Greenland bears; or, as he
stepped

Beyond the boundary line of some hill-
shadow,

His form hath flashed upon me, glorified
By the deep radiance of the setting sun:
Or him have I descried in distant sky,
A solitary object and sublime,
Above all height! like an aerial cross
Stationed alone upon a spiry rock
Of the Chartreuse, for worship. Thus was
man

Ennobled outwardly before my sight,
And thus my heart was early introduced
To an unconscious love and reverence
Of human nature; hence the human form

To me became an index of delight,
Of grace and honour, power and worthiness.
Meanwhile this creature—spiritual almost
As those of books, but more exalted far;
Far more of an imaginative form
Than the gay Corin of the groves, who lives
For his own fancies, or to dance by the
hour,

In coronal, with Phyllis in the midst—
Was, for the purposes of kind, a man
With the most common; husband, father;
learned,
Could teach, admonish; suffered with the
rest

From vice and folly, wretchedness and fear;
Of this I little saw, cared less for it,
But something must have felt.

Call ye these appearances—
Which I beheld of shepherds in my youth,
This sanctity of Nature given to man—
A shadow, a delusion, ye who pore
On the dead letter, miss the spirit of things;
Whose truth is not a motion or a shape
Instinct with vital functions, but a block
Or waxen image which yourselves have made,
And ye adore! But blessed be the God
Of Nature and of Man that this was so;
That men before my inexperienced eyes
Did first present themselves thus purified,
Removed, and to a distance that was fit:
And so we all of us in some degree
Are led to knowledge, wheresoever led,
And howsoever; were it otherwise,
And we found evil fast as we find good
In our first years, or think that it is found,
How could the innocent heart bear up and
live!

But doubly fortunate my lot; not here
Alone, that something of a better life
Perhaps was round me than it is the privi-
lege

Of most to move in, but that first I looked
At Man through objects that were great or
fair;

First communed with him by their help.
And thus

Was founded a sure safeguard and defence
Against the weight of meanness, selfish
cares,

Coarse manners, vulgar passions, that beat
in

On all sides from the ordinary world
In which we traffic. Starting from this
point

I had my face turned toward the truth,
began

With an advantage furnished by that kind
Of prepossession, without which the soul
Receives no knowledge that can bring forth
good,

No genuine insight ever comes to her.
From the restraint of over-watchful eyes
Preserved, I moved about, year after year,
Happy, and now most thankful that my
walk

Was guarded from too early intercourse
With the deformities of crowded life,
And those ensuing laughters and contempts,
Self-pleasing, which, if we would wish to
think

With a due reverence on earth's rightful
lord,

Here placed to be the inheritor of heaven,
Will not permit us; but pursue the mind,
That to devotion willingly would rise,
Into the temple and the temple's heart.

Yet deem not, Friend! that human kind
with me

Thus early took a place pre-eminent;
Nature herself was, at this unripe time,
But secondary to my own pursuits
And animal activities, and all
Their trivial pleasures; and when these had
drooped

And gradually expired, and Nature, prized
For her own sake, became my joy, even
then—

And upwards through late youth, until not
less

Than two-and-twenty summers had been
told

Was Man in my affections and regards
Subordinate to her, her visible forms
And viewless agencies: a passion, she,
A rapture often, and immediate love
Ever at hand; he, only a delight
Occasional, an accidental grace,
His hour being not yet come. Far less had
then

The inferior creatures, beast or bird, attuned
My spirit to that gentleness of love,
(Though they had long been carefully
observed),

Won from me those minute obeisances
Of tenderness, which I may number now
With my first blessings. Nevertheless, on
these

The light of beauty did not fall in vain,
Or grandeur circumfuse them to no end.

But when that first poetic faculty
Of plain Imagination and severe,
No longer a mute influence of the soul,
Ventured, at some rash Muse's earnest call,
To try her strength among harmonious
words;

And to book-notions and the rules of art
Did knowingly conform itself; there came
Among the simple shapes of human life
A wilfulness of fancy and conceit;
And Nature and her objects beautified
These fictions, as in some sort, in their turn,
They burnished her. From touch of this
new power

Nothing was safe: the elder-tree that grew
Beside the well-known charnel-house had
then

A dismal look: the yew-tree had its ghost,
That took his station there for ornament:
The dignities of plain occurrence then

Were tasteless, and truth's golden mean, a
point

Where no sufficient pleasure could be found.
Then, if a widow, staggering with the blow
Of her distress, was known to have turned
her steps

To the cold grave in which her husband
slept,

One night, or haply more than one, through
pain

Or half-insensate impotence of mind,
The fact was caught at greedily, and there
She must be visitant the whole year through,
Wetting the turf with never-ending tears.

Through quaint obliquities I might pursue
These cravings; when the foxglove, one
by one,

Upwards through every stage of the tall
stem,

Had shed beside the public way its bells,
And stood of all dismantled, save the last
Left at the tapering ladder's top, that
seemed

To bend as doth a slender blade of grass
Tipped with a rain-drop, Fancy loved to
seat,

Beneath the plant despoiled, but crested still
With this last relic, soon itself to fall,
Some vagrant mother, whose arch little
ones,

All unconcerned by her dejected plight,
 Laughed as with rival eagerness their
 hands
 Gathered the purple cups that round them
 lay,
 Strewing the turf's green slope.

 A diamond light
 (Whene'er the summer sun, declining,
 smote
 A smooth rock wet with constant springs)
 was seen

Sparkling from out a copse-clad bank that
 rose

Fronting our cottage. Oft beside the
 hearth

Seated, with open door, often and long
 Upon this restless lustre have I gazed,
 That made my fancy restless as itself.
 'Twas now for me a burnished silver shield
 Suspended over a knight's tomb, who lay
 Inglorious, buried in the dusky wood:
 An entrance now into some magic cave
 Or palace built by fairies of the rock;
 Nor could I have been bribed to disen-
 chant

The spectacle, by visiting the spot.
 Thus wilful Fancy, in no hurtful mood,
 Engrafted far-fetched shapes on feelings
 bred

By pure Imagination: busy Power
 She was, and with her ready pupil turned
 Instinctively to human passions, then
 Least understood. Yet, 'mid the fervent
 swarm

Of these vagaries, with an eye so rich
 As mine was through the bounty of a grand
 And lovely region, I had forms distinct
 To steady me: each airy thought revolved
 Round a substantial centre, which at once
 Incited it to motion, and controlled,
 I did not pine like one in cities bred,
 As was thy melancholy lot, dear Friend!
 Great Spirit as thou art, in endless dreams
 Of sickness, disjoining, joining, things
 Without the light of knowledge. Where
 the harm,

If, when the woodman languished with
 disease

Induced by sleeping nightly on the ground
 Within his sod-built cabin, Indian-wise,
 I called the pangs of disappointed love,
 And all the sad etcetera of the wrong,
 To help him to his grave? Meanwhile the
 man,

If not already from the woods retired
 To die at home, was haply, as I knew,
 Withering by slow degrees, 'mid gentle
 airs,

Birds, running streams, and hills so beau-
 tiful

On golden evenings, while the charcoal
 pile

Breathed up its smoke, an image of his
 ghost

Or spirit that full soon must take her flight.
 Nor shall we not be tending towards that
 point

Of sound humanity to which our Tale
 Leads, though by sinuous ways, if here I
 show

How Fancy, in a season when she wove
 Those slender cords, to guide the un-
 conscious Boy

For the Man's sake, could feed at Nature's
 call

Some pensive musings which might well
 beseeem

Maturer years.

A grove there is whose boughs
 Stretch from the western marge of Thurston-
 mere,

With length of shade so thick, that whoso
 glides

Along the line of low-roofed water, moves
 As in a cloister. Once—while, in that
 shade

Loitering, I watched the golden beams of
 light

Flung from the setting sun, as they reposed
 In silent beauty on the naked ridge

Of a high eastern hill—thus flowed my
 thoughts

In a pure stream of words fresh from the
 heart:

¹ Dear native Regions, wheresoe'er shall
 close

My mortal course, there will I think on
 you;

Dying, will cast on you a backward look;
 Even as this setting sun (albeit the Vale
 Is no where touched by one memorial
 gleam)

Doth with the fond remains of his last
 power

Still linger, and a farewell lustre sheds,
 On the dear mountain-tops where first he
 rose.

¹ See page 2.

Enough of humble arguments; recall,
My Song! those high emotions which thy
voice

Has heretofore made known; that bursting
forth

Of sympathy, inspiring and inspired,
When everywhere a vital pulse was felt,
And all the several frames of things, like
stars,

Through every magnitude distinguishable,
Shone mutually indebted, or half lost
Each in the other's blaze, a galaxy
Of life and glory. In the midst stood
Man,

Outwardly, inwardly contemplated,
As, of all visible natures, crown, though
born

Of dust, and kindred to the worm; a Being,
Both in perception and discernment, first
In every capability of rapture,
Through the divine effect of power and
love;

As, more than anything we know, instinct
With godhead, and, by reason and by will,
Acknowledging dependency sublime.

Ere long, the lonely mountains left, I
moved,
Begirt, from day to day, with temporal
shapes

Of vice and folly thrust upon my view,
Objects of sport, and ridicule, and scorn,
Manners and characters discriminate,
And little bustling passions that eclipse,
As well they might, the impersonated
thought,

The idea, or abstraction of the kind.

An idler among academic bowers,
Such was my new condition, as at large
Has been set forth; yet here the vulgar
light

Of present, actual, superficial life,
Gleaming through colouring of other times,
Old usages and local privilege,
Was welcomed, softened, if not solemnised.
This notwithstanding, being brought more
near

To vice and guilt, forerunning wretched-
ness,

I trembled,—thought, at times, of human
life

With an indefinite terror and dismay,
Such as the storms and angry elements

Had bred in me; but gloomier far, a dim
Analogy to uproar and misrule,
Disquiet, danger, and obscurity.

It might be told (but wherefore speak of
things

Common to all?) that, seeing, I was led
Gravely to ponder—judging between good
And evil, not as for the mind's delight
But for her guidance—one who was to
act,

As sometimes to the best of feeble means
I did, by human sympathy impelled:
And, through dislike and most offensive
pain,

Was to the truth conducted; of this faith
Never forsaken, that, by acting well,
And understanding, I should learn to love
The end of life, and everything we know.

Grave Teacher, stern Preceptress! for at
times

Thou canst put on an aspect most severe;
London, to thee I willingly return.
Erewhile my verse played idly with the
flowers

Enwrought upon thy mantle; satisfied
With that amusement, and a simple look
Of child-like inquisition now and then
Cast upwards on thy countenance, to detect
Some inner meanings which might harbour
there.

But how could I in mood so light indulge,
Keeping such fresh remembrance of the
day,

When, having thridded the long labyrinth
Of the suburban villages, I first
Entered thy vast dominion? On the roof
Of an itinerant vehicle I sate,
With vulgar men about me, trivial forms
Of houses, pavement, streets, of men and
things,—

Mean shapes on every side: but, at the
instant,

When to myself it fairly might be said,
The threshold now is overpast, (how strange
That aught external to the living mind
Should have such mighty sway! yet so it
was),

A weight of ages did at once descend
Upon my heart; no thought embodied, no
Distinct remembrances, but weight and
power,—

Power growing under weight: alas! I feel

That I am trifling: 'twas a moment's
pause,—

All that took place within me came and
went

As in a moment; yet with Time it dwells,
And grateful memory, as a thing divine.

The curious traveller, who, from open
day,
Hath passed with torches into some huge
cave,

The Grotto of Antiparos, or the Den
In old time haunted by that Danish Witch,
Yordas; he looks around and sees the vault
Widening on all sides; sees, or thinks he
sees,

Erelong, the massy roof above his head,
That instantly unsettles and recedes,—
Substance and shadow, light and darkness,
all

Commingle, making up a canopy
Of shapes and forms and tendencies to shape
That shift and vanish, change and inter-
change

Like spectres,—ferment silent and sublime!
That after a short space works less and
less,

Till, every effort, every motion gone,
The scene before him stands in perfect view
Exposed, and lifeless as a written book!—
But let him pause awhile, and look again,
And a new quickening shall succeed, at first
Beginning timidly, then creeping fast,
Till the whole cave, so late a senseless mass,
Busies the eye with images and forms
Boldly assembled,—here is shadowed forth
From the projections, wrinkles, cavities,
A variegated landscape,—there the shape
Of some gigantic warrior clad in mail,
The ghostly semblance of a hooded monk,
Veiled nun, or pilgrim resting on his staff:
Strange congregation! yet not slow to meet
Eyes that perceive through minds that can
inspire.

Even in such sort had I at first been
moved,

Nor otherwise continued to be moved,
As I explored the vast metropolis,
Fount of my country's destiny and the
world's;

That great emporium, chronicle at once
And burial-place of passions, and their home
Imperial, their chief living residence.

With strong sensations teeming as it did
Of past and present, such a place must
needs

Have pleased me, seeking knowledge at
that time

Far less than craving power; yet knowledge
came,

Sought or unsought, and influxes of power
Came, of themselves, or at her call derived
In fits of kindest apprehensiveness,
From all sides, when whate'er was in itself
Capacious found, or seemed to find, in me
A correspondent amplitude of mind;
Such is the strength and glory of our youth!
The human nature unto which I felt
That I belonged, and revered with love,
Was not a punctual presence, but a spirit
Diffused through time and space, with aid
derived

Of evidence from monuments, erect,
Prostrate, or leaning towards their common
rest

In earth, the widely scattered wreck sublime
Of vanished nations, or more clearly drawn
From books and what they picture and
record.

'Tis true, the history of our native land—
With those of Greece compared and popular
Rome,

And in our high-wrought modern narratives
Strip of their harmonising soul, the life

Of manners and familiar incidents—
Had never much delighted me. And less
Than other intellects had mine been used

To lean upon extrinsic circumstance
Of record or tradition; but a sense
Of what in the Great City had been done
And suffered, and was doing, suffering, still,
Weighed with me, could support the test of
thought;

And, in despite of all that had gone by,
Or was departing never to return,
There I conversed with majesty and power
Like independent natures. Hence the place
Was thronged with impregnations like the
Wilds

In which my early feelings had been nursed—
Bare hills and valleys, full of caverns, rocks,
And audible seclusions, dashing lakes,
Echoes and waterfalls, and pointed crags
That into music touch the passing wind.
Here then my young imagination found
No uncongenial element; could here

Among new objects serve or give command,
Even as the heart's occasions might require,
To forward reason's else too-scrupulous
march.

The effect was, still more elevated views
Of human nature. Neither vice nor guilt,
Debasement undergone by body or mind,
Nor all the misery forced upon my sight,
Misery not lightly passed, but sometimes
scanned

Most feelingly, could overthrow my trust
In what we *may* become; induce belief
That I was ignorant, had been falsely
taught,

A solitary, who with vain conceits
Had been inspired, and walked about in
dreams.

From those sad scenes when meditation
turned,

Lo! everything that was indeed divine
Retained its purity inviolate,
Nay brighter shone, by this portentous
gloom

Set off; such opposition as aroused
The mind of Adam, yet in Paradise
Though fallen from bliss, when in the East
he saw

¹ Darkness cre day's mid course, and
morning light

More orient in the western cloud, that drew
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
Descending slow with something heavenly
faint.

Add also, that among the multitudes
Of that huge city, oftentimes was seen
Affectingly set forth, more than elsewhere
Is possible, the unity of man,
One spirit over ignorance and vice
Predominant, in good and evil hearts;
One sense for moral judgments, as one eye
For the sun's light. The soul when smitten
thus

By a sublime *idea*, whence soe'er
Vouchsafed for union or communion, feeds
On the pure bliss, and takes her rest with
God.

Thus from a very early age, O Friend!
My thoughts by slow gradations had been
drawn

To human-kind, and to the good and ill
Of human life: Nature had led me on;

¹ From Milton, *Par. Lost*, xl. 204.

And oft amid the "busy hum" I seemed
To travel independent of her help,
As if I had forgotten her; but no,
The world of human-kind outweighed not
hers

In my habitual thoughts; the scale of love,
Though filling daily, still was light, compared
With that in which *her* mighty objects lay.

BOOK NINTH

RESIDENCE IN FRANCE

EVEN as a river,—partly (it might seem)
Yielding to old remembrances, and swayed
In part by fear to shape a way direct,
That would engulf him soon in the raven-
ous sea—

Turns, and will measure back his course,
far back,

Seeking the very regions which he crossed
In his first outset; so have we, my Friend!
Turned and returned with intricate delay.
Or as a traveller, who has gained the brow
Of some aerial Down, while there he halts
For breathing-time, is tempted to review
The region left behind him; and, if aught
Deserving notice have escaped regard,
Or been regarded with too careless eye,
Strives, from that height, with one and yet
one more

Last look, to make the best amends he may:
So have we lingered. Now we start afresh
With courage, and new hope risen on our
toil.

Fair greetings to this shapeless eagerness,
Whene'er it comes! needful in work so
long,

Thrice needful to the argument which now
Awaits us! Oh, how much unlike the
past!

Free as a colt at pasture on the hill,
I ranged at large, through London's wide
domain,

Month after month. Obscurely did I live,
Not seeking frequent intercourse with men,
By literature, or elegance, or rank,
Distinguished. Scarcely was a year thus
spent

Ere I forsook the crowded solitude,
With less regret for its luxurious pomp,
And all the nicely-guarded shows of art,

Than for the humble book-stalls in the
streets,
Exposed to eye and hand where'er I
turned.

France lured me forth ; the realm that I
had crossed
So lately, journeying toward the snow-clad
Alps.
But now, relinquishing the scrip and staff,
And all enjoyment which the summer sun
Sheds round the steps of those who meet
the day
With motion constant as his own, I went
Prepared to sojourn in a pleasant town,
Washed by the current of the stately Loire.

Through Paris lay my readiest course,
and there
Sojourning a few days, I visited
In haste, each spot of old or recent fame,
The latter chiefly ; from the field of Mars
Down to the suburbs of St. Antony,
And from Mont Martre southward to the
Dome
Of Geneviève. In both her clamorous
Halls,
The National Synod and the Jacobins,
I saw the Revolutionary Power
Toss like a ship at anchor, rocked by
storms ;
The Arcades I traversed, in the Palace
huge
Of Orleans ; coasted round and round the
line
Of Tavern, Brothel, Gaming-house, and
Shop,
Great rendezvous of worst and best, the
walk
Of all who had a purpose, or had not ;
I stared and listened, with a stranger's
ears,
To Hawkers and Haranguers, hubbub
wild !
And hissing Factionists with ardent eyes,
In knots, or pairs, or single. Not a look
Hope takes, or Doubt or Fear is forced to
wear,
But seemed there present ; and I scanned
them all,
Watched every gesture uncontrollable,
Of anger, and vexation, and despite,
All side by side, and struggling face to face,
With gaiety and dissolute idleness.

Where silent zephyrs sported with the
dust
Of the Bastille, I sate in the open sun,
And from the rubbish gathered up a stone,
And pocketed the relic, in the guise
Of an enthusiast ; yet, in honest truth,
I looked for something that I could not
find,
Affecting more emotion than I felt ;
For 'tis most certain, that these various
sights,
However potent their first shock, with me
Appeared to recompense the traveller's
pains
Less than the painted Magdalene of Le
Brun,
A beauty exquisitely wrought, with hair
Dishevelled, gleaming eyes, and rueful cheek
Pale and bedropped with overflowing tears.

But hence to my more permanent abode
I hasten ; there, by novelties in speech,
Domestic manners, customs, gestures, looks,
And all the attire of ordinary life,
Attention was engrossed ; and, thus amused,
I stood 'mid those concussions, uncon-
cerned,
Tranquil almost, and careless as a flower
Glassed in a green-house, or a parlour
shrub
That spreads its leaves in unmolested peace,
While every bush and tree, the country
through,
Is shaking to the roots : indifference this
Which may seem strange : but I was un-
prepared
With needful knowledge, had abruptly
passed
Into a theatre, whose stage was filled
And busy with an action far advanced.
Like others, I had skimmed, and some-
times read
With care, the master pamphlets of the
day ;
Nor wanted such half-insight as grew wild
Upon that meagre soil, helped out by talk
And public news ; but having never seen
A chronicle that might suffice to show
Whence the main organs of the public
power
Had sprung, their transmigrations, when
and how
Accomplished, giving thus unto events
A form and body ; all things were to me

Loose and disjointed, and the affections
left

Without a vital interest. At that time,
Moreover, the first storm was overblown,
And the strong hand of outward violence
Locked up in quiet. For myself, I fear
Now, in connection with so great a theme,
To speak (as I must be compelled to do)
Of one so unimportant; night by night
Did I frequent the formal haunts of men,
Whom, in the city, privilege of birth
Sequestered from the rest, societies
Polished in arts, and in punctilio versed;
Whence, and from deeper causes, all dis-
course

Of good and evil of the time was shunned
With scrupulous care; but these restrictions
soon

Proved tedious, and I gradually withdrew
Into a noisier world, and thus ere long
Became a patriot; and my heart was all
Given to the people, and my love was
theirs.

A band of military Officers,
Then stationed in the city, were the chief
Of my associates: some of these wore
swords

That had been seasoned in the wars, and
all

Were men well-born; the chivalry of
France.

In age and temper differing, they had yet
One spirit ruling in each heart; alike
(Save only one, hereafter to be named)
Were bent upon undoing what was done:
This was their rest and only hope; there-
with

No fear had they of bad becoming worse,
For worst to them was come; nor would
have stirred,

Or deemed it worth a moment's thought to
stir,

In anything, save only as the act
Looked thitherward. One, reckoning by
years,

Was in the prime of manhood, and ere-
while

He had sate lord in many tender hearts;
Though heedless of such honours now, and
changed:

His temper was quite mastered by the
times,

And they had blighted him, had eaten away

The beauty of his person, doing wrong
Alike to body and to mind: his port,
Which once had been erect and open, now
Was stooping and contracted, and a face,
Endowed by Nature with her fairest gifts
Of symmetry and light and bloom, ex-
pressed,

As much as any that was ever seen,
A ravage out of season, made by thoughts
Unhealthy and vexatious. With the hour,
That from the press of Paris duly brought
Its freight of public news, the fever came,
A punctual visitant, to shake this man,
Disarmed his voice and fanned his yellow
cheek

Into a thousand colours; while he read,
Or mused, his sword was haunted by his
touch

Continually, like an uneasy place
In his own body. 'Twas in truth an hour
Of universal ferment; mildest men
Were agitated; and commotions, strife
Of passion and opinion, filled the walls
Of peaceful houses with unquiet sounds.

The soil of common life was, at that time,
Too hot to tread upon. Oft said I then,
And not then only, "What a mockery this
Of history, the past and that to come!
Now do I feel how all men are deceived,
Reading of nations and their works, in
faith,

Faith given to vanity and emptiness;
Oh! laughter for the page that would
reflect

To future times the face of what now is!"
The land all swarmed with passion, like a
plain

Devoured by locusts,—Carra, Gorsas,—
add

A hundred other names, forgotten now,
Nor to be heard of more; yet, they were
powers,

Like earthquakes, shocks repeated day by
day,

And felt through every nook of town and
field.

Such was the state of things. Mean-
while the chief

Of my associates stood prepared for flight
To augment the band of emigrants in arms
Upon the borders of the Rhine, and
leagued

With foreign foes mustered for instant war.

This was their undisguised intent, and they
Were waiting with the whole of their
desires

The moment to depart.

An Englishman,

Born in a land whose very name appeared
To license some unruliness of mind;
A stranger, with youth's further privilege,
And the indulgence that a half-learn't speech
Wins from the courteous; I, who had been
else

Shunned and not tolerated, freely lived
With these defenders of the Crown, and
talked,

And heard their notions; nor did they dis-
dain

The wish to bring me over to their cause.

But though untaught by thinking or by
books

To reason well of polity or law,
And nice distinctions, then on every tongue,
Of natural rights and civil; and to acts
Of nations and their passing interests,
(If with unworldly ends and aims com-
pared)

Almost indifferent, even the historian's tale
Prizing but little otherwise than I prized
Tales of the poets, as it made the heart
Beat high, and filled the fancy with fair
forms,

Old heroes and their sufferings and their
deeds;

Yet in the regal sceptre, and the pomp
Of orders and degrees, I nothing found
Then, or had ever, even in crudest youth,
That dazzled me, but rather what I mourned
And ill could brook, beholding that the
best

Ruled not, and feeling that they ought to
rule.

For, born in a poor district, and which
yet

Retaineth more of ancient homeliness,
Than any other nook of English ground,
It was my fortune scarcely to have seen,
Through the whole tenor of my school-day
time,

The face of one, who, whether boy or man,
Was vested with attention or respect
Through claims of wealth or blood; nor
was it least

Of many benefits, in later years

Derived from academic institutes
And rules, that they held something up to
view

Of a Republic, where all stood thus far
Upon equal ground; that we were brothers
all

In honour, as in one community,
Scholars and gentlemen; where, further-
more,

Distinction open lay to all that came,
And wealth and titles were in less esteem
Than talents, worth, and prosperous in-
dustry.

Add unto this, subservience from the first
To presences of God's mysterious power
Made manifest in Nature's sovereignty,
And fellowship with venerable books,
To sanction the proud workings of the soul,
And mountain liberty. It could not be
But that one tutored thus should look with
awe

Upon the faculties of man, receive
Gladly the highest promises, and hail,
As best, the government of equal rights
And individual worth. And hence, O
Friend!

If at the first great outbreak I rejoiced
Less than might well befit my youth, the
cause

In part lay here, that unto me the events
Seemed nothing out of nature's certain
course,

A gift that was come rather late than soon.
No wonder, then, if advocates like these,
Inflamed by passion, blind with prejudice,
And stung with injury, at this riper day,
Were impotent to make my hopes put on
The shape of theirs, my understanding
bend

In honour to their honour: zeal, which yet
Had slumbered, now in opposition burst
Forth like a Polar summer: every word
They uttered was a dart, by counter-winds
Blown back upon themselves; their reason
seemed

Confusion-stricken by a higher power
Than human understanding, their discourse
Maimed, spiritless; and, in their weakness
strong,
I triumphed.

Meantime, day by day, the roads
Were crowded with the bravest youth of
France,
And all the promptest of her spirits, linked

In gallant soldiership, and posting on
To meet the war upon her frontier bounds.
Yet at this very moment do tears start
Into mine eyes: I do not say I weep—
I wept not then,—but tears have dimmed
my sight,

In memory of the farewells of that time,
Domestic severings, female fortitude
At dearest separation, patriot love
And self-devotion, and terrestrial hope,
Encouraged with a martyr's confidence;
Even files of strangers merely seen but once,
And for a moment, men from far with
sound

Of music, martial tunes, and banners
spread,

Entering the city, here and there a face,
Or person, singled out among the rest,
Yet still a stranger and beloved as such;
Even by these passing spectacles my heart
Was oftentimes uplifted, and they seemed
Arguments sent from Heaven to prove the
cause

Good, pure, which no one could stand up
against,

Who was not lost, abandoned, selfish,
proud,

Mean, miserable, wilfully depraved,
Hater perverse of equity and truth.

Among that band of Officers was one,
Already hinted at, of other mould—
A patriot, thence rejected by the rest,
And with an oriental loathing spurned,
As of a different caste. A meeker man
Than this lived never, nor a more benign,
Meek though enthusiastic. Injuries
Made *him* more gracious, and his nature
then

Did breathe its sweetness out most sensibly,
As aromatic flowers on Alpine turf,
When foot hath crushed them. He through
the events

Of that great change wandered in perfect
faith,

As through a book, an old romance, or
tale

Of Fairy, or some dream of actions wrought
Behind the summer clouds. By birth he
ranked

With the most noble, but unto the poor
Among mankind he was in service bound,
As by some tie invisible, oaths professed
To a religious order. Man he loved

As man; and, to the mean and the obscure,
And all the homely in their homely works,
Transferred a courtesy which had no air
Of condescension; but did rather seem
A passion and a gallantry, like that
Which he, a soldier, in his idler day
Had paid to woman: somewhat vain he was,
Or seemed so, yet it was not vanity,
But fondness, and a kind of radiant joy
Diffused around him, while he was intent
On works of love or freedom, or revolved
Complacently the progress of a cause,
Whereof he was a part: yet this was meek
And placid, and took nothing from the
man

That was delightful. Oft in solitude
With him did I discourse about the end
Of civil government, and its wisest forms;
Of ancient loyalty, and chartered rights,
Custom and habit, novelty and change;
Of self-respect, and virtue in the few
For patrimonial honour set apart,
And ignorance in the labouring multitude.
For he, to all intolerance indisposed,
Balanced these contemplations in his mind;
And I, who at that time was scarcely dipped
Into the turmoil, bore a sounder judgment
Than later days allowed; carried about me,
With less alloy to its integrity,
The experience of past ages, as, through
help

Of books and common life, it makes sure
way

To youthful minds, by objects over near
Not pressed upon, nor dazzled or misled
By struggling with the crowd for present
ends.

But though not deaf, nor obstinate to find
Error without excuse upon the side
Of them who strove against us, more
delight

We took, and let this freely be confessed,
In painting to ourselves the miseries
Of royal courts, and that voluptuous life
Unfeeling, where the man who is of soul
The meanest thrives the most; where
dignity,

True personal dignity, abideth not;
A light, a cruel, and vain world cut off
From the natural inlets of just sentiment,
From lowly sympathy and chastening truth;
Where good and evil interchange their
names,

And thirst for bloody spoils abroad is
 paired
 With vice at home. We added dearest
 themes—
 Man and his noble nature, as it is
 The gift which God has placed within his
 power,
 His blind desires and steady faculties
 Capable of clear truth, the one to break
 Bondage, the other to build liberty
 On firm foundations, making social life,
 Through knowledge spreading and im-
 perishable,
 As just in regulation, and as pure
 As individual in the wise and good.

We summoned up the honourable deeds
 Of ancient Story, thought of each bright
 spot,
 That would be found in all recorded time,
 Of truth preserved and error passed away;
 Of single spirits that catch the flame from
 Heaven,
 And how the multitudes of men will feed
 And fan each other; thought of sects, how
 keen
 They are to put the appropriate nature on,
 Triumphant over every obstacle
 Of custom, language, country, love, or
 hate,
 And what they do and suffer for their
 creed;
 How far they travel, and how long endure;
 How quickly mighty Nations have been
 formed,
 From least beginnings; how, together
 locked
 By new opinions, scattered tribes have
 made
 One body, spreading wide as clouds in
 heaven.
 To aspirations then of our own minds
 Did we appeal; and, finally, beheld
 A living confirmation of the whole
 Before us, in a people from the depth
 Of shameful imbecility uprisen,
 Fresh as the morning star. Elate we
 looked
 Upon their virtues; saw, in rudest men,
 Self-sacrifice the firmest; generous love,
 And continence of mind, and sense of right,
 Uppermost in the midst of fiercest strife.

Oh, sweet it is, in academic groves,

Or such retirement, Friend! as we have
 known

In the green dales beside our Rotha's
 stream,

Greta, or Derwent, or some nameless rill,
 To ruminate, with interchange of talk,
 On rational liberty, and hope in man,
 Justice and peace. But far more sweet
 such toil—

Toil, say I, for it leads to thoughts ab-
 struse—

If nature then be standing on the brink
 Of some great trial, and we hear the voice
 Of one devoted,—one whom circumstance
 Hath called upon to embody his deep sense
 In action, give it outwardly a shape,
 And that of benediction, to the world.
 Then doubt is not, and truth is more than
 truth,—

A hope it is, and a desire; a creed
 Of zeal, by an authority Divine
 Sanctioned, of danger, difficulty, or death.
 Such conversation, under Attic shades,
 Did Dion hold with Plato; ripened thus
 For a Deliverer's glorious task,—and such
 He, on that ministry already bound,
 Held with Eudemus and Timonides,
 Surrounded by adventurers in arms,
 When those two vessels with their daring
 freight,

For the Sicilian Tyrant's overthrow,
 Sailed from Zacynthus,—philosophic war,
 Led by Philosophers. With harder fate,
 Though like ambition, such was he, O
 Friend!

Of whom I speak. So Beaupuis (let the
 name

Stand near the worthiest of Antiquity)
 Fashioned his life; and many a long dis-
 course,

With like persuasion honoured, we main-
 tained:

He, on his part, accoutred for the worst,
 He perished fighting, in supreme command,
 Upon the borders of the unhappy Loire,
 For liberty, against deluded men,
 His fellow-countrymen; and yet most
 blessed

In this, that he the fate of later times
 Lived not to see, nor what we now behold,
 Who have as ardent hearts as he had then.

Along that very Loire, with festal mirth
 Resounding at all hours, and innocent yet

Of civil slaughter, was our frequent walk;
Or in wide forests of continuous shade,
Lofty and over-arched, with open space
Beneath the trees, clear footing many a
mile—

A solemn region. Oft amid those haunts,
From earnest dialogues I slipped in
thought,

And let remembrance steal to other times,
When, o'er those interwoven roots, moss-
clad,

And smooth as marble or a waveless sea,
Some Hermit, from his cell forth-strayed,
might pace

In sylvan meditation undisturbed;
As on the pavement of a Gothic church
Walks a lone Monk, when service hath
expired,

In peace and silence. But if e'er was
heard,—

Heard, though unseen,—a devious traveller,
Retiring or approaching from afar
With speed and echoes loud of trampling
hoofs

From the hard floor reverberated, then
It was Angelica thundering through the
woods

Upon her palfrey, or that gentle maid
Erminia, fugitive as fair as she.
Sometimes methought I saw a pair of
knights

Joust underneath the trees, that as in storm
Rocked high above their heads; anon, the
din

Of boisterous merriment, and music's roar,
In sudden proclamation, burst from haunt
Of Satyrs in some viewless glade, with dance
Rejoicing o'er a female in the midst,
A mortal beauty, their unhappy thrall.

The width of those huge forests, unto me
A novel scene, did often in this way
Master my fancy while I wandered on
With that revered companion. And some-
times—

When to a convent in a meadow green,
By a brook-side, we came, a roofless pile,
And not by reverential touch of Time
Dismantled, but by violence abrupt—
In spite of those heart-bracing colloquies,
In spite of real fervour, and of that
Less genuine and wrought up within
myself—

I could not but bewail a wrong so harsh,
And for the *Matin*-bell to sound no more

Grieved, and the twilight taper, and the
cross

High on the topmost pinnacle, a sign
(How welcome to the weary traveller's
eyes!)

Of hospitality and peaceful rest.
And when the partner of those varied
walks

Pointed upon occasion to the site
Of Romorentin, home of ancient kings,
To the imperial edifice of Blois,
Or to that rural castle, name now slipped
From my remembrance, where a lady
lodged,

By the first Francis wooed, and bound to
him

In chains of mutual passion, from the
tower,

As a tradition of the country tells,
Practised to commune with her royal
knight

By cressets and love-beacons, intercourse
'Twixt her high-seated residence and his
Far off at Chambord on the plain beneath;
Even here, though less than with the
peaceful house

Religious, 'mid those frequent monuments
Of Kings, their vices and their better deeds,
Imagination, potent to inflame
At times with virtuous wrath and noble
scorn,

Did also often mitigate the force
Of civic prejudice, the bigotry,
So call it, of a youthful patriot's mind;
And on these spots with many gleams I
looked

Of chivalrous delight. Yet not the less,
Hatred of absolute rule, where will of one
Is law for all, and of that barren pride
In them who, by immunities unjust,
Between the sovereign and the people stand,
His helper and not theirs, laid stronger hold
Daily upon me, mixed with pity too
And love; for where hope is, there love
will be

For the abject multitude. And when we
chanced

One day to meet a hunger-bitten girl,
Who crept along fitting her languid gait
Unto a heifer's motion, by a cord
Tied to her arm, and picking thus from
the lane

Its sustenance, while the girl with pallid
hands

Was busy knitting in a heartless mood
Of solitude, and at the sight my friend
In agitation said, "'Tis against *that*
That we are fighting," I with him believed
That a benignant spirit was abroad
Which might not be withstood, that
poverty

Abject as this would in a little time
Be found no more, that we should see the
earth

Unthwarted in her wish to recompense
The meek, the lowly, patient child of toil,
All institutes for ever blotted out
That legalised exclusion, empty pomp
Abolished, sensual state and cruel power
Whether by edict of the one or few;
And finally, as sum and crown of all,
Should see the people having a strong
hand

In framing their own laws; whence better
days

To all mankind. But, these things set
apart,

Was not this single confidence enough
To animate the mind that ever turned
A thought to human welfare? That hence-
forth

Captivity by mandate without law
Should cease; and open accusation lead
To sentence in the hearing of the world,
And open punishment, if not the air
Be free to breathe in, and the heart of man
Dread nothing. From this height I shall
not stoop

To humbler matter that detained us oft
In thought or conversation, public acts,
And public persons, and emotions wrought
Within the breast, as ever-varying winds
Of record or report swept over us;
But I might here, instead, repeat a tale,¹
Told by my Patriot friend, of sad events,
That prove to what low depth had struck
the roots,

How widely spread the boughs, of that
old tree

Which, as a deadly mischief, and a foul
And black dishonour, France was weary of.

Oh, happy time of youthful lovers, (thus
The story might begin,) oh, balmy time,
In which a love-knot, on a lady's brow,
Is fairer than the fairest star in Heaven!
So might—and with that prelude *did* begin

¹ See "Vaudracour and Julia," p. 221.

The record; and, in faithful verse, was
given

The doleful sequel.

But our little bark
On a strong river boldly hath been
launched;
And from the driving current should we
turn

To loiter wilfully within a creek,
Howe'er attractive, Fellow voyager!
Would'st thou not chide? Yet deem not
my pains lost:

For Vaudracour and Julia (so were named
The ill-fated pair) in that plain tale will
draw

Tears from the hearts of others, when their
own

Shall beat no more. Thou, also, there
may'st read,

At leisure, how the enamoured youth was
driven,

By public power abased, to fatal crime,
Nature's rebellion against monstrous law;
How, between heart and heart, oppression
thrust

Her mandates, severing whom true love
had joined,

Harassing both; until he sank and pressed
The couch his fate had made for him;
supine,

Save when the stings of viperous remorse,
Trying their strength, enforced him to
start up,

Aghast and prayerless. Into a deep wood
He fled, to shun the haunts of human
kind;

There dwelt, weakened in spirit more and
more;

Nor could the voice of Freedom, which
through France

Full speedily resounded, public hope,
Or personal memory of his own worst
wrongs,

Rouse him; but, hidden in those gloomy
shades,

His days he wasted,—an imbecile mind.

BOOK TENTH

RESIDENCE IN FRANCE (*continued*)

It was a beautiful and silent day
That overspread the countenance of earth,
Then fading with unusual quietness,—

A day as beautiful as e'er was given
To soothe regret, though deepening what it
soothed,
When by the gliding Loire I paused, and
cast
Upon his rich domains, vineyard and tilth,
Green meadow-ground, and many-coloured
woods,

Again, and yet again, a farewell look ;
Then from the quiet of that scene passed
on,

Bound to the fierce Metropolis. From his
throne

The King had fallen, and that invading
host—

Presumptuous cloud, on whose black front
was written

The tender mercies of the dismal wind
That bore it—on the plains of Liberty
Had burst innocuous. Say in bolder words,
They—who had come elate as eastern
hunters

Banded beneath the Great Mogul, when he
Erewhile went forth from Agra or Lahore,
Rajahs and Omrahs in his train, intent
To drive their prey enclosed within a ring
Wide as a province, but, the signal given,
Before the point of the life-threatening spear
Narrowing itself by moments—they, rash
men,

Had seen the anticipated quarry turned
Into avengers, from whose wrath they fled
In terror. Disappointment and dismay
Remained for all whose fancies had run
wild

With evil expectations ; confidence
And perfect triumph for the better cause.

The State—as if to stamp the final seal
On her security, and to the world
Show what she was, a high and fearless
soul,

Exulting in defiance, or heart-stung
By sharp resentment, or belike to taunt
With spiteful gratitude the baffled League,
That had stirred up her slackening faculties
To a new transition—when the King was
crushed,

Spared not the empty throne, and in proud
haste

Assumed the body and venerable name
Of a Republic. Lamentable crimes,
'Tis true, had gone before this hour, dire
work

Of massacre, in which the senseless sword
Was prayed to as a judge ; but these were
past,

Earth free from them for ever, as was
thought,—

Ephemeral monsters, to be seen but once !
Things that could only show themselves and
die.

Cheered with this hope, to Paris I re-
turned,

And ranged, with ardour heretofore unfelt,
The spacious city, and in progress passed
The prison where the unhappy Monarch
lay,

Associate with his children and his wife
In bondage ; and the palace, lately stormed
With roar of cannon by a furious host.
I crossed the square (an empty area then !)
Of the Carrousel, where so late had lain
The dead, upon the dying heaped, and
gazed

On this and other spots, as doth a man
Upon a volume whose contents he knows
Are memorable, but from him locked up,
Being written in a tongue he cannot read,
So that he questions the mute leaves with
pain,

And half upbraids their silence. But that
night

I felt most deeply in what world I was,
What ground I trod on, and what air I
breathed.

High was my room and lonely, near the
roof

Of a large mansion or hotel, a lodge
That would have pleased me in more quiet
times ;

Nor was it wholly without pleasure then.
With unextinguished taper I kept watch,
Reading at intervals ; the fear gone by
Pressed on me almost like a fear to come.
I thought of those September massacres,
Divided from me by one little month,
Saw them and touched : the rest was con-
jured up

From tragic fictions or true history,
Remembrances and dim admonishments.
The horse is taught his manage, and no
star

Of wildest course but treads back his own
steps ;

For the spent hurricane the air provides
As fierce a successor ; the tide retreats

But to return out of its hiding-place
In the great deep; all things have second
birth;

The earthquake is not satisfied at once;
And in this way I wrought upon myself,
Until I seemed to hear a voice that cried,
To the whole city, "Sleep no more." The
trance

Fled with the voice to which it had given
birth;

But vainly comments of a calmer mind
Promised soft peace and sweet forgetfulness,
The place, all hushed and silent as it was,
Appeared unfit for the repose of night,
Defenceless as a wood where tigers roam.

With early morning towards the Palace-
walk

Of Orleans eagerly I turned: as yet
The streets were still; not so those long
Arcades;

There, 'mid a peal of ill-matched sounds
and cries,

That greeted me on entering, I could hear
Shrill voices from the hawkers in the throng,
Bawling, "Denunciation of the Crimes
Of Maximilian Robespierre;" the hand,
Prompt as the voice, held forth a printed
speech,

The same that had been recently pro-
nounced,

When Robespierre, not ignorant for what
mark

Some words of indirect reproof had been
Intended, rose in hardihood, and dared
The man who had an ill surmise of him
To bring his charge in openness; whereat,
When a dead pause ensued, and no one
stirred,

In silence of all present, from his seat
Louvét walked single through the avenue,
And took his station in the Tribune, saying,
"I, Robespierre, accuse thee!" Well is
known

The inglorious issue of that charge, and how
He, who had launched the startling thunder-
bolt,

The one bold man, whose voice the attack
had sounded,

Was left without a follower to discharge
His perilous duty, and retire lamenting
That Heaven's best aid is wasted upon men
Who to themselves are false.

But these are things

Of which I speak, only as they were storm
Or sunshine to my individual mind,
No further. Let me then relate that now—
In some sort seeing with my proper eyes
That Liberty, and Life, and Death, would
soon

To the remotest corners of the land
Lie in the arbitrement of those who ruled
The capital City; what was struggled for,
And by what combatants victory must be
won;

The indecision on their part whose aim
Seemed best, and the straightforward path
of those

Who in attack or in defence were strong
Through their impiety—my inmost soul
Was agitated; yea, I could almost
Have prayed that throughout earth upon all
men,

By patient exercise of reason made
Worthy of liberty, all spirits filled
With zeal expanding in Truth's holy light,
The gift of tongues might fall, and power
arrive

From the four quarters of the winds to do
For France, what without help she could
not do,

A work of honour; think not that to this
I added, work of safety: from all doubt
Or trepidation for the end of things
Far was I, far as angels are from guilt.

Yet did I grieve, nor only grieved, but
thought

Of opposition and of remedies:

An insignificant stranger and obscure,
And one, moreover, little graced with power
Of eloquence even in my native speech,
And all unfit for tumult or intrigue,

Yet would I at this time with willing heart
Have undertaken for a cause so great
Service however dangerous. I revolved,
How much the destiny of Man had still
Hung upon single persons; that there was,
Transcendent to all local patrimony,
One nature, as there is one sun in heaven;
That objects, even as they are great, there-
by

Do come within the reach of humblest eyes;
That Man is only weak through his mistrust
And want of hope where evidence divine
Proclaims to him that hope should be most
sure;

Nor did the inexperience of my youth

Preclude conviction, that a spirit strong
 In hope, and trained to noble aspirations,
 A spirit thoroughly faithful to itself,
 Is for Society's unreasoning herd
 A domineering instinct, serves at once
 For way and guide, a fluent receptacle
 That gathers up each petty straggling rill
 And vein of water, glad to be rolled on
 In safe obedience; that a mind, whose rest
 Is where it ought to be, in self-restraint,
 In circumspection and simplicity,
 Falls rarely in entire discomfiture
 Below its aim, or meets with, from without,
 A treachery that foils it or defeats;
 And, lastly, if the means on human will,
 Frail human will, dependent should betray
 Him who too boldly trusted them, I felt
 That 'mid the loud distractions of the world
 A sovereign voice subsists within the soul,
 Arbitrator undisturbed of right and wrong,
 Of life and death, in majesty severe
 Enjoining, as may best promote the aims
 Of truth and justice, either sacrifice,
 From whatsoever region of our cares
 Or our infirm affections Nature pleads,
 Earnest and blind, against the stern decree.

On the other side, I called to mind those
 truths
 That are the commonplaces of the schools—
 (A theme for boys, too hackneyed for their
 sires,)
 Yet, with a revelation's liveliness,
 In all their comprehensive bearings known
 And visible to philosophers of old,
 Men who, to business of the world un-
 trained,
 Lived in the shade; and to Harmodius
 known
 And his compeer Aristogiton, known
 To Brutus—that tyrannic power is weak,
 Hath neither gratitude, nor faith, nor love,
 Nor the support of good or evil men
 To trust in; that the godhead which is ours
 Can never utterly be charmed or stilled;
 That nothing hath a natural right to last
 But equity and reason; that all else
 Meets foes irreconcilable, and at best
 Lives only by variety of disease.

Well might my wishes be intense, my
 thoughts
 Strong and perturbed, not doubting at that
 time

But that the virtue of one paramount mind
 Would have abashed those impious crests
 —have quelled
 Outrage and bloody power, and—in despite
 Of what the People long had been and were
 Through ignorance and false teaching,
 sadder proof
 Of immaturity, and—in the teeth
 Of desperate opposition from without—
 Have cleared a passage for just govern-
 ment,
 And left a solid birthright to the State,
 Redeemed, according to example given
 By ancient lawgivers.

In this frame of mind,
 Dragged by a chain of harsh necessity,
 So seemed it,—now I thankfully acknow-
 ledge,
 Forced by the gracious providence of
 Heaven,—
 To England I returned, else (though as-
 sured
 That I both was and must be of small
 weight,
 No better than a landsman on the deck
 Of a ship struggling with a hideous storm)
 Doubtless, I should have then made com-
 mon cause
 With some who perished; haply perished
 too,
 A poor mistaken and bewildered offering,—
 Should to the breast of Nature have gone
 back,
 With all my resolutions, all my hopes,
 A Poet only to myself, to men
 Useless, and even, beloved Friend! a soul
 To thee unknown!

Twice had the trees let fall
 Their leaves, as often Winter had put on
 His hoary crown, since I had seen the surge
 Beat against Albion's shore, since ear of
 mine
 Had caught the accents of my native speech
 Upon our native country's sacred ground.
 A patriot of the world, how could I glide
 Into communion with her sylvan shades,
 Erewhile my tuneful haunt? It pleased
 me more
 To abide in the great City, where I found
 The general air still busy with the stir
 Of that first memorable onset made
 By a strong levy of humanity
 Upon the traffickers in Negro blood;
 Effort which, though defeated, had recalled

To notice old forgotten principles,
 And through the nation spread a novel heat
 Of virtuous feeling. For myself, I own
 That this particular strife had wanted power
 To rivet my affections ; nor did now
 Its unsuccessful issue much excite
 My sorrow ; for I brought with me the
 faith

That, if France prospered, good men would
 not long

Pay fruitless worship to humanity,
 And this most rotten branch of human
 shame,

Object, so seemed it, of superfluous pains
 Would fall together with its parent tree.
 What, then, were my emotions, when in
 arms

Britain put forth her free-born strength in
 league,

Oh, pity and shame ! with those confeder-
 ate Powers !

Not in my single self alone I found,
 But in the minds of all ingenuous youth,
 Change and subversion from that hour.
 No shock

Given to my moral nature had I known
 Down to that very moment ; neither lapse
 Nor turn of sentiment that might be named
 A revolution, save at this one time ;
 All else was progress on the self-same path
 On which, with a diversity of pace,
 I had been travelling : this a stride at once
 Into another region. As a light
 And pliant harebell, swinging in the breeze
 On some grey rock—its birth-place—so
 had I

Wantoned, fast rooted on the ancient tower
 Of my beloved country, wishing not
 A happier fortune than to wither there :
 Now was I from that pleasant station torn
 And tossed about in whirlwind. I rejoiced,
 Yea, afterwards—truth most painful to
 record !—

Exulted, in the triumph of my soul,
 When Englishmen by thousands were o'er-
 thrown,

Left without glory on the field, or driven,
 Brave hearts ! to shameful flight. It was
 a grief,—

Grief call it not, 'twas anything but that,—
 A conflict of sensations without name,
 Of which *he* only, who may love the sight
 Of a village steeple, as I do, can judge,
 When, in the congregation bending all

To their great Father, prayers were offered
 up,

Or praises for our country's victories ;
 And, 'mid the simple worshippers, per-
 chance

I only, like an uninvited guest
 Whom no one owned, sate silent, shall I
 add,

Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come.

Oh ! much have they to account for, who
 could tear,

By violence, at one decisive rent,
 From the best youth in England their dear
 pride,

Their joy, in England ; this, too, at a time
 In which worst losses easily might wean
 The best of names, when patriotic love
 Did of itself in modesty give way,
 Like the Precursor when the Deity
 Is come Whose harbinger he was ; a time
 In which apostasy from ancient faith
 Seemed but conversion to a higher creed ;
 Withal a season dangerous and wild,
 A time when sage Experience would have
 snatched

Flowers out of any hedge-row to compose
 A chaplet in contempt of his grey locks.

When the proud fleet that bears the red-
 cross flag

In that unworthy service was prepared
 To mingle, I beheld the vessels lie,
 A brood of gallant creatures, on the deep ;
 I saw them in their rest, a sojourner
 Through a whole month of calm and glassy
 days

In that delightful island which protects
 Their place of convocation—there I heard,
 Each evening, pacing by the still sea-shore,
 A monitory sound that never failed,—
 The sunset cannon. While the orb went
 down

In the tranquillity of nature, came
 That voice, ill requiem ! seldom heard by
 me

Without a spirit overcast by dark
 Imaginations, sense of woes to come,
 Sorrow for human kind, and pain of heart.

In France, the men, who, for their
 desperate ends,
 Had plucked up mercy by the roots, were
 glad

Of this new enemy. Tyrants, strong before
In wicked pleas, were strong as demons
now;

And thus, on every side beset with foes,
The goaded land waxed mad; the crimes
of few

Spread into madness of the many; blasts
From hell came sanctified like airs from
heaven.

The sternness of the just, the faith of those
Who doubted not that Providence had
times

Of vengeful retribution, theirs who throned
The human Understanding paramount
And made of that their God, the hopes of
men

Who were content to barter short-lived
pangs

For a paradise of ages, the blind rage
Of insolent tempers, the light vanity
Of intermeddlers, steady purposes
Of the suspicious, slips of the indiscreet,
And all the accidents of life—were pressed
Into one service, busy with one work.
The Senate stood aghast, her prudence
quenched,

Her wisdom stifled, and her justice scared,
Her frenzy only active to extol
Past outrages, and shape the way for new,
Which no one dared to oppose or mitigate.

Domestic carnage now filled the whole
year

With feast-days; old men from the chimney-
nook,

The maiden from the bosom of her love,
The mother from the cradle of her babe,
The warrior from the field—all perished,
all—

Friends, enemies, of all parties, ages, ranks,
Head after head, and never heads enough
For those that bade them fall. They found
their joy,

They made it proudly, eager as a child,
(If like desires of innocent little ones
May with such heinous appetites be com-
pared),

It was in some open field to exercise
A toy that mimics with revolving wings
The motion of a wind-mill; though the air
Do of itself blow fresh, and make the vanes
Spin in his eyesight, *that* contents him not,
But with the plaything at arm's length, he

sells

His front against the blast, and runs amain,
That it may whirl the faster.

Amid the depth
Of those enormities, even thinking minds
Forgot, at seasons, whence they had their
being

Forgot that such a sound was ever heard
As Liberty upon earth: yet all beneath
Her innocent authority was wrought,
Nor could have been, without her blessed
name.

The illustrious wife of Roland, in the hour
Of her composure, felt that agony,
And gave it vent in her last words. O
Friend!

It was a lamentable time for man,
Whether a hope had e'er been his or not:
A woful time for them whose hopes survived
The shock; most woful for those few who
still

Were flattered, and had trust in human
kind:

They had the deepest feeling of the grief.
Meanwhile the Invaders fared as they
deserved:

The Herculean Commonwealth had put
forth her arms,

And throttled with an infant godhead's
might

The snakes about her cradle; that was well,
And as it should be; yet no cure for them
Whose souls were sick with pain of what
would be

Hereafter brought in charge against man-
kind.

Most melancholy at that time, O Friend!
Were my day-thoughts,—my nights were
miserable;

Through months, through years, long after
the last beat

Of those atrocities, the hour of sleep
To me came rarely charged with natural
gifts,

Such ghastly visions had I of despair
And tyranny, and implements of death;
And innocent victims sinking under fear,
And momentary hope, and worn-out prayer,
Each in his separate cell, or penned in crowds
For sacrifice, and struggling with fond mirth
And levity in dungeons, where the dust
Was laid with tears. Then suddenly the
scene

Changed, and the unbroken dream entangled
me

In long orations, which I strove to plead
 Before unjust tribunals,—with a voice
 Labouring, a brain confounded, and a
 sense,
 Death-like, of treacherous desertion, felt
 In the last place of refuge—my own soul.

When I began in youth's delightful prime
 To yield myself to Nature, when that strong
 And holy passion overcame me first,
 Nor day nor night, evening or morn, was
 free

From its oppression. But, O Power
 Supreme !

Without Whose call this world would cease
 to breathe

Who from the fountain of Thy grace dost
 fill

The veins that branch through every frame
 of life,

Making man what he is, creature divine,
 In single or in social eminence,
 Above the rest raised infinite ascents
 When reason that enables him to be
 Is not sequestered—what a change is here !
 How different ritual for this after-worship,
 What countenance to promote this second
 love !

The first was service paid to things which
 lie

Guarded within the bosom of Thy will.
 Therefore to serve was high beatitude ;
 Tumult was therefore gladness, and the fear
 Ennobling, venerable ; sleep secure,
 And waking thoughts more rich than happiest
 dreams.

But as the ancient Prophets, borne aloft
 In vision, yet constrained by natural laws
 With them to take a troubled human heart,
 Wanted not consolations, nor a creed
 Of reconciliation, then when they denounced,
 On towns and cities, wallowing in the abyss
 Of their offences, punishment to come ;
 Or saw, like other men, with bodily eyes,
 Before them, in some desolated place,
 The wrath consummate and the threat
 fulfilled ;

So, with devout humility be it said,
 So, did a portion of that spirit fall
 On me uplifted from the vantage-ground
 Of pity and sorrow to a state of being
 That through the time's exceeding fierceness
 saw

Glimpses of retribution, terrible,
 And in the order of sublime behests :
 But, even if that were not, amid the awe
 Of unintelligible chastisement,
 Not only acquiescences of faith
 Survived, but daring sympathies with power,
 Motions not treacherous or profane, else
 why

Within the folds of no ungentle breast
 Their dread vibration to this hour prolonged ?
 Wild blasts of music thus could find their
 way

Into the midst of turbulent events ;
 So that worst tempests might be listened to.
 Then was the truth received into my heart,
 That, under heaviest sorrow earth can bring,
 If from the affliction somewhere do not grow
 Honour which could not else have been, a
 faith,

An elevation, and a sanctity,
 If new strength be not given nor old restored,
 The blame is ours, not Nature's. When a
 taunt

Was taken up by scoffers in their pride,
 Saying, " Behold the harvest that we reap
 From popular government and equality,"
 I clearly saw that neither these nor aught
 Of wild belief engrafted on their names
 By false philosophy had caused the woe,
 But a terrific reservoir of guilt
 And ignorance filled up from age to age,
 That could no longer hold its loathsome
 charge,
 But burst and spread in deluge through the
 land.

And as the desert hath green spots, the
 sea
 Small islands scattered amid stormy waves,
 So *that* disastrous period did not want
 Bright sprinklings of all human excellence,
 To which the silver wands of saints in
 Heaven
 Might point with rapturous joy. Yet not
 the less,

For those examples, in no age surpassed,
 Of fortitude and energy and love,
 And human nature faithful to herself
 Under worst trials, was I driven to think
 Of the glad times when first I traversed
 France

A youthful pilgrim ; above all reviewed
 That eventide, when under windows bright
 With happy faces and with garlands hung,

And through a rainbow-arch that spanned
the street,

Triumphal pomp for liberty confirmed,
I paced, a dear companion at my side,
The town of Arras, whence with promise
high

Issued, on delegation to sustain
Humanity and right, *that* Robespierre,
He who thereafter, and in how short time !
Wielded the sceptre of the Atheist crew.

When the calamity spread far and wide—
And this same city, that did then appear
To outrun the rest in exultation, groaned
Under the vengeance of her cruel son,
As Lear reproached the winds—I could
almost

Have quarrelled with that blameless spec-
tacle

For lingering yet an image in my mind
To mock me under such a strange reverse.

O Friend ! few happier moments have
been mine

Than that which told the downfall of this
Tribe

So dreaded, so abhorred. The day deserves
A separate record. Over the smooth sands
Of Leven's ample estuary lay

My journey, and beneath a genial sun,
With distant prospect among gleams of sky
And clouds and intermingling mountain
tops,

In one inseparable glory clad,
Creatures of one ethereal substance met
In consistory, like a diadem

Or crown of burning seraphs as they sit
In the empyrean. Underneath that pomp
Celestial, lay unseen the pastoral vales

Among whose happy fields I had grown up
From childhood. On the fulgent spectacle,
That neither passed away nor changed, I
gazed

Enrapt ; but brightest things are wont to
draw

Sad opposites out of the inner heart,
As even their pensive influence drew from
mine.

How could it otherwise ? for not in vain
That very morning had I turned aside
To seek the ground where, 'mid a throng
of graves,

An honoured teacher of my youth was laid,
And on the stone were graven by his desire
Lines from the churchyard elegy of Gray.

This faithful guide, speaking from his death-
bed,

Added no farewell to his parting counsel,
But said to me, " My head will soon lie
low ; "

And when I saw the turf that covered him,
After the lapse of full eight years, those
words,

With sound of voice and countenance of
the Man,

Came back upon me, so that some few tears
Fell from me in my own despite. But now
I thought, still traversing that widespread
plain,

With tender pleasure of the verses graven
Upon his tombstone, whispering to myself :
He loved the Poets, and, if now alive,
Would have loved me, as one not destitute
Of promise, nor belying the kind hope
That he had formed, when I, at his command,
Began to spin, with toil, my earliest songs.

As I advanced, all that I saw or felt
Was gentleness and peace. Upon a small
And rocky island near, a fragment stood,
(Itself like a sea rock) the low remains
(With shells encrusted, dark with briny
weeds)

Of a dilapidated structure, once
A Romish chapel, where the vested priest
Said matins at the hour that suited those
Who crossed the sands with ebb of morning
tide.

Not far from that still ruin all the plain
Lay spotted with a variegated crowd
Of vehicles and travellers, horse and foot,
Wading beneath the conduct of their guide
In loose procession through the shallow
stream

Of inland waters ; the great sea meanwhile
Heaved at safe distance, far retired. I
paused,

Longing for skill to paint a scene so bright
And cheerful, but the foremost of the band
As he approached, no salutation given
In the familiar language of the day,
Cried, " Robespierre is dead ! " nor was a
doubt,

After strict question, left within my mind
That he and his supporters all were fallen.

Great was my transport, deep my grati-
tude

To everlasting Justice, by this fiat

Made manifest. "Come now, ye golden times,"
 Said I forth-pouring on those open sands
 A hymn of triumph: "as the morning comes
 From out the bosom of the night, come ye:
 Thus far our trust is verified; behold!
 They who with clumsy desperation brought
 A river of Blood, and preached that nothing else
 Could cleanse the Augean stable, by the might
 Of their own helper have been swept away;
 Their madness stands declared and visible;
 Elsewhere will safety now be sought, and earth
 March firmly towards righteousness and peace."
 Then schemes I framed more calmly, when and how
 The madding factions might be tranquillised,
 And how through hardships manifold and long
 The glorious renovation would proceed.
 Thus interrupted by uneasy bursts
 Of exultation, I pursued my way
 Along that very shore which I had skimmed
 In former days, when—spurring from the Vale
 Of Nightshade, and St. Mary's mouldering fane,
 And the stone abbot, after circuit made
 In wantonness of heart, a joyous band
 Of schoolboys hastening to their distant home
 Along the margin of the moonlight sea—
 We beat with thundering hoofs the level sand.

BOOK ELEVENTH

FRANCE (*concluded*)

FROM that time forth, Authority in France
 Put on a milder face; Terror had ceased,
 Yet everything was wanting that might give
 Courage to them who looked for good by light
 Of rational Experience, for the shoots
 And hopeful blossoms of a second spring:
 Yet, in me, confidence was unimpaired;
 The Senate's language, and the public acts

And measures of the Government, though both
 Weak, and of heartless omen, had not power
 To daunt me; in the People was my trust:
 And, in the virtues which mine eyes had seen,
 I knew that wound external could not take
 Life from the young Republic; that new foes
 Would only follow, in the path of shame,
 Their brethren, and her triumphs be in the end
 Great, universal, irresistible.
 This intuition led me to confound
 One victory with another, higher far,—
 Triumphs of unambitious peace at home,
 And noiseless fortitude. Beholding still
 Resistance strong as heretofore, I thought
 That what was in degree the same was likewise
 The same in quality,—that, as the worse
 Of the two spirits then at strife remained
 Untired, the better, surely, would preserve
 The heart that first had roused him. Youth maintains,
 In all conditions of society,
 Communion more direct and intimate
 With Nature,—hence, oftentimes, with reason too—
 Than age or manhood, even. To Nature, then,
 Power had reverted: habit, custom, law,
 Had left an interregnum's open space
 For *her* to move about in, uncontrolled.
 Hence could I see how Babel-like their task,
 Who, by the recent deluge stupified,
 With their whole souls went culling from the day
 Its petty promises, to build a tower
 For their own safety; laughed with my compeers
 At gravest heads, by enmity to France
 Distempered, till they found, in every blast
 Forced from the street-disturbing news-man's horn,
 For her great cause record or prophecy
 Of utter ruin. How might we believe
 That wisdom could, in any shape, come near
 Men clinging to delusions so insane?
 And thus, experience proving that no few
 Of our opinions had been just, we took
 Like credit to ourselves where less was due.

And thought that other notions were as
sound

Yea, could not but be right, because we
saw

That foolish men opposed them.

To a strain
More animated I might here give way,
And tell, since juvenile errors are my theme,
What in those days, through Britain, was
performed

To turn *all* judgments out of their right
course;

But this is passion over-near ourselves,
Reality too close and too intense,
And intermixed with something, in my mind,
Of scorn and condemnation personal,
That would profane the sanctity of verse.
Our Shepherds, this say merely, at that time
Acted, or seemed at least to act, like men
Thirsting to make the guardian crook of
law

A tool of murder; they who ruled the
State—

Though with such awful proof before their
eyes

That he, who would sow death, reaps death,
or worse,

And can reap nothing better—child-like
longed

To imitate, not wise enough to avoid;

Or left (by mere timidity betrayed)

The plain straight road, for one no better
chosen

Than if their wish had been to undermine
Justice, and make an end of Liberty.

But from these bitter truths I must return
To my own history. It hath been told
That I was led to take an eager part
In arguments of civil polity,
Abruptly, and indeed before my time:
I had approached, like other youths, the
shield

Of human nature from the golden side,
And would have fought, even to the death,
to attest

The quality of the metal which I saw.

What there is best in individual man,
Of wise in passion, and sublime in power,
Benevolent in small societies,
And great in large ones, I had oft revolved,
Felt deeply, but not thoroughly understood
By reason: nay, far from it; they were yet,
As cause was given me afterwards to learn,

Not proof against the injuries of the day;
Lodged only at the sanctuary's door,
Not safe within its bosom. Thus prepared,
And with such general insight into evil,
And of the bounds which sever it from
good,

As books and common intercourse with life
Must needs have given—to the inexperienced
mind,

When the world travels in a beaten road,
Guide faithful as is needed—I began
To meditate with ardour on the rule
And management of nations; what it is
And ought to be; and strove to learn how
far

Their power or weakness, wealth or poverty,
Their happiness or misery, depends
Upon their laws, and fashion of the State.

¹ O pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
For mighty were the auxiliars which then
stood

Upon our side, us who were strong in love!
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven! O
times,

In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
The attraction of a country in romance!
When Reason seemed the most to assert
her rights

When most intent on making of herself
A prime enchantress—to assist the work,
Which then was going forward in her name!
Not favoured spots alone, but the whole
Earth,

The beauty wore of promise—that which
sets

(As at some moments might not be unfelt
Among the bowers of Paradise itself)
The budding rose above the rose full blown.
What temper at the prospect did not wake
To happiness unthought of? The inert
Were roused, and lively natures rapt away!
They who had fed their childhood upon
dreams,

The play-fellows of fancy, who had made
All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and strength
Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had
stirred

Among the grandest objects of the sense,
And dealt with whatsoever they found there
As if they had within some lurking right

¹ See p. 234.

To wield it;—they, too, who of gentle mood
 Had watched all gentle motions, and to these
 Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers
 more mild,
 And in the region of their peaceful selves;—
 Now was it that *both* found, the meek and
 lofty
 Did both find, helpers to their hearts' desire,
 And stuff at hand, plastic as they could
 wish,—
 Were called upon to exercise their skill,
 Not in Utopia,—subterranean fields,—
 Or some secreted island, Heaven knows
 where!
 But in the very world, which is the world
 Of all of us,—the place where, in the end,
 We find our happiness, or not at all!

Why should I not confess that Earth was
 then
 To me, what an inheritance, new-fallen,
 Seems, when the first time visited, to one
 Who thither comes to find in it his home?
 He walks about and looks upon the spot
 With cordial transport, moulds it and
 remoulds,
 And is half-pleased with things that are
 amiss,
 'Twill be such joy to see them disappear.

An active partisan, I thus convoked
 From every object pleasant circumstance
 To suit my ends; I moved among man-
 kind
 With genial feelings still predominant;
 When erring, erring on the better part,
 And in the kinder spirit; placable,
 Indulgent, as not uninformed that men
 See as they have been taught—Antiquity
 Gives rights to error; and aware, no less
 That throwing off oppression must be work
 As well of License as of Liberty;
 And above all—for this was more than
 all—
 Not caring if the wind did now and then
 Blow keen upon an eminence that gave
 Prospect so large into futurity;
 In brief, a child of Nature, as at first,
 Diffusing only those affections wider
 That from the cradle had grown up with
 me,
 And losing, in no other way than light
 Is lost in light, the weak in the more strong.

In the main outline, such it might be
 said
 Was my condition, till with open war
 Britain opposed the liberties of France.
 This threw me first out of the pale of love;
 Soured and corrupted, upwards to the
 source,
 My sentiments; was not, as hitherto,
 A swallowing up of lesser things in great,
 But change of them into their contraries;
 And thus a way was opened for mistakes
 And false conclusions, in degree as gross,
 In kind more dangerous. What had been
 a pride,
 Was now a shame; my likings and my
 loves
 Ran in new channels, leaving old ones dry;
 And hence a blow that, in maturer age,
 Would but have touched the judgment,
 struck more deep
 Into sensations near the heart: meantime,
 As from the first, wild theories were afloat,
 To whose pretensions, sedulously urged,
 I had but lent a careless ear, assured
 That time was ready to set all things right,
 And that the multitude, so long oppressed,
 Would be oppressed no more.

But when events
 Brought less encouragement, and unto
 these
 The immediate proof of principles no more
 Could be entrusted, while the events them-
 selves,
 Worn out in greatness, stripped of novelty,
 Less occupied the mind, and sentiments
 Could through my understanding's natural
 growth
 No longer keep their ground, by faith
 maintained
 Of inward consciousness, and hope that
 laid
 Her hand upon her object—evidence
 Safer, of universal application, such
 As could not be impeached, was sought
 elsewhere.

But now, become oppressors in their turn,
 Frenchmen had changed a war of self-
 defence
 For one of conquest, losing sight of all
 Which they had struggled for: up mounted
 now,
 Openly in the eye of earth and heaven,
 The scale of liberty. I read her doom,

With anger vexed, with disappointment
 sore,
 But not dismayed, nor taking to the shame
 Of a false prophet. While resentment
 rose
 Striving to hide, what nought could heal,
 the wounds
 Of mortified presumption, I adhered
 More firmly to old tenets, and, to prove
 Their temper, strained them more; and
 thus, in heat
 Of contest, did opinions every day
 Grow into consequence, till round my mind
 They clung, as if they were its life, nay
 more,
 The very being of the immortal soul.

This was the time, when, all things
 tending fast
 To depravation, speculative schemes—
 That promised to abstract the hopes of
 Man
 Out of his feelings, to be fixed thenceforth
 For ever in a purer element—
 Found ready welcome. Tempting region
that
 For Zeal to enter and refresh herself,
 Where passions had the privilege to work,
 And never hear the sound of their own
 names.
 But, speaking more in charity, the dream
 Flattered the young, pleased with extremes,
 nor least
 With that which makes our Reason's naked
 self
 The object of its fervour. What delight!
 How glorious! in self-knowledge and self-
 rule,
 To look through all the frailties of the
 world,
 And, with a resolute mastery shaking off
 Infirmities of nature, time, and place,
 Build social upon personal Liberty,
 Which, to the blind restraints of general
 laws,
 Superior, magisterially adopts
 One guide, the light of circumstances,
 flashed
 Upon an independent intellect.
 Thus expectation rose again; thus hope,
 From her first ground expelled, grew proud
once more.
 Oft, as my thoughts were turned to human
 kind,

I scorned indifference; but, inflamed with
 thirst
 Of a secure intelligence, and sick
 Of other longing, I pursued what seemed
 A more exalted nature; wished that Man
 Should start out of his earthy, worm-like
 state,
 And spread abroad the wings of Liberty,
 Lord of himself, in undisturbed delight—
 A noble aspiration! *yet* I feel
 (Sustained by worthier as by wiser thoughts)
 The aspiration, nor shall ever cease
 To feel it;—but return we to our course.

Enough, 'tis true—could such a plea
 excuse
 Those aberrations—had the clamorous
 friends
 Of ancient Institutions said and done
 To bring disgrace upon their very names;
 Disgrace, of which, custom and written
 law,
 And sundry moral sentiments as props
 Or emanations of those institutes,
 Too justly bore a part. A veil had been
 Uplifted; why deceive ourselves? in sooth,
 'Twas even so; and sorrow for the man
 Who either had not eyes wherewith to see,
 Or, seeing, had forgotten! A strong
 shock
 Was given to old opinions; all men's minds
 Had felt its power, and mine was both let
 loose,
 Let loose and goaded. After what hath
 been
 Already said of patriotic love,
 Suffice it here to add, that, somewhat stern
 In temperament, withal a happy man,
 And therefore bold to look on painful
 things,
 Free likewise of the world, and thence more
 bold,
 I summoned my best skill, and toiled,
 intent
 To anatomise the frame of social life;
 Yea, the whole body of society
 Searched to its heart. Share with me,
 Friend! the wish
 That some dramatic tale, endued with
 shapes
 Livelier, and flinging out less guarded
 words
 Than suit the work we fashion, might set
 forth

What then I learned, or think I learned,
of truth,

And the errors into which I fell, betrayed
By present objects, and by reasonings false
From their beginnings, inasmuch as drawn
Out of a heart that had been turned aside
From Nature's way by outward accidents,
And which was thus confounded, more and
more

Misguided, and misleading. So I fared,
Dragging all precepts, judgments, maxims,
creeds,

Like culprits to the bar; calling the mind,
Suspiciously, to establish in plain day
Her titles and her honours; now believing,
Now disbelieving; endlessly perplexed
With impulse, motive, right and wrong,
the ground

Of obligation, what the rule and whence
The sanction; till, demanding formal *proof*,
And seeking it in every thing, I lost
All feeling of conviction, and, in fine,
Sick, wearied out with contrarieties,
Yielded up moral questions in despair.

This was the crisis of that strong disease,
This the soul's last and lowest ebb; I
drooped,

Deeming our blessed reason of least use
Where wanted most: "The lordly attributes

Of will and choice," I bitterly exclaimed
"What are they but a mockery of a Being
Who hath in no concerns of his a test
Of good and evil; knows not what to fear
Or hope for, what to covet or to shun;
And who, if those could be discerned,
would yet

Be little profited, would see, and ask
Where is the obligation to enforce?
And, to acknowledged law rebellious, still,
As selfish passion urged, would act amiss;
The dupe of folly, or the slave of crime."

Depressed, bewildered thus, I did not
walk

With scoffers, seeking light and gay re-
venge

From indiscriminate laughter, nor sate down
In reconciliation with an utter waste
Of intellect; such sloth I could not brook,
(Too well I loved, in that my spring of life,
Pains-taking thoughts, and truth, their
dear reward)

But turned to abstract science, and there
sought

Work for the reasoning faculty enthroned
Where the disturbances of space and time—
Whether in matters various, properties
Inherent, or from human will and power
Derived—find no admission. Then it
was—

Thanks to the bounteous Giver of all
good!—

That the beloved Sister in whose sight
Those days were passed, now speaking in
a voice

Of sudden admonition—like a brook
That did but *cross* a lonely road, and now
Is seen, heard, felt, and caught at every
turn,

Companion never lost through many a
league—

Maintained for me a saving intercourse
With my true self; for, though bedimmed
and changed

Much, as it seemed, I was no further
changed

Than as a clouded and a waning moon:
She whispered still that brightness would
return;

She, in the midst of all, preserved me still
A Poet, made me seek beneath that name,
And that alone, my office upon earth;
And, lastly, as hereafter will be shown,
If willing audience fail not, Nature's self,
By all varieties of human love
Assisted, led me back through opening day
To those sweet counsels between head and
heart

Whence grew that genuine knowledge,
fraught with peace,

Which, through the later sinkings of this
cause,

Hath still upheld me, and upholds me now
In the catastrophe (for so they dream,
And nothing less), when, finally to close
And seal up all the gains of France, a
Pope

Is summoned in, to crown an Emperor—
This last opprobrium, when we see a people,
That once looked up in faith, as if to Heaven
For manna, take a lesson from the dog
Returning to his vomit; when the sun
That rose in splendour, was alive, and
moved

In exultation with a living pomp
Of clouds—his glory's natural retinue—

Hath dropped all functions by the gods
bestowed,
And, turned into a gewgaw, a machine,
Sets like an Opera phantom.

Thus, O Friend !
Through times of honour and through times
of shame

Descending, have I faithfully retraced
The perturbations of a youthful mind
Under a long-lived storm of great events—
A story destined for thy ear, who now,
Among the fallen of nations, dost abide
Where Etna, over hill and valley, casts
His shadow stretching towards Syracuse,
The city of Timoleon ! Righteous Heaven !
How are the mighty prostrated ! They first,
They first of all that breathe should have
awaked

When the great voice was heard from out
the tombs

Of ancient heroes. If I suffered grief
For ill-requited France, by many deemed
A trifier only in her proudest day ;
Have been distressed to think of what she
once

Promised, now is ; a far more sober cause
Thine eyes must see of sorrow in a land,
To the reanimating influence lost
Of memory, to virtue lost and hope,
Though with the wreck of loftier years
bestrewn.

But indignation works where hope is not,
And thou, O Friend ! wilt be refreshed.
There is

One great society alone on earth :
The noble Living and the noble Dead.

Thine be such converse strong and
sanative,

A ladder for thy spirit to reascend
To health and joy and pure contentedness ;
To me the grief confined, that thou art
gone

From this last spot of earth, where Freedom
now

Stands single in her only sanctuary ;
A lonely wanderer, art gone, by pain
Compelled and sickness, at this latter day,
This sorrowful reverse for all mankind.
I feel for thee, must utter what I feel :
The sympathies erewhile in part discharged,
Gather afresh, and will have vent again :
My own delights do scarcely seem to me

My own delights ; the lordly Alps themselves,
Those rosy peaks, from which the Morning
looks

Abroad on many nations, are no more .
For me that image of pure gladness
Which they were wont to be. Through
kindred scenes,

For purpose, at a time, how different !
Thou tak'st thy way, carrying the heart and
soul

That Nature gives to Poets, now by thought
Matured, and in the summer of their
strength.

Oh ! wrap him in your shades, ye giant
woods,

On Etna's side ; and thou, O flowery field
Of Enna ! is there not some nook of thine,
From the first play-time of the infant world
Kept sacred to restorative delight,
When from afar invoked by anxious love ?

Child of the mountains, among shepherds
reared,

Ere yet familiar with the classic page,
I learnt to dream of Sicily ; and lo,
The gloom, that, but a moment past, was
deepened

At thy command, at her command gives
way ;

A pleasant promise, wafted from her shores,
Comes o'er my heart : in fancy I behold
Her seas yet smiling, her once happy vales ;
Nor can my tongue give utterance to a
name

Of note belonging to that honoured isle,
Philosopher or Bard, Empedocles,
Or Archimedes, pure abstracted soul !
That doth not yield a solace to my grief :
And, O Theocritus,¹ so far have some
Prevailed among the powers of heaven and
earth,

By their endowments, good or great, that
they

Have had, as thou reportest, miracles
Wrought for them in old time : yea, not
unmoved,

When thinking on my own beloved friend,
I hear thee tell how bees with honey fed
Divine Comates, by his impious lord
Within a chest imprisoned ; how they came
Laden from blooming grove or flowery field,
And fed him there, alive, month after
month,

¹ *Theocrit. Idyll. vii. 78.*

Because the goatherd, blessèd man ! had
lips

Wet with the Muses' nectar.

Thus I soothe

The pensive moments by this calm fire-side,
And find a thousand bounteous images
To cheer the thoughts of those I love, and
mine.

Our prayers have been accepted ; thou wilt
stand

On Etna's summit, above earth and sea,
Triumphant, winning from the invaded
heavens

Thoughts without bound, magnificent de-
signs,

Worthy of poets who attuned their harps
In wood or echoing cave, for discipline
Of heroes ; or, in reverence to the gods,
'Mid temples, served by sapient priests, and
choirs

Of virgins crowned with roses. Not in vain
Those temples, where they in their ruins yet
Survive for inspiration, shall attract
Thy solitary steps : and on the brink
Thou wilt recline of pastoral Arethuse ;
Or, if that fountain be in truth no more,
Then, near some other spring—which, by
the name

Thou gratest, willingly deceived—
I see thee linger a glad votary,
And not a captive pining for his home.

BOOK TWELFTH

IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED

LONG time have human ignorance and guilt
Detained us, on what spectacles of woe
Compelled to look, and inwardly oppressed
With sorrow, disappointment, vexing
thoughts,

Confusion of the judgment, zeal decayed,
And, lastly, utter loss of hope itself
And things to hope for ! Not with these
began

Our song, and not with these our song
must end.

Ye motions of delight, that haunt the sides
Of the green hills ; ye breezes and soft airs,
Whose subtle intercourse with breathing
flowers,

Feelingly watched, might teach Man's
haughty race

How without injury to take, to give
Without offence ; ye who, as if to show
The wondrous influence of power gently
used,

Bend the complying heads of lordly pines,
And, with a touch, shift the stupendous
clouds

Through the whole compass of the sky ; ye
brooks,

Muttering along the stones, a busy noise
By day, a quiet sound in silent night ;
Ye waves, that out of the great deep steal
forth

In a calm hour to kiss the pebbly shore,
Not mute, and then retire, fearing no
storm ;

And you, ye groves, whose ministry it is
To interpose the covert of your shades,
Even as a sleep, between the heart of man
And outward troubles, between man himself,
Not seldom, and his own uneasy heart :

Oh ! that I had a music and a voice
Harmonious as your own, that I might tell
What ye have done for me. The morning
shines,

Nor heedeth Man's perverseness ; Spring
returns,—

I saw the Spring return, and could rejoice,
In common with the children of her love,
Piping on boughs, or sporting on fresh
fields,

Or boldly seeking pleasure nearer heaven
On wings that navigate cerulean skies.
So neither were complacency, nor peace,
Nor tender yearnings, wanting for my good
Through these distracted times ; in Nature
still

Glorying, I found a counterpoise in her,
Which, when the spirit of evil reached its
height,

Maintained for me a secret happiness.

This narrative, my Friend ! hath chiefly
told

Of intellectual power, fostering love,
Dispensing truth, and, over men and things,
Where reason yet might hesitate, diffusing
Prophetic sympathies of genial faith :
So was I favoured—such my happy lot—
Until that natural graciousness of mind
Gave way to overpressure from the times
And their disastrous issues. What availed,
When spells forbade the voyager to land,
That fragrant notice of a pleasant shore

Wafted, at intervals, from many a bower
Of blissful gratitude and fearless love?
Dare I avow that wish was mine to see,
And hope that future times *would* surely
see,

The man to come, parted, as by a gulph,
From him who had been ; that I could no
more

Trust the elevation which had made me
one

With the great family that still survives
To illuminate the abyss of *ages* past,
Sage, warrior, patriot, hero ; for it seemed
That their best virtues were not free from
taint

Of something false and weak, that could
not stand

The open eye of Reason. Then I said,
" Go to the Poets, they will speak to thee
More perfectly of purer creatures ;—yet
If reason be nobility in man,
Can aught be more ignoble than the man
Whom they delight in, blinded as he is
By prejudice, the miserable slave
Of low ambition or distempered love ? "

In such strange passion, if I may once
more

Review the past, I warred against myself—
A bigot to a new idolatry—
Like a cowed monk who hath forsworn the
world,

Zealously laboured to cut off my heart
From all the sources of her former strength ;
And as, by simple waving of a wand,
The wizard instantaneously dissolves
Palace or grove, even so could I unsoul
As readily by syllogistic words
Those mysteries of being which have made,
And shall continue evermore to make,
Of the whole human race one brotherhood.

What wonder, then, if, to a mind so far
Perverted, even the visible Universe
Fell under the dominion of a taste
Less spiritual, with microscopic view
Was scanned, as I had scanned the moral
world ?

O Soul of Nature ! excellent and fair !
That didst rejoice with me, with whom I,
too,
Rejoiced through early youth, before the
winds

And roaring waters, and in lights and
shades

That marched and countermarched about
the hills

In glorious apparition, Powers on whom
I daily waited, now all eye and now
All ear ; but never long without the heart
Employed, and man's unfolding intellect :
O Soul of Nature ! that, by laws divine
Sustained and governed, still dost overflow
With an impassioned life, what feeble ones
Walk on this earth ! how feeble have I been
When thou wert in thy strength ! Nor this
through stroke

Of human suffering, such as justifies
Remissness and inaptitude of mind,
But through presumption ; even in pleasure
pleased

Unworthily, disliking here, and there
Liking ; by rules of mimic art transferred
To things above all art ; but more,—for
this,

Although a strong infection of the age,
Was never much my habit—giving way
To a comparison of scene with scene,
Bent overmuch on superficial things,
Pampering myself with meagre novelties
Of colour and proportion ; to the moods
Of time and season, to the moral power,
The affections and the spirit of the place,
Insensible. Nor only did the love
Of sitting thus in judgment interrupt
My deeper feelings, but another cause,
More subtle and less easily explained,
That almost seems inherent in the creature,
A twofold frame of body and of mind.
I speak in recollection of a time
When the bodily eye, in every stage of life
The most despotic of our senses, gained
Such strength in *me* as often held my mind
In absolute dominion. Gladly here,
Entering upon abstruser argument,
Could I endeavour to unfold the means
Which Nature studiously employs to thwart
This tyranny, summons all the senses each
To counteract the other, and themselves,
And makes them all, and the objects with
which all

Are conversant, subservient in their turn
To the great ends of Liberty and Power.
But leave we this : enough that my delights
(Such as they were) were sought insatiably.
Vivid the transport, vivid though not pro-
found ;

I roamed from hill to hill, from rock to rock,
 Still craving combinations of new forms,
 New pleasure, wider empire for the sight,
 Proud of her own endowments, and rejoiced
 To lay the inner faculties asleep.
 Amid the turns and counterturns, the strife
 And various trials of our complex being,
 As we grow up, such thralldom of that sense
 Seems hard to shun. And yet I knew a maid,
 A young enthusiast, who escaped these bonds ;
 Her eye was not the mistress of her heart ;
 Far less did rules prescribed by passive taste,
 Or barren intermeddling subtleties,
 Perplex her mind ; but, wise as women are
 When genial circumstance hath favoured them,
 She welcomed what was given, and craved no more ;
 Whate'er the scene presented to her view
 That was the best, to that she was attuned
 By her benign simplicity of life,
 And through a perfect happiness of soul,
 Whose variegated feelings were in this
 Sisters, that they were each some new delight.
 Birds in the bower, and lambs in the green field,
 Could they have known her, would have loved ; methought
 Her very presence such a sweetness breathed,
 That flowers, and trees, and even the silent hills,
 And everything she looked on, should have had
 An intimation how she bore herself
 Towards them and to all creatures. God delights
 In such a being ; for, her common thoughts
 Are piety, her life is gratitude.

Even like this maid, before I was called forth
 From the retirement of my native hills,
 I loved whate'er I saw : nor lightly loved,
 But most intensely ; never dreamt of aught
 More grand, more fair, more exquisitely framed
 Than those few nooks to which my happy feet

Were limited. I had not at that time
 Lived long enough, nor in the least survived
 The first diviner influence of this world, thy
 As it appears to unaccustomed eyes.
 Worshipping them among the depth of things,
 As piety ordained, could I submit
 To measured admiration, or to aught
 That should preclude humility and love ?
 I felt, observed, and pondered ; did not judge,
 Yea, never thought of judging ; with the gift
 Of all this glory filled and satisfied.
 And afterwards, when through the gorgeous Alps
 Roaming, I carried with me the same heart :
 In truth, the degradation—howsoe'er
 Induced, effect, in whatsoe'er degree,
 Of custom that prepares a partial scale
 In which the little oft outweighs the great ;
 Or any other cause that hath been named ;
 Or lastly, aggravated by the times
 And their impassioned sounds, which well might make
 The milder minstrelsies of rural scenes
 Inaudible—was transient ; I had known
 Too forcibly, too early in my life,
 Visitings of imaginative power
 For this to last : I shook the habit off
 Entirely and for ever, and again
 In Nature's presence stood, as now I stand,
 A sensitive being, a *creative* soul.

There are in our existence spots of time,
 That with distinct pre-eminence retain
 A renovating virtue, whence—depressed
 By false opinion and contentious thought,
 Or aught of heavier or more deadly weight,
 In trivial occupations, and the round
 Of ordinary intercourse—our minds
 Are nourished and invisibly repaired ;
 A virtue, by which pleasure is enhanced,
 That penetrates, enables us to mount,
 When high, more high, and lifts us up
 when fallen.
 This efficacious spirit chiefly lurks
 Among those passages of life that give
 Profoundest knowledge to what point, and how,
 The mind is lord and master—outward sense

The obedient servant of her will. Such moments

Die scattered everywhere, taking their date
From our first childhood. I remember well,
That once, while yet my inexperienced hand

Could scarcely hold a bridle, with proud hopes

I mounted, and we journeyed towards the hills :

An ancient servant of my father's house
Was with me, my encourager and guide :
We had not travelled long, ere some mischance

Disjoined me from my comrade ; and, through fear

Dismounting, down the rough and stony moor

I led my horse, and, stumbling on, at length

Came to a bottom, where in former times
A murderer had been hung in iron chains.
The gibbet-mast had mouldered down, the bones

And iron case were gone ; but on the turf,
Hard by, soon after that fell deed was wrought,

Some unknown hand had carved the murderer's name.

The monumental letters were inscribed
In times long past ; but still, from year to year

By superstition of the neighbourhood,
The grass is cleared away, and to this hour
The characters are fresh and visible :

A casual glance had shown them, and I fled,

Faltering and faint, and ignorant of the road :

Then, reascending the bare common, saw
A naked pool that lay beneath the hills,
The beacon on the summit, and, more near,

A girl, who bore a pitcher on her head,
And seemed with difficult steps to force her way

Against the blowing wind. It was, in truth,

An ordinary sight ; but I should need
Colours and words that are unknown to man,

To paint the visionary dreariness
Which, while I looked all round for my lost guide,

Invested moorland waste and naked pool,
The beacon crowning the lone eminence,
The female and her garments vexed and tossed

By the strong wind. When, in the blessed hours

Of early love, the loved one at my side,
I roamed, in daily presence of this scene,
Upon the naked pool and dreary crags,
And on the melancholy beacon, fell

A spirit of pleasure and youth's golden gleam ;

And think ye not with radiance more sublime

For these remembrances, and for the power
They had left behind ? So feeling comes in aid

Of feeling, and diversity of strength
Attends us, if but once we have been strong.

Oh ! mystery of man, from what a depth
Proceed thy honours. I am lost, but see
In simple childhood something of the base
On which thy greatness stands ; but this I feel,

That from thyself it comes, that thou must give ;

Else never canst receive. The days gone by
Return upon me almost from the dawn
Of life : the hiding-places of man's power
Open ; I would approach them, but they close.

I see by glimpses now ; when age comes on,
May scarcely see at all ; and I would give,
While yet we may, as far as words can give,

Substance and life to what I feel, enshrining,

Such is my hope, the spirit of the Past
For future restoration.—Yet another
Of these memorials :—

One Christmas-time,
On the glad eve of its dear holidays,
Feverish, and tired, and restless, I went forth

Into the fields, impatient for the sight
Of those led palfreys that should bear us home ;

My brothers and myself. There rose a crag,

That, from the meeting-point of two high-ways

Ascending, overlooked them both, far stretched ;

Thither, uncertain on which road to fix
 My expectation, thither I repaired,
 Scout-like, and gained the summit ; 'twas
 a day
 Tempestuous, dark, and wild, and on the
 grass
 I sate half-sheltered by a naked wall ;
 Upon my right hand couched a single
 sheep,
 Upon my left a blasted hawthorn stood ;
 With those companions at my side, I
 watched,
 Straining my eyes intensely, as the mist
 Gave intermitting prospect of the copse
 And plain beneath. Ere we to school
 returned,—
 That dreary time,—ere we had been ten
 days
 Sojourners in my father's house, he died ;
 And I and my three brothers, orphans then,
 Followed his body to the grave. The
 event,
 With all the sorrow that it brought,
 appeared
 A chastisement ; and when I called to mind
 That day so lately past, when from the crag
 I looked in such anxiety of hope ;
 With trite reflections of morality,
 Yet in the deepest passion, I bowed low
 To God, Who thus corrected my desires ;
 And, afterwards, the wind and sleety rain,
 And all the business of the elements,
 The single sheep, and the one blasted tree,
 And the bleak music from that old stone
 wall,
 The noise of wood and water, and the mist
 That on the line of each of those two roads
 Advanced in such indisputable shapes ;
 All these were kindred spectacles and
 sounds
 To which I oft repaired, and thence would
 drink,
 As at a fountain ; and on winter nights,
 Down to this very time, when storm and
 rain
 Beat on my roof, or, haply, at noon-day,
 While in a grove I walk, whose lofty trees,
 Laden with summer's thickest foliage, rock
 In a strong wind, some working of the
 spirit,
 Some inward agitations thence are brought,
 Whate'er their office, whether to beguile
 Thoughts over busy in the course they took,
 Or animate an hour of vacant ease.

BOOK THIRTEENTH

IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED
AND RESTORED (*concluded*)

FROM Nature doth emotion come, and
 moods
 Of calmness equally are Nature's gift :
 This is her glory ; these two attributes
 Are sister horns that constitute her strength.
 Hence Genius, born to thrive by inter-
 change
 Of peace and excitation, finds in her
 His best and purest friend ; from her
 receives
 That energy by which he seeks the truth,
 From her that happy stillness of the mind
 Which fits him to receive it when unsought.

Such benefit the humblest intellects
 Partake of, each in their degree ; 'tis mine
 To speak, what I myself have known and
 felt ;
 Smooth task ! for words find easy way,
 inspired
 By gratitude, and confidence in truth.
 Long time in search of knowledge did I
 range
 The field of human life, in heart and mind
 Benighted ; but, the dawn beginning now
 To re-appear, 'twas proved that not in vain
 I had been taught to reverence a Power
 That is the visible quality and shape
 And image of right reason ; that matures
 Her processes by steadfast laws ; gives birth
 To no impatient or fallacious hopes,
 No heat of passion or excessive zeal,
 No vain conceits ; provokes to no quick
 turns
 Of self-applauding intellect ; but trains
 To meekness, and exalts by humble faith ;
 Holds up before the mind intoxicate
 With present objects, and the busy dance
 Of things that pass away, a temperate show
 Of objects that endure ; and by this course
 Disposes her, when over-fondly set
 On throwing off incumbrances, to seek
 In man, and in the frame of social life,
 Whate'er there is desirable and good
 Of kindred permanence, unchanged in form
 And function, or, through strict vicissitude
 Of life and death, revolving. Above all
 Were re-established now those watchful
 thoughts

Which, seeing little worthy or sublime
In what the Historian's pen so much
delights

To blazon—power and energy detached
From moral purpose—early tutored me
To look with feelings of fraternal love
Upon the unassuming things that hold
A silent station in this beauteous world.

Thus moderated, thus composed, I found
Once more in Man an object of delight,
Of pure imagination, and of love;
And, as the horizon of my mind enlarged,
Again I took the intellectual eye
For my instructor, studious more to see
Great truths, than touch and handle little
ones.

Knowledge was given accordingly; my trust
Became more firm in feelings that had stood
The test of such a trial; clearer far
My sense of excellence—of right and
wrong:

The promise of the present time retired
Into its true proportion; sanguine schemes,
Ambitious projects, pleased me less; I
sought

For present good in life's familiar face,
And built thereon my hopes of good to
come.

With settling judgments now of what
would last

And what should disappear; prepared to
find

Presumption, folly, madness, in the men
Who thrust themselves upon the passive
world

As Rulers of the world; to see in these,
Even when the public welfare is their aim,
Plans without thought, or built on theories
Vague and unsound; and having brought
the books

Of modern statisticians to their proper test,
Life, human life, with all its sacred claims
Of sex and age, and heaven-descended
rights,

Mortal, or those beyond the reach of death;
And having thus discerned how dire a thing
Is worshipped in that idol proudly named
"The Wealth of Nations," where alone
that wealth

Is lodged, and how increased; and having
gained

A more judicious knowledge of the worth

And dignity of individual man,
No composition of the brain, but man
Of whom we read, the man whom we
behold

With our own eyes—I could not but in-
quire—

Not with less interest than heretofore,
But greater, though in spirit more sub-
dued—

Why is this glorious creature to be found
One only in ten thousand? What one is,
Why may not millions be? What bars are
thrown

By Nature in the way of such a hope?
Our animal appetites and daily wants,
Are these obstructions insurmountable?
If not, then others vanish into air.

"Inspect the basis of the social pile:
Inquire," said I, "how much of mental
power

And genuine virtue they possess who live
By bodily toil, labour exceeding far
Their due proportion, under all the weight
Of that injustice which upon ourselves
Ourselves entail." Such estimate to frame
I chiefly looked (what need to look beyond?)
Among the natural abodes of men,
Fields with their rural works; recalled to
mind

My earliest notices; with these compared
The observations made in later youth,
And to that day continued.—For, the time
Had never been when throes of mighty
Nations

And the world's tumult unto me could
yield,

How far soe'er transported and possessed,
Full measure of content; but still I craved
An intermingling of distinct regards
And truths of individual sympathy
Nearer ourselves. Such often might be
gleaned

From the great City, else it must have
proved

To me a heart-depressing wilderness;
But much was wanting: therefore did I
turn

To you, ye pathways, and ye lonely roads;
Sought you enriched with everything I
prized,

With human kindnesses and simple joys.

Oh! next to one dear state of bliss,
vouchsafed,

Alas ! to few in this untoward world,
 The bliss of walking daily in life's prime
 Through field or forest with the maid we
 love,
 While yet our hearts are young, while yet
 we breathe
 Nothing but happiness, in some lone nook,
 Deep vale, or anywhere, the home of both,
 From which it would be misery to stir :
 Oh ! next to such enjoyment of our youth,
 In my esteem, next to such dear delight,
 Was that of wandering on from day to day
 Where I could meditate in peace, and cull
 Knowledge that step by step might lead
 me on
 To wisdom ; or, as lightsome as a bird
 Wafted upon the wind from distant lands,
 Sing notes of greeting to strange fields or
 groves,
 Which lacked not voice to welcome me in
 turn :
 And, when that pleasant toil had ceased to
 please,
 Converse with men, where if we meet a face
 We almost meet a friend, on naked heaths
 With long long ways before, by cottage
 bench,
 Or well-spring where the weary traveller
 rests.

Who doth not love to follow with his
 eye
 The windings of a public way? the sight,
 Familiar object as it is, hath wrought
 On my imagination since the morn
 Of childhood, when a disappearing line,
 One daily present to my eyes, that crossed
 The naked summit of a far-off hill
 Beyond the limits that my feet had trod,
 Was like an invitation into space
 Boundless, or guide into eternity.
 Yes, something of the grandeur which invests
 The mariner, who sails the roaring sea
 Through storm and darkness, early in my
 mind
 Surrounded, too, the wanderers of the
 earth ;
 Grandeur as much, and loveliness far more.
 Awed have I been by strolling Bedlamites ;
 From many other uncouth vagrants (passed
 In fear) have walked with quicker step ; but
 why
 Take note of this? When I began to
 enquire,

To watch and question those I met, and
 speak
 Without reserve to them, the lonely roads
 Were open schools in which I daily read
 With most delight the passions of mankind,
 Whether by words, looks, sighs, or tears,
 revealed ;
 There saw into the depth of human souls,
 Souls that appear to have no depth at all
 To careless eyes. And—now convinced at
 heart
 How little those formalities, to which
 With overweening trust alone we give
 The name of Education, have to do
 With real feeling and just sense ; how vain
 A correspondence with the talking world
 Proves to the most ; and called to make
 good search
 If man's estate, by doom of Nature yoked
 With toil, be therefore yoked with ignor-
 ance ;
 If virtue be indeed so hard to rear,
 And intellectual strength so rare a boon—
 I prized such walks still more, for there I
 found
 Hope to my hope, and to my pleasure
 peace
 And steadiness, and healing and repose
 To every angry passion. There I heard,
 From mouths of men obscure and lowly,
 truths
 Replete with honour ; sounds in unison
 With loftiest promises of good and fair.

There are who think that strong affection,
 love
 Known by whatever name, is falsely deemed
 A gift, to use a term which they would use,
 Of vulgar nature ; that its growth requires
 Retirement, leisure, language purified
 By manners studied and elaborate ;
 That whoso feels such passion in its strength
 Must live within the very light and air
 Of courteous usages refined by art.
 True is it, where oppression worse than
 death
 Salutes the being at his birth, where grace
 Of culture hath been utterly unknown,
 And poverty and labour in excess
 From day to day pre-occupy the ground
 Of the affections, and to Nature's self
 Oppose a deeper nature ; there, indeed,
 Love cannot be ; nor does it thrive with ease
 Among the close and overcrowded haunts

Of cities, where the human heart is sick,
And the eye feeds it not, and cannot feed.
—Yes, in those wanderings deeply did I
feel

How we mislead each other; above all,
How books mislead us, seeking their reward
From judgments of the wealthy Few, who
see

By artificial lights; how they debase
The Many for the pleasure of those Few;
Effeminately level down the truth
To certain general notions, for the sake
Of being understood at once, or else
Through want of better knowledge in the
heads

That framed them; flattering self-conceit
with words,

That, while they most ambitiously set forth
Extrinsic differences, the outward marks
Whereby society has parted man
From man, neglect the universal heart.

Here, calling up to mind what then I saw,
A youthful traveller, and see daily now
In the familiar circuit of my home,
Here might I pause, and bend in reverence
To Nature, and the power of human minds,
To men as they are men within themselves.
How oft high service is performed within,
When all the external man is rude in
show,—

Not like a temple rich with pomp and gold,
But a mere mountain chapel, that protects
Its simple worshippers from sun and shower.
Of these, said I, shall be my song; of these,
If future years mature me for the task,
Will I record the praises, making verse
Deal boldly with substantial things; in
truth

And sanctity of passion, speak of these,
That justice may be done, obeisance paid
Where it is due: thus haply shall I teach,
Inspire; through unadulterated ears
Pour rapture, tenderness, and hope,—my
theme

No other than the very heart of man,
As found among the best of those who live—
Not unexalted by religious faith,
Nor uninformed by books, good books,
though few—

In Nature's presence: thence may I select
Sorrow, that is not sorrow, but delight;
And miserable love, that is not pain
To hear of, for the glory that redounds

Therefrom to human kind, and what we
are.

Be mine to follow with no timid step
Where knowledge leads me: it shall be my
pride

That I have dared to tread this holy ground,
Speaking no dream, but things oracular;
Matter not lightly to be heard by those
Who to the letter of the outward promise
Do read the invisible soul; by men adroit
In speech, and for communion with the
world

Accomplished; minds whose faculties are
then

Most active when they are most eloquent,
And elevated most when most admired.
Men may be found of other mould than
these,

Who are their own upholders, to themselves
Encouragement, and energy, and will,
Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively words
As native passion dictates. Others, too,
There are among the walks of homely life
Still higher, men for contemplation framed,
Shy, and unpractised in the strife of phrase;
Meek men, whose very souls perhaps would
sink

Beneath them, summoned to such inter-
course:

Theirs is the language of the heavens, the
power,

The thought, the image, and the silent joy:
Words are but under-agents in their souls;
When they are grasping with their greatest
strength,

They do not breathe among them: this I
speak

In gratitude to God, Who feeds our hearts
For His own service; knoweth, loveth us,
When we are unregarded by the world.

Also, about this time did I receive
Convictions still more strong than heretofore,

Not only that the inner frame is good,
And graciously composed, but that, no
less,

Nature for all conditions wants not power
To consecrate, if we have eyes to see,
The outside of her creatures, and to breathe
Grandeur upon the very humblest face
Of human life. I felt that the array
Of act and circumstance, and visible form,
Is mainly to the pleasure of the mind

What passion makes them; that mean-
while the forms

Of Nature have a passion in themselves,
That intermingles with those works of man
To which she summons him; although the
works

Be mean, have nothing lofty of their own;
And that the Genius of the Poet hence
May boldly take his way among mankind
Wherever Nature leads; that he hath
stood

By Nature's side among the men of old,
And so shall stand for ever. Dearest
Friend!

If thou partake the animating faith
That Poets, even as Prophets, each with
each

Connected in a mighty scheme of truth,
Have each his own peculiar faculty,
Heaven's gift, a sense that fits him to
perceive

Objects unseen before, thou wilt not blame
The humblest of this band who dares to
hope

That unto him hath also been vouchsafed
An insight that in some sort he possesses,
A privilege whereby a work of his,
Proceeding from a source of untaught
things,

Creative and enduring, may become
A power like one of Nature's. To a hope
Not less ambitious once among the wilds
Of Sarum's Plain, my youthful spirit was
raised;

There, as I ranged at will the pastoral
downs

Trackless and smooth, or paced the bare
white roads

Lengthening in solitude their dreary line,
Time with his retinue of ages fled
Backwards, nor checked his flight until I
saw

Our dim ancestral Past in vision clear;
Saw multitudes of men, and, here and
there,

A single Briton clothed in wolf-skin vest,
With shield and stone-axe, stride across
the wold;

The voice of spears was heard, the rattling
spear

Shaken by arms of mighty bone, in
strength,

Long mouldered, of barbaric majesty.

I called on Darkness—but before the word

Was uttered, midnight darkness seemed to
take

All objects from my sight; and lo! again
The Desert visible by dismal flames;

It is the sacrificial altar, fed
With living men—how deep the groans!
the voice

Of those that crowd the giant wicker thrills
The monumental hillocks, and the pomp
Is for both worlds, the living and the dead.
At other moments—(for through that wide
waste

Three summer days I roamed) where'er the
Plain

Was figured o'er with circles, lines, or
mounds,

That yet survive, a work, as some divine,
Shaped by the Druids, so to represent
Their knowledge of the heavens, and image
forth

The constellations—gently was I charmed
Into a waking dream, a reverie
That, with believing eyes, where'er I
turned,

Beheld long-bearded teachers, with white
wands

Uplifted, pointing to the starry sky,
Alternately, and plain below, while breath
Of music swayed their motions, and the
waste

Rejoiced with them and me in those sweet
sounds.

This for the past, and things that may
be viewed

Or fancied in the obscurity of years
From monumental hints: and thou, O
Friend!

Pleased with some unpremeditated strains
That served those wanderings to beguile,
hast said

That then and there my mind had exercised
Upon the vulgar forms of present things,
The actual world of our familiar days,
Yet higher power; had caught from them
a tone,

An image, and a character, by books
Not hitherto reflected. Call we this

A partial judgment—and yet why? for *then*
We were as strangers; and I may not
speak

Thus wrongfully of verse, however rude,
Which on thy young imagination, trained
In the great City, broke like light from far.

Moreover, each man's Mind is to herself
 Witness and judge ; and I remember well
 That in life's every-day appearances
 I seemed about this time to gain clear sight
 Of a new world—a world, too, that was fit
 To be transmitted, and to other eyes
 Made visible ; as ruled by those fixed laws
 Whence spiritual dignity originates,
 Which do both give it being and maintain
 A balance, an ennobling interchange
 Of action from without and from within ;
 The excellence, pure function, and best
 power
 Both of the objects seen, and eye that sees.

BOOK FOURTEENTH

CONCLUSION

IN one of those excursions (may they ne'er
 Fade from remembrance !) through the
 Northern tracts
 Of Cambria ranging with a youthful friend,
 I left Bethgelert's huts at couching-time,
 And westward took my way, to see the sun
 Rise, from the top of Snowdon. To the
 door
 Of a rude cottage at the mountain's base
 We came, and roused the shepherd who
 attends
 The adventurous stranger's steps, a trusty
 guide ;
 Then, cheered by short refreshment, sallied
 forth.

It was a close, warm, breezeless summer
 night,
 Wan, dull, and glaring, with a dripping
 fog
 Low-hung and thick that covered all the
 sky ;
 But, undiscouraged, we began to climb
 The mountain-side. The mist soon girt
 us round,
 And, after ordinary travellers' talk
 With our conductor, pensively we sank
 Each into commerce with his private
 thoughts :
 Thus did we breast the ascent, and by my-
 self
 Was nothing either seen or heard that
 checked
 Those musings or diverted, save that once

The shepherd's lurcher, who, among the
 crag,
 Had to his joy unearthed a hedgehog,
 teased
 His coiled-up prey with barkings turbulent.
 This small adventure, for even such it
 seemed
 In that wild place and at the dead of night,
 Being over and forgotten, on we wound
 In silence as before. With forehead bent
 Earthward, as if in opposition set
 Against an enemy, I panted up
 With eager pace, and no less eager
 thoughts.
 Thus might we wear a midnight hour
 away,
 Ascending at loose distance each from each,
 And I, as chanced, the foremost of the
 band ;
 When at my feet the ground appeared to
 brighten,
 And with a step or two seemed brighter
 still ;
 Nor was time given to ask or learn the
 cause,
 For instantly a light upon the turf
 Fell like a flash, and lo ! as I looked up,
 The Moon hung naked in a firmament
 Of azure without cloud, and at my feet
 Rested a silent sea of hoary mist.
 A hundred hills their dusky backs upheaved
 All over this still ocean ; and beyond,
 Far, far beyond, the solid vapours stretched,
 In headlands, tongues, and promontory
 shapes,
 Into the main Atlantic, that appeared
 To dwindle, and give up his majesty,
 Usurped upon far as the sight could reach.
 Not so the ethereal vault ; encroachment
 none
 Was there, nor loss ; only the inferior stars
 Had disappeared, or shed a fainter light
 In the clear presence of the full-orbed
 Moon,
 Who, from her sovereign elevation, gazed
 Upon the billowy ocean, as it lay
 All meek and silent, save that through a
 rift—
 Not distant from the shore whereon we
 stood,
 A fixed, abysmal, gloomy, breathing -
 place—
 Mounted the roar of waters, torrents,
 streams

Innumerable, roaring with one voice !
 Heard over earth and sea, and, in that hour,
 For so it seemed, felt by the starry heavens.

When into air had partially dissolved
 That vision, given to spirits of the night
 And three chance human wanderers, in
 calm thought

Reflected, it appeared to me the type
 Of a majestic intellect, its acts
 And its possessions, what it has and craves,
 What in itself it is, and would become.
 There I beheld the emblem of a mind
 That feeds upon infinity, that broods
 Over the dark abyss, intent to hear
 Its voices issuing forth to silent light
 In one continuous stream ; a mind sus-
 tained

By recognitions of transcendent power,
 In sense conducting to ideal form,
 In soul of more than mortal privilege.
 One function, above all, of such a mind
 Had Nature shadowed there, by putting
 forth,

'Mid circumstances awful and sublime,
 That mutual domination which she loves
 To exert upon the face of outward things,
 So moulded, joined, abstracted, so endowed
 With interchangeable supremacy,
 That men, least sensitive, see, hear, per-
 ceive,

And cannot choose but feel. The power,
 which all

Acknowledge when thus moved, which
 Nature thus

To bodily sense exhibits, is the express
 Resemblance of that glorious faculty
 That higher minds bear with them as their
 own.

This is the very spirit in which they deal
 With the whole compass of the universe :
 They from their native selves can send
 abroad

Kindred mutations ; for themselves create
 A like existence ; and, when'er it dawns
 Created for them, catch it, or are caught
 By its inevitable mastery,
 Like angels stopped upon the wing by
 sound

Of harmony from Heaven's remotest
 spheres.

Them the enduring and the transient both
 Serve to exalt ; they build up greatest
 things

From least suggestions ; ever on the watch,
 Willing to work and to be wrought upon,
 They need not extraordinary calls
 To rouse them ; in a world of life they live,
 By sensible impressions not enthralled,
 But by their quickening impulse made
 more prompt

To hold fit converse with the spiritual
 world,

And with the generations of mankind
 Spread over time, past, present, and to
 come,

Age after age, till Time shall be no more.
 Such minds are truly from the Deity,
 For they are Powers ; and hence the high-
 est bliss

That flesh can know is theirs—the con-
 sciousness

Of Whom they are, habitually infused
 Through every image and through every
 thought,

And all affections by communion raised
 From earth to heaven, from human to
 divine ;

Hence endless occupation for the Soul,
 Whether discursive or intuitive ;
 Hence cheerfulness for acts of daily life,
 Emotions which best foresight need not
 fear,

Most worthy then of trust when most in-
 tense.

Hence, amid ills that vex and wrongs that
 crush

Our hearts—if here the words of Holy Writ
 May with fit reverence be applied—that
 peace

Which passeth understanding, that repose
 In moral judgments which from this pure
 source

Must come, or will by man be sought in
 vain.

Oh ! who is he that hath his whole life
 long

Preserved, enlarged, this freedom in him-
 self ?

For this alone is genuine liberty :
 Where is the favoured being who hath held
 That course unchecked, unerring, and un-
 tired,

In one perpetual progress smooth and
 bright ?—

A humbler destiny have we retraced,
 And told of lapse and hesitating choice,

And backward wanderings along thorny
ways :

Yet—compassed round by mountain soli-
tudes,

Within whose solemn temple I received
My earliest visitations, careless then
Of what was given me; and which now I
range,

A meditative, oft a suffering, man—
Do I declare—in accents which, from truth
Deriving cheerful confidence, shall blend
Their modulation with these vocal streams—
That, whatsoever falls my better mind,
Revolving with the accidents of life,
May have sustained, that, howsoe'er misled,
Never did I, in quest of right and wrong,
Tampers with conscience from a private
aim ;

Nor was in any public hope the dupe
Of selfish passions; nor did ever yield
Wilfully to mean cares or low pursuits,
But shrunk with apprehensive jealousy
From every combination which might aid
The tendency, too potent in itself,
Of use and custom to bow down the soul
Under a growing weight of vulgar sense,
And substitute a universe of death
For that which moves with light and life
informed,

Actual, divine, and true. To fear and love,
To love as prime and chief, for there fear
ends,

Be this ascribed; to early intercourse,
In presence of sublime or beautiful forms,
With the adverse principles of pain and
joy—

Evil as one is rashly named by men
Who know not what they speak. By love
subsists

All lasting grandeur, by pervading love;
That gone, we are as dust.—Behold the
fields

In balmy spring-time full of rising flowers
And joyous creatures; see that pair, the
lamb

And the lamb's mother, and their tender
ways

Shall touch thee to the heart; thou callest
this love,

And not inaptly so, for love it is,
Far as it carries thee. In some green
bower

Rest, and be not alone, but have thou
there

The One who is thy choice of all the world :
There linger, listening, gazing, with delight
Impassioned, but delight how pitiable!

Unless this love by a still higher love
Be hallowed, love that breathes not with-
out awe;

Love that adores, but on the knees of
prayer,

By heaven inspired; that frees from chains
the soul,

Lifted, in union with the purest, best,
Of earth-born passions, on the wings of
praise

Bearing a tribute to the Almighty's Throne.

This spiritual Love acts not nor can
exist

Without Imagination, which, in truth,
Is but another name for absolute power
And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
And Reason in her most exalted mood.
This faculty hath been the feeding source
Of our long labour: we have traced the
stream

From the blind cavern whence is faintly
heard

Its natal murmur; followed it to light
And open day; accompanied its course
Among the ways of Nature, for a time
Lost sight of it bewildered and engulfed;
Then given it greeting as it rose once more
In strength, reflecting from its placid breast
The works of man and face of human life;
And lastly, from its progress have we drawn
Faith in life endless, the sustaining thought
Of human Being, Eternity, and God.

Imagination having been our theme,
So also hath that intellectual Love,
For they are each in each, and cannot
stand

Dividually.—Here must thou be, O Man!
Power to thyself; no Helper hast thou here;
Here keepest thou in singleness thy state:
No other can divide with thee this work:
No secondary hand can intervene
To fashion this ability; 'tis thine,
The prime and vital principle is thine
In the recesses of thy nature, far
From any reach of outward fellowship,
Else is not thine at all. But joy to him,
Oh, joy to him who here hath sown, hath
laid

Here, the foundation of his future years!

For all that friendship, all that love can do,
 All that a darling countenance can look
 Or dear voice utter, to complete the man,
 Perfect him, made imperfect in himself,
 All shall be his: and he whose soul hath
 risen

Up to the height of feeling intellect
 Shall want no humbler tenderness; his
 heart

Be tender as a nursing mother's heart;
 Of female softness shall his life be full,
 Of humble cares and delicate desires,
 Mild interests and gentlest sympathies.

Child of my parents! Sister of my soul!
 Thanks in sincerest verse have been else-
 where

Poured out for all the early tenderness
 Which I from thee imbibed: and 'tis most
 true

That later seasons owed to thee no less;
 For, spite of thy sweet influence and the
 touch

Of kindred hands that opened out the
 springs

Of genial thought in childhood, and in spite
 Of all that unassisted I had marked
 In life or nature of those charms minute
 That win their way into the heart by
 stealth

(Still to the very going-out of youth)
 I too exclusively esteemed *that* love,
 And sought *that* beauty, which, as Milton
 sings,

Hath terror in it. Thou didst soften down
 This over-sternness; but for thee, dear
 Friend!

My soul, too reckless of mild grace, had
 stood

In her original self too confident,
 Retained too long a countenance severe;
 A rock with torrents roaring, with the
 clouds

Familiar, and a favourite of the stars:
 But thou didst plant its crevices with
 flowers,

Hang it with shrubs that twinkle in the
 breeze,

And teach the little birds to build their
 nests

And warble in its chambers. At a time
 When Nature, destined to remain so long
 Foremost in my affections, had fallen back
 Into a second place, pleased to become

A handmaid to a nobler than herself,
 When every day brought with it some new
 sense

Of exquisite regard for common things,
 And all the earth was budding with these
 gifts

Of more refined humanity, thy breath,
 Dear Sister! was a kind of gentler spring
 That went before my steps. Thereafter
 came

One whom with thee friendship had early
 paired;

She came, no more a phantom to adorn
 A moment, but an inmate of the heart,
 And yet a spirit, there for me enshrined
 To penetrate the lofty and the low;
 Even as one essence of pervading light
 Shines, in the brightest of ten thousand stars
 And the meek worm that feeds her lonely
 lamp

Couched in the dewy grass.

With such a theme,
 Coleridge! with this my argument, of thee
 Shall I be silent? O capacious Soul!
 Placed on this earth to love and under-
 stand,

And from thy presence shed the light of
 love,

Shall I be mute, ere thou be spoken of?
 Thy kindred influence to my heart of hearts
 Did also find its way. Thus fear relaxed
 Her overweening grasp; thus thoughts and
 things

In the self-haunting spirit learned to take
 More rational proportions; mystery,
 The incumbent mystery of sense and soul,
 Of life and death, time and eternity,
 Admitted more habitually a mild
 Interposition—a serene delight

In closelier gathering cares, such as become
 A human creature, howsoever endowed,
 Poet, or destined for a humbler name;
 And so the deep enthusiastic joy,
 The rapture of the hallelujah sent
 From all that breathes and is, was chastened,
 stemmed

And balanced by pathetic truth, by trust
 In hopeful reason, leaning on the stay
 Of Providence; and in reverence for duty,
 Here, if need be, struggling with storms,
 and there

Strewing in peace life's humblest ground
 with herbs,

At every season green, sweet at all hours.

And now, O Friend! this history is
brought

To its appointed close: the discipline
And consummation of a Poet's mind,
In everything that stood most prominent,
Have faithfully been pictured; we have
reached

The time (our guiding object from the first)
When we may, not presumptuously, I hope,
Suppose my powers so far confirmed, and
such

My knowledge, as to make me capable
Of building up a Work that shall endure.
Yet much hath been omitted, as need was;
Of books how much! and even of the other
wealth

That is collected among woods and fields,
Far more: for Nature's secondary grace
Hath hitherto been barely touched upon,
The charm more superficial that attends
Her works, as they present to Fancy's choice
Apt illustrations of the moral world,
Caught at a glance, or traced with curious
pains.

Finally, and above all, O Friend! (I speak
With due regret) how much is overlooked
In human nature and her subtle ways,
As studied first in our own hearts, and then
In life among the passions of mankind,
Varying their composition and their hue,
Where'er we move, under the diverse shapes
That individual character presents
To an attentive eye. For progress meet,
Along this intricate and difficult path,
Whate'er was wanting, something had I
gained,

As one of many schoolfellows compelled,
In hardy independence, to stand up
Amid conflicting interests, and the shock
Of various tempers; to endure and note
What was not understood, though known
to be;

Among the mysteries of love and hate,
Honour and shame, looking to right and
left,

Unchecked by innocence too delicate,
And moral notions too intolerant,
Sympathies too contracted. Hence, when
called

To take a station among men, the step
Was easier, the transition more secure,
More profitable also; for, the mind
Learns from such timely exercise to keep

In wholesome separation the two natures,
The one that feels, the other that observes.

Yet one word more of personal concern;—
Since I withdrew unwillingly from France,
I led an undomestic wanderer's life,
In London chiefly harboured, whence I
roamed,

Tarrying at will in many a pleasant spot
Of rural England's cultivated vales
Or Cambrian solitudes. A youth—(he bore
The name of Calvert—it shall live, if words
Of mine can give it life,) in firm belief
That by endowments not from me withheld
Good might be furthered—in his last decay
By a bequest sufficient for my needs
Enabled me to pause for choice, and walk
At large and unrestrained, nor damped too
soon

By mortal cares. Himself no Poet, yet
Far less a common follower of the world,
He deemed that my pursuits and labours
lay

Apart from all that leads to wealth, or even
A necessary maintenance insures,
Without some hazard to the finer sense;
He cleared a passage for me, and the stream
Flowed in the bent of Nature.

Having now
Told what best merits mention, further pains
Our present purpose seems not to require,
And I have other tasks. Recall to mind
The mood in which this labour was begun,
O Friend! The termination of my course
Is nearer now, much nearer; yet even then,
In that distraction and intense desire,
I said unto the life which I had lived,
Where art thou? Hear I not a voice from
thee

Which 'tis reproach to hear? Anon I rose
As if on wings, and saw beneath me stretched
Vast prospect of the world which I had
been

And was; and hence this Song, which, like
a lark,

I have protracted, in the unwearied heavens
Singing, and often with more plaintive
voice

To earth attuned and her deep-drawn
sighs,

Yet centring all in love, and in the end
All gratulant, if rightly understood.

Whether to me shall be allotted life,

And, with life, power to accomplish aught
 of worth,
 That will be deemed no insufficient plea
 For having given the story of myself,
 Is all uncertain: but, beloved Friend!
 When, looking back, thou seest, in clearer
 view
 Than any liveliest sight of yesterday,
 That summer, under whose indulgent skies,
 Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we
 roved
 Unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan
 combs,
 Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,
 Didst chaunt the vision of that Ancient Man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes
 Didst utter of the Lady Christabel;
 And I, associate with such labour, steeped
 In soft forgetfulness the livelong hours,
 Murmuring of him who, joyous hap, was
 found,
 After the perils of his moonlight ride,
 Near the loud waterfall; or her who sate
 In misery near the miserable Thorn—
 When thou dost to that summer turn thy
 thoughts,
 And hast before thee all which then we
 were,
 To thee, in memory of that happiness,
 It will be known, by thee at least, my
 Friend!
 Felt, that the history of a Poet's mind
 Is labour not unworthy of regard;
 To thee the work shall justify itself.

The last and later portions of this gift
 Have been prepared, not with the buoyant
 spirits

That were our daily portion when we first
 Together wanted in wild Poesy,
 But, under pressure of a private grief,
 Keen and enduring, which the mind and
 heart,

That in this meditative history
 Have been laid open, needs must make me
 feel

More deeply, yet enable me to bear
 More firmly; and a comfort now hath risen
 From hope that thou art near, and wilt be
 soon

Restored to us in renovated health;
 When, after the first mingling of our tears,
 'Mong other consolations, we may draw
 Some pleasure from this offering of my love.

Oh! yet a few short years of useful life,
 And all will be complete, thy race be run,
 Thy monument of glory will be raised;
 Then, though (too weak to tread the ways
 of truth)

This age fall back to old idolatry,
 Though men return to servitude as fast
 As the tide ebbs, to ignominy and shame,
 By nations, sink together, we shall still
 Find solace—knowing what we have learnt
 to know,

Rich in true happiness if allowed to be
 Faithful alike in forwarding a day
 Of firmer trust, joint labourers in the work
 (Should Providence such grace to us vouch-
 safe)

Of their deliverance, surely yet to come.
 Prophets of Nature, we to them will speak
 A lasting inspiration, sanctified
 By reason, blest by faith: what we have
 loved,

Others will love, and we will teach them
 how;

Instruct them how the mind of man be-
 comes

A thousand times more beautiful than the
 earth

On which he dwells, above this frame of
 things

(Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes
 And fears of men, doth still remain un-
 changed)

In beauty exalted, as it is itself
 Of quality and fabric more divine.

1799-1805.

THE RECLUSE

PART FIRST

BOOK FIRST—HOME AT GRASMERE

ONCE to the verge of yon steep barrier came
 A roving school-boy; what the adventurer's
 age

Hath now escaped his memory—but the
 hour,

One of a golden summer holiday,
 He well remembers, though the year be
 gone—

Alone and devious from afar he came;
 And, with a sudden influx overpowered
 At sight of this seclusion, he forgot
 His haste, for hasty had his footsteps been

As boyish his pursuits ; and sighing said,
 " What happy fortune were it here to live !
 And, if a thought of dying, if a thought
 Of mortal separation, could intrude
 With paradise before him, here to die !"
 No Prophét was he, had not even a hope,
 Scarcely a wish, but one bright pleasing
 thought,

A fancy in the heart of what might be
 The lot of others, never could be his.

The station whence he looked was soft
 and green,

Not giddy yet aerial, with a depth
 Of vale below, a height of hills above.
 For rest of body perfect was the spot,
 All that luxurious nature could desire ;
 But stirring to the spirit ; who could gaze
 And not feel motions there ? He thought
 of clouds

That sail on winds : of breezes that delight
 To play on water, or in endless chase
 Pursue each other through the yielding plain
 Of grass or corn, over and through and
 through,

In billow after billow, evermore
 Disporting—nor unmindful was the boy
 Of sunbeams, shadows, butterflies and
 birds ;

Of fluttering sylphs and softly-gliding Fays,
 Genii, and winged angels that are Lords
 Without restraint of all which they behold.
 The illusion strengthening as he gazed, he
 felt

That such unfettered liberty was his,
 Such power and joy ; but only for this end,
 To flit from field to rock, from rock to field,
 From shore to island, and from isle to shore,
 From open ground to covert, from a bed
 Of meadow-flowers into a tuft of wood ;
 From high to low, from low to high, yet
 still

Within the bound of this huge concave ;
 here

Must be his home, this valley be his world.
 Since that day forth the Place to him—
 to me

(For I who live to register the truth
 Was that same young and happy Being)
 became

As beautiful to thought, as it had been
 When present, to the bodily sense ; a haunt
 Of pure affections, shedding upon joy
 A brighter joy ; and through such damp
 and gloom

Of the gay mind, as oftentimes splenetic
 youth

Mistakes for sorrow, darting beams of light
 That no self-cherished sadness could with-
 stand ;

And now 'tis mine, perchance for life, dear
 Vale,

Beloved Grasmere (let the wandering
 streams

Take up, the cloud-capt hills repeat, the
 Name)

One of thy lowly Dwellings is my Home.

And was the cost so great ? and could it
 seem

An act of courage, and the thing itself
 A conquest ? who must bear the blame ?
 Sage man

Thy prudence, thy experience, thy desires,
 Thy apprehensions—blush thou for them
 all.

Yes the realities of life so cold,
 So cowardly, so ready to betray,
 So stinted in the measure of their grace
 As we pronounce them, doing them much
 wrong,

Have been to me more bountiful than hope,
 Less timid than desire—but that is past.

On Nature's invitation do I come,
 By Reason sanctioned. Can the choice
 mislead,

That made the calmest fairest spot of earth
 With all its unappropriated good

My own ; and not mine only, for with me
 Entrenched, say rather peacefully em-
 bowered,

Under yon orchard, in yon humble cot,
 A younger Orphan of a home extinct,
 The only Daughter of my Parents dwells.

Ay, think on that, my heart, and cease
 to stir,

Pause upon that and let the breathing frame
 No longer breathe, but all be satisfied.

—Oh, if such silence be not thanks to God
 For what hath been bestowed, then where,
 where then

Shall gratitude find rest ? Mine eyes did
 ne'er

Fix on a lovely object, nor my mind
 Take pleasure in the midst of happy thoughts,
 But either She whom now I have, who now
 Divides with me this loved abode, was there,
 Or not far off. Where'er my footsteps
 turned,

Her voice was like a hidden Bird that sang,

The thought of her was like a flash of light,
 Or an unseen companionship, a breath
 Of fragrance independent of the Wind.
 In all my goings, in the new and old
 Of all my meditations, and in this
 Favourite of all, in this the most of all.

—What being, therefore, since the birth of
 Man

Had ever more abundant cause to speak
 Thanks, and if favours of the Heavenly
 Muse

Make him more thankful, then to call on
 Verse

To aid him and in song resound his joy?
 The boon is absolute; surpassing grace
 To me hath been vouchsafed; among the
 bowers

Of blissful Eden this was neither given
 Nor could be given, possession of the good
 Which had been sighed for, ancient thought
 fulfilled,

And dear Imaginations realised,
 Up to their highest measure, yea and more.
 Embrace me then, ye Hills, and close
 me in;

Now in the clear and open day I feel
 Your guardianship; I take it to my heart;
 'Tis like the solemn shelter of the night.
 But I would call thee beautiful, for mild,
 And soft, and gay, and beautiful thou art
 Dear Valley, having in thy face a smile
 Though peaceful, full of gladness. Thou
 art pleased,

Pleased with thy crags and woody steeps,
 thy Lake,

Its one green island and its winding shores;
 The multitude of little rocky hills,
 Thy Church and cottages of mountain stone
 Clustered like stars some few, but single
 most,

And lurking dimly in their shy retreats,
 Or glancing at each other cheerful looks
 Like separated stars with clouds between.
 What want we? have we not perpetual
 streams,

Warm woods, and sunny hills, and fresh
 green fields,

And mountains not less green, and flocks
 and herds,

And thickets full of songsters, and the
 voice

Of lordly birds, an unexpected sound
 Heard now and then from morn to latest
 eve,

Admonishing the man who walks below
 Of solitude and silence in the sky?
 These have we, and a thousand nooks of
 earth

Have also these, but nowhere else is found,
 Nowhere (or is it fancy?) can be found
 The one sensation that is here; 'tis here,
 Here as it found its way into my heart
 In childhood, here as it abides by day,
 By night, here only; or in chosen minds
 That take it with them hence, where'er
 they go.

—'Tis, but I cannot name it, 'tis the sense
 Of majesty, and beauty, and repose,
 A blended holiness of earth and sky,
 Something that makes this individual spot,
 This small abiding-place of many men,
 A termination, and a last retreat,
 A centre, come from wheresoe'er you will,
 A whole without dependence or defect,
 Made for itself, and happy in itself,
 Perfect contentment, Unity entire.

Beak season was it, turbulent and bleak,
 When hitherward we journeyed side by
 side

Through burst of sunshine and through
 flying showers;

Paced the long vales—how long they were
 —and yet

How fast that length of way was left be-
 hind,

Wensley's rich Vale, and Sedbergh's naked
 heights.

The frosty wind, as if to make amends
 For its keen breath, was aiding to our
 steps,

And drove us onward like two ships at sea,
 Or like two birds, companions in mid-air,
 Parted and reunited by the blast.

Stern was the face of nature; we rejoiced
 In that stern countenance, for our souls
 thence drew

A feeling of their strength. The naked
 trees,

The icy brooks, as on we passed, appeared
 To question us. "Whence come ye, to
 what end?"

They seemed to say, "What would ye,"
 said the shower,

"Wild Wanderers, whither through my
 dark domain?"

The sunbeam said, "Be happy." When
 this vale

We entered, bright and solemn was the sky

That faced us with a passionate welcoming,
And led us to our threshold. Daylight
failed

Insensibly, and round us gently fell
Composing darkness, with a quiet load
Of full contentment, in a little shed
Disturbed, uneasy in itself as seemed,
And wondering at its new inhabitants.
It loves us now, this Vale so beautiful
Begins to love us ! by a sullen storm,
Two months unwearied of severest storm,
It put the temper of our minds to proof,
And found us faithful through the gloom,
and heard

The poet mutter his prelusive songs
With cheerful heart, an unknown voice of
joy

Among the silence of the woods and hills ;
Silent to any gladness of sound
With all their shepherds.

But the gates of Spring
Are opened ; churlish winter hath given
leave

That she should entertain for this one day,
Perhaps for many genial days to come,
His guests, and make them jocund.—They
are pleased,

But most of all the birds that haunt the
flood

With the mild summons ; inmates though
they be

Of Winter's household, they keep festival
This day, who drooped, or seemed to
droop, so long ;

They show their pleasure, and shall I do
less ?

Happier of happy though I be, like them
I cannot take possession of the sky,
Mount with a thoughtless impulse, and
wheel there

One of a mighty multitude, whose way
Is a perpetual harmony and dance
Magnificent. Behold how with a grace
Of ceaseless motion, that might scarcely
seem

Inferior to angelical, they prolong
Their curious pastime, shaping in mid-air,
And sometimes with ambitious wing that

High as the level of the mountain tops,
A circuit ampler than the lake beneath,
Their own domain ;—but ever, while intent
On tracing and retracing that large round,

Their jubilant activity evolves
Hundreds of curves and circlets, to and fro,
Upwards and downwards ; progress intricate
Yet unperplexed, as if one spirit swayed
Their indefatigable flight. 'Tis done,
Ten times and more I fancied it had ceased,
But lo ! the vanished company again
Ascending, they approach. I hear their
wings

Faint, faint at first ; and then an eager
sound

Passed in a moment—and as faint again !
They tempt the sun to sport among their
plumes ;

Tempt the smooth water, or the gleaming
ice,

To show them a fair image,—'tis them-
selves,

Their own fair forms upon the glimmering
plain

Painted more soft and fair as they descend,
Almost to touch,—then up again aloft,
Up with a sally and a flash of speed,
As if they scorned both resting-place and
rest !

—This day is a thanksgiving, 'tis a day
Of glad emotion and deep quietness ;
Not upon me alone hath been bestowed,
Me rich in many onward-looking thoughts,
The penetrating bliss ; oh surely these
Have felt it, not the happy choirs of spring,
Her own peculiar family of love
That sport among green leaves, a blither
train !

But two are missing, two, a lonely pair
Of milk-white Swans ; wherefore are they
not seen

Partaking this day's pleasure ? From afar
They came, to sojourn here in solitude,
Choosing this Valley, they who had the
choice

Of the whole world. We saw them day
by day,
Through those two months of unrelenting
storm,

Conspicuous at the centre of the Lake
Their safe retreat, we knew them well, I
guess

That the whole valley knew them ; but
to us

They were more dear than may be well
believed,

Not only for their beauty, and their still
And placid way of life, and constant love

Inseparable, not for these alone,
But that *their* state so much resembled ours,
They having also chosen this abode ;
They strangers, and we strangers, they a
pair,

And we a solitary pair like them.
They should not have departed ; many days
Did I look forth in vain, nor on the wing
Could see them, nor in that small open space
Of blue unfrozen water, where they lodged
And lived so long in quiet, side by side.
Shall we behold them consecrated friends,
Faithful companions, yet another year
Surviving, they for us, and we for them,
And neither pair be broken ? nay perchance
It is too late already for such hope ;
The Dalesmen may have aimed the deadly
tube,

And parted them ; or haply both are gone
One death, and that were mercy given to
both.

Recall, my song, the ungenerous thought ;
forgive,

Thricefavoured Region, the conjecture harsh
Of such inhospitable penalty
Inflicted upon confidence so pure.

Ah ! if I wished to follow where the sight
Of all that is before my eyes, the voice
Which speaks from a presiding spirit here,
Would lead me, I should whisper to my-
self :

They who are dwellers in this holy place
Must needs themselves be hallowed, they
require

No benediction from the stranger's lips,
For they are blessed already ; none would
give

The greeting "peace be with you" unto
them,

For peace they have ; it cannot but be
theirs,

And mercy, and forbearance—nay—not
these—

Their healing offices a pure good-will
Precludes, and charity beyond the bounds
Of charity—an overflowing love ;
Not for the creature only, but for all
That is around them ; love for everything
Which in their happy Region they behold !

Thus do we soothe ourselves, and when
the thought

Is passed, we blame it not for having
come.

—What if I floated down a pleasant stream,

And now am landed, and the motion gone,
Shall I reprove myself ? Ah no, the stream
Is flowing, and will never cease to flow,
And I shall float upon that stream again.
By such forgetfulness the soul becomes,
Words cannot say how beautiful : then
hail,

Hail to the visible Presence, hail to thee,
Delightful Valley, habitation fair !
And to whatever else of outward form
Can give an inward help, can purify,
And elevate, and harmonise, and soothe,
And steal away, and for a while deceive
And lap in pleasing rest, and bear us on
Without desire in full complacency,
Contemplating perfection absolute,
And entertained as in a placid sleep.

But not betrayed by tenderness of mind
That feared, or wholly overlooked the truth,
Did we come hither, with romantic hope
To find in midst of so much loveliness
Love, perfect love : of so much majesty
A like majestic frame of mind in those
Who here abide, the persons like the place.
Not from such hope, or aught of such
belief,

Hath issued any portion of the joy
Which I have felt this day. An awful voice
'Tis true hath in my walks been often
heard,

Sent from the mountains or the sheltered
fields,

Shout after shout—reiterated whoop,
In manner of a bird that takes delight
In answering to itself : or like a hound
Single at chase among the lonely woods,
His yell repeating ; yet it was in truth
A human voice—a spirit of coming night ;
How solemn when the sky is dark, and
earth

Not dark, nor yet enlightened, but by snow
Made visible, amid a noise of winds
And bleatings manifold of mountain sheep,
Which in that iteration recognise
Their summons, and are gathering round
for food,

Devoured with keenness, ere to grove or
bank

Or rocky bield with patience they retire.

That very voice, which, in some timor-
mood

Of superstitious fancy, might have seemed
Awful as ever stray demoniac uttered,
His steps to govern in the wilderness ;

Or as the Norman Curfew's regular beat
To hearths when first they darkened at the
knell :

That shepherd's voice, it may have reached
mine ear

Debased and under profanation, made
The ready organ of articulate sounds
From ribaldry, impiety, or wrath,
Issuing when shame hath ceased to check
the brawls

Of some abused Festivity—so be it.
I came not dreaming of unruffled life,
Untainted manners ; born among the hills,
Bred also there, I wanted not a scale
To regulate my hopes ; pleased with the
good

I shrink not from the evil with disgust,
Or with immoderate pain. I look for Man,
The common creature of the brotherhood,
Differing but little from the Man elsewhere,
For selfishness and envy and revenge,
Ill neighbourhood—pity that this should be—
Flattery and double-dealing, strife and
wrong.

Yet is it something gained, it is in truth
A mighty gain, that Labour here preserves
His rosy face, a servant only here

Of the fireside or of the open field,
A Freeman therefore sound and unimpaired :
That extreme penury is here unknown,
And cold and hunger's abject wretchedness
Mortal to body and the heaven-born mind :
That they who want are not too great a
weight

For those who can relieve ; here may the
heart

Breathe in the air of fellow-suffering
Dreadless, as in a kind of fresher breeze
Of her own native element, the hand
Be ready and unwearied without plea,
From tasks too frequent or beyond its power,
For languor or indifference or despair.
And as these lofty barriers break the force
Of winds,—this deep Vale, as it doth
in part

Conceal us from the storm, so here abides
A power and a protection for the mind,
Dispensed indeed to other solitudes
Favoured by noble privilege like this,
Where kindred independence of estate
Is prevalent, where he who tills the field,
He, happy man ! is master of the field,
And treads the mountains which his Fathers
trod.

Not less than halfway up yon mountain's
side,

Behold a dusky spot, a grove of Firs
That seems still smaller than it is ; this
grove

Is haunted—by what ghost ? a gentle spirit
Of memory faithful to the call of love ;
For, as reports the Dame, whose fire sends
up

Yon curling smoke from the grey cot below,
The trees (her first-born child being then a
babe)

Were planted by her husband and herself,
That ranging o'er the high and houseless
ground

Their sheep might neither want from peril-
ous storm

Of winter, nor from summer's sultry heat,
A friendly covert ; "and they knew it well,"
Said she, "for thither as the trees grew up
We to the patient creatures carried food
In times of heavy snow." She then began
In fond obedience to her private thoughts
To speak of her dead husband ; is there not
An art, a music, and a strain of words
That shall be life, the acknowledged voice
of life,

Shall speak of what is done among the fields,
Done truly there, or felt, of solid good
And real evil, yet be sweet withal,
More grateful, more harmonious than the
breath,

The idle breath of softest pipe attuned
To pastoral fancies ? Is there such a stream
Pure and unsullied flowing from the heart
With motions of true dignity and grace ?
Or must we seek that stream where Man is
not ?

Methinks I could repeat in tuneful verse,
Delicious as the gentlest breeze that sounds
Through that aerial fir-grove—could pre-
serve

Some portion of its human history
As gathered from the Matron's lips, and
tell

Of tears that have been shed at sight of it,
And moving dialogues between this Pair
Who in their prime of wedlock, with joint
hands

Did plant the grove, now flourishing, while
they

No longer flourish, he entirely gone,
She withering in her loneliness. Be this
A task above my skill—the silent mind

Has her own treasures, and I think of these,
Love what I see, and honour humankind.

No, we are not alone, we do not stand,
My sister here misplaced and desolate,
Loving what no one cares for but ourselves.
We shall not scatter through the plains and
rocks

Of this fair Vale, and o'er its spacious
heights,

Unprofitable kindness, bestowed
On objects unaccustomed to the gifts
Of feeling, which were cheerless and for-
lorn

But few weeks past, and would be so again
Were we not here ; we do not tend a lamp
Whose lustre we alone participate,
Which shines dependent upon us alone,
Mortal though bright, a dying, dying flame.
Look where we will, some human hand
has been

Before us with its offering ; not a tree
Sprinkles these little pastures, but the same
Hath furnished matter for a thought ; per-
chance

For some one serves as a familiar friend.
Joy spreads, and sorrow spreads ; and this
whole Vale,

Home of untutored shepherds as it is,
Swarms with sensation, as with gleams of
sunshine,

Shadows or breezes, scents or sounds.
Nor deem

These feelings, though subservient more
than ours

To every day's demand for daily bread,
And borrowing more their spirit and their
shape

From self-respecting interests ; deem them
not

Unworthy therefore, and unhallowed — no,
They lift the animal being, do themselves
By nature's kind and ever-present aid
Refine the selfishness from which they
spring,

Redeem by love the individual sense
Of anxiousness, with which they are com-
bined,

And thus it is that fitly they become
Associates in the joy of purest minds :
They blend therewith congenially : mean-
while

Calmly they breathe their own undying life
Through this their mountain sanctuary ;
long

Oh long may it remain inviolate,
Diffusing health and sober cheerfulness,
And giving to the moments as they pass
Their little boons of animating thought
That sweeten labour, make it seen and felt
To be no arbitrary weight imposed,
But a glad function natural to man.

Fair proof of this, newcomer though I
be,

Already have I gained ; the inward frame,
Though slowly opening, opens every day
With process not unlike to that which
cheers

A pensive stranger journeying at his leisure
Through some Helvetian Dell ; when low-
hung mists

Break up and are beginning to recede ;
How pleased he is where thin and thinner
grows

The veil, or where it parts at once, to spy
The dark pines thrusting forth their spiky
heads ;

To watch the spreading lawns with cattle
grazed ;

Then to be greeted by the scattered huts
As they shine out ; and *see* the streams
whose murmur

Had soothed his ear while *they* were
hidden ; how pleased

To have about him which way e'er he goes
Something on every side concealed from
view,

In every quarter something visible
Half seen or wholly, lost and found again,
Alternate progress and impediment,
And yet a growing prospect in the main.

Such pleasure now is mine, albeit forced,
Herein less happy than the Traveller,
To cast from time to time a painful look
Upon unwelcome things which unawares
Reveal themselves, not therefore is my
heart

Depressed, nor does it fear what is to come ;
But confident, enriched at every glance,
The more I see the more delight my mind
Receives, or by reflection can create :
Truth justifies herself, and as she dwells
With Hope, who would not follow where
she leads ?

Nor let me pass unheeded other loves
Where no fear is, and humbler sympathies.
Already hath sprung up within my heart
A liking for the small grey horse that bears
The paralytic man, and for the brute

In Scripture sanctified—the patient brute
On which the cripple, in the quarry maimed,
Rides to and fro : I know them and their
ways.

The famous sheep-dog, first in all the vale,
Though yet to me a stranger, will not be
A stranger long ; nor will the blind man's
guide,

Meek and neglected thing, of no renown !
Soon will peep forth the primrose, ere it
fades

Friends shall I have at dawn, blackbird
and thrush

To rouse me, and a hundred warblers
more !

And if those Eagles to their ancient hold
Return, Helvellyn's Eagles ! with the Pair
From my own door I shall be free to claim
Acquaintance, as they sweep from cloud
to cloud.

The owl that gives the name to Owlet-Crag
Have I heard whooping, and he soon
will be

A chosen one of my regards. See there
The heifer in yon little croft belongs
To one who holds it dear ; with duteous
care

She reared it, and in speaking of her charge
I heard her scatter some endearing words
Domestic, and in spirit motherly,
She being herself a mother ; happy Beast,
If the caresses of a human voice
Can make it so, and care of human hands.

And ye as happy under Nature's care,
Strangers to me and all men, or at least
Strangers to all particular amity,
All intercourse of knowledge or of love
That parts the individual from his kind,
Whether in large communities ye keep
From year to year, not shunning man's
abode,

A settled residence, or be from far
Wild creatures, and of many homes, that
come

The gift of winds, and whom the winds
again

Take from us at your pleasure ; yet shall ye
Not want for this your own subordinate
place

In my affections. Witness the delight
With which erewhile I saw that multitude
Wheel through the sky, and see them now
at rest,

Yet not at rest upon the glassy lake :

They *cannot* rest—they gambol like young
whelps ;

Active as lambs, and overcome with joy
They try all frolic motions ; flutter, plunge,
And beat the passive water with their
wings.

Too distant are they for plain view, but lo !
Those little fountains, sparkling in the sun,
Betray their occupation, rising up
First one and then another silver spout,
As one or other takes the fit of glee,
Fountains and spouts, yet somewhat in the
guise

Of plaything fireworks, that on festal nights
Sparkle about the feet of wanton boys.

—How vast the compass of this theatre,
Yet nothing to be seen but lovely pomp
And silent majesty ; the birch-tree woods
Are hung with thousand thousand diamond
drops

Of melted hoar-frost, every tiny knot
In the bare twigs, each little budding-place
Cased with its several beads ; what myriads
these

Upon one tree, while all the distant grove,
That rises to the summit of the steep,
Shows like a mountain built of silver light :
See yonder the same pageant, and again
Behold the universal imagery
Inverted, all its sun-bright features touched
As with the varnish and the gloss of
dreams.

Dreamlike the blending also of the whole
Harmonious landscape : all along the shore
The boundary lost—the line invisible
That parts the image from reality ;
And the clear hills, as high as they ascend
Heavenward, so deep piercing the lake
below.

Admonished of the days of love to come
The raven croaks, and fills the upper air
With a strange sound of genial harmony ;
And in and all about that playful band,
Incapable although they be of rest,
And in their fashion very rioters,
There is a stillness ; and they seem to make
Calm revelry in that their calm abode.
Them leaving to their joyous hours I pass,
Pass with a thought the life of the whole
year

That is to come : the throng of woodland
flowers

And lilies that will dance upon the waves.
Say boldly then that solitude is not

Where these things are : he truly is alone,
 He of the multitude whose eyes are doomed
 To hold a vacant commerce day by day
 With Objects wanting life—repelling love ;
 He by the vast metropolis immured,
 Where pity shrinks from unremitting calls,
 Where numbers overwhelm humanity,
 And neighbourhood serves rather to divide
 Than to unite—what sighs more deep than
 his,

Whose nobler will hath long been sacrificed ;
 Who must inhabit under a black sky
 A city, where, if indifference to disgust
 Yield not to scorn or sorrow, living men
 Are oftimes to their fellow-men no more
 Than to the forest Hermit are the leaves
 That hang aloft in myriads ; nay, far less,
 For they protect his walk from sun and
 shower,
 Swell his devotion with their voice in
 storms,
 And whisper while the stars twinkle among
 them

His lullaby. From crowded streets remote,
 Far from the living and dead Wilderness
 Of the thronged world, Society is here
 A true community—a genuine frame
 Of many into one incorporate.

That must be looked for here : paternal
 sway,
 One household, under God, for high and
 low,

One family and one mansion ; to themselves
 Appropriate, and divided from the world,
 As if it were a cave, a multitude
 Human and brute, possessors undisturbed
 Of this Recess—their legislative Hall,
 Their Temple, and their glorious Dwelling-
 place.

Dismissing therefore all Arcadian dreams,
 All golden fancies of the golden age,
 The bright array of shadowy thoughts from
 times

That were before all time, or are to be
 Ere time expire, the pageantry that stirs
 Or will be stirring, when our eyes are fixed
 On lovely objects, and we wish to part
 With all remembrance of a jarring world,
 —Take we at once this one sufficient hope,
 What need of more ? that we shall neither
 droop

Nor pine for want of pleasure in the life
 Scattered about us, nor through want of
 aught

That keeps in health the insatiable mind.
 —That we shall have for knowledge and
 for love

Abundance, and that feeling as we do
 How goodly, how exceeding fair, how pure
 From all reproach is yon ethereal vault,
 And this deep Vale, its earthly counter-
 part,

By which and under which we are en-
 closed

To breathe in peace ; we shall moreover
 find

(If sound, and what we ought to be our-
 selves,

If rightly we observe and justly weigh)
 The inmates not unworthy of their home,
 The Dwellers of their Dwelling.

And if this
 Were otherwise, we have within ourselves
 Enough to fill the present day with joy,
 And overspread the future years with hope,
 Our beautiful and quiet home, enriched
 Already with a stranger whom we love
 Deeply, a stranger of our Father's house,
 A never-resting Pilgrim of the Sea,
 Who finds at last an hour to his content
 Beneath our roof. And others whom we
 love

Will seek us also, Sisters of our hearts,
 And one, like them, a Brother of our hearts,
 Philosopher and Poet, in whose sight
 These mountains will rejoice with open joy.

—Such is our wealth ! O Vale of Peace
 we are

And must be, with God's will, a happy
 Band.

Yet 'tis not to enjoy that we exist,
 For that end only ; something must be
 done :

I must not walk in unproved delight
 These narrow bounds, and think of nothing
 more,

No duty that looks further, and no care.
 Each Being has his office, lowly some
 And common, yet all worthy if fulfilled
 With zeal, acknowledgment that with the
 gift

Keeps pace a harvest answering to the seed.
 Of ill-advised Ambition and of Pride
 I would stand clear, but yet to me I feel
 That an internal brightness is vouchsafed
 That must not die, that must not pass away.
 Why does this inward lustre fondly seek
 And gladly blend with outward fellowship ?

Why do *they* shine around me whom I love?
 Why do they teach me, whom I thus revere?
 Strange question, yet it answers not itself.
 That humble Roof embowered among the
 trees,

That calm fireside, it is not even in them,
 Blest as they are, to furnish a reply
 That satisfies and ends in perfect rest.
 Possessions have I that are solely mine,
 Something within which yet is shared by
 none,

Not even the nearest to me and most dear,
 Something which power and effort may
 impart;

I would impart it, I would spread it wide :
 Immortal in the world which is to come—
 Forgive me if I add another claim--

And would not wholly perish even in this,
 Lie down and be forgotten in the dust,
 I and the modest Partners of my days
 Making a silent company in death ;
 Love, knowledge, all my manifold delights,
 All buried with me without monument
 Or profit unto any but ourselves !
 It must not be, if I, divinely taught,
 Be privileged to speak as I have felt
 Of what in man is human or divine.

What yet an innocent little one, with a
 heart

That doubtless wanted not its tender moods,
 I breathed (for this I better recollect)
 Among wild appetites and blind desires,
 Motions of savage instinct my delight
 And exaltation. Nothing at that time
 So welcome, no temptation half so dear
 As that which urged me to a daring feat,
 Deep pools, tall trees, black chasms, and
 dizzy crags,

And tottering towers : I loved to stand and
 read

Their looks forbidding, read and disobey,
 Sometimes in act and evermore in thought.
 With impulses, that scarcely were by these
 Surpassed in strength, I heard of danger
 met

Or sought with courage ; enterprise forlorn
 By one, sole keeper of his own intent,
 Or by a resolute few, who for the sake
 Of glory fronted multitudes in arms.
 Yea, to this hour I cannot read a Tale
 Of two brave vessels matched in deadly
 fight,

And fighting to the death, but I am pleased
 More than a wise man ought to be ; I wish,

Fret, burn, and struggle, and in soul am
 there.

But me hath Nature tamed, and bade to
 seek

For other agitations, or be calm ;

Hath dealt with me as with a turbulent
 stream,

Some nursling of the mountains which she
 leads

Through quiet meadows, after he has learnt
 His strength, and had his triumph and his
 joy,

His desperate course of tumult and of glee.
 That which in stealth by Nature was per-
 formed

Hath Reason sanctioned : her deliberate
 Voice

Hath said ; be mild, and cleave to gentle
 things,

Thy glory and thy happiness be there.

Nor fear, though thou confide in me, a
 want

Of aspirations that have been—of foes

To wrestle with, and victory to complete,
 Bounds to be leapt, darkness to be explored ;
 All that inflamed thy infant heart, the love,
 The longing, the contempt, the undaunted
 quest,

All shall survive, though changed their
 office, all

Shall live, it is not in their power to die.

Then farewell to the Warrior's Schemes,
 farewell

The forwardness of soul which looks that
 way

Upon a less incitement than the Cause

Of Liberty endangered, and farewell

That other hope, long mine, the hope to
 fill

The heroic trumpet with the Muse's breath !

Yet in this peaceful Vale we will not spend
 Unheard-of days, though loving peaceful
 thought,

A voice shall speak, and what will be the
 theme ?

On Man, on Nature, and on Human
 Life,

Musing in solitude, I oft perceive

Fair trains of imagery before me rise,

Accompanied by feelings of delight

Pure, or with no unpleasing sadness mixed ;

And I am conscious of affecting thoughts

And dear remembrances, whose presence
 soothes

Or elevates the Mind, intent to weigh
 The good and evil of our mortal state.
 —To these emotions, whencesoe'er they
 come,
 Whether from breath of outward circum-
 stance,
 Or from the Soul—an impulse to herself—
 I would give utterance in numerous verse.
 Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love, and
 Hope,
 And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith ;
 Of blessed consolations in distress ;
 Of moral strength, and intellectual Power ;
 Of joy in widest commonalty spread ;
 Of the individual Mind that keeps her own
 Inviolat retirement, subject there
 To Conscience only, and the law supreme
 Of that Intelligence which governs all—
 I sing :—"fit audience let me find though
 few !"

So prayed, more gaining than he asked,
 the Bard—

In holiest mood. Urania, I shall need
 Thy guidance, or a greater Muse, if such
 Descend to earth or dwell in highest heaven !
 For I must tread on shadowy ground, must
 sink
 Deep—and, aloft ascending, breathe in
 worlds
 To which the heaven of heavens is but a
 veil.

All strength—all terror, single or in bands,
 That ever was put forth in personal form—
 Jehovah—with his thunder, and the choir
 Of shouting Angels, and the empyreal
 thrones—

I pass them unalarmed. Not Chaos, not
 The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,
 Nor aught of blinder vacancy, scooped out
 By help of dreams—can breed such fear
 and awe

As fall upon us often when we look
 Into our Minds, into the Mind of Man—
 My haunt, and the main region of my song
 —Beauty—a living Presence of the earth,
 Surpassing the most fair ideal Forms
 Which craft of delicate Spirits hath com-
 posed

From earth's materials—waits upon my
 steps ;

Pitches her tents before me as I move,
 An hourly neighbour. Paradise, and groves
 Elysian, Fortunate Fields—like those of
 old

Sought in the Atlantic Main—why should
 they be

A history only of departed things,
 Or a mere fiction of what never was ?
 For the discerning intellect of Man,
 When wedded to this goodly universe
 In love and holy passion, shall find these
 A simple produce of the common day.
 —I, long before the blissful hour arrives,
 Would chant, in lonely peace, the spousal
 verse

Of this great consummation :—and, by
 words

Which speak of nothing more than what
 we are,

Would I arouse the sensual from their sleep
 Of Death, and win the vacant and the vain
 To noble raptures ; while my voice pro-
 claims

How exquisitely the individual Mind
 (And the progressive powers perhaps no less
 Of the whole species) to the external World
 Is fitted :—and how exquisitely, too—
 Theme this but little heard of among men—
 The external World is fitted to the Mind ;
 And the creation (by no lower name
 Can it be called) which they with blended
 might

Accomplish :—this is our high argument.
 —Such grateful haunts foregoing, if I oft
 Must turn elsewhere—to travel near the
 tribes

And fellowships of men, and see ill sights
 Of madding passions mutually inflamed ;
 Must hear Humanity in fields and groves
 Pipe solitary anguish ; or must hang
 Brooding above the fierce confederate storm
 Of sorrow, barricadoed evermore
 Within the walls of cities—may these sounds
 Have their authentic comment ; that even
 these

Hearing, I be not downcast or forlorn !—
 Descend, prophetic Spirit ! that inspir'st¹
 The human Soul of universal earth,
 Dreaming on things to come ; and dost
 possess

A metropolitan temple in the hearts
 Of mighty Poets ; upon me bestow
 A gift of genuine insight ; that my Song
 With star-like virtue in its place may shine,
 Shedding benignant influence, and secure
 Itself from all malevolent effect
 Of those mutations that extend their sway

¹ See Note.

Throughout the nether sphere!—And if
with this

I mix more lowly matter; with the thing
Contemplated, describe the Mind and Man
Contemplating; and who, and what he
was—

The transitory Being that beheld
This Vision;—when and where, and how
he lived;

Be not this labour useless. If such theme
May sort with highest objects, then—dread
Power!

Whose gracious favour is the primal source
Of all illumination—may my Life
Express the image of a better time,
More wise desires, and simpler manners;—
nurse

My Heart in genuine freedom:—all pure
thoughts

Be with me;—so shall thy unfailing love
Guide, and support, and cheer me to the
end!

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

The course of the great war with the French naturally fixed one's attention upon the military character, and, to the honour of our country, there were many illustrious instances of the qualities that constitute its highest excellence. Lord Nelson carried most of the virtues that the trials he was exposed to in his department of the service necessarily call forth and sustain, if they do not produce the contrary vices. But his public life was stained with one great crime, so that, though many passages of these lines were suggested by what was generally known as excellent in his conduct, I have not been able to connect his name with the poem as I could wish, or even to think of him with satisfaction in reference to the idea of what a warrior ought to be. For the sake of such of my friends as may happen to read this note I will add, that many elements of the character here portrayed were found in my brother John, who perished by shipwreck as mentioned elsewhere. His messmates used to call him the Philosopher, from which it must be inferred that the qualities and dispositions I allude to had not escaped their notice. He often expressed his regret, after the war had continued some time, that he had not chosen the Naval, instead of the East India Company's service, to which his family connection had led him. He greatly valued moral and religious instruction for

youth, as tending to make good sailors. The best, he used to say, came from Scotland; the next to them, from the North of England, especially from Westmoreland and Cumberland, where, thanks to the piety and local attachments of our ancestors, endowed, or, as they are commonly called, free, schools abound.

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous Spirit, who, when
brought

Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish
thought:

Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always
bright:

Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent
to learn;

Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes,
bereaves

Of their bad influence, and their good re-
ceives:

By objects, which might force the soul to
abate

Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more
pure,

As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.

—'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted
still

To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;

Who comprehends his trust, and to the same

Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait

For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,

Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,

Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined

Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law

In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:
—He who, though thus endued as with a sense

And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love:—

'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:

Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,

Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth

For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;

And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's
applause:

This is the happy Warrior; this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to be.
r806.

THE HORN OF EGREMONT CASTLE¹

A tradition transferred from the ancient mansion of Hutton John, the seat of the Hudlestons, to Egremont Castle.

ERE the Brothers through the gateway
Issued forth with old and young,
To the Horn Sir Eustace pointed
Which for ages there had hung.
Horn it was which none could sound,
No one upon living ground,
Save He who came as rightful Heir
To Egremont's Domains and Castle fair.

Heirs from times of earliest record.
Had the House of Lucie born,
Who of right had held the Lordship
Claimed by proof upon the Horn:
Each at the appointed hour
Tried the Horn,—it owned his power;
He was acknowledged: and the blast,
Which good Sir Eustace sounded, was the last.

With his lance Sir Eustace pointed,
And to Hubert thus said he,
"What I speak this Horn shall witness
For thy better memory.
Hear, then, and neglect me not!
At this time, and on this spot,
The words are uttered from my heart,
As my last earnest prayer ere we depart.

"On good service we are going
Life to risk by sea and land,
In which course if Christ our Saviour
Do my sinful soul demand,
Hither come thou back straightway,
Hubert, if alive that day;
Return, and sound the Horn, that we
May have a living House still left in thee!"

"Fear not," quickly answered Hubert;
"As I am thy Father's son,

¹ See Note.

What thou askest, noble Brother,
 With God's favour shall be done."
 So were both right well content:
 Forth they from the Castle went,
 And at the head of their Array
 To Palestine the Brothers took their way.

Side by side they fought (the Lucies
 Were a line for valour famed),
 And where'er their strokes alighted,
 There the Saracens were tamed.
 Whence, then, could it come—the thought—
 By what evil spirit brought?
 Oh! can a brave Man wish to take
 His Brother's life, for Lands' and Castle's
 sake?

"Sir!" the Ruffians said to Hubert,
 "Deep he lies in Jordan flood."
 Stricken by this ill assurance,
 Pale and trembling Hubert stood.
 "Take your earnings."—Oh! that I
 Could have *seen* my Brother die!
 It was a pang that vexed him then;
 And oft returned, again, and yet again.

Months passed on, and no Sir Eustace!
 Nor of him were tidings heard;
 Wherefore, bold as day, the Murderer
 Back again to England steered.
 To his Castle Hubert sped;
 Nothing has he now to dread.
 But silent and by stealth he came,
 And at an hour which nobody could name.

None could tell if it were night-time,
 Night or day, at even or morn;
 No one's eye had seen him enter,
 No one's ear had heard the Horn.
 But bold Hubert lives in glee:
 Months and years went smilingly;
 With plenty was his table spread;
 And bright the Lady is who shares his bed.

Likewise he had sons and daughters;
 And, as good men do, he sate
 At his board by these surrounded,
 Flourishing in fair estate.
 And while thus in open day
 Once he sate, as old books say,
 A blast was uttered from the Horn,
 Where by the Castle-gate it hung forlorn.

'Tis the breath of good Sir Eustace!
 He is come to claim his right:

Ancient castle, woods, and mountains
 Hear the challenge with delight.
 Hubert! though the blast be blown
 He is helpless and alone:
 Thou hast a dungeon, speak the word!
 And there he may be lodged, and thou be
 Lord.

Speak!—astounded Hubert cannot;
 And, if power to speak he had,
 All are daunted, all the household
 Smitten to the heart, and sad.
 'Tis Sir Eustace; if it be
 Living man, it must be he!
 Thus Hubert thought in his dismay,
 And by a postern-gate he slunk away.

Long, and long was he unheard of:
 To his Brother then he came,
 Made confession, asked forgiveness,
 Asked it by a brother's name,
 And by all the saints in heaven;
 And of Eustace was forgiven:
 Then in a convent went to hide
 His melancholy head, and there he died.

But Sir Eustace, whom good angels
 Had preserved from murderers' hands,
 And from Pagan chains had rescued,
 Lived with honour on his lands.
 Sons he had, saw sons of theirs:
 And through ages, heirs of heirs,
 A long posterity renowned,
 Sounded the Horn which they alone could
 sound, 1806.

A COMPLAINT

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. Suggested by
 a change in the manner of a friend.

THERE is a change—and I am poor;
 Your love hath been, not long ago,
 A fountain at my fond heart's door,
 Whose only business was to flow;
 And flow it did: not taking heed
 Of its own bounty, or my need.

What happy moments did I count!
 Blest was I then all bliss above!
 Now, for that consecrated fount
 Of murmuring, sparkling, living love,
 What have I? shall I dare to tell?
 A comfortless and hidden well.

A well of love—it may be deep—
 I trust it is,—and never dry :
 What matter? if the waters sleep
 In silence and obscurity.
 —Such change, and at the very door
 Of my fond heart, hath made me poor.
 1806.

STRAY PLEASURES

*"—Pleasure is spread through the earth.
 In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall find."*

Suggested on the Thames by the sight of one of those floating mills that used to be seen there. This I noticed on the Surrey side between Somerset House and Blackfriars Bridge. Charles Lamb was with me at the time; and I thought it remarkable that I should have to point out to *him*, an idolatrous Londoner, a sight so interesting as the happy group dancing on the platform. Mills of this kind used to be, and perhaps still are, not uncommon on the Continent. I noticed several upon the river Saone in the year 1799, particularly near the town of Chalons, where my friend Jones and I halted a day when we crossed France; so far on foot: there we embarked, and floated down to Lyons.

By their floating mill,
 That lies dead and still,
 Behold yon Prisoners three,
 The Miller with two Dames, on the breast
 of the Thames !
 The platform is small, but gives room for
 them all ;
 And they're dancing merrily.

From the shore come the notes
 To their mill where it floats,
 To their house and their mill tethered fast :
 To the small wooden isle where, their work
 to beguile,
 They from morning to even take whatever
 is given ;—
 And many a blithe day they have past.

In sight of the spires,
 All alive with the fires
 Of the sun going down to his rest,
 In the broad open eye of the solitary sky,
 They dance,—there are three, as jocund
 as free,
 While they dance on the calm river's breast.

Man and Maidens wheel,
 They themselves make the reel,
 And their music's a prey which they seize ;
 It plays not for them,—what matter? 'tis
 theirs ;
 And if they had care, it has scattered their
 cares,
 While they dance, crying, " Long as ye
 please ! "

They dance not for me,
 Yet mine is their glee !
 Thus pleasure is spread through the earth
 In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever
 shall find ;
 Thus a rich loving-kindness, redundantly
 kind,
 Moves all nature to gladness and mirth.

The showers of the spring
 Rouse the birds, and they sing ;
 If the wind do but stir for his proper
 delight,
 Each leaf, that and this, his neighbour will
 kiss ;
 Each wave, one and t' other, speeds after
 his brother :
 They are happy, for that is their right !
 1806.

POWER OF MUSIC

Taken from life.

AN Orpheus ! an Orpheus ! yes, Faith may
 grow bold,
 And take to herself all the wonders of
 old ;—
 Near the stately Pantheon you'll meet with
 the same
 In the street that from Oxford hath bor-
 rowed its name.

His station is there; and he works on the
 crowd,
 He sways them with harmony merry and
 loud ;
 He fills with his power all their hearts to
 the brim—
 Was aught ever heard like his fiddle and
 him ?

What an eager assembly ! what an empire
 is this !

The weary have life, and the hungry have bliss;
 The mourner is cheered, and the anxious have rest;
 And the guilt-burthened soul is no longer oppress.

As the Moon brightens round her the clouds of the night,
 So He, where he stands, is a centre of light;
 It gleams on the face, there, of dusky-browed Jack,
 And the pale-visaged Baker's, with basket on back.

That errand-bound 'Prentice was passing in haste—
 What matter! he's caught—and his time runs to waste;
 The Newsman is stopped, though he stops on the fret;
 And the half-breathless Lamplighter—he's in the net!

The Porter sits down on the weight which he bore;
 The Lass with her barrow wheels hither her store;—
 If a thief could be here he might pilfer at ease;
 She sees the Musician, 'tis all that she sees!
 He stands, backed by the wall;—he abates not his din
 His hat gives him vigour, with boons dropping in,
 From the old and the young, from the poorest; and there!
 The one-pennied Boy has his penny to spare.

O blest are the hearers, and proud be the hand
 Of the pleasure it spreads through so thankful a band;
 I am glad for him, blind as he is!—all the while
 If they speak 'tis to praise, and they praise with a smile.

That tall Man, a giant in bulk and in height,
 Not an inch of his body is free from delight;

Can he keep himself still, if he would? oh, not he!

The music stirs in him like wind through a tree.

Mark that Cripple who leans on his crutch; like a tower

That long has leaned forward, leans hour after hour!—

That Mother, whose spirit in fetters is bound,

While she dandles the Babe in her arms to the sound.

Now, coaches and chariots! roar on like a stream;

Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a dream:

They are deaf to your murmurs—they care not for you,

Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye pursue!
 1806.

STAR-GAZERS

Observed by me in Leicester-square, as here described.

WHAT crowd is this? what have we here!
 we must not pass it by;

A Telescope upon its frame, and pointed to the sky:

Long is it as a barber's pole, or mast of little boat,

Some little pleasure-skiff, that doth on Thames's waters float.

The Showman chooses well his place, 'tis Leicester's busy Square;

And is as happy in his night, for the heavens are blue and fair;

Calm, though impatient, is the crowd; each stands ready with the fee,

And envies him that's looking;—what an insight must it be!

Yet, Showman, where can lie the cause?
 Shall thy Implement have blame,

A boaster, that when he is tried, fails, and is put to shame?

Or is it good as others are, and be their eyes in fault?

Their eyes, or minds? or, finally, is yon resplendent vault?

Is nothing of that radiant pomp so good
as we have here?

Or gives a thing but small delight that
never can be dear?

The silver moon with all her vales, and
hills of mightiest fame,

Doth she betray us when they're seen? or
are they but a name?

Or is it rather that Conceit rapacious is
and strong,

And bounty never yields so much but it
seems to do her wrong?

Or is it, that when human Souls a journey
long have had

And are returned into themselves, they
cannot but be sad?

Or must we be constrained to think that
these Spectators rude,

Poor in estate, of manners base, men of
the multitude,

Have souls which never yet have risen,
and therefore prostrate lie?

No, no, this cannot be;—men thirst for
power and majesty!

Does, then, a deep and earnest thought
the blissful mind employ

Of him who gazes, or has gazed? a grave
and steady joy,

That doth reject all show of pride, admits
no outward sign,

Because not of this noisy world, but silent
and divine!

Whatever be the cause, 'tis sure that they
who pry and pore

Seem to meet with little gain, seem less
happy than before:

One after One they take their turn, nor
have I one espied

That doth not slackly go away, as if dis-
satisfied.

1806.

"YES, IT WAS THE MOUNTAIN ECHO"

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The echo
came from Nab-scar, when I was walking on the
opposite side of Rydal Mere. I will here mention,
for my dear Sister's sake, that, while she was
sitting alone one day high up on this part of
Loughrigg Fell, she was so affected by the voice

of the Cuckoo heard from the crags at some dis-
tance that she could not suppress a wish to have
a stone inscribed with her name among the rocks
from which the sound proceeded. On my return
from my walk I recited these verses to Mrs.
Wordsworth.

YES, it was the mountain Echo,
Solitary, clear, profound,
Answering to the shouting Cuckoo,
Giving to her sound for sound!

Unsolicited reply
To a babbling wanderer sent;
Like her ordinary cry,
Like—but oh, how different!

Hears not also mortal Life?
Hear not we, unthinking Creatures!
Slaves of folly, love, or strife—
Voices of two different natures?

Have not *we* too?—yes, we have
Answers, and we know not whence;
Echoes from beyond the grave,
Recognised intelligence!

Such rebounds our inward ear
Catches sometimes from afar—
Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
For of God,—of God they are.

1806.

"NUNS FRET NOT AT THEIR CONVENT'S NARROW ROOM"

In the cottage, Town-end, Grasmere, one after-
noon in 1807, my sister read to me the Sonnets of
Milton. I had long been well acquainted with
them, but I was particularly struck on that occa-
sion with the dignified simplicity and majestic
harmony that runs through most of them,—in
character so totally different from the Italian,
and still more so from Shakspeare's fine Sonnets.
I took fire, if I may be allowed to say so, and
produced three Sonnets the same afternoon, the
first I ever wrote except an irregular one at
school. Of these three, the only one I distinctly
remember is—"I grieved for Buonaparté." One
was never written down: the third, which was,
I believe, preserved, I cannot particularise.

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow
room;
And hermits are contented with their cells;

And students with their pensive citadels ;
 Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his
 loom,
 Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for
 bloom,
 High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,
 Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells :
 In truth the prison, unto which we doom
 Ourselves, no prison is: and hence for me,
 In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
 Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground ;
 Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs
 must be)
 Who have felt the weight of too much
 liberty,
 Should find brief solace there, as I have
 found. 1806.

PERSONAL TALK

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The last line
 but two stood, at first, better and more character-
 istically, thus :

"By my half-kitchen and half-parlour fire."

My Sister and I were in the habit of having the
 tea-kettle in our little sitting-room; and we
 toasted the bread ourselves, which reminds me of
 a little circumstance not unworthy of being set
 down among these minutiae. Happening both of
 us to be engaged a few minutes one morning
 when we had a young prig of a Scotch lawyer to
 breakfast with us, my dear Sister, with her usual
 simplicity, put the toasting-fork with a slice of
 bread into the hands of this Edinburgh genius.
 Our little book-case stood on one side of the fire.
 To prevent loss of time, he took down a book,
 and fell to reading, to the neglect of the toast,
 which was burnt to a cinder. Many a time have
 we laughed at this circumstance, and other
 cottage simplicities of that day. By the bye, I
 have a spite at one of this series of Sonnets (I
 will leave the reader to discover which) as having
 been the means of nearly putting off for ever our
 acquaintance with dear Miss Fenwick, who has
 always stigmatised one line of it as vulgar, and
 worthy only of having been composed by a
 country squire.

1

I AM not One who much or oft delight
 To season my fireside with personal talk. —
 On those who live within an easy walk,
 Or neighbours, daily, weekly, in my sight :

And, for my chance-acquaintance, ladies
 bright,
 Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the
 stalk,
 These all wear out of me, like Forms, with
 chalk
 Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast-
 night.
 Better than such discourse doth silence
 long,
 Long, barren silence, square with my
 desire ;
 To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
 In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,
 And listen to the flapping of the flame,
 Or kettle whispering its faint undersong.

11

"Yet life," you say, "is life; we have seen
 and see,
 And with a living pleasure we describe ;
 And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe
 The languid mind into activity.
 Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and
 glee
 Are fostered by the comment and the gibe."
 Even be it so; yet still among your tribe,
 Our daily world's true Worldlings, rank
 not me !
 Children are blest, and powerful; their
 world lies
 More justly balanced; partly at their feet,
 And part far from them: sweetest melodies
 Are those that are by distance made more
 sweet ;
 Whose mind is but the mind of his own
 eyes,
 He is a Slave; the meanest we can meet !

111

Wings have we,—and as far as we can go,
 We may find pleasure: wilderness and
 wood,
 Blank ocean and mere sky, support that
 mood
 Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
 Dreams, books, are each a world; and
 books, we know,
 Are a substantial world, both pure and
 good :
 Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh
 and blood,

Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
 There find I personal themes, a plenteous
 store,
 Matter wherein right voluble I am,
 To which I listen with a ready ear;
 Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear,—
 The gentle Lady married to the Moor;
 And heavenly Una with her milk-white
 Lamb.

IV

Nor can I not believe but that hereby
 Great gains are mine; for thus I live remote
 From evil-speaking; rancour, never sought,
 Comes to me not; malignant truth, or lie.
 Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
 Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and
 joyous thought:

And thus from day to day my little boat
 Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.
 Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,
 Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler
 cares—

The Poets, who on earth have made us
 heirs

Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
 Oh! might my name be numbered among
 theirs,

Then gladly would I end my mortal days.
 1806.

ADMONITION

Intended more particularly for the perusal of
 those who may have happened to be enamoured
 of some beautiful Place of Retreat, in the Country
 of the Lakes.

WELL may'st thou halt—and gaze with
 brightening eye!

The lovely Cottage in the guardian nook
 Hath stirred thee deeply; with its own dear
 brook,

Its own small pasture, almost its own
 sky!

But covet not the Abode;—forbear to sigh,
 As many do, repining while they look;
 Intruders—who would tear from Nature's
 book

This precious leaf, with harsh impiety.
 Think what the home must be if it were
 thine,

Even thine, though few thy wants!—Roof,
 window, door,

The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,
 The roses to the porch which they entwine:
 Yea, all, that now enchants thee, from the
 day

On which it should be touched, would melt
 away. 1806.

“BELOVED VALE! I SAID, WHEN
 I SHALL CON”

“BELOVED Vale!” I said, “when I shall
 con

Those many records of my childish years,
 Remembrance of myself and of my peers
 Will press me down: to think of what is
 gone

Will be an awful thought, if life have
 one.”

But, when into the Vale I came, no fears
 Distressed me; from mine eyes escaped no
 tears;

Deep thought, or dread remembrance, had
 I none.

By doubts and thousand petty fancies crost
 I stood, of simple shame the blushing
 Thrall;

So narrow seemed the brooks, the fields so
 small!

A Juggler's balls old Time about him
 tossed;

I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed;
 and all

The weight of sadness was in wonder lost.
 1806.

“HOW SWEET IT IS, WHEN
 MOTHER FANCY ROCKS”

How sweet it is, when mother Fancy
 rocks

The wayward brain, to saunter through a
 wood!

An old place, full of many a lovely brood,
 Tall trees, green arbours, and ground-
 flowers in flocks;

And wild rose tip-toe upon hawthorn stocks,
 Like a bold Girl, who plays her agile pranks
 At Wakes and Fairs with wandering
 Mountebanks,—

When she stands cresting the Clown's
 head, and mocks

The crowd beneath her. Verily I think,
Such place to me is sometimes like a dream
Or map of the whole world : thoughts, link
by link,
Enter through ears and eyesight, with such
gleam
Of all things, that at last in fear I shrink,
And leap at once from the delicious stream.
1806.

"THOSE WORDS WERE UTTERED
AS IN PENSIVE MOOD"

"———they are of the sky,
And from our earthly memory fade away."

THOSE words were uttered as in pensive
mood

We turned, departing from that solemn
sight :

A contrast and reproach to gross delight,
And life's unspiritual pleasures daily wooed !
But now upon this thought I cannot brood ;
It is unstable as a dream of night ;
Nor will I praise a cloud, however bright,
Disparaging Man's gifts, and proper food.
Grove, isle, with every shape of sky-built
dome,

Though clad in colours beautiful and pure,
Find in the heart of man no natural home :
The immortal Mind craves objects that
endure :

These cleave to it ; from these it cannot
roam,

Nor they from it : their fellowship is secure.
1806.

COMPOSED BY THE SIDE OF
GRASMERE LAKE

1806.

CLOUDS, lingering yet, extend in solid
bars

Through the grey west ; and lo ! these
waters, steeled

By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield
A vivid repetition of the stars ;

Jove, Venus, and the ruddy crest of Mars
Amid the clouds beautifully revealed

At happy distance from earth's groaning
field,

Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars.
Is it a mirror ?—or the nether Sphere

Opening to view the abyss in which she feeds
Her own calm fires ?—But list ! a voice is
near ;

Great Pan himself low-whispering through
the reeds,

"Be thankful, thou ; for, if unholy deeds
Ravage the world, tranquillity is here !"

"WITH HOW SAD STEPS, O MOON,
THOU CLIMB'ST THE SKY"

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou
climb'st the sky,

"How silently, and with how wan a face !"
Where art thou ? Thou so often seen on
high

Running among the clouds a Wood-
nymph's race !

Unhappy Nuns, whose common breath's
a sigh

Which they would stifle, move at such a
pace !

The northern Wind, to call thee to the
chase,

Must blow to-night his bugle horn. Had I
The power of Merlin, Goddess ! this should
be :

And all the stars, fast as the clouds were
riven,

Should sally forth, to keep thee company,
Hurrying and sparkling through the clear
blue heaven.

But, Cynthia ! should to thee the palm be
given,

Queen both for beauty and for majesty.
1806.

"THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH
WITH US ; LATE AND SOON"

THE world is too much with us ; late and
soon,

Getting and spending, we lay waste our
powers :

Little we see in Nature that is ours ;

We have given our hearts away, a sordid
boon !

The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all

hours,

And are up-gathered now like sleeping
flowers ;

For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
 It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less
 forlorn;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed
 horn. 1806.

"WITH SHIPS THE SEA WAS
 SPRINKLED FAR AND NIGH"

WITH Ships the sea was sprinkled far and
 nigh,
 Like stars in heaven, and joyously it
 showed;
 Some lying fast at anchor in the road,
 Some veering up and down, one knew not
 why.
 A goodly Vessel did I then espy
 Come like a giant from a haven broad;
 And lustily along the bay she strode,
 Her tackling rich, and of apparel high.
 This Ship was nought to me, nor I to her,
 Yet I pursued her with a Lover's look;
 This Ship to all the rest did I prefer:
 When will she turn, and whither? She
 will brook
 No tarrying; where She comes the winds
 must stir:
 On went She, and due north her journey
 took. 1806.

"WHERE LIES THE LAND TO
 WHICH YON SHIP MUST GO?"

WHERE lies the Land to which yon Ship
 must go?
 Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day,
 Festively she puts forth in trim array;
 Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?
 What boots the inquiry?—Neither friend
 nor foe
 She cares for; let her travel where she may,
 She finds familiar names, a beaten way
 Ever before her, and a wind to blow.
 Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark?
 And, almost as it was when ships were
 rare,
 (From time to time, like Pilgrims, here
 and there

Crossing the waters) doubt, and something
 dark,
 Of the old Sea some reverential fear,
 Is with me at thy farewell, joyous Bark!
 1806.

TO SLEEP

O GENTLE SLEEP! do they belong to thee,
 These twinklings of oblivion? Thou dost
 love
 To sit in meekness, like the brooding Dove,
 A captive never wishing to be free.
 This tiresome night, O Sleep! thou art to
 me
 A Fly, that up and down himself doth
 shove
 Upon a fretful rivulet, now above
 Now on the water vexed with mockery.
 I have no pain that calls for patience, no;
 Hence am I cross and peevish as a child:
 Am pleased by fits to have thee for my
 foe,
 Yet ever willing to be reconciled:
 O gentle Creature! do not use me so,
 But once and deeply let me be beguiled.
 1806.

TO SLEEP

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
 One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
 Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and
 seas,
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and
 pure sky;
 I have thought of all by turns, and yet do lie
 Sleepless! and soon the small birds'
 melodies
 Must hear, first uttered from my orchard
 trees;
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
 Even thus last night, and two nights more,
 I lay,
 And could not win thee, Sleep! by any
 stealth:
 So do not let me wear to-night away:
 Without Thee what is all the morning's
 wealth?
 Come, blessed barrier between day and
 day,
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous
 health!
 1806.

TO SLEEP

FOND words have oft been spoken to thee,
 Sleep!
 And thou hast had thy store of tenderest
 names;
 The very sweetest, Fancy culls or frames,
 When thankfulness of heart is strong and
 deep!
 Dear Bosom-child we call thee, that dost
 steep
 In rich reward all suffering; Balm that
 tames
 All anguish; Saint that evil thoughts and
 ains
 Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
 Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I
 alone,
 I surely not a man ungently made,
 Call thee worst Tyrant by which Flesh is
 crost?
 Perverse, self-willed to own and to disown,
 Mere slave of them who never for thee
 prayed,
 Still last to come where thou art wanted
 most! 1806.

TWO TRANSLATIONS FROM
MICHAEL ANGELO, AND A
TRANSLATION FROM THE
LATIN OF THOMAS WARTON.

GRATEFUL is Sleep, my life in stone bound
 fast;
 More grateful still: while wrong and shame
 shall last,
 On me can Time no happier state bestow
 Than to be left unconscious of the woe.
 Ah then, lest you awaken me, speak low.

GRATEFUL is Sleep, more grateful still to be
 Of marble; for while shameless wrong and
 woe
 Prevail, 'tis best to neither hear nor see.
 Then wake me not, I pray you. Hush,
 speak low.

COME, gentle Sleep, Death's Image tho' thou
 art,
 Come share my couch, nor speedily depart;
 How sweet thus living without life to lie,
 Thus without death how sweet it is to die.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL
ANGELO

Translations from Michael Angelo, done at the
 request of Mr. Duppa, whose acquaintance I
 made through Mr. Southey. Mr. Duppa was en-
 gaged in writing the life of Michael Angelo, and
 applied to Mr. Southey and myself to furnish
 some specimens of his poetic genius.

I

YES! hope may with my strong desire keep
 pace,
 And I be undeluded, unbetrayed;
 For if of our affections none finds grace
 In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore hath
 God made
 The world which we inhabit? Better plea
 Love cannot have, than that in loving thee
 Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,
 Who such divinity to thee imparts
 As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
 His hope is treacherous only whose love
 dies
 With beauty, which is varying every hour;
 But, in chaste hearts uninfluenced by the
 power
 Of outward change, there blooms a death-
 less flower,
 That breathes on earth the air of paradise.
 1806.

FROM THE SAME

II

No mortal object did these eyes behold
 When first they met the placid light of
 thine,
 And my Soul felt her destiny divine,
 And hope of endless peace in me grew bold:
 Heaven-born, the Soul a heaven-ward
 course must hold;
 Beyond the visible world she soars to seek
 (For what delights the sense is false and
 weak)
 Ideal Form, the universal mould.
 The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
 In that which perishes: nor will he lend
 His heart to aught which doth on time
 depend.
 'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,
 That kills the soul: love betters what is
 best,
 Even here below, but more in heaven above
 1806.

TO THE MEMORY OF RAISLEY CALVERT

This young man, Raisley Calvert, to whom I was so much indebted, died at Penrith, 1795.

CALVERT ! it must not be unheard by them
Who may respect my name, that I to thee
Owed many years of early liberty.

This care was thine when sickness did condemn

Thy youth to hopeless wasting, root and stem—

That I, if frugal and severe, might stray
Where'er I liked ; and finally array
My temples with the Muse's diadem.

Hence, if in freedom I have loved the truth ;

If there be aught of pure, or good, or great,
In my past verse ; or shall be, in the lays
Of higher mood, which now I meditate ;—
It gladdens me, O worthy, short-lived,
Youth !

To think how much of this will be thy praise.
1806.

"METHOUGHT I SAW THE FOOT- STEPS OF A THRONE"

The latter part of this Sonnet was a great favourite with my sister S. H. When I saw her lying in death, I could not resist the impulse to compose the Sonnet that follows it.

I

METHOUGHT I saw the footsteps of a throne

Which mists and vapours from mine eyes
did shroud—

Nor view of who might sit thereon allowed ;
But all the steps and ground about were
strown

With sights the ruefullest that flesh and bone

Ever put on ; a miserable crowd,
Sick, hale, old, young, who cried before
that cloud,

"Thou art our king, O Death ! to thee we
groan."

Those steps I clomb ; the mists before me
gave

Smooth way ; and I beheld the face of one
Sleeping alone within a mossy cave,

With her face up to heaven ; that seemed
to have

Pleasing remembrance of a thought fore-
gone ;

A lovely Beauty in a summer grave !
1806.

LINES

Composed at Grasmere, during a walk one
Evening, after a stormy day, the Author having
just read in a Newspaper that the dissolution of
Mr. Fox was hourly expected.

LOUD is the Vale ! the Voice is up
With which she speaks when storms are
gone,

A mighty unison of streams !
Of all her Voices, One !

Loud is the Vale ;—this inland Depth
In peace is roaring like the Sea
Yon star upon the mountain-top
Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain deprest,
Importunate and heavy load !¹
The Comforter hath found me here,
Upon this lonely road ;

And many thousands now are sad—
Wait the fulfilment of their fear ;
For he must die who is their stay,
Their glory disappear.

A Power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature's dark abyss ;
But when the great and good depart
What is it more than this—

That Man, who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet again to God return ?—
Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn ?

1806.

NOVEMBER 1806

ANOTHER year !—another deadly blow !
Another mighty Empire overthrown !
And We are left, or shall be left, alone ;
The last that dare to struggle with the Foe.
"Tis well ! from this day forward we shall
know

¹ Importuna e grave salma.—MICHAEL ANGELO.

That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
That by our own right hands it must be
wrought;

That we must stand unpropped, or be laid
low.

O dastard whom such foretaste doth not
cheer!

We shall exult, if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band,
Who are to judge of danger which they
fear,

And honour which they do not understand.¹

ADDRESS TO A CHILD

DURING A BOISTEROUS WINTER EVENING

BY MY SISTER

Written at Town-end, Grasmere.

WHAT way does the wind come? What
way does he go?

He rides over the water, and over the snow,
Through wood, and through vale; and,
o'er rocky height

Which the goat cannot climb, takes his
sounding flight;

He tosses about in every bare tree,
As, if you look up, you plainly may see;
But how he will come, and whither he goes,
There's never a scholar in England knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook
And ring a sharp 'larum;—but, if you should
look,

There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow
Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,
And softer than if it were covered with silk.
Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock;
—Yet seek him,—and what shall you find
in the place?

Nothing but silence and empty space;
Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,
That he's left, for a bed, to beggars or
thieves!

As soon as 'tis daylight to-morrow, with me
You shall go to the orchard, and then you
will see

That he has been there, and made a great
rout, [about;

And cracked the branches, and strewn them

¹ See Note.

Heaven grant that he spare but that one
upright twig

That looked up at the sky so proud and big
All last summer, as well you know,
Studded with apples, a beautiful show!

Hark! over the roof he makes a pause,
And growls as if he would fix his claws
Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle
Drive them down, like men in a battle:
—But let him range round; he does us no
harm,

We build up the fire, we're snug and warm;
Untouched by his breath see the candle
shines bright,

And burns with a clear and steady light;
Books have we to read,—but that half-
stified knell,

Alas! 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock
bell.

—Come now we'll to bed! and when we
are there

He may work his own will, and what shall
we care?

He may knock at the door,—we'll not let
him in;

May drive at the windows,—we'll laugh at
his din;

Let him seek his own home wherever it be;
Here's a *cosie* warm house for Edward and
me. 1806.

ODE

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

This was composed during my residence at Town-end, Grasmere. Two years at least passed between the writing of the four first stanzas and the remaining part. To the attentive and competent reader the whole sufficiently explains itself; but there may be no harm in adverting here to particular feelings or *experiences* of my own mind on which the structure of the poem partly rests. Nothing was more difficult for me in childhood than to admit the notion of death as a state applicable to my own being. I have said elsewhere—

“A simple child,

That lightly draws its breath,

And feels its life in every limb,

What should it know of death!”—

But it was not so much from feelings of animal vivacity that *my* difficulty came as from a sense

of the indomitableness of the Spirit within me. I used to brood over the stories of Enoch and Elijah, and almost to persuade myself that, whatever might become of others, I should be translated, in something of the same way, to heaven. With a feeling congenial to this, I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality. At that time I was afraid of such processes. In later periods of life I have deplored, as we have all reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character, and have rejoiced over the remembrances, as is expressed in the lines—

"Obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;" etc.

To that dream-like vividness and splendour which invest objects of sight in childhood, every one, I believe, if he would look back, could bear testimony, and I need not dwell upon it here: but having in the poem regarded it as presumptive evidence of a prior state of existence, I think it right to protest against a conclusion, which has given pain to some good and pious persons, that I meant to inculcate such a belief. It is far too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith, as more than an element in our instincts of immortality. But let us bear in mind that, though the idea is not advanced in revelation, there is nothing there to contradict it, and the fall of Man presents an analogy in its favour. Accordingly, a pre-existent state has entered into the popular creeds of many nations; and, among all persons acquainted with classic literature, is known as an ingredient in Platonic philosophy. Archimedes said that he could move the world if he had a point whereon to rest his machine. Who has not felt the same aspirations as regards the world of his own mind? Having to wield some of its elements when I was impelled to write this poem on the "Immortality of the Soul," I took hold of the notion of pre-existence as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorising me to make for my purpose the best use of it I could as a poet.

"The Child is Father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."
See p. 171.

I

THERE was a time when meadow, grove,
and stream,

The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can
see no more.

II

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the
earth.

III

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous
song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the
steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season
wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains
throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of
sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday;—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,
thou happy
Shepherd-boy!

IV

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,

The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
 Oh evil day ! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May-morning,
 And the Children are culling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines
 warm,
 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's
 arm :—
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !
 —But there's a Tree, of many, one,
 A single Field which I have looked upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is
 gone :
 The Pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat :
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar :
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home :
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But He beholds the light, and whence it
 flows,
 He sees it in his joy ;
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a Mother's
 mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely Nurse doth all she can
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII

Behold the Child among his new-born
 blisses,
 A six years' Darling of a pigmy size !
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he
 lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes !
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human
 life,
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral ;
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song :
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
 The little Actor cons another part ;
 Filling from time to time his "humorous
 stage"
 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
 That Life brings with her in her equipage ;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy Soul's immensity ;
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal
 deep,
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
 Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !
 On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality
 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
 A Presence which is not to be put by ;
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's
 height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou
 provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly
 freight,

And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

IX

O joy ! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive !
The thought of our past years in me doth
breed

Perpetual benediction : not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his
breast :—

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise ;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings ;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal
Nature

Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised :
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to
make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,
To perish never ;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad en-
deavour,

Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy !
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,

Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling ever-
more.

X

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous
song !

And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound !
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May !
What though the radiance which was once
so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the
flower ;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind ;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be ;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering ;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and
Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves !
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels
fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as
they ;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet ;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;
Another race hath been, and other palms
are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we
live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can
give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
tears.

1803-6.

A PROPHECY. FEBRUARY 1807.

HIGH deeds, O Germans, are to come
from you !
Thus in your books the record shall be
found,

"A watchword was pronounced, a potent sound—

ARMINIUS!—all the people quaked like dew

Stirred by the breeze ; they rose, a Nation, true,

True to herself—the mighty Germany,
She of the Danube and the Northern Sea,
She rose, and off at once the yoke she threw.

All power was given her in the dreadful trance ;

Those new-born Kings she withered like a flame."

—Woe to them all ! but heaviest woe and shame

To that Bavarian who could first advance
His banner in accursed league with France,

First open traitor to the German name !

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND

This was composed while pacing to and fro between the Hall of Coleorton, then rebuilding, and the principal Farm-house of the Estate, in which we lived for nine or ten months. I will here mention that the Song on the Restoration of Lord Clifford, as well as that on the feast of Brougham Castle, were produced on the same ground.

Two Voices are there ; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains ; each a mighty Voice :

In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were, thy chosen music, Liberty !
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven :

Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,

Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :

Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left ;

For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be

That Mountain floods should thunder as before,

And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee !

1807.

TO THOMAS CLARKSON

ON THE FINAL PASSING OF THE BILL FOR
THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE

MARCH 1807

CLARKSON ! it was an obstinate hill to climb :

How toilsome—nay, how dire—it was, by thee

Is known ; by none, perhaps, so feelingly :
But thou, who, starting in thy fervent prime,

Didst first lead forth that enterprise sublime,

Hast heard the constant Voice its charge repeat,

Which, out of thy young heart's oracular seat,

First roused thee.—O true yoke-fellow of Time,

Duty's intrepid liegeman, see, the palm
Is won, and by all Nations shall be worn !

The blood-stained Writing is for ever torn ;

And thou henceforth wilt have a good man's calm,

A great man's happiness ; thy zeal shall find
Repose at length, firm friend of human kind !

THE MOTHER'S RETURN¹

BY MY SISTER

Written at Town-end, Grasmere.

A MONTH, sweet Little-ones, is past
Since your dear Mother went away,—
And she to-morrow will return ;
To-morrow is the happy day.

O blessed tidings ! thought of joy !
The eldest heard with steady glee ;
Silent he stood ; then laughed amain,—
And shouted, "Mother, come to me."

Louder and louder did he shout,
With witless hope to bring her near ;
"Nay, patience ! patience, little boy !
Your tender mother cannot hear."

¹ See Note.

I told of hills, and far-off towns,
And long, long vales to travel through ;—
He listens, puzzled, sore perplexed,
But he submits ; what can he do ?

No strife disturbs his sister's breast ;
She wars not with the mystery
Of time and distance, night and day ;
The bonds of our humanity.

Her joy is like an instinct, joy
Of kitten, bird, or summer fly ;
She dances, runs without an aim,
She chatters in her ecstasy.

Her brother now takes up the note,
And echoes back his sister's glee ;
They hug the infant in my arms,
As if to force his sympathy.

Then, settling into fond discourse,
We rested in the garden bower ;
While sweetly shone the evening sun
In his departing hour.

We told o'er all that we had done,—
Our rambles by the swift brook's side
Far as the willow-skirted pool,
Where two fair swans together glide.

We talked of change, of winter gone,
Of green leaves on the hawthorn spray,
Of birds that build their nests and sing,
And all "since Mother went away!"

To her these tales they will repeat,
To her our new-born tribes will show,
The goslings green, the ass's colt,
The lambs that in the meadow go.

—But, see, the evening star comes forth !
To bed the children must depart ;
A moment's heaviness they feel,
A sadness at the heart :

'Tis gone—and in a merry fit
They run upstairs in gamesome race ;
I, too, infected by their mood,
I could have joined the wanton chase.

Five minutes past—and, O the change !
Asleep upon their beds they lie ;
Their busy limbs in perfect rest,
And closed the sparkling eye. 1807.

GIPSIES

Composed at Coleorton. I had observed them,
as here described, near Castle Donnington, on
my way to and from Derby.

YET are they here the same unbroken knot
Of human Beings, in the self-same spot !

Men, women, children, yea the frame

Of the whole spectacle the same !

Only their fire seems bolder, yielding light,
Now deep and red, the colouring of night ;

That on their Gipsy-faces falls,

Their bed of straw and blanket-walls.

—Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours
are gone, while I

Have been a traveller under open sky,
Much witnessing of change and cheer,
Yet as I left I find them here !

The weary Sun betook himself to rest ;—

Then issued Vesper from the fulgent west,
Outshining like a visible God

The glorious path in which he trod.

And now, ascending, after one dark hour

And one night's diminution of her power,

Behold the mighty Moon ! this way

She looks as if at them—but they

Regard not her :—oh better wrong and
strife

(By nature transient) than this torpid life ;

Life which the very stars reprove

As on their silent tasks they move !

Yet, witness all that stirs in heaven or earth !

In scorn I speak not ;—they are what their
birth

And breeding suffer them to be ;

Wild outcasts of society! 1807.

"O NIGHTINGALE! THOU
SURELY ART"

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. (*Mrs. W. says
in a note—"AT COLEORTON."*)

O NIGHTINGALE ! thou surely art

A creature of a "fiery heart" :—

These notes of thine—they pierce and
pierce ;

Tumultuous harmony and fierce !

Thou sing'st as if the God of wine

Had helped thee to a Valentine ;

A song in mockery and despite

Of shades, and dews, and silent night ;

And steady bliss, and all the loves

Now sleeping in these peaceful groves.

I heard a Stock-dove sing or say
 His homely tale, this very day;
 His voice was buried among trees,
 Yet to be come at by the breeze:
 He did not cease; but cooed—and cooed;
 And somewhat pensively he wooed:
 He sang of love, with quiet blending,
 Slow to begin, and never ending;
 Of serious faith, and inward glee;
 That was the song—the song for me!

1807.

TO LADY BEAUMONT

The winter garden of Coleorton, fashioned out
 of an old quarry under the superintendence and
 direction of Mrs. Wordsworth and my sister
 Dorothy, during the winter and spring we resided
 there.

LADY! the songs of Spring were in the
 grove

While I was shaping beds for winter flowers;
 While I was planting green unfading
 bowers,

And shrubs—to hang upon the warm al-
 cove,

And sheltering wall; and still, as Fancy
 wove

The dream, to time and nature's blended
 powers

I gave this paradise for winter hours,
 A labyrinth, Lady! which your feet shall
 rove.

Yes! when the sun of life more feebly
 shines,

Becoming thoughts, I trust, of solemn
 gloom

Or of high gladness you shall hither bring;
 And these perennial bowers and murmuring
 pines

Be gracious as the music and the bloom
 And all the mighty ravishment of spring.

1807.

“THOUGH NARROW BE THAT
 OLD MAN'S CARES”

“——gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name.”

Written at Coleorton. This old man's name
 was Mitchell. He was, in all his ways and con-
 versation, a great curiosity, both individually and
 as a representative of past times. His chief em-

ployment was keeping watch at night by pacing
 round the house, at that time building, to keep
 off depredators. He has often told me gravely of
 having seen the Seven Whistlers and the Hounds
 as here described. Among the groves of Cole-
 orton, where I became familiar with the habits
 and notions of old Mitchell, there was also a
 labourer of whom, I regret, I had no personal
 knowledge; for, more than forty years after,
 when he was become an old man, I learnt that
 while I was composing verses, which I usually
 did aloud, he took much pleasure, unknown to
 me, in following my steps that he might catch
 the words I uttered; and, what is not a little
 remarkable, several lines caught in this way kept
 their place in his memory. My volumes have
 lately been given to him by my informant, and
 surely he must have been gratified to meet in
 print his old acquaintances.

THOUGH narrow be that old Man's cares,
 and near,

The poor old Man is greater than he seems:
 For he hath waking empire, wide as dreams;
 An ample sovereignty of eye and ear.

Rich are his walks with supernatural cheer;
 The region of his inner spirit teems

With vital sounds and monitory gleams

Of high astonishment and pleasing fear.

He the seven birds hath seen, that never
 part,

Seen the SEVEN WHISTLERS in their nightly
 rounds,

And counted them: and oftentimes will
 start—

For overhead are sweeping GABRIEL'S
 HOUNDS

Doomed, with their impious Lord, the
 flying Hart

To chase for ever, on aerial grounds!

1807.

SONG AT THE

FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE

UPON THE RESTORATION OF LORD CLIF-
 FORD, THE SHEPHERD, TO THE ESTATES
 AND HONOURS OF HIS ANCESTORS

See the note. This poem was composed at
 Coleorton while I was walking to and fro along
 the path that led from Sir George Beaumont's
 Farm-house, where we resided, to the Hall which
 was building at that time

HIGH in the breathless Hall the Minstrel
 sate,

And Emont's murmur mingled with the
Song,—

The words of ancient time I thus translate,
A festal strain that hath been silent long:—

“From town to town, from tower to tower,
The red rose is a gladsome flower.

Her thirty years of winter past,
The red rose is revived at last;

She lifts her head for endless spring,
For everlasting blossoming:

Both roses flourish, red and white:
In love and sisterly delight

The two that were at strife are blended,
And all old troubles now are ended.—

Joy! joy to both! but most to her
Who is the flower of Lancaster!

Behold her how She smiles to-day
On this great throng, this bright array!

Fair greeting doth she send to all
From every corner of the hall;

But chiefly from above the board
Where sits in state our rightful Lord,

A Clifford to his own restored!

They came with banner, spear, and shield,

And it was proved in Bosworth-field.

Not long the Avenger was withstood—
Earth helped him with the cry of blood:¹

St. George was for us, and the might
Of blessed Angels crowned the right.

Loud voice the Land has uttered forth,
We loudest in the faithful north:

Our fields rejoice, our mountains ring,
Our streams proclaim a welcoming;

Our strong-abodes and castles see
The glory of their loyalty.

How glad is Skipton at this hour—
Though lonely, a deserted Tower;

Knight, squire, and yeoman, page and
groom:

We have them at the feast of Brough'm.

How glad Pendragon—though the sleep
Of years be on her!—She shall reap

A taste of this great pleasure, viewing
As in a dream her own renewing.

Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I deem
Beside her little humble stream;

And she that keepeth watch and ward
Her statelier Eden's course to guard;

They both are happy at this hour,
Though each is but a lonely Tower:—

But here is perfect joy and pride
For one fair House by Emont's side,

This day, distinguished without peer

¹ See Note.

To see her Master and to cheer—
Him, and his Lady-mother dear!

Oh! it was a time forlorn

When the fatherless was born—
Give her wings that she may fly,

Or she sees her infant die!

Swords that are with slaughter wild
Hunt the Mother and the Child.

Who will take them from the light?

—Yonder is a man in sight—

Yonder is a house—but where?

No, they must not enter there.

To the caves, and to the brooks,

To the clouds of heaven she looks;

She is speechless, but her eyes
Pray in ghostly agonies.

Blissful Mary, Mother mild,

Maid and Mother undefiled,

Save a Mother and her Child!

Now Who is he that bounds with joy

On Carrock's side, a Shepherd-boy?

No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass

Light as the wind along the grass.

Can this be He who hither came

In secret, like a smothered flame?

O'er whom such thankful tears were shed

For shelter, and a poor man's bread!

God loves the Child; and God hath willed

That those dear words should be fulfilled,

The Lady's words, when forced away,

The last she to her Babe did say:

‘My own, my own, thy Fellow-guest

I may not be; but rest thee, rest,

For lowly shepherd's life is best!’

Alas! when evil men are strong

No life is good, no pleasure long.

The Boy must part from Mosedale's

groves,

And leave Blencathara's rugged coves,

And quit the flowers that summer brings

To Glenderamakin's lofty springs;

Must vanish, and his careless cheer

Be turned to heaviness and fear.

—Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise!

Hear it, good man, old in days!

Thou tree of covert and of rest

For this young Bird that is distrest;

Among thy branches safe he lay,

And he was free to sport and play,

When falcons were abroad for prey.

A recreant harp, that sings of fear

And heaviness in Clifford's ear!

I said, when evil men are strong,

No life is good, no pleasure long,

A weak and cowardly untruth !
 Our Clifford was a happy Youth,
 And thankful through a weary time,
 That brought him up to manhood's prime.
 —Again he wanders forth at will,
 And tends a flock from hill to hill :
 His garb is humble ; ne'er was seen
 Such garb with such a noble mien ;
 Among the shepherd grooms no mate
 Hath he, a Child of strength and state !
 Yet lacks not friends for simple glee,
 Nor yet for higher sympathy.
 To his side the fallow-deer
 Came, and rested without fear ;
 The eagle, lord of land and sea,
 Stooped down to pay him fealty ;
 And both the undying fish that swim¹
 'Through Bowscale-tarn did wait on him ;
 The pair were servants of his eye
 In their immortality ;
 And glancing, gleaming, dark or bright,
 Moved to and fro, for his delight.
 He knew the rocks which Angels haunt
 Upon the mountains visitant ;
 He hath kenned them taking wing :
 And into caves where Faeries sing
 He hath entered ; and been told
 By Voices how men lived of old.
 Among the heavens his eye can see
 The face of thing that is to be ;
 And, if that men report him right,
 His tongue could whisper words of might.
 —Now another day is come,
 Fitter hope, and nobler doom ;
 He hath thrown aside his crook,
 And hath buried deep his book ;
 Armour rusting in his halls
 On the blood of Clifford calls ;—¹
 'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the Lance—
 Bear me to the heart of France,
 Is the longing of the Shield—
 Tell thy name, thou trembling Field ;
 Field of death, where'er thou be,
 Groan thou with our victory !
 Happy day, and mighty hour,
 When our Shepherd, in his power,
 Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
 To his ancestors restored
 Like a re-appearing Star,
 Like a glory from afar,
 First shall head the flock of war !"

Alas ! the impassioned minstrel did not
 know

How, by Heaven's grace, this Clifford's
 heart was framed,
 How he, long forced in humble walks to go,
 Was softened into feeling, soothed, and
 tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor men
 lie ;
 His daily teachers had been woods and
 rills,
 The silence that is in the starry sky,
 The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the Race,
 Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were
 dead :
 Nor did he change ; but kept in lofty place
 The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage
 hearth ;
 The Shepherd-lord was honoured more and
 more ;
 And, ages after he was laid in earth,
 "The good Lord Clifford" was the name
 he bore. 1807.

THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE

OR, THE FATE OF THE NORTONS¹

The earlier half of this Poem was composed at Stockton-upon-Tees, when Mrs. Wordsworth and I were on a visit to her eldest Brother, Mr. Hutchinson, at the close of the year 1807. The country is flat, and the weather was rough. I was accustomed every day to walk to and fro under the shelter of a row of stacks in a field at a small distance from the town, and there poured forth my verses aloud as freely as they would come. Mrs. Wordsworth reminds me that her brother stood upon the punctilio of not sitting down to dinner till I joined the party ; and it frequently happened that I did not make my appearance till too late, so that she was made uncomfortable. I here beg her pardon for this and similar transgressions during the whole course of our wedded life. To my beloved Sister the same apology is due.

When, from the visit just mentioned, we returned to Town-end, Grasmere, I proceeded with the Poem ; and it may be worth while to note, as a caution to others who may cast their eye on these memoranda, that the skin having been rubbed off my heel by my wearing too tight a shoe, though I desisted from walking I found

¹ See Note.

that the irritation of the wounded part was kept up, by the act of composition, to a degree that made it necessary to give my constitution a holiday. A rapid cure was the consequence. Poetic excitement, when accompanied by protracted labour in composition, has throughout my life brought on more or less bodily derangement. Nevertheless, I am, at the close of my seventy-third year, in what may be called excellent health; so that intellectual labour is not necessarily unfavourable to longevity. But perhaps I ought here to add that mine has been generally carried on out of doors.

Let me here say a few words of this Poem in the way of criticism. The subject being taken from feudal times has led to its being compared to some of Walter Scott's poems that belong to the same age and state of society. The comparison is inconsiderate. Sir Walter pursued the customary and very natural course of conducting an action, presenting various turns of fortune, to some outstanding point on which the mind might rest as a termination or catastrophe. The course I attempted to pursue is entirely different. Everything that is attempted by the principal personages in "The White Doe" fails, so far as its object is external and substantial. So far as it is moral and spiritual it succeeds. The Heroine of the Poem knows that her duty is not to interfere with the current of events, either to forward or delay them, but

"To abide

The shock, and finally secure
O'er pain and grief a triumph pure."

This she does in obedience to her brother's injunction, as most suitable to a mind and character that, under previous trials, had been proved to accord with his. She achieves this not without aid from the communication with the inferior Creature, which often leads her thoughts to revolve upon the past with a tender and humanising influence that exalts rather than depresses her. The anticipated beatification, if I may so say, of her mind, and the apotheosis of the companion of her solitude, are the points at which the Poem aims, and constitute its legitimate catastrophe, far too spiritual a one for instant or widely-spread sympathy, but not therefore the less fitted to make a deep and permanent impression upon that class of minds who think and feel more independently, than the many do, of the surfaces of things and interests transitory because belonging more to the outward and social forms of life than to its internal spirit. How insignificant a thing, for example, does personal prowess appear compared with the fortitude of patience and heroic martyrdom; in other words, with struggles

for the sake of principle, in preference to victory gloried in for its own sake.

ADVERTISEMENT

During the Summer of 1807 I visited, for the first time, the beautiful country that surrounds Bolton Priory, in Yorkshire; and the Poem of "The White Doe," founded upon a Tradition connected with that place, was composed at the close of the same year.

DEDICATION

IN trellised shed with clustering roses gay,
And, MARY! oft beside our blazing fire,
When years of wedded life were as a day
Whose current answers to the heart's desire,
Did we together read in Spenser's Lay
How Una, sad of soul—in sad attire,
The gentle Una, of celestial birth,
To seek her Knight went wandering o'er the earth.

Ah, then, Belovèd! pleasing was the smart,
And the tear precious in compassion shed
For Her, who, pierced by sorrow's thrilling dart,
Did meekly bear the pang unmerited;
Meek as that emblem of her lowly heart
The milk-white Lamb which in a line she led,—
And faithful, loyal in her innocence,
Like the brave Lion slain in her defence.

Notes could we hear as of a faery shell
Attuned to words with sacred wisdom fraught;
Free Fancy prized each specious miracle,
And all its finer inspiration caught;
Till in the bosom of our rustic Cell,
We by a lamentable change were taught
That "bliss with mortal Man may not abide:"
How nearly joy and sorrow are allied!

For us the stream of fiction ceased to flow,
For us the voice of melody was mute.
—But, as soft gales dissolve the dreary snow,
And give the timid herbage leave to shoot,
Heaven's breathing influence failed not to bestow
A timely promise of unlocked-for fruit,
Fair fruit of pleasure and serene content
From blossoms wild of fancies innocent.

It soothed us—it beguiled us—then, to hear
Once more of troubles wrought by magic spell;
And griefs whose aery motion comes not near
The pangs that tempt the Spirit to rebel:
Then, with mild Una in her sober cheer,
High over hill and low adown the dell
Again we wandered, willing to partake
All that she suffered for her dear Lord's sake.

Then, too, this Song of mine once more could
please,
Where anguish, strange as dreams of restless
sleep,

Is tempered and allayed by sympathies
Aloft ascending, and descending deep,
Even to the inferior Kinds ; whom forest-trees
Protect from beating sunbeams, and the sweep
Of the sharp winds ;—fair Creatures !—to whom
Heaven

A calm and sinless life, with love, hath given.

This tragic Story cheered us ; for it speaks
Of female patience winning firm repose ;
And, of the recompense that conscience seeks,
A bright, encouraging, example shows ;
Needful when o'er wide realms the tempest
breaks,

Needful amid life's ordinary woes ;—
Hence, not for them unfitted who would bless
A happy hour with holier happiness.

He serves the Muses erringly and ill,
Whose aim is pleasure light and fugitive :
Oh, that my mind were equal to fulfil
The comprehensive mandate which they give—
Vain aspiration of an earnest will !
Yet in this moral Strain a power may live,
Belovèd Wife ! such solace to impart
As it hath yielded to thy tender heart.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,
April 20, 1815.

" Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
'Tis done ; and in the after-vacancy
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed :
Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And has the nature of infinity.¹
Yet through that darkness (infinite though it seem
And irremovable) gracious openings lie,
By which the soul—with patient steps of thought
Now toiling, wafted now on wings of prayer—
May pass in hope, and, though from mortal bonds
Yet undelivered, rise with sure ascent
Even to the fountain-head of peace divine."

" They that deny a God, destroy Man's nobility :
for certainly Man is of kinn to the Beast by his
Body ; and if he be not of kinn to God by his
Spirit, he is a base, ignoble Creature. It destroys
likewise Magnanimity, and the raising of humane
Nature : for take an example of a Dogg, and
mark what a generosity and courage he will put
on, when he finds himself maintained by a Man,
who to him is instead of a God, or Melior Natura.
Which courage is manifestly such, as that Crea-

ture without that confidence of a better Nature
than his own could never attain. So Man, when
he resteth and assureth himself upon Divine
protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith
which human Nature in itself could not obtain."

LORD BACON.

CANTO FIRST

FROM Bolton's old monastic tower¹
The bells ring loud with gladsome power ;
The sun shines bright ; the fields are gay
With people in their best array
Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,
Along the banks of crystal Wharf,
Through the Vale retired and lowly,
Trooping to that summons holy.
And, up among the moorlands, see
What sprinklings of blithe company !
Of lasses and of shepherd grooms,
That down the steep hills force their way,
Like cattle through the budded brooms ;
Path, or no path, what care they ?
And thus in joyous mood they hie
To Bolton's mouldering Priory.

What would they there?—Full fifty years
That sumptuous Pile, with all its peers,
Too harshly hath been doomed to taste
The bitterness of wrong and waste :
Its courts are ravaged ; but the tower
Is standing with a voice of power,
That ancient voice which wont to call
To mass or some high festival ;
And in the shattered fabric's heart
Remaineth one protected part ;
A Chapel, like a wild-bird's nest,¹
Closely embowered and trimly drest ;
And thither young and old repair,
This Sabbath-day, for praise and prayer.

Fast the churchyard fills ;—anon
Look again, and they all are gone ;
The cluster round the porch, and the folk
Who sate in the shade of the Prior's Oak !¹
And scarcely have they disappeared
Ere the prelude hymn is heard :—
With one consent the people rejoice,
Filling the church with a lofty voice !
They sing a service which they feel :
For 'tis the sunrise now of zeal ;
Of a pure faith the vernal prime—
In great Eliza's golden time.

A moment ends the fervent din,
And all is hushed, without and within ;
For though the priest, more tranquilly,
Recites the holy liturgy,

¹ See Note.

The only voice which you can hear
Is the river murmuring near.
—When soft !—the dusky trees between,
And down the path through the open green,
Where is no living thing to be seen ;
And through yon gateway, where is found,
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
Free entrance to the churchyard ground—
Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary Doe !

White she is as lily of June,
And beauteous as the silver moon
When out of sight the clouds are driven
And she is left alone in heaven ;
Or like a ship some gentle day
In sunshine sailing far away,
A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain.

Lie silent in your graves, ye dead !
Lie quiet in your churchyard bed !
Ye living, tend your holy cares ;
Ye multitude, pursue your prayers ;
And blame not me if my heart and sight
Are occupied with one delight !

'Tis a work for sabbath hours
If I with this bright Creature go :
Whether she be of forest bowers,
From the bowers of earth below ;
Or a Spirit for one day given,
A pledge of grace from purest heaven.

What harmonious pensive changes
Wait upon her as she ranges
Round and through this Pile of state
Overthrown and desolate !
Now a step or two her way
Leads through space of open day,
Where the enamoured sunny light
Brightens her that was so bright ;
Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
Falls upon her like a breath,
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passes underneath :
Now some gloomy nook partakes
Of the glory that she makes,—
High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell,
With perfect cunning framed as well
Of stone, and ivy, and the spread
Of the elder's bushy head ;
Some jealous and forbidding cell,
That doth the living stars repel,
And where no flower hath leave to dwell.

The presence of this wandering Doe

Fills many a damp obscure recess
With lustre of a saintly show ;
And, reappearing, she no less
Sheds on the flowers that round her blow
A more than sunny liveliness.
But say, among these holy places,
Which thus assiduously she paces,
Comes she with a votary's task,
Rite to perform, or boon to ask ?
Fair Pilgrim ! harbours she a sense
Of sorrow, or of reverence ?
Can she be grieved for quire or shrine,
Crushed as if by wrath divine ?
For what survives of house where God
Was worshipped, or where Man abode ;
For old magnificence undone ;
Or for the gentler work begun
By Nature, softening and concealing,
And busy with a hand of healing ?
Mourns she for lordly chamber's hearth
That to the sapling ash gives birth ;
For dormitory's length laid bare
Where the wild rose blossoms fair ;
Or altar, whence the cross was rent,
Now rich with mossy ornament ?
—She sees a warrior carved in stone,
Among the thick weeds, stretched alone ;
A warrior, with his shield of pride
Cleaving humbly to his side,
And hands in resignation prest,
Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast ;
As little she regards the sight
As a common creature might :
If she be doomed to inward care,
Or service, it must lie elsewhere.
—But hers are eyes serenely bright,
And on she moves—with pace how light !
Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
The dewy turf with flowers bestrown ;
And thus she fares, until at last
Beside the ridge of a grassy grave
In quietness she lays her down ;
Gentle as a weary wave
Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,
Against an anchored vessel's side ;
Even so, without distress, doth she
Lie down in peace, and lovingly.
The day is placid in its going,
To a lingering motion bound,
Like the crystal stream now flowing
With its softest summer sound :
So the balmy minutes pass,
While this radiant Creature lies
Couched upon the dewy grass,

Pensively with downcast eyes.
 —But now again the people raise
 With awful cheer a voice of praise;
 It is the last, the parting song;
 And from the temple forth they throng,
 And quickly spread themselves abroad,
 While each pursues his several road.
 But some—a variegated band
 Of middle-aged, and old, and young,
 And little children by the hand
 Upon their leading mothers hung—
 With mute obeisance gladly paid
 Turn towards the spot, where, full in view,
 The white Doe, to her service true,
 Her sabbath couch has made.

It was a solitary mound;
 Which two spears' length of level ground
 Did from all other graves divide:
 As if in some respect of pride;
 Or melancholy's sickly mood,
 Still shy of human neighbourhood;
 Or guilt, that humbly would express
 A penitential loneliness.

"Look, there she is, my Child! draw near;

She fears not, wherefore should we fear?
 She means no harm;"—but still the Boy,
 To whom the words were softly said,
 Hung back, and smiled, and blushed for joy,
 A shame-faced blush of glowing red!
 Again the Mother whispered low,
 "Now you have seen the famous Doe;
 From Rylstone she hath found her way
 Over the hills this sabbath day
 Her work, whate'er it be, is done,
 And she will depart when we are gone;
 Thus doth she keep, from year to year,
 Her sabbath morning, foul or fair."

Bright was the Creature, as in dreams
 The Boy had seen her, yea, more bright;
 But is she truly what she seems?
 He asks with insecure delight,
 Asks of himself, and doubts,—and still
 The doubt returns against his will:
 Though he, and all the standers-by,
 Could tell a tragic history
 Of facts divulged, wherein appear
 Substantial motive, reason clear,
 Why thus the milk-white Doe is found
 Couchant beside that lonely mound;
 And why she duly loves to pace
 The circuit of this hallowed place,
 Nor to the Child's inquiring mind
 Is such perplexity confined:

For, spite of sober Truth that sees
 A world of fixed remembrances
 Which to this mystery belong,
 If, undeceived, my skill can trace
 The characters of every face,
 There lack not strange delusion here,
 Conjecture vague, and idle fear,
 And superstitious fancies strong,
 Which do the gentle Creature wrong.

That bearded, staff-supported Sire—
 Who in his boyhood often fed
 Full cheerily on convent-bread
 And heard old tales by the convent-fire,
 And to his grave will go with scars,
 Relics of long and distant wars—
 That Old Man, studious to expound
 The spectacle, is mounting high
 To days of dim antiquity;
 When Lady Aaliza mourned¹
 Her Son, and felt in her despair
 The pang of unavailing prayer;
 Her Son in Wharf's abysses drowned,
 The noble Boy of Egremound.
 From which affliction—when the grace
 Of God had in her heart found place—
 A pious structure, fair to see,
 Rose up, this stately Priory!
 The Lady's work;—but now laid low;
 To the grief of her soul that doth come
 and go,
 In the beautiful form of this innocent Doe:
 Which, though seemingly doomed in its
 breast to sustain
 A softened remembrance of sorrow and pain,
 Is spotless, and holy, and gentle, and
 bright;
 And glides o'er the earth like an angel of
 light.

Pass, pass who will, yon chantry door;¹
 And, through the chink in the fractured floor
 Look down, and see a griesly sight;
 A vault where the bodies are buried up-
 right!

There, face by face, and hand by hand,
 The Claphams and Mauleverers stand;
 And, in his place, among son and sire,
 Is John de Clapham, that fierce Esquire,
 A valiant man, and a name of dread
 In the ruthless wars of the White and Red;
 Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Ban-
 bury church
 And smote off his head on the stones of
 the porch!

¹ See Note.

Look down among them, if you dare;
 Oft does the White Doe loiter there,
 Prying into the darksome rent;
 Nor can it be with good intent:
 So thinks that Dame of haughty air,
 Who hath a Page her book to hold,
 And wears a frontlet edged with gold.
 Harsh thoughts with her high mood agree—
 Who counts among her ancestry
 Earl Pembroke, slain so impiously!

That slender Youth, a scholar pale,
 From Oxford come to his native vale,
 He also hath his own conceit:
 It is, thinks he, the gracious Fairy,
 Who loved the Shepherd-lord to meet¹
 In his wanderings solitary:
 Wild notes she in his hearing sang,
 A song of Nature's hidden powers;
 That whistled like the wind, and rang
 Among the rocks and holly bowers.
 'Twas said that She all shapes could wear;
 And oftentimes before him stood,
 Amid the trees of some thick wood,
 In semblance of a lady fair;
 And taught him signs, and showed him
 signs,

In Craven's dens, on Cumbrian heights;
 When under cloud of fear he lay,
 A shepherd clad in homely grey;
 Nor left him at his later day.
 And hence, when he, with spear and shield,
 Rode full of years to Flodden-field,
 His eye could see the hidden spring,
 And how the current was to flow;
 The fatal end of Scotland's King,
 And all that hopeless overthrow.
 But not in wars did he delight,
This Clifford wished for worthier might;
 Nor in broad pomp, or courtly state;
 Him his own thoughts did elevate,—
 Most happy in the shy recess
 Of Barden's lowly quietness.
 And choice of studious friends had he
 Of Bolton's dear fraternity;
 Who, standing on this old church tower,
 In many a calm propitious hour,
 Perused, with him, the starry sky;
 Or, in their cells, with him did pry
 For other lore,—by keen desire
 Urged to close toil with chemic fire;
 In quest belike of transmutations
 Rich as the mine's most bright creations.
 But they and their good works are fled,

¹ See Note.

And all is now disquieted—
 And peace is none, for living or dead!

Ah, pensive Scholar, think not so,
 But look again at the radiant Doe!
 What quiet watch she seems to keep,
 Alone, beside that grassy heap!
 Why mention other thoughts unmeet
 For vision so composed and sweet?
 While stand the people in a ring,
 Gazing, doubting, questioning;
 Yea, many overcome in spite
 Of recollections clear and bright;
 Which yet do unto some impart
 An undisturbed repose of heart.
 And all the assembly own a law
 Of orderly respect and awe;
 But see—they vanish one by one,
 And last, the Doe herself is gone.

Harp! we have been full long beguiled
 By vague thoughts, lured by fancies wild;
 To which, with no reluctant strings,
 Thou hast attuned thy murmurings;
 And now before this Pile we stand
 In solitude, and utter peace:
 But, Harp! thy murmurs may not cease—
 A Spirit, with his angelic wings,
 In soft and breeze-like visitings,
 Has touched thee—and a Spirit's hand:
 A voice is with us—a command
 To chant, in strains of heavenly glory,
 A tale of tears, a mortal story!

CANTO SECOND

THE Harp in lowliness obeyed;
 And first we sang of the greenwood shade
 And a solitary Maid;
 Beginning, where the song must end,
 With her, and with her sylvan Friend;
 The Friend who stood before her sight,
 Her only unextinguished light;
 Her last companion in a dearth
 Of love, upon a hopeless earth.

For She it was—this Maid, who wrought
 Meekly, with foreboding thought,
 In vermeil colours and in gold
 An unblest work; which, standing by,
 Her Father did with joy behold,—
 Exulting in its imagery;
 A Banner, fashioned to fulfil
 Too perfectly his headstrong will:
 For on this Banner had her hand
 Embroidered (such her Sire's command)
 The sacred Cross; and figured there

The five dear wounds our Lord did bear ;
Full soon to be uplifted high,
And float in rueful company !

It was the time when England's Queen
Twelve years had reigned, a Sovereign
dread ;

Nor yet the restless crown had been
Disturbed upon her virgin head ;
But now the inly-working North
Was ripe to send its thousands forth,
A potent vassalage, to fight
In Percy's and in Neville's right,
Two Earls fast leagued in discontent,
Who gave their wishes open vent ;
And boldly urged a general plea,
The rites of ancient piety
To be triumphantly restored,
By the stern justice of the sword !
And that same Banner, on whose breast
The blameless Lady had exprest
Memorials chosen to give life
And sunshine to a dangerous strife ;
That Banner, waiting for the Call,
Stood quietly in Rylstone-hall.

It came ; and Francis Norton said,
" O Father ! rise not in this fray—
The hairs are white upon your head ;
Dear Father, hear me when I say
It is for you too late a day !
Bethink you of your own good name :
A just and gracious Queen have we,
A pure religion, and the claim
Of peace on our humanity.—
'Tis meet that I endure your scorn ;
I am your son, your eldest born ;
But not for lordship or for land,
My Father, do I clasp your knees ;
The Banner touch not, stay your hand,
'This multitude of men disband,
And live at home in blameless ease ;
For these my brethren's sake, for me ;
And, most of all, for Emily ! "

Tumultuous noises filled the hall ;
And scarcely could the Father hear
That name—pronounced with a dying fall—
The name of his only Daughter dear,
As on the banner which stood near
He glanced a look of holy pride,
And his moist eyes were glorified ;
Then did he seize the staff, and say :
" Thou, Richard, bear'st thy father's name,
Keep thou this ensign till the day
When I of thee require the same ;
Thy place be on my better hand ;—

And seven as true as thou, I see,
Will cleave to this good cause and me."
He spake, and eight brave sons straightway
All followed him, a gallant band !

Thus, with his sons, when forth he came
The sight was hailed with loud acclaim
And din of arms and minstrelsy,
From all his warlike tenantry,
All horsed and harnessed with him to
ride,—

A voice to which the hills replied !
But Francis, in the vacant hall,
Stood silent under dreary weight,—
A phantasm, in which roof and wall
Shook, tottered, swam before his sight ;
A phantasm like a dream of night !
Thus overwhelmed, and desolate,
He found his way to a postern-gate ;
And, when he waked, his languid eye
Was on the calm and silent sky ;
With air about him breathing sweet,
And earth's green grass beneath his feet ;
Nor did he fail ere long to hear
A sound of military cheer,
Faint—but it reached that sheltered spot ;
He heard, and it disturbed him not.

There stood he, leaning on a lance
Which he had grasped unknowingly,
Had blindly grasped in that strong trance,
That dimness of heart-agony ;
There stood he, cleansed from the despair
And sorrow of his fruitless prayer.
The past he calmly hath reviewed :
But where will be the fortitude
Of this brave man, when he shall see
That Form beneath the spreading tree,
And know that it is Emily ?

He saw her where in open view
She sate beneath the spreading yew—
Her head upon her lap, concealing
In solitude her bitter feeling :
" Might ever son *command* a sire,
The act were justified to-day."
This to himself—and to the Maid,
Whom now he had approached, he said—
" Gone are they,—they have their desire ;
And I with thee one hour will stay,
To give thee comfort if I may."

She heard, but looked not up, nor spake ;
And sorrow moved him to partake
Her silence ; then his thoughts turned
round,

And fervent words a passage found.

" Gone are they, bravely, though misled ;

With a dear Father at their head !
 The Sons obey a natural lord ;
 The Father had given solemn word
 To noble Percy ; and a force
 Still stronger, bends him to his course.
 This said, our tears to-day may fall
 As at an innocent funeral.
 In deep and awful channel runs
 This sympathy of Sire and Sons ;
 Untried our Brothers have been loved
 With heart by simple nature moved ;
 And now their faithfulness is proved :
 For faithful we must call them, bearing
 That soul of conscientious daring.
 —There were they all in circle—there
 Stood Richard, Ambrose, Christopher,
 John with a sword that will not fail,
 And Marmaduke in fearless mail,
 And those bright Twins were side by side ;
 And there, by fresh hopes beautified,
 Stood He, whose arm yet lacks the power
 Of man, our youngest, fairest flower !
 I, by the right of eldest born,
 And in a second father's place,
 Presumed to grapple with their scorn,
 And meet their pity face to face ;
 Yea, trusting in God's holy aid,
 I to my Father knelt and prayed ;
 And one, the pensive Marmaduke,
 Methought, was yielding inwardly,
 And would have laid his purpose by,
 But for a glance of his Father's eye,
 Which I myself could scarcely brook.

Then be we, each and all, forgiven !
 Thou, chiefly thou, my Sister dear,
 Whose pangs are registered in heaven—
 The stifled sigh, the hidden tear,
 And smiles, that dared to take their
 place,

Meek filial smiles, upon thy face,
 As that unhallowed Banner grew
 Beneath a loving old Man's view.
 Thy part is done—thy painful part ;
 Be thou then satisfied in heart !
 A further, though far easier, task
 Than thine hath been, my duties ask ;
 With theirs my efforts cannot blend,
 I cannot for such cause contend ;
 Their aims I utterly forswear ;
 But I in body will be there,
 Unarmed and naked will I go,
 Be at their side, come weal or woe :
 On kind occasions I may wait,
 See, hear, obstruct, or mitigate.

Bare breast I take and an empty hand."¹
 Therewith he threw away the lance,
 Which he had grasped in that strong
 trance,
 Spurned it, like something that would
 stand

Between him and the pure intent
 Of love on which his soul was bent.

"For thee, for thee, is left the sense
 Of trial past without offence
 To God or man ; such innocence,
 Such consolation, and the excess
 Of an unmerited distress ;
 In that thy very strength must lie.

—O Sister, I could prophesy !
 The time is come that rings the knell
 Of all we loved, and loved so well :
 Hope nothing, if I thus may speak
 To thee, a woman, and thence weak :
 Hope nothing, I repeat ; for we
 Are doomed to perish utterly :
 'Tis meet that thou with me divide
 The thought while I am by thy side,
 Acknowledging a grace in this,
 A comfort in the dark abyss.
 But look not for me when I am gone,
 And be no farther wrought upon :
 Farewell all wishes, all debate,
 All prayers for this cause, or for that !
 Weep, if that aid thee ; but depend
 Upon no help of outward friend ;
 Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave
 To fortitude without reprieve.
 For we must fall, both we and ours—
 This Mansion and these pleasant bowers,
 Walks, pools, and arbours, homestead,
 hall—

Our fate is theirs, will reach them all ;
 The young horse must forsake his manger,
 And learn to glory in a Stranger ;
 The hawk forget his perch ; the hound
 Be parted from his ancient ground :
 The blast will sweep us all away—
 One desolation, one decay !
 And even this Creature!" which words
 saying,

He pointed to a lovely Doe,
 A few steps distant, feeding, straying ;
 Fair creature, and more white than snow !
 "Even she will to her peaceful woods
 Return, and to her murmuring flocks,
 And be in heart and soul the same

¹ See the Old Ballad,—*"The Rising of the North."*

She was before she hither came ;
 Ere she had learned to love us all,
 Herself beloved in Rylstone-hall.
 —But thou, my Sister, doomed to be
 The last leaf on a blasted tree ;
 If not in vain we breathed the breath
 Together of a purer faith ;
 If hand in hand we have been led,
 And thou, (O happy thought this day :)
 Not seldom foremost in the way ;
 If on one thought our minds have fed,
 And we have in one meaning read ;
 If, when at home our private weal
 Hath suffered from the shock of zeal,
 Together we have learned to prize
 Forbearance and self-sacrifice ;
 If we like combatants have fared,
 And for this issue been prepared ;
 If thou art beautiful, and youth
 And thought endue thee with all truth—
 Be strong ;—be worthy of the grace
 Of God, and fill thy destined place :
 A Soul, by force of sorrows high,
 Uplifted to the purest sky
 Of undisturbed humanity !”

He ended,—or she heard no more ;
 He led her from the yew-tree shade,
 And at the mansion's silent door,
 He kissed the consecrated Maid ;
 And down the valley then pursued,
 Alone, the armed Multitude.

CANTO THIRD

Now joy for you who from the towers
 Of Brancepeth look in doubt and fear,¹
 Telling melancholy hours !
 Proclaim it, let your Masters hear
 That Norton with his band is near !
 The watchmen from their station high
 Pronounced the word,—and the Earls
 descry,

Well-pleased, the armed Company
 Marching down the banks of Were.

Said fearless Norton to the pair
 Gone forth to greet him on the plain—
 “This meeting, noble Lords ! looks fair,
 I bring with me a goodly train ;
 Their hearts are with you : hill and dale
 Have helped us : Ure we crossed, and
 Swale,

And horse and harness followed—see
 The best part of their Yeomanry !

¹ See Note.

—Stand forth, my Sons !—these eight are
 mine,
 Whom to this service I commend ;
 Which way so'er our fate incline,
 These will be faithful to the end ;
 They are my all”—voice failed him
 here—

“My all save one, a Daughter dear !
 Whom I have left, Love's mildest birth,
 The meekest Child on this blessed earth.
 I had—but these are by my side,
 These Eight, and this is a day of pride !
 The time is ripe. With festive din
 Lo ! how the people are flocking in,—
 Like hungry fowl to the feeder's hand
 When snow lies heavy upon the land.”

He spake bare truth ; for far and near
 From every side came noisy swarms
 Of Peasants in their homely gear ;
 And, mixed with these, to Brancepeth
 came

Grave Gentry of estate and name,
 And Captains known for worth in arms
 And prayed the Earls in self-defence
 To rise, and prove their innocence.—
 “Rise, noble Earls, put forth your might
 For holy Church, and the People's right !”

The Norton fixed, at this demand,
 His eye upon Northumberland,
 And said ; “The Minds of Men will own
 No loyal rest while England's Crown
 Remains without an Heir, the bait
 Of strife and factions desperate ;
 Who, paying deadly hate in kind
 Through all things else, in this can find
 A mutual hope, a common mind ;
 And plot, and pant to overwhelm
 All ancient honour in the realm.
 —Brave Earls ! to whose heroic veins
 Our noblest blood is given in trust,
 To you a suffering State complains,
 And ye must raise her from the dust.
 With wishes of still bolder scope
 On you we look, with dearest hope ;
 Even for our Altars—for the prize,
 In Heaven, of life that never dies ;
 For the old and holy Church we mourn,
 And must in joy to her return.
 Behold !”—and from his Son whose stand
 Was on his right, from that guardian hand
 He took the Banner, and unfurled
 The precious folds—“behold,” said he,
 “The ransom of a sinful world ;
 Let this your preservation be ;

The wounds of hands and feet and side,
 And the sacred Cross on which Jesus died.
 —This bring I from an ancient hearth,
 These Records wrought in pledge of love
 By hands of no ignoble birth,
 A Maid o'er whom the blessed Dove
 Vouchsafed in gentleness to brood
 While she the holy work pursued."
 "Uplift the Standard!" was the cry
 From all the listeners that stood round,
 "Plant it,—by this we live or die."
 The Norton ceased not for that sound,
 But said; "The prayer which ye have heard,
 Much-injured Earls! by these preferred,
 Is offered to the Saints, the sigh
 Of tens of thousands, secretly."
 "Uplift it!" cried once more the Band,
 And then a thoughtful pause ensued:
 "Uplift it!" said Northumberland—
 Whereat, from all the multitude
 Who saw the Banner reared on high
 In all its dread emblazonry,
 A voice of uttermost joy brake out:
 The transport was rolled down the river of
 Were,
 And Durham, the time-honoured Durham,
 did hear,
 And the towers of Saint Cuthbert were
 stirred by the shout!

Now was the North in arms:—they shine
 In warlike trim from Tweed to Tyne,
 At Percy's voice: and Neville sees
 His Followers gathering in from Tees,
 From Were, and all the little rills
 Concealed among the forked hills—
 Seven hundred Knights, Retainers all
 Of Neville, at their Master's call
 Had sate together in Raby Hall!
 Such strength that Earldom held of yore;
 Nor wanted at this time rich store
 Of well-appointed chivalry.
 —Not loth the sleepy lance to wield,
 And greet the old paternal shield,
 They heard the summons;—and, further-
 more,
 Horsemen and Foot of each degree,
 Unbound by pledge of fealty,
 Appeared, with free and open hate
 Of novelties in Church and State;
 Knight, burgher, yeoman, and esquire;
 And Romish priest, in priest's attire.
 And thus, in arms, a zealous Band
 Proceeding under joint command,
 To Durham first their course they bear;

And in Saint Cuthbert's ancient seat
 Sang mass,—and tore the book of prayer,—
 And trod the bible beneath their feet.

Thence marching southward smooth and
 free

"They mustered their host at Wetherby,
 Full sixteen thousand fair to see,"¹
 The Choicest Warriors of the North!
 But none for beauty and for worth
 Like those eight Sons—who, in a ring,
 (Ripe men, or blooming in life's spring)
 Each with a lance, erect and tall,
 A falchion, and a buckler small,
 Stood by their Sire, on Clifford-moor,
 To guard the Standard which he bore.
 On foot they girt their Father round;
 And so will keep the appointed ground
 Where'er their march: no steed will he
 Henceforth bestride;—triumphantly,
 He stands upon the grassy sod,
 Trusting himself to the earth, and God.
 Rare sight to embolden and inspire!
 Proud was the field of Sons and Sire;
 Of him the most; and, sooth to say,
 No shape of man in all the array
 So graced the sunshine of that day.
 The monumental pomp of age
 Was with this goodly Personage;
 A stature undepressed in size,
 Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,
 In open victory o'er the weight
 Of seventy years, to loftier height;
 Magnific limbs of withered state;
 A face to fear and venerate;
 Eyes dark and strong; and on his head
 Bright locks of silver hair, thick spread,
 Which a brown morion half-concealed,
 Light as a hunter's of the field;
 And thus, with girdle round his waist,
 Whereon the Banner-staff might rest
 At need, he stood, advancing high
 The glittering, floating Pageantry.

Who sees him?—thousands see, and
 One

With unparticipated gaze;
 Who, 'mong those thousands, friend hath
 none,
 And treads in solitary ways.
 He, following wheresoe'er he might,
 Hath watched the Banner from afar,
 As shepherds watch a lonely star,
 Or mariners the distant light
 That guides them through a stormy night.

¹ From the old ballad.

And now, upon a chosen plot
Of rising ground, yon heathy spot!
He takes alone his far-off stand,
With breast unmailed, unweaponed hand.
Bold is his aspect; but his eye
Is pregnant with anxiety,
While, like a tutelary Power,
He there stands fixed from hour to hour:
Yet sometimes in more humble guise,
Upon the turf-clad height he lies
Stretched, herdsman-like, as if to bask
In sunshine were his only task,
Or by his mantle's help to find
A shelter from the nipping wind:
And thus, with short oblivion blest,
His weary spirits gather rest.
Again he lifts his eyes; and lo!
The pageant glancing to and fro;
And hope is awakened by the sight,
He thence may learn, ere fall of night,
Which way the tide is doomed to flow.

To London were the Chieftains bent;
But what avails the bold intent?
A Royal army is gone forth
To quell the RISING OF THE NORTH;
They march with Dudley at their head,
And, in seven days' space, will to York be
led!—

Can such a mighty Host be raised
Thus suddenly, and brought so near?
The Earls upon each other gazed,
And Neville's cheek grew pale with fear;
For, with a high and valiant name,
He bore a heart of timid frame;
And bold if both had been, yet they
"Against so many may not stay."¹
Back therefore will they hie to seize
A strong Hold on the banks of Tees
There wait a favourable hour,
Until Lord Dacre with his power
From Naworth come; and Howard's aid
Be with them openly displayed.

While through the Host, from man to
man,

A rumour of this purpose ran,
The Standard trusting to the care
Of him who heretofore did bear
That charge, impatient Norton sought
The Chieftains to unfold his thought,
And thus abruptly spake;—"We yield
(And can it be?) an unfought field!—
How oft has strength, the strength of
heaven,

¹ From the old ballad.

To few triumphantly been given!
Still do our very children boast
Of mitred Thurston—what a Host
He conquered!—Saw we not the Plain
(And flying shall behold again)
Where faith was proved?—while to battle
moved

The Standard, on the Sacred Wain
That bore it, compassed round by a bold
Fraternity of Barons old;
And with those grey-haired champions stood,
Under the saintly ensigns three,
The infant Heir of Mowbray's blood—
All confident of victory!—
Shall Percy blush, then, for his name?
Must Westmoreland be asked with shame
Whose were the numbers, where the loss,
In that other day of Neville's Cross?²
When the Prior of Durham with holy hand
Raised, as the Vision gave command,
Saint Cuthbert's Relic—far and near
Kenned on the point of a lofty spear;
While the Monks prayed in Maiden's Bower
To God descending in his power.
Less would not at our need be due
To us, who war against the Untrue;—
The delegates of Heaven we rise,
Convoked the impious to chastise:
We, we, the sanctities of old
Would re-establish and uphold:
Be warned!"—His zeal the Chiefs con-
founded,

But word was given, and the trumpet
sounded:

Back through the melancholy Host
Went Norton, and resumed his post.
Alas! thought he, and have I borne
This Banner raised with joyful pride,
This hope of all posterity,
By those dread symbols sanctified;
Thus to become at once the scorn
Of babbling winds as they go by,
A spot of shame to the sun's bright eye,
To the light clouds a mockery!
—"Even these poor eight of mine would
stem—"

Half to himself, and half to them
He spake—"would stem, or quell, a force
Ten times their number, man and horse:
This by their own unaided might,
Without their father in their sight,
Without the Cause for which they fight;
A Cause, which on a needful day

² See Note.

Would breed us thousands brave as they."
 —So speaking, he his reverend head
 Raised towards that Imagery once more:
 But the familiar prospect shed
 Despondency unfelt before:
 A shock of intimations vain,
 Dismay, and superstitious pain,
 Fell on him, with the sudden thought
 Of her by whom the work was wrought:—
 Oh wherefore was her countenance bright
 With love divine and gentle light?
 She would not, could not, disobey,
 But her Faith leaned another way.
 Ill tears she wept; I saw them fall,
 I overheard her as she spake
 Sad words to that mute Animal,
 The White Doe, in the hawthorn brake;
 She steeped, but not for Jesu's sake,
 This Cross in tears: by her, and One
 Unworthier far we are undone—
 Her recreant Brother—he prevailed
 Over that tender Spirit—assailed
 Too oft, alas! by her whose head
 In the cold grave hath long been laid:
 She first, in reason's dawn beguiled
 Her docile, unsuspecting Child:
 Far back—far back my mind must go
 To reach the well-spring of this woe!

While thus he brooded, music sweet
 Of border tunes was played to cheer
 The footsteps of a quick retreat;
 But Norton lingered in the rear,
 Stung with sharp thoughts; and ere the last
 From his distracted brain was cast,
 Before his Father, Francis stood,
 And spake in firm and earnest mood.

"Though here I bend a suppliant knee
 In reverence, and unarmed, I bear
 In your indignant thoughts my share;
 Am grieved this backward march to see
 So careless and disorderly.
 I scorn your Chiefs—men who would lead,
 And yet want courage at their need:
 Then look at them with open eyes!
 Deserve they further sacrifice?—
 If—when they shrink, nor dare oppose
 In open field their gathering foes,
 (And fast, from this decisive day,
 Yon multitude must melt away;)
 If now I ask a grace not claimed
 While ground was left for hope; unblamed
 Be an endeavour that can do
 No injury to them or you.
 My Father! I would help to find

A place of shelter, till the rage
 Of cruel men do like the wind
 Exhaust itself and sink to rest;
 Be Brother now to Brother joined!
 Admit me in the equipage
 Of your misfortunes, that at least,
 Whatever fate remain behind,
 I may bear witness in my breast
 To your nobility of mind!"

"Thou Enemy, my bane and blight!
 Oh! bold to fight the Coward's fight
 Against all good"—but why declare,
 At length, the issue of a prayer
 Which love had prompted, yielding scope
 Too free to one bright moment's hope?
 Suffice it that the Son, who strove
 With fruitless effort to allay
 That passion, prudently gave way;
 Nor did he turn aside to prove
 His Brothers' wisdom or their love—
 But calmly from the spot withdrew;
 His best endeavours to renew,
 Should e'er a kindlier time ensue.

CANTO FOURTH

'Tis night: in silence looking down,
 The Moon, from cloudless ether, sees
 A Camp, and a beleaguered Town,
 And Castle, like a stately crown
 On the steep rocks of winding Tees;—
 And southward far, with moor between,
 Hill-top, and flood, and forest green,
 The bright Moon sees that valley small
 Where Rylstone's old sequestered Hall
 A venerable image yields
 Of quiet to the neighbouring fields;
 While from one pillared chimney breathes
 The smoke, and mounts in silver wreaths.
 —The courts are hushed;—for timely sleep
 The greyhounds to their kennel creep;
 The peacock in the broad ash tree
 Aloft is roosted for the night,
 He who in proud prosperity
 Of colours manifold and bright
 Walked round, affronting the daylight;
 And higher still, above the bower
 Where he is perched, from yon lone Tower
 The hall-clock in the clear moonshine
 With glittering finger points at nine.

Ah! who could think that sadness here
 Hath any sway? or pain, or fear?
 A soft and lulling sound is heard
 Of streams inaudible by day;

The garden pool's dark surface, stirred
 By the night insects in their play,
 Breaks into dimples small and bright ;
 A thousand, thousand rings of light
 That shape themselves and disappear
 Almost as soon as seen :—and lo !
 Not distant far, the milk-white Doe—
 The same who quietly was feeding
 On the green herb, and nothing heeding,
 When Francis, uttering to the Maid
 His last words in the yew-tree shade,
 Involved whate'er by love was brought
 Out of his heart, or crossed his thought,
 Or chance presented to his eye,
 In one sad sweep of destiny—
 The same fair Creature, who hath found
 Her way into forbidden ground ;
 Where now—within this spacious plot
 For pleasure made, a goodly spot,
 With lawns and beds of flowers, and shades
 Of trellis-work in long arcades,
 And cirque and crescent framed by wall
 Of close-clipt foliage green and tall,
 Converging walks, and fountains gay,
 And terraces in trim array—
 Beneath yon cypress spiring high,
 With pine and cedar spreading wide
 Their darksome boughs on either side,
 In open moonlight doth she lie ;
 Happy as others of her kind,
 That, far from human neighbourhood,
 Range unrestricted as the wind,
 Through park, or chase, or savage wood.

But see the consecrated Maid
 Emerging from a cedar shade
 To open moonshine, where the Doe
 Beneath the cypress-spire is laid ;
 Like a patch of April snow—
 Upon a bed of herbage green,
 Lingering in a woody glade
 Or behind a rocky screen—
 Lonely relic ! which, if seen
 By the shepherd, is passed by
 With an inattentive eye.
 Nor more regard doth She bestow
 Upon the uncomplaining Doe
 Now couched at ease, though oft this day
 Not unperplexed nor free from pain,
 When she had tried, and tried in vain,
 Approaching in her gentle way,
 To win some look of love, or gain
 Encouragement to sport or play
 Attempts which still the heart-sick Maid
 Rejected, or with slight repaid.

Yet Emily is soothed ;—the breeze
 Came fraught with kindly sympathies.
 As she approached yon rustic Shed
 Hung with late-flowering woodbine, spread
 Along the walls and overhead,
 The fragrance of the breathing flowers
 Revived a memory of those hours
 When here, in this remote alcove,
 (While from the pendent woodbine came
 Like odours, sweet as if the same)
 A fondly-anxious Mother strove
 To teach her salutary fears
 And mysteries above her years.
 Yes, she is soothed : an Image faint,
 And yet not faint—a presence bright
 Returns to her—that blessed Saint
 Who with mild looks and language mild
 Instructed here her darling Child,
 While yet a prattler on the knee,
 To worship in simplicity
 The invisible God, and take for guide
 The faith reformed and purified.

'Tis flown—the Vision, and the sense
 Of that beguiling influence,
 " But oh ! thou Angel from above,
 Mute Spirit of maternal love,
 That stood'st before my eyes, more clear
 Than ghosts are fabled to appear
 Sent upon embassies of fear ;
 As thou thy presence hast to me
 Vouchsafed, in radiant ministry
 Descend on Francis ; nor forbear
 To greet him with a voice, and say ;—
 ' If hope be a rejected stay,
 ' Do thou, my christian Son, beware
 ' Of that most lamentable snare,
 ' The self-reliance of despair ! "

Then from within the embowered retreat
 Where she had found a grateful seat
 Perturbed she issues. She will go !
 Herself will follow to the war,
 And clasp her Father's knees ;—ah, no !
 She meets the insuperable bar,
 The injunction by her Brother laid ;
 His parting charge—but ill obeyed—
 That interdicted all debate,
 All prayer for this cause or for that ;
 All efforts that would turn aside
 The headstrong current of their fate :
Her duty is to stand and wait ;
 In resignation to abide
 The shock, AND FINALLY SECURE
 O'ER PAIN AND GRIEF A TRIUMPH PURE.

She feels it, and her pangs are checked.

But now, as silently she paced
The turf, and thought by thought was
chased,

Came One who, with sedate respect,
Approached, and, greeting her, thus spake ;
" An old man's privilege I take :
Dark is the time—a woeful day !
Dear daughter of affliction, say
How can I serve you ? point the way."

" Rights have you, and may well be
bold ;

You with my Father have grown old
In friendship—strive—for his sake go—
Turn from us all the coming woe :
This would I beg ; but on my mind
A passive stillness is enjoined.
On you, if room for mortal aid
Be left, is no restriction laid ;
You not forbidden to recline
With hope upon the Will divine."

" Hope," said the old Man, " must
abide

With all of us, whate'er betide.
In Craven's Wilds is many a den,
To shelter persecuted men :
Far under ground is many a cave,
Where they might lie as in the grave,
Until this storm hath ceased to rave :
Or let them cross the River Tweed,
And be at once from peril freed !"

" Ah tempt me not !" she faintly sighed ;
" I will not counsel nor exhort,
With my condition satisfied ;
But you,—at least, may make report
Of what befalls ;—be this your task—
This may be done ;—'tis all I ask !"

She spake—and from the Lady's sight
The Sire, unconscious of his age,
Departed promptly as a Page
Bound on some errand of delight.
—The noble Francis—wise as brave,
Thought he, may want not skill to save.
With hopes in tenderness concealed,
Unarmed he followed to the field ;
Him will I seek : the insurgent Powers
Are now besieging Barnard's Towers,—
" Grant that the Moon which shines this
night

May guide them in a prudent flight !"

But quick the turns of chance and
change,

And knowledge has a narrow range ;
Whence idle fears, and needless pain,
And wishes blind, and efforts vain.—

The Moon may shine, but cannot be
Their guide in flight—already she
Hath witnessed their captivity.
She saw the desperate assault
Upon that hostile castle made ;—
But dark and dismal is the vault
Where Norton and his sons are laid ;
Disastrous issue !—he had said
" This night yon faithless Towers must
yield,

Or we for ever quit the field.
—Neville is utterly dismayed,
For promise fails of Howard's aid ;
And Dacre to our call replies
That *he* is unprepared to rise.
My heart is sick ;—this weary pause
Must needs be fatal to our cause.
The breach is open—on the wall,
This night, the Banner shall be planted !"
—'Twas done : his Sons were with him—
all ;

They belt him round with hearts undaunted
And others follow ;—Sire and Son
Leap down into the court ;—" 'Tis won"—
They shout aloud—but Heaven decreed
That with their joyful shout should close
The triumph of a desperate deed
Which struck with terror friends and foes !
The friend shrinks back—the foe recoils
From Norton and his filial band ;
But they, now caught within the toils,
Against a thousand cannot stand ;—
The foe from numbers courage drew,
And overpowered that gallant few.
" A rescue for the Standard !" cried
The Father from within the walls ;
But, see, the sacred Standard falls !—
Confusion through the Camp spread wide :
Some fled ; and some their fears detained :
But ere the Moon had sunk to rest
In her pale chambers of the west,
Of that rash levy nought remained.

CANTO FIFTH

HIGH on a point of rugged ground
Among the wastes of Rylstone Fell
Above the loftiest ridge or mound
Where foresters or shepherds dwell,
An edifice of warlike frame
Stands single—Norton Tower its name—¹
It fronts all quarters, and looks round
O'er path and road, and plain and dell,

¹ See Note.

Dark moor, and gleam of pool and stream,
Upon a prospect without bound.

The summit of this bold ascent—
Though bleak and bare, and seldom free
As Pendle-hill or Pennygent
From wind, or frost, or vapours wet—
Had often heard the sound of glee
When there the youthful Nortons met,
To practise games and archery :
How proud and happy they ! the crowd
Of Lookers-on how pleased and proud !
And from the scorching noon-tide sun,
From showers, or when the prize was won,
They to the Tower withdrew, and there
Would mirth run round, with generous
fare ;

And the stern old Lord of Rylstone-hall
Was happiest, proudest, of them all !

But now, his Child, with anguish pale,
Upon the height walks to and fro ;
'Tis well that she hath heard the tale,
Received the bitterness of woe :
For she *had* hoped, had hoped and feared,
Such rights did feeble nature claim ;
And oft her steps had hither steered,
Though not unconscious of self-blame ;
For she her brother's charge revered,
His farewell words ; and by the same,
Yea by her brother's very name,
Had, in her solitude, been cheered.

Beside the lonely watch-tower stood
That grey-haired Man of gentle blood,
Who with her Father had grown old
In friendship ; rival hunters they,
And fellow warriors in their day ;
To Rylstone he the tidings brought ;
Then on this height the Maid had sought,
And, gently as he could, had told
The end of that dire Tragedy,
Which it had been his lot to see.

To him the Lady turned ; " You said
That Francis lives, *he* is not dead ?"
" Your noble brother hath been spared ;
To take his life they have not dared ;
On him and on his high endeavour
The light of praise shall shine for ever !
Nor did he (such Heaven's will) in vain
His solitary course maintain ;
Not vainly struggled in the might
Of duty, seeing with clear sight ;
He was their comfort to the last,
Their joy till every pang was past.

I witnessed when to York they came—
What, Lady, if their feet were tied ;

They might deserve a good Man's blame ;
But marks of infamy and shame—
These were their triumph, these their pride ;
Nor wanted 'mid the pressing crowd
Deep feeling, that found utterance loud,
'Lo, Francis comes,' there were who cried,
'A Prisoner once, but now set free !
'Tis well, for he the worst defied
Through force of natural piety ;
He rose not in this quarrel ; he,
For concord's sake and England's good,
Suit to his Brothers often made
With tears, and of his Father prayed—
And when he had in vain withstood
Their purpose—then did he divide,
He parted from them ; but at their side
Now walks in unanimity.

Then peace to cruelty and scorn,
While to the prison they are borne,
Peace, peace to all indignity !

And so in Prison were they laid—
'Oh hear me, hear me, gentle Maid,
For I am come with power to bless,
By scattering gleams, through your distress,
Of a redeeming happiness.
Me did a reverent pity move
And privilege of ancient love ;
And, in your service, making bold,
Entrance I gained to that stronghold.

Your Father gave me cordial greeting ;
But to his purposes, that burned
Within him, instantly returned :
He was commanding and entreating,
And said—'We need not stop, my Son !
Thoughts press, and time is hurrying on'—
And so to Francis he renewed
His words, more calmly thus pursued.

'Might this our enterprise have sped,
Change wide and deep the Land had seen,
A renovation from the dead,
A spring-tide of immortal green :
The darksome altars would have blazed
Like stars when clouds are rolled away ;
Salvation to all eyes that gazed,
Once more the Rood had been upraised
To spread its arms, and stand for aye.
Then, then—had I survived to see
New life in Bolton Priory ;
The voice restored, the eye of Truth
Re-opened that inspired my youth ;
To see her in her pomp arrayed—
This Banner (for such vow I made)
Should on the consecrated breast
Of that same Temple have found rest :

'I would myself have hung it high,
Fit offering of glad victory !

A shadow of such thought remains
To cheer this sad and pensive time ;
A solemn fancy yet sustains
One feeble Being—bids me climb
Even to the last—one effort more
To attest my Faith, if not restore.

Hear then,' said he, 'while I impart,
My Son, the last wish of my heart.
The Banner strive thou to regain ;
And, if the endeavour prove not vain,
Bear it—to whom if not to thee
Shall I this lonely thought consign ?—
Bear it to Bolton Priory,
And lay it on Saint Mary's shrine ;
To wither in the sun and breeze
'Mid those decaying sanctities.
There let at least the gift be laid,
The testimony there displayed ;
Bold proof that with no selfish aim,
But for lost Faith and Christ's dear name,
I helmeted a brow though white,
And took a place in all men's sight ;
Yea offered up this noble Brood,
This fair unrivalled Brotherhood,
And turned away from thee, my Son !
And left—but be the rest unsaid,
The name untouched, the tear unshed ;—
My wish is known, and I have done :
Now promise, grant this one request,
This dying prayer, and be thou blest !'

Then Francis answered—'Trust thy Son,
For, with God's will, it shall be done !'—

The pledge obtained, the solemn word
Thus scarcely given, a noise was heard,
And Officers appeared in state
To lead the prisoners to their fate.
They rose, oh ! wherefore should I fear
To tell, or, Lady, you to hear ?
They rose—embraces none were given—
They stood like trees when earth and heaven
Are calm ; they knew each other's worth,
And reverently the Band went forth.
They met, when they had reached the door,
One with profane and harsh intent
Placed there—that he might go before
And, with that rueful Banner borne
Aloft in sign of taunting scorn,
Conduct them to their punishment :
So cruel Sussex, unrestrained
By human feeling, had ordained.
The unhappy Banner Francis saw,
And, with a look of calm command

Inspiring universal awe,
He took it from the soldier's hand ;
And all the people that stood round
Confirmed the deed in peace profound.
—High transport did the Father shed
Upon his Son—and they were led,
Led on, and yielded up their breath ;
Together died, a happy death !—
But Francis, soon as he had braved
That insult, and the Banner saved,
Athwart the unresisting tide
Of the spectators occupied
In admiration or dismay,
Bore instantly his Charge away."

These things, which thus had in the sight
And hearing passed of Him who stood
With Emily, on the Watch-tower height,
In Rylstone's woeful neighbourhood,
He told ; and oftentimes with voice
Of power to comfort or rejoice ;
For deepest sorrows that aspire,
Go high, no transport ever higher.
"Yes—God is rich in mercy," said
The old Man to the silent Maid,
"Yet, Lady ! shines, through this black
night,
One star of aspect heavenly bright ;
Your Brother lives—he lives—is come
Perhaps already to his home ;
Then let us leave this dreary place."
She yielded, and with gentle pace,
Though without one uplifted look,
To Rylstone-hall her way she took.

CANTO SIXTH

WHY comes not Francis ?—From the dole-
ful City

He fled,—and, in his flight, could hear
The death-sounds of the Minster-bell :
That sullen stroke pronounced farewell
To Marmaduke, cut off from pity !
To Ambrose that ! and then a knell
For him, the sweet half-opened Flower !
For all—all dying in one hour !
—Why comes not Francis ? Thoughts of
love
Should bear him to his Sister dear
With the fleet motion of a dove ;
Yea, like a heavenly messenger
Of speediest wing, should he appear.
Why comes he not ?—for westward fast
Along the plain of York he past ;

Reckless of what impels or leads,
 Unchecked he hurries on ;—nor heeds
 The sorrow, through the Villages,
 Spread by triumphant cruelties
 Of vengeful military force,
 And punishment without remorse.
 He marked not, heard not, as he fled
 All but the suffering heart was dead
 For him abandoned to blank awe,
 To vacancy, and horror strong :
 And the first object which he saw,
 With conscious sight, as he swept along—
 It was the Banner in his hand !
 He felt—and made a sudden stand.

He looked about like one betrayed :
 What hath he done ? what promise made ?
 Oh weak, weak moment ! to what end
 Can such a vain oblation tend,
 And he the Bearer ?—Can he go
 Carrying this instrument of woe,
 And find, find anywhere, a right
 To excuse him in his Country's sight ?
 No ; will not all men deem the change
 A downward course, perverse and strange ?
 Here is it ;—but how ? when ? must she,
 The unoffending Emily,
 Again this piteous object see ?

Such conflict long did he maintain,
 Nor liberty nor rest could gain :
 His own life into danger brought
 By this sad burden—even that thought,
 Exciting self-suspicion strong
 Swayed the brave man to his wrong.
 And how—unless it were the sense
 Of all-disposing Providence,
 Its will unquestionably shown—
 How has the Banner clung so fast
 To a palsied, and unconscious hand ;
 Clung to the hand to which it passed
 Without impediment ? And why,
 But that Heaven's purpose might be known,
 Doth now no hindrance meet his eye,
 No intervention, to withstand
 Fulfilment of a Father's prayer
 Breathed to a Son forgiven, and blest
 When all resentments were at rest,
 And life in death laid the heart bare ?—
 Then, like a spectre sweeping by,
 Rushed through his mind the prophecy
 Of utter desolation made
 To Emily in the yew-tree shade :
 He sighed, submitting will and power
 To the stern embrace of that grasping hour.
 " No choice is left, the deed is mine—

Dead are they, dead !—and I will go,
 And, for their sakes, come weal or woe,
 Will lay the Relic on the shrine."

So forward with a steady will
 He went, and traversed plain and hill ;
 And up the vale of Wharf his way
 Pursued ;—and, at the dawn of day,
 Attained a summit whence his eyes
 Could see the Tower of Bolton rise.
 There Francis for a moment's space
 Made halt—but hark ! a noise behind
 Of horsemen at an eager pace !
 He heard, and with misgiving mind.
 —'Tis Sir George Bowes who leads the
 Band :

They come, by cruel Sussex sent ;
 Who, when the Nortons from the hand
 Of death had drunk their punishment,
 Bethought him, angry and ashamed,
 How Francis, with the Banner claimed
 As his own charge, had disappeared,
 By all the standers-by revered.
 His whole bold carriage (which had quelled
 Thus far the Opposer, and repelled
 All censure, enterprise so bright
 That even bad men had vainly striven
 Against that overcoming light)
 Was then reviewed, and prompt word given
 That to what place soever fled
 He should be seized, alive or dead.

The troop of horse have gained the height
 Where Francis stood in open sight.
 They hem him round—" Behold the proof "
 They cried, " the Ensign in his hand !
 He did not arm, he walked aloof !
 For why ?—to save his Father's land ;—
 Worst Traitor of them all is he,
 A Traitor dark and cowardly ! "

" I am no Traitor," Francis said,
 " Though this unhappy freight I bear ;
 And must not part with. But beware ;—
 Err not by hasty zeal misled,
 Nor do a suffering Spirit wrong,
 Whose self-reproaches are too strong ! "
 At this he from the beaten road
 Retreated towards a brake of thorn,
 That like a place of vantage showed ;
 And there stood bravely, though forlorn.
 In self-defence with warlike brow
 He stood,—nor weaponless was now ;
 He from a Soldier's hand had snatched
 A spear,—and, so protected, watched
 The Assailants, turning round and round,
 But from behind with treacherous wound

A Spearman brought him to the ground.
The guardian lance, as Francis fell,
Dropped from him; but his other hand
The Banner clenched; till, from out the
Band,

One, the most eager for the prize,
Rushed in; and—while, O grief to tell!
A glimmering sense still left, with eyes
Unclosed the noble Francis lay—
Seized it, as hunters seize their prey;
But not before the warm life-blood
Had tinged more deeply, as it flowed,
The wounds the broidered Banner showed,
Thy fatal work, O Maiden, innocent as
good!

Proudly the Horsemen bore away
The Standard; and where Francis lay
There was he left alone, unwept,
And for two days unnoticed slept.
For at that time bewildering fear
Possessed the country, far and near;
But, on the third day, passing by
One of the Norton Tenantry
Espied the uncovered Corse; the Man
Shrunk as he recognised the face,
And to the nearest homesteads ran
And called the people to the place.
—How desolate is Rylstone-hall!
This was the instant thought of all;
And if the lonely Lady there
Should be; to her they cannot bear
This weight of anguish and despair.
So, when upon sad thoughts had prest
Thoughts sadder still, they deemed it best
That, if the Priest should yield assent
And no one hinder their intent,
Then, they, for Christian pity's sake,
In holy ground a grave would make;
And straightway buried he should be
In the Churchyard of the Priory.

Apart, some little space, was made
The grave where Francis must be laid.
In no confusion or neglect
This did they,—but in pure respect
That he was born of gentle blood;
And that there was no neighbourhood
Of kindred for him in that ground:
So to the Churchyard they are bound,
Bearing the body on a bier;
And psalms they sing—a holy sound
That hill and vale with sadness hear.

But Emily hath raised her head,
And is again disquieted;
She must behold!—so many gone,

Where is the solitary One?
And forth from Rylstone-hall stepped she,—
To seek her Brother forth she went,
And tremblingly her course she bent
Toward Bolton's ruined Priory.
She comes, and in the vale hath heard
The funeral dirge;—she sees the knot
Of people, sees them in one spot—
And darting like a wounded bird
She reached the grave, and with her breast
Upon the ground received the rest,—
The consummation, the whole ruth
And sorrow^o of this final truth!

CANTO SEVENTH

“Powers there are
That touch each other to the quick—in modes
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
No soul to dream of.”

THOU Spirit, whose angelic hand
Was to the harp a strong command,
Called the submissive strings to wake
In glory for this Maiden's sake,
Say, Spirit! whither hath she fled
To hide her poor afflicted head?
What mighty forest in its gloom
Enfolds her?—is a rifted tomb
Within the wilderness her seat?
Some island which the wild waves beat—
Is that the Sufferer's last retreat?
Or some aspiring rock, that shrouds
Its perilous front in mists and clouds?
High-climbing rock, low sunless dale,
Sea, desert, what do these avail?
Oh take her anguish and her fears
Into a deep recess of years!

'Tis done;—despoil and desolation
O'er Rylstone's fair domain have blown;¹
Pools, terraces, and walks are sown
With weeds; the bowers are overthrown,
Or have given way to slow mutation,
While, in their ancient habitation
The Norton name hath been unknown.
The lordly Mansion of its pride
Is stripped; the ravage hath spread wide
Through park and field, a perishing
That mocks the gladness of the Spring!
And, with this silent gloom agreeing,
Appears a joyless human Being,
Of aspect such as if the waste
Were under her dominion placed.
Upon a primrose bank, her throne

¹ See Note.

Of quietness, she sits alone;
 Among the ruins of a wood,
 Erewhile a covert bright and green,
 And where full many a brave tree stood,
 That used to spread its boughs, and ring
 With the sweet bird's carolling.
 Behold her, like a virgin Queen,
 Neglecting in imperial state
 These outward images of fate,
 And carrying inward a serene
 And perfect sway, through many a thought
 Of chance and change, that hath been
 brought

To the subjection of a holy,
 Though stern and rigorous, melancholy!
 The like authority, with grace
 Of awfulness, is in her face,—
 There hath she fixed it; yet it seems
 To o'ershadow by no native right
 That face, which cannot lose the gleams,
 Lose utterly the tender gleams,
 Of gentleness and meek delight,
 And loving-kindness ever bright:
 Such is her sovereign mien:—her dress
 (A vest with woollen cincture tied,
 A hood of mountain-wool undyed)
 Is homely,—fashioned to express
 A wandering Pilgrim's humbleness.

And she *hath* wandered, long and far,
 Beneath the light of sun and star;
 Hath roamed in trouble and in grief,
 Driven forward like a withered leaf,
 Yea like a ship at random blown
 To distant places and unknown.
 But now she dares to seek a haven
 Among her native wilds of Craven;
 Hath seen again her Father's roof,
 And put her fortitude to proof;
 The mighty sorrow hath been borne,
 And she is thoroughly forlorn:
 Her soul doth in itself stand fast,
 Sustained by memory of the past
 And strength of Reason; held above
 The infirmities of mortal love;
 Undaunted, lofty, calm, and stable,
 And awfully impenetrable.

And so—beneath a mouldered tree,
 A self-surviving leafless oak
 By unregarded age from stroke
 Of ravage saved—sate Emily.
 There did she rest, with head reclined,
 Herself most like a stately flower,
 (Such have I seen) whom chance of birth
 Hath separated from its kind,

To live and die in a shady bower,
 Single on the gladsome earth.

When, with a noise like distant thunder,
 A troop of deer came sweeping by;
 And, suddenly, behold a wonder!
 For One, among those rushing deer,
 A single One, in mid career
 Hath stopped, and fixed her large full eye
 Upon the Lady Emily;
 A Doe most beautiful, clear-white,
 A radiant creature, silver-bright!

Thus checked, a little while it stayed;
 A little thoughtful pause it made;
 And then advanced with stealth-like pace,
 Drew softly near her, and more near—
 Looked round—but saw no cause for fear;
 So to her feet the Creature came,
 And laid its head upon her knee,
 And looked into the Lady's face,
 A look of pure benignity,
 And fond unclouded memory.
 It is, thought Emily, the same,
 The very Doe of other years!—
 The pleading look the Lady viewed,
 And, by her gushing thoughts subdued,
 She melted into tears—
 A flood of tears, that flowed apace,
 Upon the happy Creature's face.

Oh, moment ever blest! O Pair
 Beloved of Heaven, Heaven's chosen care,
 This was for you a precious greeting;
 And may it prove a fruitful meeting!
 Joined are they, and the sylvan Doe
 Can she depart? can she forego
 The Lady, once her playful peer,
 And now her sainted Mistress dear?
 And will not Emily receive
 This lovely chronicler of things
 Long past, delights and sorrows?
 Lone Sufferer! will not she believe
 The promise in that speaking face;
 And welcome, as a gift of grace,
 The saddest thought the Creature brings?

That day, the first of a re-union
 Which was to teem with high communion,
 That day of balmy April weather,
 They tarried in the wood together.
 And when, ere fall of evening dew,
 She from her sylvan haunt withdrew,
 The White Doe tracked with faithful pace
 The Lady to her dwelling-place;
 That nook where, on paternal ground,
 A habitation she had found,
 The Master of whose humble board

Once owned her Father for his Lord ;
A hut, by tufted trees defended,
Where Rylstone brook with Wharf is
blended.

When Emily by morning light
Went forth, the Doe stood there in sight.
She shrunk :—with one frail shock of pain
Received and followed by a prayer,
She saw the Creature once again ;
Shun will she not, she feels, will bear ;—
But, wheresoever she looked round,
All now was trouble-haunted ground ;
And therefore now she deems it good
Once more this restless neighbourhood
To leave.—Unwooded, yet unforbidden,
The White Doe followed up the vale,
Up to another cottage, hidden
In the deep fork of Amerdale ;¹
And there may Emily restore
Herself, in spots unseen before.
—Why tell of mossy rock, or tree,
By lurking Dernbrook's pathless side,
Haunts of a strengthening amity
That calmed her, cheered, and fortified ?
For she hath ventured now to read
Of time, and place, and thought, and
deed—

Endless history that lies
In her silent Follower's eyes ;
Who with a power like human reason
Discerns the favourable season,
Skilled to approach or to retire,—
From looks conceiving her desire ;
From look, deportment, voice, or mien,
That vary to the heart within.
If she too passionately wreathed
Her arms, or over-deeply breathed,
Walked quick or slowly, every mood
In its degree was understood ;
Then well may their accord be true,
And kindest intercourse ensue.
—Oh ! surely 'twas a gentle rousing
When she by sudden glimpse espied
The White Doe on the mountain browsing,
Or in the meadow wandered wide !
How pleased, when down the Straggler sank
Beside her, on some sunny bank !
How soothed, when in thick bower enclosed,
They, like a nested pair, reposed !
Fair Vision ! when it crossed the Maid
Within some rocky cavern laid,
The dark cave's portal gliding by,
White as whitest cloud on high

¹ See Note.

Floating through the azure sky.
—What now is left for pain or fear ?
That Presence, dearer and more dear,
While they, side by side, were straying,
And the shepherd's pipe was playing,
Did now a very gladness yield
At morning to the dewy field,
And with a deeper peace endued
The hour of moonlight solitude.

With her Companion, in such frame
Of mind, to Rylstone back she came ;
And, ranging through the wasted groves,
Received the memory of old loves,
Undisturbed and undistrest,
Into a soul which now was blest
With a soft spring-day of holy,
Mild, and grateful, melancholy :
Not sunless gloom or unenlightened,
But by tender fancies brightened.

When the bells of Rylstone played
Their sabbath music—"God us ayde !"
That was the sound they seemed to speak ;
Inscriptive legend which I ween
May on those holy bells be seen,
That legend and her Grandsire's name ;
And oftentimes the Lady meek
Had in her childhood read the same ;
Words which she slighted at that day ;
But now, when such sad change was
wrought,
And of that lonely name she thought—
The bells of Rylstone seemed to say,
While she sate listening in the shade,
With vocal music, "God us ayde ;"
And all the hills were glad to bear
Their part in this effectual prayer.

Nor lacked she Reason's firmest power ;
But with the White Doe at her side
Up would she climb to Norton Tower,
And thence look round her far and wide,
Her fate there measuring ;—all is stilled,—
The weak One hath subdued her heart ;
Behold the prophecy fulfilled,
Fulfilled, and she sustains her part !
But here her Brother's words have failed ;
Here hath a milder doom prevailed ;
That she, of him and all bereft,
Hath yet this faithful Partner left ;
This one Associate, that disproves
His words, remains for her, and loves.
If tears are shed, they do not fall
For loss of him—for one, or all ;
Yet, sometimes, sometimes doth she weep
Moved gently in her soul's soft sleep ;

A few tears down her cheek descend
For this her last and living Friend.

Bless, tender Hearts, their mutual lot,
And bless for both this savage spot ;
Which Emily doth sacred hold
For reasons dear and manifold—
Here hath she, here before her sight,
Close to the summit of this height,
The grassy rock-encircled Pound¹
In which the Creature first was found.
So beautiful the timid Thrall
(A spotless Youngling white as foam)
Her youngest Brother brought it home ;
The youngest, then a lusty boy,
Bore it, or led, to Rylstone-hall
With heart brimful of pride and joy !

But most to Bolton's sacred Pile,
On favouring nights, she loved to go ;
There ranged through cloister, court, and
aisle,

Attended by the soft-paced Doe ;
Nor feared she in the still moonshine
To look upon Saint Mary's shrine ;
Nor on the lonely turf that showed
Where Francis slept in his last abode.
For that she came ; there oft she sate
Forlorn, but not disconsolate :
And, when she from the abyss returned
Of thought, she neither shrunk nor
mourned ;

Was happy that she lived to greet
Her mute Companion as it lay
In love and pity at her feet ;
How happy in its turn to meet
The recognition ! the mild glance
Beamed from that gracious countenance ;
Communication, like the ray
Of a new morning, to the nature
And prospects of the inferior Creature !

A mortal Song we sing, by dower
Encouraged of celestial power ;
Power which the viewless Spirit shed
By whom we were first visited ;
Whose voice we heard, whose hand and
wings

Swept like a breeze the conscious strings,
When, left in solitude, erewhile
We stood before this ruined Pile,
And, quitting unsubstantial dreams,
Sang in this Presence kindred themes ;
Distress and desolation spread
Through human hearts, and pleasure dead,—
Dead—but to live again on earth,

¹ See Note.

A second and yet nobler birth ;
Dire overthrow, and yet how high
The re-ascent in sanctity !
From fair to fairer ; day by day
A more divine and loftier way !
Even such this blessed Pilgrim trod,
By sorrow lifted towards her God ;
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed mortality.
Her own thoughts loved she ; and could
bend

A dear look to her lowly Friend ;
There stopped ; her thirst was satisfied
With what this innocent spring supplied :
Her sanction inwardly she bore,
And stood apart from human cares ;
But to the world returned no more,
Although with no unwilling mind
Help did she give at need, and joined
The Wharfedale peasants in their prayers.
At length, thus faintly, faintly tied
To earth, she was set free, and died.
Thy soul, exalted Emily,
Maid of the blasted family,
Rose to the God from whom it came !
—In Rylstone Church her mortal frame
Was buried by her Mother's side.

Most glorious sunset ! and a ray
Survives—the twilight of this day—
In that fair Creature whom the fields
Support, and whom the forest shields ;
Who, having filled a holy place,
Partakes, in her degree, Heaven's grace ;
And bears a memory and a mind
Raised far above the law of kind ;
Haunting the spots with lonely cheer
Which her dear Mistress once held dear :
Loves most what Emily loved most—
The enclosure of this churchyard ground ;
Here wanders like a gliding ghost,
And every sabbath here is found ;
Comes with the people when the bells
Are heard among the moorland dells,
Finds entrance through yon arch, where
way

Lies open on the sabbath-day ;
Here walks amid the mournful waste
Of prostrate altars, shrines defaced,
And floors encumbered with rich show
Of fret-work imagery laid low ;
Paces softly, or makes halt,
By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault ;
By plate of monumental brass
Dim-gleaming among weeds and grass,

And sculptured Forms of Warriors brave :
 But chiefly by that single grave,
 That one sequestered hillock green,
 The pensive visitant is seen.
 There doth the gentle Creature lie
 With those adversities unmoved ;
 Calm spectacle, by earth and sky
 In their benignity approved !
 And aye, methinks, this hoary Pile,
 Subdued by outrage and decay,
 Looks down upon her with a smile,
 A gracious smile, that seems to say—
 "Thou, thou art not a Child of Time,
 But Daughter of the Eternal Prime !"

1807.

THE FORCE OF PRAYER ;¹

OR,

THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY

A TRADITION

An Appendage to the "White Doe." My friend, Mr. Rogers, has also written on the subject. The story is preserved in Dr. Whitaker's *History of Craven*—a topographical writer of first-rate merit in all that concerns the past ; but such was his aversion from the modern spirit, as shown in the spread of manufactories in those districts of which he treats, that his readers are left entirely ignorant both of the progress of these arts and their real bearing upon the comfort, virtues, and happiness of the inhabitants. While wandering on foot through the fertile valleys and over the moorlands of the Apennine that divides Yorkshire from Lancashire, I used to be delighted with observing the number of substantial cottages that had sprung up on every side, each having its little plot of fertile ground won from the surrounding waste. A bright and warm fire, if needed, was always to be found in these dwellings. The father was at his loom ; the children looked healthy and happy. Is it not to be feared that the increase of mechanic power has done away with many of these blessings, and substituted many evils ? Alas ! if these evils grow, how are they to be checked, and where is the remedy to be found ? Political economy will not supply it ; that is certain, we must look to something deeper, purer, and higher.

"What is good for a bootless bene ?"
 With these dark words begins my Tale ;
 And their meaning is, whence can comfort
 spring
 When Prayer is of no avail ?

¹ See the "White Doe of Rylstone."

"What is good for a bootless bene ?"
 The Falconer to the Lady said ;
 And she made answer "ENDLESS SORROW !"
 For she knew that her Son was dead.

She knew it by the Falconer's words,
 And from the look of the Falconer's eye ;
 And from the love which was in her soul
 For her youthful Romilly.

—Young Romilly through Barden woods
 Is ranging high and low ;
 And holds a greyhound in a leash,
 To let slip upon buck or doe.

The pair have reached that fearful chasm,
 How tempting to bestride !
 For lordly Wharf is there pent in
 With rocks on either side.

This striding-place is called THE STRID,
 A name which it took of yore :
 A thousand years hath it borne that name,
 And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come,
 And what may now forbid
 That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
 Shall bound across THE STRID ?

He sprang in glee,—for what cared he
 That the river was strong, and the rocks
 were steep ?—
 But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
 And checked him in his leap.

The Boy is in the arms of Wharf,
 And strangled by a merciless force ;
 For never more was young Romilly seen
 Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,
 And long, unspeaking, sorrow :
 Wharf shall be to pitying hearts
 A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a lover the Lady wept,
 A solace she might borrow
 From death, and from the passion of death ;—
 Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding-day
 Which was to be to-morrow ;
 Her hope was a further-looking hope,
 And hers is a mother's sorrow.

He was a tree that stood alone,
And proudly did its branches wave;
And the root of this delightful tree
Was in her husband's grave!

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words were, "Let there be
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,
A stately Priory!"

The stately Priory was reared;
And Wharf, as he moved along,
To matins joined a mournful voice,
Nor failed at evensong.

And the Lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief!
But slowly did her succour come,
And a patience to her grief.

Oh! there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of Him to be our friend!

1807.

COMPOSED WHILE THE AUTHOR
WAS ENGAGED IN WRITING A
TRACT OCCASIONED BY THE
CONVENTION OF CINTRA

Not 'mid the world's vain objects that
enslave
The free-born Soul—that World whose
vaunted skill

In selfish interest perverts the will,
Whose factions lead astray the wise and
brave—

Not there; but in dark wood and rocky
cave,

And hollow vale which foaming torrents fill
With omnipresent murmur as they rave
Down their steep beds, that never shall be
still:

Here, mighty Nature! in this school sub-
lime

I weigh the hopes and fears of suffering
Spain;

For her consult the auguries of time,
And through the human heart explore my
way;

And look and listen—gathering, whence I
may,

Triumph, and thoughts no bondage can
restrain,

1808.

COMPOSED AT THE SAME TIME
AND ON THE SAME OCCASION

I DROPPED my pen; and listened to the
Wind

That sang of trees upturn and vessels
tost—

A midnight harmony; and wholly lost
To the general sense of men by chains con-
fined

Of business, care, or pleasure; or resigned
To timely sleep. Thought I, the impas-
sioned strain,

Which, without aid of numbers, I sustain,
Like acceptance from the World will find.
Yet some with apprehensive ear shall drink
A dirge devoutly breathed o'er sorrows
past;

And to the attendant promise will give
heed—

The prophecy,—like that of this wild blast,
Which, while it makes the heart with sad-
ness shrink,

Tells also of bright calms that shall suc-
ceed.

1808.

GEORGE AND SARAH GREEN

Who weeps for strangers? Many wept
For George and Sarah Green;
Wept for that pair's unhappy fate,
Whose grave may here be seen.

By night, upon these stormy fells,
Did wife and husband roam;
Six little ones at home had left,
And could not find that home.

For *any* dwelling-place of man
As vainly did they seek.
He perish'd; and a voice was heard—
The widow's lonely shriek.

Not many steps, and she was left
A body without life—
A few short steps were the chain that bound
The husband to the wife.

Now do those sternly-featured hills
Look gently on this grave;
And quiet now are the depths of air,
As a sea without a wave.

But deeper lies the heart of peace
 In quiet more profound ;
 The heart of quietness is here
 Within this churchyard bound.

And from all agony of mind
 It keeps them safe, and far
 From fear and grief, and from all need
 Of sun or guiding star.

O darkness of the grave ! how deep,
 After that living night—
 That last and dreary living one
 Of sorrow and affright ?

O sacred marriage-bed of death,
 That keeps them side by side
 In bond of peace, in bond of love,
 That may not be untied !

1808.

HOFFER

Of mortal parents is the Hero born
 By whom the undaunted Tyrolese are led ?
 Or is it Tell's great Spirit, from the dead
 Returned to animate an age forlorn ?
 He comes like Phœbus through the gates
 of morn

When dreary darkness is discomfited,
 Yet mark his modest state ! upon his
 head,

That simple crest, a heron's plume, is
 worn.

O Liberty ! they stagger at the shock
 From van to rear—and with one mind
 would flee,

But half their host is buried :—rock on
 rock

Descends :—beneath this godlike Warrior,
 see !

Hills, torrents, woods, embodied to bemock
 The Tyrant, and confound his cruelty.

1809.

“ADVANCE—COME FORTH FROM
 THY TYROLEAN GROUND”

ADVANCE—come forth from thy Tyrolean
 ground,

Dear Liberty ! stern Nymph of soul
 untamed ;

Sweet Nymph, O rightly of the mountains
 named !

Through the long chain of Alps from mound
 to mound

And o'er the eternal snows, like Echo,
 bound ;

Like Echo, when the hunter train at dawn
 Have roused her from her sleep : and
 forest-lawn,

Cliffs, woods and caves, her viewless steps
 resound

And babble of her pastime !—On, dread
 Power !

With such invisible motion speed thy flight,
 Through hanging clouds, from craggy height
 to height,

Through the green vales and through the
 herdsman's bower—

That all the Alps may gladden in thy might,
 Here, there, and in all places at one hour.

1809.

FEELINGS OF THE TYROLESE

THE Land we from our fathers had in
 trust,

And to our children will transmit, or die :
 This is our maxim, this our piety ;

And God and Nature say that it is just.

That which we *would* perform in arms—we
 must !

We read the dictate in the infant's eye ;

In the wife's smile ; and in the placid sky ;
 And, at our feet, amid the silent dust

Of them that were before us.—Sing aloud
 Old songs, the precious music of the
 heart !

Give, herds and flocks, your voices to the
 wind !

While we go forth, a self-devoted crowd,
 With weapons grasped in fearless hands,
 to assert

Our virtue, and to vindicate mankind.

1809.

“ALAS ! WHAT BOOTS THE LONG
 LABORIOUS QUEST”

ALAS ! what boots the long laborious
 quest

Of moral prudence, sought through good
 and ill ;

Or pains abstruse—to elevate the will,

And lead us on to that transcendent rest

Where every passion shall the sway attest
 Of Reason, seated on her sovereign hill ;

What is it but a vain and curious skill,
If sapient Germany must lie deprest,
Beneath the brutal sword?—Her haughty
Schools

Shall blush ; and may not we with sorrow
say—

A few strong instincts and a few plain
rules,

Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have
wrought

More for mankind at this unhappy day .
Then all the pride of intellect and thought ?

1809.

"AND IS IT AMONG RUDE UNTUTORED DALES"

AND is it among rude untutored Dales,
There, and there only, that the heart is
true?

And, rising to repel or to subdue,
Is it by rocks and woods that man prevails?
Ah no ! though Nature's dread protection
fails,

There is a bulwark in the soul. This knew
Iberian Burghers when the sword they drew
In Zaragoza, naked to the gales
Of fiercely-breathing war. The truth was
felt

By Palafox, and many a brave compeer,
Like him of noble birth and noble mind ;
By ladies, meek-eyed women without fear ;
And wanderers of the street, to whom is
dealt

The bread which without industry they find.

1809.

"O'ER THE WIDE EARTH, ON MOUNTAIN AND ON PLAIN"

O'ER the wide earth, on mountain and on
plain,

Dwells in the affections and the soul of man
A Godhead, like the universal PAN ;

But more exalted, with a brighter train :

And shall his bounty be dispensed in vain,
Showered equally on city and on field,
And neither hope nor steadfast promise
yield

In these usurping times of fear and pain ?
Such doom awaits us. Nay, forbid it
Heaven !

We know the arduous strife, the eternal
laws

To which the triumph of all good is given,
High sacrifice, and labour without pause,
Even to the death :—else wherefore should
the eye

Of man converse with immortality ?

1809.

ON THE FINAL SUBMISSION OF THE TYROLESE

It was a *moral* end for which they fought ;
Else how, when mighty Thrones were put
to shame,

Could they, poor Shepherds, have preserved
an aim,

A resolution, or enlivening thought ?
Nor hath that moral good been *vainly*
sought ;

For in their magnanimity and fame
Powers have they left, an impulse, and a
claim

Which neither can be overturned nor
bought.

Sleep, Warriors, sleep ! among your hills
repose !

We know that ye, beneath the stern control
Of awful prudence, keep the unvanquished
soul :

And when, impatient of her guilt and woes,
Europe breaks forth ; then, Shepherds !
shall ye rise

For perfect triumph o'er your Enemies.

1809.

"HAIL, ZARAGOZA ! IF WITH UNWET EYE" ¹

HAIL, Zaragoza ! If with unwet eye
We can approach, thy sorrow to behold,
Yet is the heart not pitiless nor cold ;
Such spectacle demands not tear or sigh.
These desolate remains are trophies high
Of more than martial courage in the breast
Of peaceful civic virtue : they attest
Thy matchless worth to all posterity.
Blood flowed before thy sight without
remorse ;

Disease consumed thy vitals ; War up-
heaved

The ground beneath thee with volcanic
force :

Dread trials ! yet encountered and sustained
Till not a wreck of help or hope remained,
And law was from necessity received.

¹ See Note.

1809.

"SAY, WHAT IS HONOUR?—'TIS
THE FINEST SENSE"

SAY, what is Honour?—'Tis the finest
sense

Of *justice* which the human mind can
frame,

Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
And guard the way of life from all offence
Suffered or done. When lawless violence
Invades a Realm, so pressed that in the
scale

Of perilous war her weightiest armies fail,
Honour is hopeful elevation,—whence
Glory, and triumph. Yet with politic skill
Endangered States may yield to terms
unjust;

Stoop their proud heads, but not unto the
dust—

A Foe's most favourite purpose to fulfil:
Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust
Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.

1809.

"THE MARTIAL COURAGE OF A
DAY IS VAIN"

THE martial courage of a day is vain,
An empty noise of death the battle's roar,
If vital hope be wanting to restore,
Or fortitude be wanting to sustain,
Armies or kingdoms. We have heard a
strain

Of triumph, how the labouring Danube
bore

A weight of hostile corses; drenched with
gore

Were the wide fields, the hamlets heaped
with slain.

Yet see (the mighty tumult overpast)
Austria a daughter of her Throne hath
sold!

And her Tyrolean Champion we behold
Murdered, like one ashore by shipwreck
cast,

Murdered without relief. Oh! blind as
bold,

To think that such assurance can stand fast!

1809.

"BRAVE SCHILL! BY DEATH
DELIVERED"

BRAVE Schill! by death delivered, take
thy flight

From Prussia's timid region. Go, and rest
With heroes, 'mid the islands of the Blest,
Or in the fields of empyrean light.

A meteor wert thou crossing a dark night:
Yet shall thy name, conspicuous and
sublime,

Stand in the spacious firmament of time,
Fixed as a star: such glory is thy right.
Alas! it may not be: for earthly fame
Is Fortune's frail dependant; yet there lives
A Judge, who, as man claims by merit,
gives;

To whose all-pondering mind a noble aim,
Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed;
In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed.

1809.

"CALL NOT THE ROYAL SWEDE
UNFORTUNATE"

CALL not the royal Swede unfortunate,
Who never did to Fortune bend the knee;
Who slighted fear; rejected steadfastly
Temptation; and whose kingly name and
state

Have "perished by his choice, and not his
fate!"

Hence lives He, to his inner self endeared;
And hence, wherever virtue is revered,
He sits a more exalted Potentate,
Throned in the hearts of men. Should
Heaven ordain

That this great Servant of a righteous cause
Must still have sad or vexing thoughts to
endure,

Yet may a sympathising spirit pause,
Admonished by these truths, and quench
all pain

In thankful joy and gratulation pure.¹

1809.

"LOOK NOW ON THAT ADVEN-
TURER WHO HATH PAID"

LOOK now on that Adventurer who hath
paid

His vows to Fortune; who, in cruel slight
Of virtuous hope, of liberty, and right,
Hath followed wheresoe'er a way was made
By the blind Goddess,—ruthless, undis-
mayed;

¹ See Note to "The King of Sweden," p. 180.

And so hath gained at length a prosperous
height,
Round which the elements of worldly might
Beneath his haughty feet, like clouds, are laid.
O joyless power that stands by lawless force!
Curses are *his* dire portion, scorn, and hate,
Internal darkness and unquiet breath;
And, if old judgments keep their sacred
course,
Him from that height shall Heaven pre-
cipitate
By violent and ignominious death.

1809.

"IS THERE A POWER THAT CAN
SUSTAIN AND CHEER"

Is there a power that can sustain and cheer
'The captive chieftain, by a tyrant's doom,
Forced to descend into his destined tomb—
A dungeon dark! where he must waste the
year,
And lie cut off from all his heart holds dear;
What time his injured country is a stage
Whereon deliberate Valour and the rage
Of righteous Vengeance side by side appear,
Filling from morn to night the heroic scene
With deeds of hope and everlasting
praise:—
Say can he think of this with mind serene
And silent fetters? Yes, if visions bright
Shine on his soul, reflected from the days
When he himself was tried in open light.

1809.

"AH! WHERE IS PALAFOX? NOR
TONGUE NOR PEN"

AH! where is Palafox? Nor tongue nor
pen
Reports of him, his dwelling or his grave!
Does yet the unheard-of vessel ride the wave?
Or is she swallowed up, remote from ken
Of pitying human nature? Once again
Methinks that we shall hail thee, Champion
brave,
Redeemed to baffle that imperial Slave,
And through all Europe cheer desponding
men
With new-born hope. Unbounded is the
might
Of martyrdom, and fortitude, and right.
Hark, how thy Country triumphs!—Smil-
ingly

The Eternal looks upon her sword that
gleams,
Like his own lightning, over mountains
high,
On rampart, and the banks of all her
streams.

1810.

"IN DUE OBSERVANCE OF AN
ANCIENT RITE"

IN due observance of an ancient rite,
The rude Biscayans, when their children lie
Dead in the sinless time of infancy,
Attire the peaceful corse in vestments white;
And, in like sign of cloudless triumph
bright,
They bind the unoffending creature's brows
With happy garlands of the pure white
rose:
Then do a festal company unite
In choral song; and, while the uplifted
cross
Of Jesus goes before, the child is borne
Uncovered to his grave: 'tis closed,—her
loss
The Mother *then* mourns, as she needs
must mourn;
But soon, through Christian faith, is grief
subdued;
And joy returns, to brighten fortitude.

1810.

FEELINGS OF A NOBLE BISCAYAN
AT ONE OF THOSE FUNERALS

YET, yet, Biscayans! we must meet our
Foes
With firmer soul, yet labour to regain
Our ancient freedom; else 'twere worse
than vain
To gather round the bier these festal shows.
A garland fashioned of the pure white rose
Becomes not one whose father is a slave:
Oh, bear the infant covered to his grave!
These venerable mountains now enclose
A people sunk in apathy and fear.
If this endure, farewell, for us, all good!
The awful light of heavenly innocence
Will fail to illuminate the infant's bier;
And guilt and shame, from which is no
defence,
Descend on all that issues from our blood.

1810.

ON A CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT HISTORY

A ROMAN Master stands on Grecian
ground,

And to the people at the Isthmian Games
Assembled, He, by a herald's voice, pro-
claims

THE LIBERTY OF GREECE :—the words
rebound

Until all voices in one voice are drowned ;
Glad acclamation by which air was rent !
And birds, high-flying in the element,
Dropped to the earth, astonished at the
sound !

Yet were the thoughtful grieved ; and still
that voice

Haunts, with sad echoes, musing Fancy's
ear :

Ah ! that a *Conqueror's* words should be so
dear :

Ah ! that a *boon* could shed such rapturous
joys !

A gift of that which is not to be given
By all the blended powers of Earth and
Heaven. 1810.

UPON THE SAME EVENT

WHEN, far and wide, swift as the beams
of morn

The tidings past of servitude repealed,
And of that joy which shook the Isthmian
Field,

The rough Ætolians smiled with bitter
scorn.

" 'Tis known," cried they, "that he, who
would adorn

His envied temples with the Isthmian
crown,

Must either win, through effort of his own,
The prize, or be content to see it worn

By more deserving brows. — Yet so ye
prop,

Sons of the brave who fought at Marathon,
Your feeble spirits ! Greece her head hath
bowed,

As if the wreath of liberty thereon
Would fix itself as smoothly as a cloud,
Which, at Jove's will, descends on Pelion's
top." 1810.

THE OAK OF GUERNICA

The ancient oak of Guernica, says Laborde in his account of Biscay, is a most venerable natural monument. Ferdinand and Isabella, in the year 1476, after hearing mass in the church of Santa Maria de la Antigua, repaired to this tree, under which they swore to the Biscayans to maintain their *fueros* (privileges). What other interest belongs to it in the minds of this people will appear from the following

SUPPOSED ADDRESS TO THE SAME

OAK of Guernica ! Tree of holier power
Than that which in Dodona did enshrine
(So faith too fondly deemed) a voice divine
Heard from the depths of its ærial bower—
How canst thou flourish at this blighting
hour ?

What hope, what joy can sunshine bring to
thee,

Or the soft breezes from the Atlantic sea,
The dews of morn, or April's tender
shower ?

Stroke merciful and welcome would that be
Which should extend thy branches on the
ground,

If never more within their shady round
Those lofty-minded Lawgivers shall meet,
Peasant and lord, in their appointed seat,
Guardians of Biscay's ancient liberty.

1810.

INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED SPANIARD

We can endure that He should waste our
lands,

Despoil our temples, and by sword and
flame

Return us to the dust from which we came ;
Such food a Tyrant's appetite demands :
And we can brook the thought that by his
hands

Spain may be overpowered, and he possess,
For his delight, a solemn wilderness
Where all the brave lie dead. But, when
of bands

Which he will break for us he dares to
speak,

Of benefits, and of a future day
When our enlightened minds shall bless his
sway ;

Then, the strained heart of fortitude proves weak ;
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks declare
That he has power to inflict what we lack strength to bear. 1810.

"AVAUNT ALL SPECIOUS
PLIANCY OF MIND"

AVAUNT all specious pliancy of mind
In men of low degree, all smooth pretence !
I better like a blunt indifference,
And self-respecting slowness, disinclined
To win me at first sight : and be there joined
Patience and temperance with this high reserve,
Honour that knows the path and will not swerve ;
Affections, which, if put to proof, are kind ;
And piety towards God. Such men of old
Were England's native growth ; and, throughout Spain
(Thanks to high God) forests of such remain :
Then for that Country let our hopes be bold ;
For matched with these shall policy prove vain,
Her arts, her strength, her iron, and her gold. 1810.

"O'ERWEENING STATESMEN
HAVE FULL LONG RELIED"

O'ERWEENING Statesmen have full long relied
On fleets and armies, and external wealth :
But from *within* proceeds a Nation's health ;
Which shall not fail, though poor men cleave with pride
To the paternal floor ; or turn aside,
In the thronged city, from the walks of gain,
As being all unworthy to detain
A Soul by contemplation sanctified.
There are who cannot languish in this strife,
Spaniards of every rank, by whom the good
Of such high course was felt and understood ;
Who to their Country's cause have bound a life
Erewhile, by solemn consecration, given
To labour and to prayer, to nature, and to heaven.¹ 1810.

¹ See Laborde's character of the Spanish people ; from him the sentiment of these last two lines is taken.

THE FRENCH AND THE SPANISH
GUERRILLAS

HUNGER, and sultry heat, and nipping blast
From bleak hill-top, and length of march by night
Through heavy swamp, or over snow-clad height—
These hardships ill-sustained, these dangers past,
The roving Spanish Bands are reached at last,
Charged, and dispersed like foam : but as a flight
Of scattered quails by signs do reunite,
So these,—and, heard of once again, are chased
With combinations of long-practised art
And newly-kindled hope ; but they are fled—
Gone are they, viewless as the buried dead :
Where now ?—Their sword is at the Foe-man's heart ;
And thus from year to year his walk they thwart,
And hang like dreams around his guilty bed. 1810.

EPITAPHS

1810.

TRANSLATED FROM CHIABRERA

Those from Chiabrera were chiefly translated when Mr. Coleridge was writing his "*Friend*," in which periodical my "*Essay on Epitaphs*," written about that time, was first published. For further notice of Chiabrera, in connection with his Epitaphs, see "*Musings at Aquapendente*."

I

WEEP not, beloved Friends ! nor let the air
For me with sighs be troubled. Not from life
Have I been taken ; this is genuine life
And this alone—the life which now I live
In peace eternal ; where desire and joy
Together move in fellowship without end.—
Francesco Ceni willed that, after death,
His tombstone thus should speak for him.
And surely
Small cause there is for that fond wish of ours
Long to continue in this world ; a world
That keeps not faith, nor yet can point a hope
To good, whereof itself is destitute.

II

PERHAPS some needful service of the State
 Drew TITUS from the depth of studious
 bowers,
 And doomed him to contend in faithless
 courts,
 Where gold determines between right and
 wrong.

Yet did at length his loyalty of heart,
 And his pure native genius, lead him back
 To wait upon the bright and gracious Muses,
 Whom he had early loved. And not in
 vain

Such course he held ! Bologna's learned
 schools

Were gladdened by the Sage's voice, and
 hung

With fondness on those sweet Nestorian
 strains.

There pleasure crowned his days ; and all
 his thoughts

A roseate fragrance breathed.¹—O human
 life,

That never art secure from dolorous change !
 Behold a high injunction suddenly

To Arno's side hath brought him, and he
 charmed

A Tuscan audience : but full soon was called
 To the perpetual silence of the grave.
 Mourn, Italy, the loss of him who stood
 A Champion stedfast and invincible,
 To quell the rage of literary War !

III

O THOU who movest onward with a mind
 Intent upon thy way, pause, though in haste !
 'Twill be no fruitless moment. I was born
 Within Savona's walls, of gentle blood.

On Tiber's banks my youth was dedicate
 To sacred studies ; and the Roman Shepherd
 Gave to my charge Urbino's numerous flock.
 Well did I watch, much laboured, nor had
 power

To escape from many and strange indignities ;
 Was smitten by the great ones of the world,
 But did not fall ; for Virtue braves all
 shocks,

Upon herself resting immoveably.

¹ Ivi vivea giocondo ei suoi pensieri
 Erano tutti rose.

The Translator had not skill to come nearer to
 his original.

Me did a kindlier fortune then invite
 To serve the glorious Henry, King of
 France,

And in his hands I saw a high reward
 Stretched out for my acceptance,—but
 Death came.

Now, Reader, learn from this my fate, how
 false,

How treacherous to her promise, is the
 world ;

And trust in God—to whose eternal doom
 Must bend the sceptred Potentates of earth.

IV

THERE never breathed a man who, when
 his life

Was closing, might not of that life relate
 Toils long and hard.—The warrior will
 report

Of wounds, and bright swords flashing in
 the field,

And blast of trumpets. He who hath been
 doomed

To bow his forehead in the courts of kings,
 Will tell of fraud and never-ceasing hate,
 Envy and heart-inquietude, derived

From intricate cabals of treacherous friends.
 I, who on shipboard lived from earliest
 youth,

Could represent the countenance horrible
 Of the vexed waters, and the indignant
 rage

Of Auster and Boötes. Fifty years
 Over the well-steered galleys did I rule :—
 From huge Pelorus to the Atlantic pillars,
 Rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown ;
 And the broad gulfs I traversed oft and
 oft :

Of every cloud which in the heavens might
 stir

I knew the force ; and hence the rough
 sea's pride

Availed not to my Vessel's overthrow.

What noble pomp and frequent have not I
 On regal decks beheld ! yet in the end
 I learned that one poor moment can suffice
 To equalise the lofty and the low.

We sail the sea of life—a *Calm* One finds,
 And One a *Tempest*—and, the voyage o'er,
 Death is the quiet haven of us all.

If more of my condition ye would know,
 Savona was my birth-place, and I sprang

Of noble parents ; seventy years and three
Lived I—then yielded to a slow disease.

V

TRUE is it that Ambrosio Salinero
With an untoward fate was long involved
In odious litigation ; and full long,
Fate harder still ! had he to endure assaults
Of racking malady. And true it is
That not the less a frank courageous heart
And buoyant spirit triumphed over pain ;
And he was strong to follow in the steps
Of the fair Muses. Not a covert path
Leads to the dear Parnassian forest's shade,
That might from him be hidden ; not a
track

Mounts to pellucid Hippocrene, but he
Had traced its windings.—This Savona
knows,

Yet no sepulchral honours to her Son
She paid, for in our age the heart is ruled
Only by gold. And now a simple stone
Inscribed with this memorial here is raised
By his bereft, his lonely, Chiabrera.
Think not, O Passenger ! who read'st the
lines,

That an exceeding love hath dazzled me ;
No—he was One whose memory ought to
spread

Where'er Permessus bears an honoured
name,

And live as long as its pure stream shall
flow.

VI

DESTINED to war from very infancy
Was I, Roberto Dati, and I took
In Malta the white symbol of the Cross :
Nor in life's vigorous season did I shun
Hazard or toil ; among the sands was
seen

Of Libya ; and not seldom, on the banks
Of wide Hungarian Danube, 'twas my lot
To hear the sanguinary trumpet sounded.
So lived I, and repined not at such fate :
This only grieves me, for it seems a wrong,
That stripped of arms I to my end am
brought

On the soft down of my paternal home.
Yet haply Arno shall be spared all cause
To blush for me. Thou, loiter not nor
halt

In thy appointed way, and bear in mind
How fleeting and how frail is human life !

VII

O FLOWER of all that springs from gentle
blood,

And all that generous nurture breeds to
make

Youth amiable ; O friend so true of soul
To fair Aglaia ; by what envy moved,
Lelius ! has death cut short thy brilliant
day

In its sweet opening ? and what dire mis-
hap

Has from Savona torn her best delight ?

For thee she mourns, nor e'er will cease to
mourn ;

And, should the out-pourings of her eyes
suffice not

For her heart's grief, she will entreat Sebeto
Not to withhold his bounteous aid, Sebeto
Who saw thee, on his margin, yield to
death,

In the chaste arms of thy beloved Love !

What profit riches ? what does youth avail ?

Dust are our hopes ;—I, weeping bitterly,
Penned these sad lines, nor can forbear to
pray

That every gentle Spirit hither led
May read them, not without some bitter
tears.

VIII

NOT without heavy grief of heart did He
On whom the duty fell (for at that time
The father sojourned in a distant land)
Deposit in the hollow of this tomb
A brother's Child, most tenderly beloved !
FRANCESCO was the name the Youth had
borne,

POZZOBONNELLI his illustrious house ;
And, when beneath this stone the Corse
was laid,

The eyes of all Savona streamed with tears.
Alas ! the twentieth April of his life
Had scarcely flowered : and at this early
time,

By genuine virtue he inspired a hope
That greatly cheered his country : to his
kin

He promised comfort ; and the flattering
thoughts

His friends had in their fondness entertained,¹

He suffered not to languish or decay.

Now is there not good reason to break forth

Into a passionate lament?—O Soul!

Short while a Pilgrim in our nether world,

Do thou enjoy the calm empyreal air;

And round this earthly tomb let roses rise,

An everlasting spring! in memory

Of that delightful fragrance which was once
From thy mild manners quietly exhaled.

IX

PAUSE, courteous Spirit!—Balbi supplicates
That Thou, with no reluctant voice, for him
Here laid in mortal darkness, wouldst prefer
A prayer to the Redeemer of the world.

This to the dead by sacred right belongs;
All else is nothing.—Did occasion suit

To tell his worth, the marble of this tomb

Would ill suffice: for Plato's lore sublime,

And all the wisdom of the Stagyrice,

Enriched and beautified his studious mind:

With Archimedes also he conversed

As with a chosen friend; nor did he leave

Those laureat wreaths ungathered which the

Nymphs

Twine near their loved Permessus.—Finally,

Himself above each lower thought uplifting,

His ears he closed to listen to the songs

Which Sion's Kings did consecrate of old;

And his Permessus found on Lebanon.

A blessed Man! who of protracted days

Made not, as thousands do, a vulgar sleep;

But truly did *He* live his life. Urbino,

Take pride in him!—O Passenger, farewell!

MATERNAL GRIEF

This was in part an overflow from the Solitary's description of his own and his wife's feelings upon the decease of their children. (See "Excursion," book III.)

DEPARTED Child! I could forget thee once
Though at my bosom nursed; this woeful
gain

¹ In justice to the Author, I subjoin the original:—
e degli amici

Non lasciava languire i bei pensieri.

Thy dissolution brings, that in my soul
Is present and perpetually abides
A shadow, never, never to be displaced
By the returning substance, seen or touched,
Seen by mine eyes, or clasped in my embrace.

Absence and death how differ they! and
how

Shall I admit that nothing can restore
What one short sigh so easily removed?—
Death, life, and sleep, reality and thought,
Assist me, God, their boundaries to know,
O teach me calm submission to thy Will!

The Child she mourned had overstepped
the pale

Of Infancy, but still did breathe the air

That sanctifies its confines, and partook

Reflected beams of that celestial light

To all the Little-ones on sinful earth

Not unvouchsafed—a light that warmed
and cheered

Those several qualities of heart and mind

Which, in her own blest nature, rooted
deep,

Daily before the Mother's watchful eye,

And not hers only, their peculiar charms

Unfolded,—beauty, for its present self,

And for its promises to future years,

With not unfrequent rapture fondly hailed.

Have you espied upon a dewy lawn

A pair of Leverets each provoking each

To a continuance of their fearless sport,

Two separate Creatures in their several
gifts

Abounding, but so fashioned that, in all

That Nature prompts them to display,
their looks,

Their starts of motion and their fits of
rest,

An undistinguishable style appears

And character of gladness, as if Spring

Lodged in their innocent bosoms, and the
spirit

Of the rejoicing morning were their own?

Such union, in the lovely Girl maintained
And her twin Brother, had the parent
seen,

Ere, pouncing like a ravenous bird of
prey,

Death in a moment parted them, and left

The Mother, in her turns of anguish, worse

Than desolate; for oft-times from the
sound

Of the survivor's sweetest voice (dear child,

He knew it not) and from his happiest looks,

Did she extract the food of self-reproach,
As one that lived ungrateful for the stay
By Heaven afforded to uphold her maimed
And tottering spirit. And full oft the Boy,
Now first acquainted with distress and grief,

Shrunk from his Mother's presence, shunned
with fear

Her sad approach, and stole away to find,
In his known haunts of joy where'er he
might,

A more congenial object. But, as time
Softened her pangs and reconciled the child
To what he saw, he gradually returned,
Like a scared Bird encouraged to renew
A broken intercourse; and, while his eyes
Were yet with pensive fear and gentle
awe

Turned upon her who bore him, she would
stoop

To imprint a kiss that lacked not power to
spread

Faint colour over both their pallid cheeks,
And stilled his tremulous lip. Thus they
were calmed

And cheered; and now together breathe
fresh air

In open fields; and when the glare of day
Is gone, and twilight to the Mother's
wish

Befriends the observance, readily they join
In walks whose boundary is the lost One's
grave,

Which he with flowers hath planted, finding
there

Amusement, where the Mother does not
miss

Dear consolation, kneeling on the turf
In prayer, yet blending with that solemn
rite

Of pious faith the vanities of grief;
For such, by pitying Angels and by Spirits
Transferred to regions upon which the
clouds

Of our weak nature rest not, must be
deemed

Those willing tears, and unforbidden sighs,
And all those tokens of a cherished sorrow,
Which, soothed and sweetened by the
grace of Heaven

As now it is, seems to her own fond heart,
Immortal as the love that gave it being.

1810.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A CHILD THREE YEARS OLD

Written at Allanbank, Grasmere. Picture of
my Daughter Catharine, who died the year after.

LOVING she is, and tractable, though wild;
And Innocence hath privilege in her
To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes;
And feats of cunning; and the pretty round
Of trespasses, affected to provoke
Mock-chastisement and partnership in play.
And, as a faggot sparkles on the hearth,
Not less if unattended and alone
Than when both young and old sit gathered
round

And take delight in its activity;
Even so this happy Creature of herself
Is all-sufficient, solitude to her
Is blithe society, who fills the air
With gladness and involuntary songs.
Light are her sallies as the tripping fawn's
Forth-startled from the fern where she lay
couched;

Unthought-of, unexpected, as the stir
Of the soft breeze ruffling the meadow-
flowers,

Or from before it chasing wantonly
The many-coloured images imprint
Upon the bosom of a placid lake.

1811.

SPANISH GUERILLAS

THEY seek, are sought; to daily battle led,
Shrink not, though far outnumbered by
their Foes,

For they have learnt to open and to close
The ridges of grim war; and at their head
Are captains such as erst their country bred
Or fostered, self-supported chiefs,—like
those

Whom hardy Rome was fearful to oppose;
Whose desperate shock the Carthaginian
fled.

In One who lived unknown a shepherd's
life

Redoubted Viriatus breathes again;
And Mina, nourished in the studious shade,
With that great Leader¹ vies, who, sick of
strife

And bloodshed, longed in quiet to be laid
In some green island of the western main.

1811.

¹ Sertorius.

"THE POWER OF ARMIES IS A
VISIBLE THING"

THE power of Armies is a visible thing,
Formal, and circumscribed in time and
space;

But who the limits of that power shall
trace

Which a brave People into light can bring
Or hide, at will,—for freedom combating
By just revenge inflamed? No foot may
chase,

No eye can follow, to a fatal place
That power, that spirit, whether on the
wing

Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the
wind

Within its awful caves.—From year to year
Springs this indigenous produce far and
near;

No craft this subtle element can bind,
Rising like water from the soil, to find
In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

1811.

"HERE PAUSE: THE POET CLAIMS
AT LEAST THIS PRAISE"

HERE pause: the poet claims at least this
praise,

That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope
Of his pure song, which did not shrink
from hope

In the worst moment of these evil days;
From hope, the paramount *duty* that
Heaven lays,

For its own honour, on man's suffering
heart.

Never may from our souls one truth
depart—

That an accursed thing it is to gaze
On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye;
Nor—touched with due abhorrence of *their*
guilt

For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood
is spilt,

And justice labours in extremity—

Forget thy weakness, upon which is built,
O wretched man, the throne of tyranny!

1811.

EPISTLE

TO SIR GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT,
BART.

FROM THE SOUTH-WEST COAST OF CUMBERLAND

1811

This poem opened, when first written, with a paragraph that has been transferred as an introduction to the first series of my Scotch Memorials. The journey, of which the first part is here described, was from Grasmere to Bootle on the south-west coast of Cumberland, the whole among mountain roads through a beautiful country; and we had fine weather. The verses end with our breakfast at the head of Yewdale in a yeoman's house, which, like all the other property in that sequestered vale, has passed or is passing into the hands of Mr. James Marshall of Monk Coniston, —in Mr. Knott's, the late owner's, time called Waterhead. Our hostess married a Mr. Oldfield, a lieutenant in the Navy: they lived together for some time at Hacket, where she still resides as his widow. It was in front of that house, on the mountain side, near which stood the peasant who, while we were passing at a distance, saluted us, waving a kerchief in her hand as described in the poem. (This matron and her husband were then residing at the Hacket. The house and its inmates are referred to in the fifth book of the "Excursion," in the passage beginning—

"You behold,

High on the breast of yon dark mountain, dark
With stony barrenness, a shining speck."—J. C.)

The dog which we met with soon after our starting belonged to Mr. Rowlandson, who for forty years was curate of Grasmere in place of the rector, who lived to extreme old age in a state of insanity. Of this Mr. R. much might be said both with reference to his character, and the way in which he was regarded by his parishioners. He was a man of a robust frame, had a firm voice and authoritative manner, of strong natural talents, of which he was himself conscious, for he has been heard to say (it grieves me to add) with an oath—"If I had been brought up at college I should have been a bishop." Two vices used to struggle in him for mastery, avarice and the love of strong drink: but avarice, as is common in like cases, always got the better of its opponent; for, though he was often intoxicated, it was never, I believe, at his own expense. As has been said of one in a more exalted station, he would take any *given* quantity. I have heard a story of him which is worth the telling. One summer's morning, our Grasmere curate, after a night's carouse in the vale of Langdale, on his return home, hav-

ing reached a point near which the whole of the vale of Grasmere might be seen with the lake immediately below him, stepped aside and sat down on the turf. After looking for some time at the landscape, then in the perfection of its morning beauty, he exclaimed—"Good God, that I should have led so long such a life in such a place!"—This no doubt was deeply felt by him at the time, but I am not authorised to say that any noticeable amendment followed. Penuriousness strengthened upon him as his body grew feebler with age. He had purchased property and kept some land in his own hands, but he could not find in his heart to lay out the necessary hire for labourers at the proper season, and consequently he has often been seen in half-dogage working his hay in the month of November by moonlight, a melancholy sight which I myself have witnessed. Notwithstanding all that has been said, this man, on account of his talents and superior education, was looked up to by his parishioners, who, without a single exception, lived at that time (and most of them upon their own small inheritances) in a state of republican equality, a condition favourable to the growth of kindly feelings among them, and in a striking degree exclusive to temptations to gross vice and scandalous behaviour. As a pastor their curate did little or nothing for them; but what could more strikingly set forth the efficacy of the Church of England through its Ordinances and Liturgy than that, in spite of the unworthiness of the minister, his church was regularly attended; and, though there was not much appearance in his flock of what might be called animated piety, intoxication was rare, and dissolute morals unknown? With the Bible they were for the most part well acquainted; and, as was strikingly shown when they were under affliction, must have been supported and comforted by habitual belief in those truths which it is the aim of the Church to inculcate.—*Loughrigg Tarn*. This beautiful pool and the surrounding scene are minutely described in my little Book on the Lakes. Sir G. H. Beaumont, in the earlier part of his life, was induced, by his love of nature and the art of painting, to take up his abode at Old Brathay, about three miles from this spot, so that he must have seen it under many aspects; and he was so much pleased with it that he purchased the Tarn with a view to build, near it, such a residence as is alluded to in this Epistle. Baronets and knights were not so common in that day as now, and Sir Michael le Fleming, not liking to have a rival in that kind of distinction so near him, claimed a sort of lordship over the territory, and showed dispositions little in unison with those of Sir G. Beaumont, who was eminently a lover of peace. The project of building was in conse-

quence given up, Sir George retaining possession of the Tarn. Many years afterwards a Kendal tradesman born upon its banks applied to me for the purchase of it, and accordingly it was sold for the sum that had been given for it, and the money was laid out under my direction upon a substantial oak fence for a certain number of yew trees to be planted in Grasmere churchyard; two were planted in each enclosure, with a view to remove, after a certain time, the one which thrrove the least. After several years, the stouter plant being left, the others were taken up and placed in other parts of the same churchyard, and were adequately fenced at the expense and under the care of the late Mr. Barber, Mr. Greenwood, and myself: the whole eight are now thriving, and are already an ornament to a place which, during late years, has lost much of its rustic simplicity by the introduction of iron palisades to fence off family burying-grounds, and by numerous monuments, some of them in very bad taste; from which this place of burial was in my memory quite free. See the lines in the sixth book of the "Excursion" beginning—"Green is the churchyard, beautiful and green." The "Epistle" to which these notes refer, though written so far back as 1804, was carefully revised so late as 1842, previous to its publication. I am loth to add, that it was never seen by the person to whom it is addressed. So sensible am I of the deficiencies in all that I write, and so far does everything that I attempt fall short of what I wish it to be, that even private publication, if such a term may be allowed, requires more resolution than I can command. I have written to give vent to my own mind, and not without hope that, some time or other, kindred minds might benefit by my labours: but I am inclined to believe I should never have ventured to send forth any verses of mine to the world if it had not been done on the pressure of personal occasions. Had I been a rich man, my productions, like this "Epistle," the tragedy of the "Borderers," etc., would most likely have been confined to manuscript.

FAR from our home by Grasmere's quiet
Lake,
From the Vale's peace which all her fields
partake,
Here on the bleakest point of Cumbria's
shore
We sojourn stunned by Ocean's ceaseless
roar;
While, day by day, grim neighbour! huge
Black Comb
Frowns deepening visibly his native gloom,
Unless, perchance rejecting in despite

What on the Plain *we* have of warmth and
 light,
 In his own storms he hides himself from
 sight.
 Rough is the time; and thoughts, that
 would be free
 From heaviness, oft fly, dear Friend, to
 thee;
 Turn from a spot where neither sheltered
 road
 Nor hedge-row screen invites my steps
 abroad;
 Where one poor Plane-tree, having as it
 might
 Attained a stature twice a tall man's height,
 Hopeless of further growth, and brown and
 sere
 Through half the summer, stands with top
 cut sheer,
 Like an unshifting weathercock which proves
 How cold the quarter that the wind best
 loves,
 Or like a Centinel that, evermore
 Darkening the window, ill defends the door
 Of this unfinished house—a Fortress bare,
 Where strength has been the Builder's only
 care;
 Whose rugged walls may still for years
 demand
 The final polish of the Plasterer's hand.
 —This Dwelling's Inmate more than three
 weeks space
 And oft a Prisoner in the cheerless place,
 I—of whose touch the fiddle would com-
 plain,
 Whose breath would labour at the flute in
 vain,
 In music all unversed, nor blessed with skill
 A bridge to copy, or to paint a mill,
 Tired of my books, a scanty company!
 And tired of listening to the boisterous sea—
 Pace between door and window muttering
 rhyme,
 An old resource to cheat a froward time!
 Though these dull hours (mine is it, or their
 shame?)
 Would tempt me to renounce that humble
 aim.
 —But if there be a Muse who, free to take
 Her seat upon Olympus, doth forsake
 Those heights (like Phœbus when his golden
 locks
 He veiled, attendant on Thessalian flocks)
 And, in disguise, a Milkmaid with her pail

Trips down the pathways of some winding
 dale;
 Or, like a Mermaid, warbles on the shores
 To fishers mending nets beside their doors;
 Or, Pilgrim-like, on forest moss reclined,
 Gives plaintive ditties to the heedless wind,
 Or listens to its play among the boughs
 Above her head and so forgets her vows—
 If such a Visitant of Earth there be
 And she would deign this day to smile on
 me
 And aid my verse, content with local bounds
 Of natural beauty and life's daily rounds,
 Thoughts, chances, sights, or doings, which
 we tell
 Without reserve to those whom we love
 well—
 Then haply, Beaumont! words in current
 clear
 Will flow, and on a welcome page appear
 Duly before thy sight, unless they perish
 here.
 What shall I treat of? News from Mona's
 Isle?
 Such have we, but unvaried in its style;
 No tales of Runagates fresh landed, whence
 And wherefore fugitive or on what pretence;
 Of feasts, or scandal, eddying like the
 wind
 Most restlessly alive when most confined.
 Ask not of me, whose tongue can best
 appease
 The mighty tumults of the HOUSE OF
 KEYS;
 The last year's cup whose Ram or Heifer
 gained,
 What slopes are planted, or what mosses
 drained:
 An eye of fancy only can I cast
 On that proud pageant now at hand or
 past,
 When full five hundred boats in trim array,
 With nets and sails outspread and streamers
 gay,
 And chanted hymns and stiller voice of
 prayer,
 For the old Manx-harvest to the Deep re-
 pair,
 Soon as the herring-shoals at distance shine
 Like beds of moonlight shifting on the brine.
 Mona from our Abode is daily seen,
 But with a wilderness of waves between;
 And by conjecture only can we speak
 Of aught transacted there in bay or creek;

No tidings reach us thence from town or field,

Only faint news her mountain sunbeams yield,

And some we gather from the misty air,
And some the hovering clouds, our telegraph,
declare.

But these poetic mysteries I withhold;
For Fancy hath her fits both hot and cold,
And should the colder fit with You be on
When You might read, my credit would be gone.

Let more substantial themes the pen engage,

And nearer interests culled from the opening stage

Of our migration.—Ere the welcome dawn
Had from the east her silver star withdrawn,

The Wain stood ready, at our Cottage-door,
Thoughtfully freighted with a various store;
And long or ere the uprising of the Sun
O'er dew-damp'd dust our journey was begun,

A needful journey, under favouring skies,
Through peopled Vales; yet something in the guise

Of those old Patriarchs when from well to well

They roamed through Wastes where now the tented Arabs dwell.

Say first, to whom did we the charge confide,

Who promptly undertook the Wain to guide
Up many a sharply-twining road and down,
And over many a wide hill's craggy crown,
Through the quick turns of many a hollow nook,

And the rough bed of many an unbridged brook?

A blooming Lass—who in her better hand
Bore a light switch, her sceptre of command
When, yet a slender Girl, she often led,
Skilful and bold, the horse and burthened sled¹

From the peat-yielding Moss on Gowdar's head.

What could go wrong with such a Charioteer
For goods and chattels, or those Infants dear,

A Pair who smilingly sate side by side,
Our hope confirming that the salt-sea tide
Whose free embraces we were bound to seek,

¹ A local word for Sledge.

Would their lost strength restore and freshen the pale cheek?

Such hope did either Parent entertain
Pacing behind along the silent lane.

Blithe hopes and happy musings soon took flight,

For lo! an uncouth melancholy sight—
On a green bank a creature stood forlorn
Just half protruded to the light of morn,
Its hinder part concealed by hedge-row thorn
The Figure called to mind a beast of prey
Strip'd of its frightful powers by slow decay,
And, though no longer upon rapine bent,
Dim memory keeping of its old intent.

We started, looked again with anxious eyes,
And in that griesly object recognise
The Curate's Dog—his long-tried friend,
for they,

As well we knew, together had grown grey.
The Master died, his drooping servant's grief

Found at the Widow's feet some sad relief;
Yet still he lived in pining discontent,
Sadness which no indulgence could prevent;
Hence whole day wanderings, broken
nightly sleeps

And lonesome watch that out of doors he keeps;

Not oftentimes, I trust, as we, poor brute!
Espied him on his legs sustained, blank,
mute,

And of all visible motion destitute,
So that the very heaving of his breath
Seemed stopt, though by some other power than death.

Long as we gazed upon the form and face,
A mild domestic pity kept its place,
Unscared by thronging fancies of strange hue

That haunted us in spite of what we knew.
Even now I sometimes think of him as lost
In second-sight appearances, or crost
By spectral shapes of guilt, or to the ground,
On which he stood, by spells unnatural bound,

Like a gaunt shaggy Porter forced to wait
In days of old romance at Archimago's gate.

Advancing Summer, Nature's law fulfilled,

The choristers in every grove had stilled;
But we, we lacked not music of our own,
For lightsome Fanny had thus early thrown,
Mid the gay prattle of those infant tongues,

Some notes prelusive, from the round of
songs

With which, more zealous than the liveliest
bird

That in wild Arden's brakes was ever heard,
Her work and her work's partners she can
cheer,

The whole day long, and all days of the
year.

Thus gladdened from our own dear Vale
we pass

And soon approach Diana's Looking-glass !
To Loughrigg-tarn, round clear and bright
as heaven,

Such name Italian fancy would have given,
Ere on its banks the few grey cabins rose
That yet disturb not its concealed repose
More than the feeblest wind that idly blows.

Ah, Beaumont ! when an opening in the
road

Stopped me at once by charm of what it
showed,

The encircling region vividly exprest
Within the mirror's depth, a world at rest—
Sky streaked with purple, grove and craggy
bield,¹

And the smooth green of many a pendent
field,

And, quieted and soothed, a torrent small,
A little daring would-be waterfall,
One chimney smoking and its azure wreath,
Associate all in the calm Pool beneath,
With here and there a faint imperfect gleam
Of water-lilies veiled in misty steam—
What wonder at this hour of stillness deep,
A shadowy link 'tween wakefulness and
sleep,

When Nature's self, amid such blending,
seems

To render visible her own soft dreams,
If, mixed with what appeared of rock,
lawn, wood,

Fondly embosomed in the tranquil flood,
A glimpse I caught of that Abode, by
Thee

Designed to rise in humble privacy,
A lowly Dwelling, here to be outspread,
Like a small Hamlet, with its bashful head
Half hid in native trees. Alas 'tis not,
Nor ever was ; I sighed, and left the spot
Unconscious of its own untoward lot,
And thought in silence, with regret too keen,

¹ A word common in the country, signifying
shelter, as in Scotland.

Of unexperienced joys that might have
been ;

Of neighbourhood and intermingling arts,
And golden summer days uniting cheerful
hearts.

But time, irrevocable time, is flown.

And let us utter thanks for blessings sown
And reaped—what hath been, and what is,
our own.

Not far we travelled ere a shout of glee,
Startling us all, dispersed my reverie ;
Such shout as many a sportive echo meeting
Oft-times from Alpine *chalets* sends a
greeting.

Whence the blithe hail ? behold a Peasant
stand

On high, a kerchief waving in her hand !
Not unexpectant that by early day
Our little Band would thrid this mountain
way,

Before her cottage on the bright hill side
She hath advanced with hope to be descried.
Right gladly answering signals we displayed,
Moving along a tract of morning shade,
And vocal wishes sent of like good will
To our kind Friend high on the sunny hill—
Luminous region, fair as if the prime
Were tempting all astir to look aloft or
climb ;

Only the centre of the shining cot
With door left open makes a gloomy spot,
Emblem of those dark corners sometimes
found

Within the happiest breast on earthly
ground.

Rich prospect left behind of stream and
vale,

And mountain-tops, a barren ridge we
scale ;

Descend, and reach, in Yewdale's depths,
a plain

With haycocks studded, striped with
yellowing grain—

An area level as a Lake and spread
Under a rock too steep for man to tread,
Where sheltered from the north and bleak
northwest

Aloft the Raven hangs a visible nest,
Fearless of all assaults that would her
brood molest.

Hot sunbeams fill the steaming vale ; but
hark,

At our approach, a jealous watch-dog's
bark,

Noise that brings forth no liveried Page of state,
 But the whole household, that our coming wait.
 With Young and Old warm greetings we exchange,
 And jocund smiles, and toward the lowly Grange
 Press forward by the teasing dogs unscared.
 Entering, we find the morning meal prepared:
 So down we sit, though not till each had cast
 Pleased looks around the delicate repast—
 Rich cream, and snow-white eggs fresh from the nest,
 With amber honey from the mountain's breast;
 Strawberries from lane or woodland, offering wild
 Of children's industry, in hillocks piled;
 Cakes for the nonce, and butter fit to lie
 Upon a lordly dish; frank hospitality
 Where simple art with bounteous nature vied,
 And cottage comfort shunned not seemly pride.
 Kind Hostess! Handmaid also of the feast,
 If thou be lovelier than the kindling East,
 Words by thy presence unrestrained may speak
 Of a perpetual dawn from brow and cheek
 Instinct with light whose sweetest promise lies,
 Never retiring, in thy large dark eyes,
 Dark but to every gentle feeling true,
 As if their lustre flowed from ether's purest blue.
 Let me not ask what tears may have been wept
 By those bright eyes, what weary vigils kept,
 Beside that hearth what sighs may have been heaved
 For wounds inflicted, nor what toil relieved
 By fortitude and patience, and the grace
 Of heaven in pity visiting the place.
 Not unadvisedly those secret springs
 I leave unsearched: enough that memory clings,
 Here as elsewhere, to notices that make
 Their own significance for hearts awake,
 To rural incidents, whose genial powers
 Filled with delight three summer morning hours.

More could my pen report of grave or gay
 That through our gipsy travel cheered the way;
 But, bursting forth above the waves, the Sun
 Laughs at my pains, and seems to say,
 "Be done."
 Yet, Beaumont, thou wilt not, I trust, reprove
 This humble offering made by Truth to Love,
 Nor chide the Muse that stooped to break a spell
 Which might have else been on me yet:—
 FAREWELL.
 1811.

UPON PERUSING THE FOREGOING EPISTLE
 THIRTY YEARS AFTER ITS COMPOSITION

SOON did the Almighty Giver of all rest
 Take those dear young Ones to a fearless nest;
 And in Death's arms has long reposed the Friend
 For whom this simple Register was penned.
 Thanks to the moth that spared it for our eyes;
 And Strangers even the slighted Scroll may prize,
 Moved by the touch of kindred sympathies.
 For—save the calm, repentance sheds o'er strife
 Raised by remembrances of misused life,
 The light from past endeavours purely willed
 And by Heaven's favour happily fulfilled;
 Save hope that we, yet bound to Earth, may share
 The joys of the Departed—what so fair
 As blameless pleasure, not without some tears,
 Reviewed through Love's transparent veil of years?

NOTE.—LOUGHRIGG TARN, alluded to in the foregoing Epistle, resembles, though much smaller in compass, the Lake Nemi, or *Speculum Dianæ* as it is often called, not only in its clear waters and circular form, and the beauty immediately surrounding it, but also as being overlooked by the eminence of Langdale Pikes as Lake Nemi is by that of Monte Calvo. Since this Epistle was written Loughrigg Tarn has lost much of its beauty by the felling of many natural

clumps of wood, relics of the old forest, particularly upon the farm called "The Oaks," so called from the abundance of that tree which grew there.

It is to be regretted, upon public grounds, that Sir George Beaumont did not carry into effect his intention of constructing here a Summer Retreat in the style I have described; as his taste would have set an example how buildings, with all the accommodations modern society requires, might be introduced even into the most secluded parts of this country without injuring their native character.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE

PAINTED BY SIR G. H. BEAUMONT, BART.

This was written when we dwelt in the Parsonage at Grasmere. The principal features of the picture are Breton Hill and Cloud Hill near Coleorton. I shall never forget the happy feeling with which my heart was filled when I was impelled to compose this Sonnet. We resided only two years in this house; and during the last half of the time, which was after this poem had been written, we lost our two children, Thomas and Catharine. Our sorrow upon these events often brought it to my mind, and cast me upon the support to which the last line of it gives expression—

"The appropriate calm of blest eternity."

It is scarcely necessary to add that we still possess the Picture.

PRaised be the Art whose subtle power
could stay

Yon cloud, and fix it in that glorious shape;
Nor would permit the thin smoke to escape,
Nor those bright sunbeams to forsake the
day;

Which stopped that band of travellers on
their way,

Ere they were lost within the shady wood;
And showed the Bark upon the glassy flood
For ever anchored in her sheltering bay.
Soul-soothing Art! whom Morning, Noon-
tide, Even,

Do serve with all their changeeful pageantry;
Thou, with ambition modest yet sublime,
Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast
given

To one brief moment caught from fleeting
time

The appropriate calm of blest eternity.

1811.

INSCRIPTIONS

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON, THE
SEAT OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART.,
LEICESTERSHIRE

In the grounds of Coleorton these verses are engraved on a stone placed near the Tree, which was thriving and spreading when I saw it in the summer of 1841.

THE embowering rose, the acacia, and the
pine,

Will not unwillingly their place resign;
If but the Cedar thrive that near them
stands,

Planted by Beaumont's and by Wordsworth's
hands.

One wooed the silent Art with studious
pains:

These groves have heard the Other's pensive
strains;

Devoted thus, their spirits did unite
By interchange of knowledge and delight.
May Nature's kindest powers sustain the
Tree,

And Love protect it from all injury!
And when its potent branches, wide out-
thrown,

Darken the brow of this memorial Stone,
Here may some Painter sit in future days,
Some future Poet meditate his lays;
Not mindless of that distant age renowned
When Inspiration hovered o'er this ground,
The haunt of him who sang how spear and
shield

In civil conflict met on Bosworth-field;
And of that famous Youth, full soon
removed

From earth, perhaps by Shakspeare's self
approved,
Fletcher's Associate, Jonson's Friend
beloved.

1808.

IN A GARDEN OF SIR GEORGE
BEAUMONT, BART.

This Niche is in the sandstone-rock in the winter-garden at Coleorton, which garden, as has been elsewhere said, was made under our direction out of an old unsightly quarry. While the labourers were at work, Mrs. Wordsworth, my Sister, and I used to amuse ourselves occasion-

ally in scooping this seat out of the soft stone. It is of the size, with something of the appearance, of a Stall in a Cathedral. This inscription is not engraven, as the former and the two following are, in the grounds.

OFT is the medal faithful to its trust
When temples, columns, towers, are laid in
dust ;

And 'tis a common ordinance of fate
That things obscure and small outlive the
great :

Hence, when yon mansion and the flowery
trim

Of this fair garden, and its alleys dim,
And all its stately trees, are passed away,
This little Niche, unconscious of decay,
Perchance may still survive. And be it
known

That it was scooped within the living
stone,—

Not by the sluggish and ungrateful pains
Of labourer plodding for his daily gains,
But by an industry that wrought in love ;
With help from female hands, that proudly
strove

To aid the work, what time these walks
and bowers

Were shaped to cheer dark winter's lonely
hours. 1811.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF SIR GEORGE
BEAUMONT, BART., AND IN HIS NAME,
FOR AN URN, PLACED BY HIM AT THE
TERMINATION OF A NEWLY-PLANTED
AVENUE, IN THE SAME GROUNDS

YE Lime-trees, ranged before this hallowed
Urn,

Shoot forth with lively power at Spring's
return ;

And be not slow a stately growth to rear
Of pillars, branching off from year to
year,

Till they have learned to frame a darksome
aisle ;—

That may recall to mind that awful Pile
Where Reynolds, 'mid our country's noblest
dead,

In the last sanctity of fame is laid.

—There, though by right the excelling
Painter sleep

Where Death and Glory a joint sabbath
keep,

Yet not the less his Spirit would hold
dear

Self-hidden praise, and Friendship's private
tear :

Hence, on my patrimonial grounds, have I
Raised this frail tribute to his memory ;

From youth a zealous follower of the Art
That he professed ; attached to him in
heart ;

Admiring, loving, and with grief and
pride

Feeling what England lost when Reynolds
died. 1808.

FOR A SEAT IN THE GROVES OF
COLEORTON.

BENEATH yon eastern ridge, the craggy
bound,

Rugged and high, of Charnwood's forest
ground

Stand yet, but, Stranger ! hidden from thy
view,

The ivied Ruins of forlorn GRACE DIEU ;
Erst a religious House, which day and
night

With hymns resounded, and the chanted
rite :

And when those rites had ceased, the Spot
gave birth

To honourable Men of various worth :
There, on the margin of a streamlet wild,
Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager
child ;

There, under shadow of the neighbouring
rocks,

Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their
flocks ;

Unconscious prelude to heroic themes,
Heart-breaking tears, and melancholy
dreams

Of slighted love, and scorn, and jealous
rage,

With which his genius shook the buskined
stage.

Communities are lost, and Empires die,
And things of holy use unhallowed lie ;

They perish ;—but the Intellect can raise,
From airy words alone, a Pile that ne'er
decays. 1811.

SONG FOR THE SPINNING WHEEL

FOUNDED UPON A BELIEF PREVALENT
AMONG THE PASTORAL VALES OF
WESTMORELAND

The belief on which this is founded I have
often heard expressed by an old neighbour of
Grasmere.

SWIFTLY turn the murmuring wheel !
Night has brought the welcome hour,
When the weary fingers feel
Help, as if from faery power ;
Dewy night o'ershades the ground ;
Turn the swift wheel round and round !

Now, beneath the starry sky,
Couch the widely-scattered sheep ;—
Ply the pleasant labour, ply !
For the spindle, while they sleep,
Runs with speed more smooth and fine,
Gathering up a trustier line.

Short-lived likings may be bred
By a glance from fickle eyes ;
But true love is like the thread
Which the kindly wool supplies,
When the flocks are all at rest
Sleeping on the mountain's breast.

1812.

COMPOSED ON THE EVE OF THE
MARRIAGE OF A FRIEND IN
THE VALE OF GRASMERE

WHAT need of clamorous bells, or ribands
gay,
These humble nuptials to proclaim or
grace ?

Angels of love, look down upon the place ;
Shed on the chosen vale a sun-bright day !
Yet no proud gladness would the Bride dis-
play

Even for such promise :—serious is her
face,
Modest her mien ; and she, whose thoughts
keep pace

With gentleness, in that becoming way
Will thank you. Faultless does the Maid
appear ;

No disproportion in her soul, no strife :
But, when the closer view of wedded life

Hath shown that nothing human can be
clear

From frailty, for that insight may the Wife
To her indulgent Lord become more dear.
1812.

WATER-FOWL

OBSERVED FREQUENTLY OVER THE LAKES
OF RYDAL AND GRASMERE

" Let me be allowed the aid of verse to describe
the evolutions which these visitants sometimes
perform, on a fine day towards the close of
winter."—*Extract from the Author's Book on
the Lakes.*

MARK how the feathered tenants of the
flood,
With grace of motion that might scarcely
seem

Inferior to angelical, prolong
Their curious pastime ! shaping in mid air
(And sometimes with ambitious wing that
soars

High as the level of the mountain-tops)
A circuit ampler than the lake beneath—
Their own domain ; but ever, while intent
On tracing and retracing that large round,
Their jubilant activity evolves
Hundreds of curves and circlets, to and fro,
Upward and downward, progress intricate
Yet unperplexed, as if one spirit swayed
Their indefatigable flight. 'Tis done—
Ten times, or more, I fancied it had
ceased ;

But lo ! the vanished company again
Ascending ; they approach—I hear their
wings,

Faint, faint at first ; and then an eager
sound,

Past in a moment—and as faint again !
They tempt the sun to sport amid their
plumes ;

They tempt the water, or the gleaming ice,
To show them a fair image ; 'tis themselves,
Their own fair forms, upon the glimmering
plain,

Painted more soft and fair as they descend
Almost to touch ;—then up again aloft,
Up with a sally and a flash of speed,
As if they scorned both resting-place and
rest !
1812.

VIEW FROM THE TOP OF BLACK
COMB¹

Mrs. Wordsworth and I, as mentioned in the
"Epistle to Sir G. Beaumont," lived some time
under its shadow.

THIS Height a ministering Angel might
select :

For from the summit of BLACK COMB
(dread name

Derived from clouds and storms!) the
amplest range

Of unobstructed prospect may be seen
That British ground commands :—low
dusky tracts,

Where Trent is nursed, far southward !
Cambrian hills

To the south-west, a multitudinous show ;
And, in a line of eye-sight linked with
these,

The hoary peaks of Scotland that give birth
To Tiviot's stream, to Annan, Tweed, and
Clyde :—

Crowding the quarter whence the sun comes
forth

Gigantic mountains rough with crags ;
beneath,

Right at the imperial station's western base
Main ocean, breaking audibly, and stretched
Far into silent regions blue and pale ;—

And visibly engirding Mona's Isle

That, as we left the plain, before our sight

Stood like a lofty mount, uplifting slowly
(Above the convex of the watery globe)

Into clear view the cultured fields that
streak

Her habitable shores, but now appears
A dwindled object, and submits to lie

At the spectator's feet.—Yon azure ridge,

Is it a perishable cloud ? Or there

Do we behold the line of Erin's coast ?

Land sometimes by the roving shepherd-
swain

(Like the bright confines of another world)
Not doubtfully perceived.—Look home-
ward now !

In depth, in height, in circuit, how serene

¹ Black Comb stands at the southern extremity
of Cumberland : its base covers a much greater
extent of ground than any other mountain in
those parts ; and, from its situation, the summit
commands a more extensive view than any other
point in Britain.

The spectacle, how pure !—Of Nature's
works,

In earth, and air, and earth-embracing sea,

A revelation infinite it seems ;

Display august of man's inheritance,

Of Britain's calm felicity and power !

1813.

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE PENCIL
ON A STONE, ON THE SIDE
OF THE MOUNTAIN OF BLACK
COMB

The circumstance alluded to at the conclusion
of these verses was told me by Dr. Satterthwaite,
who was Incumbent of Bootle, a small town at
the foot of Black Comb. He had the particulars
from one of the engineers who was employed in
making trigonometrical surveys of that region.

STAY, bold Adventurer ; rest awhile thy
limbs

On this commodious Seat ! for much re-
mains

Of hard ascent before thou reach the top
Of this huge Eminence,—from blackness
named,

And, to far-travelled storms of sea and land,

A favourite spot of tournament and war !

But thee may no such boisterous visitants

Molest ; may gentle breezes fan thy brow ;

And neither cloud conceal, nor misty air

Bedim, the grand terraqueous spectacle,

From centre to circumference, unveiled !

Know, if thou grudge not to prolong thy
rest,

That on the summit whither thou art bound,

A geographic Labourer pitched his tent,

With books supplied and instruments of art,

To measure height and distance ; lonely
task,

Week after week pursued !—To him was
given

Full many a glimpse (but sparingly be-
stowed

On timid man) of Nature's processes

Upon the exalted hills. He made report

That once, while there he plied his studious
work

Within that canvas Dwelling, colours,
lines,

And the whole surface of the out-spread
map,

Became invisible : for all around
Had darkness fallen—unthreatened, unpro-
claimed—

As if the golden day itself had been
Extinguished in a moment ; total gloom,
In which he sate alone, with unclosed eyes,
Upon the blinded mountain's silent top !

1813.

NOVEMBER 1813

Now that all hearts are glad, all faces
bright,
Our aged Sovereign sits, to the ebb and
flow

Of states and kingdoms, to their joy or woe,
Insensible. He sits deprived of sight,
And lamentably wrapt in twofold night,
Whom no weak hopes deceived ; whose
mind ensued,

Through perilous war, with regal fortitude,
Peace that should claim respect from lawless
Might.

Dread King of Kings, vouchsafe a ray
divine

To his forlorn condition ! let thy grace
Upon his inner soul in mercy shine ;
Permit his heart to kindle, and to embrace
(Though it were only for a moment's space)
The triumphs of this hour ; for they are
THINE !

THE EXCURSION

Something must now be said of this poem, but chiefly, as has been done through the whole of these notes, with reference to my personal friends, and especially to her who has perseveringly taken them down from my dictation. Towards the close of the first book stand the lines that were first written, beginning, "Nine tedious years," and ending, "Last human tenant of these ruined walls." These were composed in '95 at Race-down ; and for several passages describing the employment and demeanour of Margaret during her affliction, I was indebted to observations made in Dorsetshire, and afterwards at Alfoxden in Somersetshire, where I resided in '97 and '98. The lines towards the conclusion of the fourth book—beginning, "For, the man, who, in this spirit," to the words "intellectual soul"—were in order of time composed the next, either at Race-down or Alfoxden, I do not remember which. The rest of the poem was written in the vale of

Grasmere, chiefly during our residence at Allan Bank. The long poem on my own education was, together with many minor poems, composed while we lived at the cottage at Town-end. Perhaps my purpose of giving an additional interest to these my poems in the eyes of my nearest and dearest friends may be promoted by saying a few words upon the character of the Wanderer, the Solitary, and the Pastor, and some other of the persons introduced. And first, of the principal one, the Wanderer. My lamented friend Southey (for this is written a month after his decease) used to say that had he been born a papist, the course of life which would in all probability have been his was the one for which he was most fitted and most to his mind,—that of a Benedictine monk in a convent, furnished, as many once were and some still are, with an inexhaustible library. *Books*, as appears from many passages in his writings, and as was evident to those who had opportunities of observing his daily life, were in fact *his passion* ; and *wandering*, I can with truth affirm, was *mine* ; but this propensity in me was happily counteracted by inability from want of fortune to fulfil my wishes. But, had I been born in a class which would have deprived me of what is called a liberal education, it is not unlikely that, being strong in body, I should have taken to a way of life such as that in which my Pedlar passed the greater part of his days. At all events, I am here called upon freely to acknowledge that the character I have represented in his person is chiefly an idea of what I fancied my own character might have become in his circumstances. Nevertheless, much of what he says and does had an external existence that fell under my own youthful and subsequent observation. An individual named Patrick, by birth and education a Scotchman, followed this humble occupation for many years, and afterwards settled in the town of Kendal. He married a kinswoman of my wife's, and her sister Sarah was brought up from her ninth year under this good man's roof. My own imaginations I was happy to find clothed in reality, and fresh ones suggested, by what she reported of this man's tenderness of heart, his strong and pure imagination, and his solid attainments in literature, chiefly religious whether in prose or verse. At Hawkshead also, while I was a school-boy, there occasionally resided a Packman (the name then generally given to persons of this calling) with whom I had frequent conversations upon what had befallen him, and what he had observed, during his wandering life ; and, as was natural, we took much to each other : and, upon the subject of *Pedlarism* in general, as *then* followed, and its favourableness to an intimate knowledge of human concerns, not merely among the humbler

classes of society, I need say nothing here in addition to what is to be found in the "Excursion," and a note attached to it. Now for the Solitary. Of him I have much less to say. Not long after we took up our abode at Grasmere, came to reside there, from what motive I either never knew or have forgotten, a Scotchman a little past the middle of life, who had for many years been chaplain to a Highland regiment. He was in no respect as far as I know, an interesting character, though in his appearance there was a good deal that attracted attention, as if he had been shattered in fortune and not happy in mind. Of his quondam position I availed myself, to connect with the Wanderer, also a Scotchman, a character suitable to my purpose, the elements of which I drew from several persons with whom I had been connected, and who fell under my observation during frequent residences in London at the beginning of the French Revolution. The chief of these was, one may now say, a Mr. Fawcett, a preacher at a dissenting meeting-house at the Old Jewry. It happened to me several times to be one of his congregation through my connection with Mr. Nicholson of Cateaton Street, who at that time, when I had not many acquaintances in London, used often to invite me to dine with him on Sundays; and I took that opportunity (Mr. N. being a dissenter) of going to hear Fawcett, who was an able and eloquent man. He published a poem on war, which had a good deal of merit, and made me think more about him than I should otherwise have done. But his Christianity was probably never very deeply rooted; and, like many others in those times of like showy talents, he had not strength of character to withstand the effects of the French Revolution, and of the wild and lax opinions which had done so much towards producing it, and far more in carrying it forward in its extremes. Poor Fawcett, I have been told, became pretty much such a person as I have described; and early disappeared from the stage, having fallen into habits of intemperance, which I have heard (though I will not answer for the fact) hastened his death. Of him I need say no more: there were many like him at that time, which the world will never be without, but which were more numerous then for reasons too obvious to be dwelt upon.

To what is said of the Pastor in the poem I have little to add, but what may be deemed superfluous. It has ever appeared to me highly favourable to the beneficial influence of the Church of England upon all gradations and classes of society, that the patronage of its benefices is in numerous instances attached to the estates of noble families of ancient gentry; and accordingly I am gratified by the opportunity afforded me in the "Excursion," to pourtray the

character of a country clergyman of more than ordinary talents, born and bred in the upper ranks of society so as to partake of their refinements, and at the same time brought by his pastoral office and his love of rural life into intimate connection with the peasantry of his native district. To illustrate the relation which in my mind this Pastor bore to the Wanderer, and the resemblance between them, or rather the points of community in their nature, I likened one to an oak and the other to a sycamore; and, having here referred to this comparison, I need only add, I had no one individual in my mind, wishing rather to embody this idea than to break in upon the simplicity of it, by traits of individual character or of any peculiarity of opinion.

And now for a few words upon the scene where these interviews and conversations are supposed to occur. The scene of the first book of the poem is, I must own, laid in a tract of country not sufficiently near to that which soon comes into view in the second book, to agree with the fact. All that relates to Margaret and the ruined cottage, etc., was taken from observations made in the south-west of England, and certainly it would require more than seven-league boots to stretch in one morning from a common in Somersetshire or Dorsetshire to the heights of Furness Fells and the deep valleys they embosom. For thus dealing with space I need make, I trust, no apology, but my friends may be amused by the truth. In the poem, I suppose that the Pedlar and I ascended from a plain country up the vale of Langdale, and struck off a good way above the chapel to the western side of the vale. We ascended the hill and thence looked down upon the circular recess in which lies Blea-Tarn, chosen by the Solitary for his retreat. After we quit his cottage, passing over a low ridge we descend into another vale, that of Little Langdale, towards the head of which stands, embowered or partly shaded by yews and other trees, something between a cottage and a mansion or gentleman's house such as they once were in this country. This I convert into the Parsonage, and at the same time, and as by the waving of a magic wand, I turn the comparatively confined vale of Langdale, its Tarn, and the rude chapel which once adorned the valley, into the stately and comparatively spacious vale of Grasmere, its Lake, and its ancient Parish Church; and upon the side of Loughrigg Fell, at the foot of the Lake, and looking down upon it and the whole vale and its encompassing mountains, the Pastor is supposed by me to stand, when at sunset he addresses his companions in words which I hope my readers will remember, or I should not have taken the trouble of giving so much in detail the materials on which my

mind actually worked. Now for a few particulars of *fact* respecting the persons whose stories are told or characters are described by the different speakers. To Margaret I have already alluded. I will add here, that the lines beginning, "She was a woman of a steady mind," faithfully delineate, as far as they go, the character possessed in common by many women whom it has been my happiness to know in humble life; and that several of the most touching things which she is represented as saying and doing are taken from actual observation of the distresses and trials under which different persons were suffering, some of them strangers to me, and others daily under my notice. I was born too late to have a distinct remembrance of the origin of the American war, but the state in which I represent Robert's mind to be I had frequent opportunities of observing at the commencement of our rupture with France in '93, opportunities of which I availed myself in the story of the Female Vagrant as told in the poem on "Guilt and Sorrow." The account given by the Solitary towards the close of the second book, in all that belongs to the character of the Old Man, was taken from a Grasmere pauper, who was boarded in the last house quitting the vale on the road to Ambleside: the character of his hostess, and all that befell the poor man upon the mountain, belong to Paterdale: the woman I knew well; her name was — J—, and she was exactly such a person as I describe. The ruins of the old chapel, among which the man was found lying, may yet be traced, and stood upon the ridge that divides Paterdale from Boardale and Martindale, having been placed there for the convenience of both districts. The glorious appearance disclosed above and among the mountains was described partly from what my friend Mr. Luff, who then lived in Paterdale, witnessed upon that melancholy occasion, and partly from what Mrs. Wordsworth and I had seen in company with Sir George and Lady Beaumont above Hartshope Hall on our way from Paterdale to Ambleside.

And now for a few words upon the Church, its Monuments, and the Deceased who are spoken of as lying in the surrounding churchyard. But first for the one picture, given by the Pastor and the Wanderer, of the Living. In this nothing is introduced but what was taken from nature and real life. The cottage is called Hacket, and stands as described on the southern extremity of the ridge which separates the two Langdales: the pair who inhabited it were called Jonathan and Betty Yewdale. Once when our children were ill, of whooping-cough I think, we took them for change of air to this cottage, and were in the habit of going there to drink tea upon fine summer afternoons, so that we became intimately

acquainted with the characters, habits, and lives of these good, and, let me say, in the main, wise people. The matron had, in her early youth, been a servant in a house at Hawkshead, where several boys boarded, while I was a schoolboy there. I did not remember her as having served in that capacity; but we had many little anecdotes to tell to each other of remarkable boys, incidents and adventures which had made a noise in their day in that small town. These two persons afterwards settled at Rydal, where they both died.

The church, as already noticed, is that of Grasmere. The interior of it has been improved lately—made warmer by under-drawing the roof and raising the floor—but the rude and antique majesty of its former appearance has been impaired by painting the rafters; and the oak benches, with a simple rail at the back dividing them from each other, have given way to seats that have more the appearance of pews. It is remarkable that, excepting only the pew belonging to Rydal Hall, that to Rydal Mount, the one to the Parsonage, and I believe another, the men and women still continue, as used to be the custom in Wales, to sit separate from each other. Is this practice as old as the Reformation? and when and how did it originate? In the Jewish synagogues and in Lady Huntingdon's chapels the sexes are divided in the same way. In the adjoining churchyard greater changes have taken place. It is now not a little crowded with tombstones; and near the school-house which stands in the churchyard is an ugly structure, built to receive the hearse, which is recently come into use. It would not be worth while to allude to this building or the hearse-vehicle it contains, but that the latter has been the means of introducing a change much to be lamented in the mode of conducting funerals among the mountains. Now, the coffin is lodged in the hearse at the door of the house of the deceased, and the corpse is so conveyed to the churchyard gate: all the solemnity which formerly attended its progress, as described in the poem, is put an end to. So much do I regret this, that I beg to be excused for giving utterance here to a wish that, should it befall me to die at Rydal Mount, my own body may be carried to Grasmere church after the manner in which, till lately, that of every one was borne to that place of sepulture, namely, on the shoulders of neighbours, no house being passed without some words of a funeral psalm being sung at the time by the attendants. When I put into the mouth of the Wanderer, "Many precious rites and customs of our rural ancestry are gone or stealing from us; this I hope will last for ever," and what follows, little did I foresee that the observance and mode of proceeding, which

had often affected me so much, would so soon be superseded. Having said much of the injury done to this churchyard, let me add that one is at liberty to look forward to a time when, by the growth of the yew-trees, thriving there, a solemnity will be spread over the place that will in some degree make amends for the old simple character which has already been so much encroached upon, and will be still more every year. I will here set down, more at length, what has been mentioned in a previous note, that my friend Sir George Beaumont, having long ago purchased the beautiful piece of water called Loughrigg Tarn, on the Banks of which he intended to build, I told him that a person in Kendal who was attached to the place wished to purchase it. Sir George, finding the possession of no use to him, consented to part with it, and placed the purchase-money—twenty pounds—at my disposal for any local use which I thought proper. Accordingly I resolved to plant yew-trees in the churchyard, and had four pretty strong large oak enclosures made, in each of which was planted, under my own eye, and principally if not entirely by my own hand, two young trees, with the intention of leaving the one that throve best to stand. Many years after, Mr. Barber, who will long be remembered in Grasmere; Mr. Greenwood, the chief landed proprietor; and myself, had four other enclosures made in the churchyard at our own expense, in each of which was planted a tree taken from its neighbour, and they all stand thriving admirably, the fences having been removed as no longer necessary. May the trees be taken care of hereafter when we are all gone, and some of them will perhaps at some far distant time rival in majesty the yew of Lorton and those which I have described as growing in Borrowdale, where they are still to be seen in grand assemblage.

And now for the persons that are selected as lying in the churchyard. But first for the individual whose grave is prepared to receive him. His story is here truly related: he was a school-fellow of mine for some years. He came to us when he was at least seventeen years of age, very tall, robust, and full-grown. This prevented him from falling into the amusements and games of the school: consequently he gave more time to books. He was not remarkably bright or quick, but by industry he made a progress more than respectable. His parents not being wealthy enough to send him to college, when he left Hawkshead he became a schoolmaster, with a view to prepare himself for holy orders. About this time he fell in love as related in the poem, and everything followed as there described, except that I do not know when and where he died. The number of youths that came to Hawkshead

school, from the families of the humble yeomanry, to be educated to a certain degree of scholarship as a preparation for the church, was considerable, and the fortunes of these persons in after life various of course, and of some not a little remarkable. I have now one of this class in my eye who became an usher in a preparatory school and ended in making a large fortune. His manners when he came to Hawkshead were as uncouth as well could be; but he had good abilities, with skill to turn them to account; and when the master of the school, to which he was usher, died, he stepped into his place and became proprietor of the establishment. He contrived to manage it with such address, and so much to the taste of what is called high society and the fashionable world, that no school of the kind, even till he retired, was in such high request. Ministers of state, the wealthiest gentry, and nobility of the first rank, vied with each other in bespeaking a place for their sons in the seminary of this fortunate teacher. In the solitude of Grasmere, while living as a married man in a cottage of eight pounds per annum rent, I often used to smile at the tales which reached me of his brilliant career. Not two hundred yards from the cottage in Grasmere, just mentioned, to which I retired, this gentleman, who many years afterwards purchased a small estate in the neighbourhood, is now erecting a boat-house, with an upper story, to be resorted to as an entertaining-room when he and his associates may feel inclined to take their pastime on the lake. Every passenger will be disgusted with the sight of this edifice, not merely as a tasteless thing in itself, but as utterly out of place, and peculiarly fitted, as far as it is observed (and it obtrudes itself on notice at every point of view), to mar the beauty and destroy the pastoral simplicity of the vale. For my own part and that of my household it is our utter detestation, standing by a shore to which, before the highroad was made to pass that way, we used daily and hourly to repair for seclusion and for the shelter of a grove under which I composed many of my poems, the "Brothers" especially, and for this reason we gave the grove that name.

"That which each man loved
And prized in his peculiar nook of earth
Dies with him, or is changed."

So much for my old school-fellow and his exploits. I will only add that the foundation has twice failed, from the lake no doubt being intolerant of the intrusion.

The Miner, next described as having found his treasure after twice ten years of labour, lived in Paterdale, and the story is true to the letter. It seems to me, however, rather remarkable that

the strength of mind which had supported him through this long unrewarded labour did not enable him to bear its successful issue. Several times in the course of my life I have heard of sudden influxes of great wealth being followed by derangement, and in one instance the shock of good fortune was so great as to produce absolute idiocy: but these all happened where there had been little or no previous effort to acquire the riches, and therefore such a consequence might be more naturally be expected than in the case of the solitary Miner. In reviewing his story, one cannot but regret that such perseverance was not sustained by a worthier object. Archimedes leapt out of his bath and ran about the streets proclaiming his discovery in a transport of joy, but we are not told that he lost either his life or his senses in consequence. The next character, to whom the Priest is led by contrast with the resoluteness displayed by the foregoing, is taken from a person born and bred in Grasmere, by name Dawson; and whose talents, disposition, and way of life were such as are here delineated. I did not know him, but all was fresh in memory when we settled at Grasmere in the beginning of the century. From this point, the conversation leads to the mention of two individuals who, by their several fortunes, were, at different times, driven to take refuge at the small and obscure town of Hawkshead on the skirt of these mountains. Their stories I had from the dear old dame with whom, as a schoolboy and afterwards, I lodged for nearly the space of ten years. The elder, the Jacobite, was named Drummond, and was of a high family in Scotland: the Hanoverian Whig bore the name of Vandeput, and might perhaps be a descendant of some Dutchman who had come over in the train of King William. At all events his zeal was such that he ruined himself by a contest for the representation of London or Westminster, undertaken to support his party; and retired to this corner of the world, selected, as it had been by Drummond, for that obscurity which, since visiting the Lakes became fashionable, it has no longer retained. So much was this region considered out of the way till a late period, that persons who had fled from justice used often to resort hither for concealment; and some were so bold as to, not unfrequently, make excursions from the place of their retreat, for the purpose of committing fresh offences. Such was particularly the case with two brothers of the name of Weston who took up their abode at Old Brathay, I think about seventy years ago. They were highwaymen, and lived there some time without being discovered, though it was known that they often disappeared in a way and upon errands which could not be accounted for. Their horses were noticed as being of a choice breed, and

I have heard from the Relph family, one of whom was a saddler in the town of Kendal, that they were curious in their saddles and housings and accoutrements of their horses. They, as I have heard, and as was universally believed, were in the end both taken and hanged.

"Tall was her stature; her complexion dark
And saturnine."

This person lived at Town-end, and was almost our next neighbour. I have little to notice concerning her beyond what is said in the poem. She was a most striking instance how far a woman may surpass in talent, in knowledge, and culture of mind, those with and among whom she lives, and yet fall below them in Christian virtues of the heart and spirit. It seemed almost, and I say it with grief, that in proportion as she excelled in the one, she failed in the other. How frequently has one to observe in both sexes the same thing, and how mortifying is the reflection!

"As, on a sunny bank, a tender lamb

Lurks in safe shelter from the winds of March."

The story that follows was told to Mrs. Wordsworth and my sister by the sister of this unhappy young woman; and every particular was exactly as I have related. The party was not known to me, though she lived at Hawkshead, but it was after I left school. The clergyman, who administered comfort to her in her distress, I knew well. Her sister who told the story was the wife of a leading yeoman in the vale of Grasmere, and they were an affectionate pair and greatly respected by every one who knew them. Neither lived to be old; and their estate—which was perhaps the most considerable then in the vale, and was endeared to them by many remembrances of a salutary character not easily understood, or sympathised with, by those who are born to great affluence—passed to their eldest son, according to the practice of these vales, who died soon after he came into possession. He was an amiable and promising youth, but was succeeded by an only brother, a good-natured man, who fell into habits of drinking, by which he gradually reduced his property; and the other day the last acre of it was sold, and his wife and children and he himself, still surviving, have very little left to live upon, which it would not perhaps have been worth while to record here but that, through all trials, this woman has proved a model of patience, meekness, affectionate forbearance, and forgiveness. Their eldest son, who, through the vices of his father, has thus been robbed of an ancient family inheritance, was never heard to murmur or complain against the cause of their distress, and is now (1843) deservedly the chief prop of his mother's hopes.

The clergyman and his family described at the beginning of the seventh book were, during many years, our principal associates in the vale of Grasmere, unless I were to except our very nearest neighbours. I have entered so particularly into the main points of their history, that I will barely testify in prose that—with the single exception of the particulars of their journey to Grasmere, which, however, was exactly copied from in another instance—the whole that I have said of them is as faithful to the truth as words can make it. There was much talent in the family: the eldest son was distinguished for poetical talent, of which a specimen is given in my notes to the sonnets to the Duddon. Once, when in our cottage at Town-end I was talking with him about poetry, in the course of conversation I presumed to find fault with the versification of Pope, of whom he was an enthusiastic admirer: he defended him with a warmth that indicated much irritation: nevertheless I would not abandon my point, and said, "In compass and variety of sound your own versification surpasses his." Never shall I forget the change in his countenance and tone of voice: the storm was laid in a moment; he no longer disputed my judgment, and I passed immediately in his mind, no doubt, for as great a critic as ever lived. I ought to add, he was a clergyman and a well-educated man, and his verbal memory was the most remarkable of any individual I have known, except a Mr. Archer, an Irishman, who lived several years in this neighbourhood, and who, in this faculty, was a prodigy; he afterwards became deranged, and I fear continues so, if alive. Then follows the character of Robert Walker, for which see notes to the Duddon. Then that of the deaf man, whose epitaph may be seen in the churchyard at the head of Haweswater, and whose qualities of mind and heart, and their benign influence in conjunction with his privation, I had from his relatives on the spot. The blind man, next commemorated, was John Gough, of Kendal, a man known, far beyond his neighbourhood, for his talents and attainments in natural history and science. Of the Infant's grave, next noticed, I will only say, it is an exact picture of what fell under my own observation; and all persons who are intimately acquainted with cottage life must often have observed like instances of the working of the domestic affections.

"A volley thrice repeated o'er the corse
Let down into the hollow of that grave."

This young volunteer bore the name of Dawson, and was younger brother, if I am not mistaken, to the prodigal of whose character and fortunes an account is given towards the beginning of the

preceding book. The father of the family I knew well; he was a man of literary education and of experience in society much beyond what was common among the inhabitants of the vale. He had lived a good while in the Highlands of Scotland, as a manager of iron-works at Bunaw, and had acted as clerk to one of my predecessors in the office of Distributor of Stamps, when he used to travel round the country collecting and bringing home the money due to Government, in gold, which, it may be worth while to mention for the sake of my friends, was deposited in the cell or iron closet under the west window of the long room at Rydal Mount, which still exists with the iron doors that guarded the property. This of course was before the time of Bills and Notes. The two sons of this person had no doubt been led by the knowledge of their father to take more delight in scholarship, and had been accustomed in their own minds to take a wider view of social interests than was usual among their associates. The premature death of this gallant young man was much lamented, and, as an attendant at the funeral, I myself witnessed the ceremony and the effect of it as described in the poem.

"Tradition tells
That, in Eliza's golden days, a Knight
Came on a war-horse."

"The house is gone."

The pillars of the gateway in front of the mansion remained when we first took up our abode at Grasmere. Two or three cottages still remain, which are called Knott-houses from the name of the gentleman (I have called him a knight) concerning whom these traditions survive. He was the ancestor of the Knott family, formerly considerable proprietors in the district. What follows in the discourse of the Wanderer upon the changes he had witnessed in rural life, by the introduction of machinery, is truly described from what I myself saw during my boyhood and early youth, and from what was often told me by persons of this humble calling. Happily, most happily, for these mountains, the mischief was diverted from the banks of their beautiful streams, and transferred to open and flat countries abounding in coal, where the agency of steam was found much more effectual for carrying on those demoralising works. Had it not been for this invention, long before the present time every torrent and river in this district would have had its factory, large and populous in proportion to the power of the water that could there have been commanded. Parliament has interfered to prevent the night-work which was once carried on in these mills as actively as during the daytime, and by necessity still more perniciously—a sad dis-

grace to the proprietors, and to the nation which could so long tolerate such unnatural proceedings. Reviewing at this late period, 1843, what I put into the mouths of my interlocutors a few years after the commencement of the century, I grieve that so little progress has been made in diminishing the evils deplored, or promoting the benefits of education which the Wanderer anticipates. The results of Lord Ashley's labours to defer the time when children might legally be allowed to work in factories, and his endeavours to limit still farther the hours of permitted labour, have fallen far short of his own humane wishes, and those of every benevolent and right-minded man who has carefully attended to this subject: and in the present session of Parliament (1843) Sir James Graham's attempt to establish a course of religious education among the children employed in factories has been abandoned, in consequence of what might easily have been foreseen, the vehement and turbulent opposition of the Dissenters: so that, for many years to come, it may be thought expedient to leave the religious instruction of children entirely in the hands of the several denominations of Christians in the island, each body to work according to its own means and in its own way. Such is my own confidence, a confidence I share with many others of my most valued friends, in the superior advantages, both religious and social, which attend a course of instruction presided over and guided by the clergy of the Church of England, that I have no doubt that, if but once its members, lay and clerical, were duly sensible of those benefits, their church would daily gain ground, and rapidly, upon every shape and fashion of Dissent: and in that case, a great majority in Parliament being sensible of these benefits, the Ministers of the country might be emboldened, were it necessary, to apply funds of the State to the support of education on Church principles. Before I conclude, I cannot forbear noticing the strenuous efforts made at this time in Parliament, by so many persons, to extend manufacturing and commercial industry at the expense of agricultural, though we have recently had abundant proofs that the apprehensions expressed by the Wanderer were not groundless.

"I spake of mischief by the wise diffused
With gladness, thinking that the more it spreads
The healthier, the securer, we become—
Delusion which a moment may destroy!"

The Chartists are well aware of this possibility, and cling to it with an ardour and perseverance which nothing but wiser and more brotherly dealing towards the many, on the part of the wealthy few, can moderate or remove.

"While, from the grassy mountain's open side,
We gazed, in silence hushed."

The point here fixed upon in my imagination is half-way up the northern side of Loughrigg Fell, from which the Pastor and his companions were supposed to look upwards to the sky and mountain-tops, and round the vale, with the lake lying immediately beneath them.

"But turned not without welcome promise made,
That he would share the pleasures and pursuits
Of yet another summer's day, consumed
In wandering with us."

When I reported this promise of the Solitary, and long after, it was my wish, and I might say intention, that we should resume our wanderings, and pass the Borders into his native country, where, as I hoped, he might witness, in the society of the Wanderer, some religious ceremony—a sacrament, say, in the open fields, or a preaching among the mountains—which, by recalling to his mind the days of his early childhood, when he had been present on such occasions in company with his parents and nearest kindred, might have dissolved his heart into tenderness, and so have done more towards restoring the Christian faith in which he had been educated, and, with that, contentedness and even cheerfulness of mind, than all that the Wanderer and Pastor, by their several effusions and addresses, had been able to effect. An issue like this was in my intentions. But, alas!

"Mid the wreck of is and was,
Things incomplete and purposes betrayed
Make sadder transits o'er thought's optic glass
Than noblest objects utterly decayed!"

TO THE RIGHT HON.

WILLIAM, EARL OF LONSDALE, K.G.

ETC. ETC.

OFT, through thy fair domains, illustrious Peer!
In youth I roamed, on youthful pleasures bent;
And mused in rocky cell or sylvan tent,
Beside swift-flowing Lowther's current clean
—Now, by thy care befriended, I appear
Before thee, LONSDALE, and this Work present,
A token (may it prove a monument!)
Of high respect and gratitude sincere.
Gladly would I have waited till my task
Had reached its close; but Life is insecure,
And Hope full oft fallacious as a dream:
Therefore, for what is here produced, I ask
Thy favour; trusting that thou wilt not deem
The offering, though imperfect, premature.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,

July 29, 1814.

PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF

1814

THE Title-page announces that this is only a portion of a poem; and the Reader must be here apprised that it belongs to the second part of a long and laborious Work, which is to consist of three parts.—The Author will candidly acknowledge that, if the first of these had been completed, and in such a manner as to satisfy his own mind, he should have preferred the natural order of publication, and have given that to the world first; but, as the second division of the Work was designed to refer more to passing events, and to an existing state of things, than the others were meant to do, more continuous exertion was naturally bestowed upon it, and greater progress made here than in the rest of the poem; and as this part does not depend upon the preceding to a degree which will materially injure its own peculiar interest, the Author, complying with the earnest entreaties of some valued Friends, presents the following pages to the Public.

It may be proper to state whence the poem, of which "The Excursion" is a part, derives its Title of THE RECLUSE.—Several years ago, when the Author retired to his native mountains, with the hope of being enabled to construct a literary Work that might live, it was a reasonable thing that he should take a review of his own mind, and examine how far Nature and Education had qualified him for such employment. As subsidiary to this preparation, he undertook to record, in verse, the origin and progress of his own powers, as far as he was acquainted with them. That Work,¹ addressed to a dear Friend, most distinguished for his knowledge and genius, and to whom the Author's Intellect is deeply indebted, has been long finished; and the result of the investigation which gave rise to it was a determination to compose a philosophical poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society; and to be entitled, "The Recluse"; as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement.—The preparatory poem¹ is biographical, and conducts the history of the Author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labour which he had proposed to himself; and the two Works have the same kind of relation to each other, if he may so express himself, as the ante-chapel has to the body of a Gothic church. Continuing this allusion, he may be permitted to add, that his minor Pieces, which have been

long before the Public, when they shall be properly arranged, will be found by the attentive Reader to have such connection with the main Work as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, ordinarily included in those edifices.

The Author would not have deemed himself justified in saying, upon this occasion, so much of performances either unfinished or unpublished, if he had not thought that the labour bestowed by him upon what he has heretofore and now laid before the Public entitled him to candid attention for such a statement as he thinks necessary to throw light upon his endeavours to please and, he would hope, to benefit his countrymen.—Nothing further need be added, than that the first and third parts of "The Recluse" will consist chiefly of meditations in the Author's own person; and that in the intermediate part ("The Excursion") the intervention of characters speaking is employed, and something of a dramatic form adopted.

It is not the Author's intention formally to announce a system; it was more animating to him to proceed in a different course; and if he shall succeed in conveying to the mind clear thoughts, lively images, and strong feelings, the Reader will have no difficulty in extracting the system for himself. And in the meantime the following passage, taken from the conclusion of the first book of "The Recluse," may be acceptable as a kind of *Prospectus* of the design and scope of the whole Poem.

[The passage referred to begins with the line, "On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life," see page 343 of the present edition, and ends with, "Guide, and support, and cheer me to the end!" page 345.]

BOOK FIRST

THE WANDERER

ARGUMENT

A summer forenoon—The Author reaches a ruined Cottage upon a Common, and there meets with a revered Friend, the Wanderer, of whose education and course of life he gives an account.—The Wanderer, while resting under the shade of the Trees that surround the Cottage, relates the History of its last Inhabitant.

'Twas summer, and the sun had mounted high:

Southward the landscape indistinctly glared
Through a pale steam; but all the northern downs,

¹ The Prelude.

In clearest air ascending, showed far off
A surface dappled o'er with shadows flung
From brooding clouds ; shadows that lay
in spots

Determined and unmoved, with steady
beams

Of bright and pleasant sunshine interposed ;
To him most pleasant who on soft cool
moss

Extends his careless limbs along the front
Of some huge cave, whose rocky ceiling
casts

A twilight of its own, an ample shade,
Where the wren warbles, while the dream-
ing man,

Half conscious of the soothing melody,
With side-long eye looks out upon the
scene,

By power of that impending covert, thrown
To finer distance. Mine was at that hour
Far other lot, yet with good hope that soon
Under a shade as grateful I should find
Rest, and be welcomed there to livelier joy.
Across a bare wide Common I was toiling
With languid steps that by the slippery turf
Were baffled ; nor could my weak arm
disperse

The host of insects gathering round my face,
And ever with me as I paced along.

Upon that open moorland stood a grove,
The wished-for port to which my course
was bound.

Thither I came, and there, amid the gloom
Spread by a brotherhood of lofty elms,
Appeared a roofless Hut ; four naked walls
That stared upon each other !—I looked
round,

And to my wish and to my hope espied
The Friend I sought ; a Man of reverend
age,

But stout and hale, for travel unimpaired.
There was he seen upon the cottage-bench,
Recumbent in the shade, as if asleep ;
An iron-pointed staff lay at his side.

Him had I marked the day before—alone
And stationed in the public way, with face
Turned toward the sun then setting, while
that staff

Afforded, to the figure of the man
Detained for contemplation or repose,
Graceful support ; his countenance as he
stood

Was hidden from my view, and he remained
Unrecognised ; but, stricken by the sight,
With slackened footsteps I advanced, and
soon

A glad congratulation we exchanged
At such unthought-of meeting.—For the
night

We parted, nothing willingly ; and now
He by appointment waited for me here,
Under the covert of these clustering elms.

We were tried Friends : amid a pleasant
vale,

In the antique market-village where was
passed

My school-time, an apartment he had
owned,

To which at intervals the Wanderer drew,
And found a kind of home or harbour
there.

He loved me ; from a swarm of rosy boys
Singled out me, as he in sport would say,
For my grave looks, too thoughtful for my
years.

As I grew up, it was my best delight
To be his chosen comrade. Many a time,
On holidays, we rambled through the
woods :

We sate—we walked ; he pleased me with
report

Of things which he had seen ; and often
touched

Abstrusest matter, reasonings of the mind
Turned inward ; or at my request would
sing

Old songs, the product of his native hills ;
A skilful distribution of sweet sounds,
Feeding the soul, and eagerly imbibed
As cool refreshing water, by the care
Of the industrious husbandman, diffused
Through a parched meadow-ground, in
time of drought.

Still deeper welcome found his pure dis-
course ;

How precious, when in riper days I learned
To weigh with care his words, and to
rejoice

In the plain presence of his dignity !

Oh ! many are the Poets that are sown
By Nature ; men endowed with highest
gifts,

The vision and the faculty divine ;
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse,

(Which, in the docile season of their youth,
It was denied them to acquire, through
lack

Of culture and the inspiring aid of books,
Or haply by a temper too severe,
Or a nice backwardness afraid of shame)
Nor having e'er, as life advanced, been led
By circumstance to take unto the height
The measure of themselves, these favoured
Beings,

All but a scattered few, live out their time,
Husbanding that which they possess within,
And go to the grave, unthought of. Strong-
est minds

Are often those of whom the noisy world
Hears least ; else surely this Man had not
left

His graces unrevealed and unproclaimed.
But, as the mind was filled with inward
light,

So not without distinction had he lived,
Beloved and honoured—far as he was
known,

And some small portion of his eloquent
speech,

And something that may serve to set in view
The feeling pleasures of his loneliness,
His observations, and the thoughts his
mind

Had dealt with—I will here record in verse ;
Which, if with truth it correspond, and sink
Or rise as venerable Nature leads,
The high and tender Muses shall accept
With gracious smile, deliberately pleased,
And listening Time reward with sacred
praise.

Among the hills of Athol he was born ;
Where, on a small hereditary farm,
An unproductive slip of rugged ground,
His Parents, with their numerous offspring,
dwelt ;

A virtuous household, though exceeding
poor !

Pure lives were they all, austere and grave,
And fearing God ; the very children taught
Stern self-respect, a reverence for God's
word,

And an habitual piety, maintained
With strictness scarcely known on English
ground.

From his sixth year, the Boy of whom I
speak,

In summer, tended cattle on the hills ;
But, through the inclement and the perilous
days

Of long-continuing winter, he repaired,
Equipped with satchel, to a school, that
stood

Sole building on a mountain's dreary edge,
Remote from view of city spire, or sound
Of minster clock ! From that bleak tene-
ment

He, many an evening, to his distant home
In solitude returning, saw the hills
Grow larger in the darkness ; all alone
Beheld the stars come out above his head,
And travelled through the wood, with no
one near

To whom he might confess the things he
saw.

So the foundations of his mind were laid.
In such communion, not from terror free,
While yet a child, and long before his time,
Had he perceived the presence and the
power

Of greatness ; and deep feelings had im-
pressed

So vividly great objects that they lay
Upon his mind like substances, whose
presence

Perplexed the bodily sense. He had re-
ceived

A precious gift ; for, as he grew in years,
With these impressions would he still
compare

All his remembrances, thoughts, shapes,
and forms ;

And, being still unsatisfied with aught
Of dimmer character, he thence attained
An active power to fasten images
Upon his brain ; and on their pictured lines
Intensely brooded, even till they acquired
The liveliness of dreams. Nor did he fail,
While yet a child, with a child's eagerness
Incessantly to turn his ear and eye
On all things which the moving seasons
brought

To feed such appetite—nor this alone
Appeased his yearning :—in the after-day
Of boyhood, many an hour in caves forlorn,
And 'mid the hollow depths of naked crags
He sate, and even in their fixed lineaments,
Or from the power of a peculiar eye,
Or by creative feeling overborne,
Or by predominance of thought oppressed,

Even in their fixed and steady lineaments
He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,
Expression ever varying !

Thus informed,
He had small need of books ; for many a
tale

Traditionary, round the mountains hung,
And many a legend, peopling the dark
woods,

Nourished Imagination in her growth,
And gave the Mind that apprehensive
power

By which she is made quick to recognise
The moral properties and scope of things.
But eagerly he read, and read again,
Whate'er the minister's old shelf supplied ;
The life and death of martyrs, who sus-
tained,

With will inflexible, those fearful pangs
Triumphantly displayed in records left
Of persecution, and the Covenant—times
Whose echo rings through Scotland to this
hour !

And there, by lucky hap, had been preserved
A straggling volume, torn and incomplete,
That left half-told the preternatural tale,
Romance of giants, chronicle of fiends,
Profuse in garniture of wooden cuts
Strange and uncouth ; dire faces, figures
dire,

Sharp-kneed, sharp-elbowed, and lean-
ankled too,

With long and ghostly shanks—forms which
once seen

Could never be forgotten !

In his heart,
Where Fear sate thus, a cherished visitant,
Was wanting yet the pure delight of love
By sound diffused, or by the breathing air,
Or by the silent looks of happy things,
Or flowing from the universal face
Of earth and sky. But he had felt the
power

Of Nature, and already was prepared,
By his intense conceptions, to receive
Deeply the lesson deep of love which he,
Whom Nature, by whatever means, has
taught

To feel intensely, cannot but receive.

Such was the Boy—but for the growing
Youth

What soul was his, when, from the naked
top

Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light ! He
looked—

Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, in gladness lay
Beneath him :—Far and wide the clouds
were touched,

And in their silent faces could he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy ; his spirit drank
The spectacle : sensation, soul, and form,
All melted into him ; they swallowed up
His animal being ; in them did he live,
And by them did he live ; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not ; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no
request ;

Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him ; it was blessedness and
love !

A Herdsman on the lonely mountain
tops,

Such intercourse was his, and in this sort
Was his existence oftentimes *possessed*.

O then how beautiful, how bright, appeared
The written promise ! Early had he learned
To reverence the volume that displays
The mystery, the life which cannot die ;
But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith.
All things, responsive to the writing, there
Breathed immortality, revolving life,
And greatness still revolving ; infinite :
There littleness was not ; the least of things
Seemed infinite ; and there his spirit shaped
Her prospects, nor did he believe,—he *saw*.
What wonder if his being thus became
Sublime and comprehensive ! Low desires,
Low thoughts had there no place ; yet was
his heart

Lowly ; for he was meek in gratitude,
Oft as he called those ecstasies to mind,
And whence they flowed ; and from them
he acquired

Wisdom, which works through patience ;
thence he learned

In oft-recurring hours of sober thought
To look on Nature with a humble heart.
Self-questioned where it did not understand,
And with a superstitious eye of love,

So passed the time; yet to the nearest town

He duly went with what small overplus
His earnings might supply, and brought away

The book that most had tempted his desires
While at the stall he read. Among the hills
He gazed upon that mighty orb of song,
The divine Milton. Lore of different kind,
The annual savings of a toilsome life,
His Schoolmaster supplied; books that explain

The purer elements of truth involved
In lines and numbers, and, by charm severe,
(Especially perceived where nature droops
And feeling is suppressed) preserve the mind
Busy in solitude and poverty.

These occupations oftentimes deceived
The listless hours, while in the hollow vale,
Hollow and green, he lay on the green turf
In pensive idleness. What could he do,
Thus daily thirsting, in that lonesome life,
With blind endeavours? Yet, still uppermost,

Nature was at his heart as if he felt,
Though yet he knew not how, a wasting power

In all things that from her sweet influence
Might tend to wean him. Therefore with her hues,

Her forms, and with the spirit of her forms,
He clothed the nakedness of austere truth.
While yet he lingered in the rudiments
Of science, and among her simplest laws,
His triangles—they were the stars of heaven,
The silent stars! Oft did he take delight
To measure the altitude of some tall crag
That is the eagle's birth-place, or some peak
Familiar with forgotten years, that shows,
Inscribed upon its visionary sides,
The history of many a winter storm,
Or obscure records of the path of fire.

And thus before his eighteenth year was told,

Accumulated feelings pressed his heart
With still increasing weight; he was o'erpowered

By Nature; by the turbulence subdued
Of his own mind; by mystery and hope,
And the first virgin passion of a soul
Communing with the glorious universe.
Full often wished he that the winds might

rage

When they were silent: far more fondly now
Than in his earlier season did he love
Tempestuous nights—the conflict and the sounds

That live in darkness. From his intellect
And from the stillness of abstracted thought
He asked repose; and, failing oft to win
The peace required, he scanned the laws of light

Amid the roar of torrents, where they send
From hollow clefts up to the clearer air
A cloud of mist that, smitten by the sun,
Varies its rainbow hues. But vainly thus,
And vainly by all other means, he strove
To mitigate the fever of his heart.

In dreams, in study, and in ardent thought,

Thus was he reared; much wanting to assist
The growth of intellect, yet gaining more,
And every moral feeling of his soul
Strengthened and braced, by breathing in content

The keen, the wholesome, air of poverty,
And drinking from the well of homely life.
—But, from past liberty, and tried restraints,
He now was summoned to select the course
Of humble industry that promised best
To yield him no unworthy maintenance.
Urged by his Mother, he essayed to teach
A village-school—but wandering thoughts
were then

A misery to him; and the Youth resigned
A task he was unable to perform.

That stern yet kindly Spirit, who constrains

The Savoyard to quit his naked rocks,
The free-born Swiss to leave his narrow vales,

(Spirit attached to regions mountainous
Like their own steadfast clouds) did now impel

His restless mind to look abroad with hope.
—An irksome drudgery seems it to plod on,
Through hot and dusty ways, or pelting storm,

A vagrant Merchant under a heavy load,
Bent as he moves, and needing frequent rest;

Yet do such travellers find their own delight;

And their hard service, deemed debasing now

Gained merited respect in simpler times;
 When squire, and priest, and they who
 round them dwelt
 In rustic sequestration—all dependent
 Upon the PEDLAR's toil—supplied their
 wants,
 Or pleased their fancies, with the wares he
 brought.
 Not ignorant was the Youth that still no
 few
 Of his adventurous countrymen were led
 By perseverance in this track of life
 To competence and ease:—to him it offered
 Attractions manifold;—and this he chose.
 —His Parents on the enterprise bestowed
 Their farewell benediction, but with hearts
 Foreboding evil. From his native hills
 He wandered far; much did he see of men,¹
 Their manners, their enjoyments, and
 pursuits,
 Their passions and their feelings; chiefly
 those
 Essential and eternal in the heart,
 That, 'mid the simpler forms of rural life,
 Exist more simple in their elements,
 And speak a plainer language. In the
 woods,
 A lone Enthusiast, and among the fields,
 Itinerant in this labour, he had passed
 The better portion of his time; and there
 Spontaneously had his affections thriven
 Amid the bounties of the year, the peace
 And liberty of nature; there he kept
 In solitude and solitary thought
 His mind in a just equipoise of love.
 Serene it was, unclouded by the cares
 Of ordinary life; unvexed, unwarped
 By partial bondage. In his steady course,
 No piteous revolutions had he felt,
 No wild varieties of joy and grief.
 Unoccupied by sorrow of its own,
 His heart lay open; and, by nature tuned
 And constant disposition of his thoughts
 To sympathy with man, he was alive
 To all that was enjoyed where'er he went,
 And all that was endured; for, in himself
 Happy, and quiet in his cheerfulness,
 He had no painful pressure from without
 That made him turn aside from wretchedness
 With coward fears. He could afford to
 suffer
 With those whom he saw suffer. Hence it
 came

¹ See Note.

That in our best experience he was rich,
 And in the wisdom of our daily life.
 For hence, minutely, in his various rounds,
 He had observed the progress and decay
 Of many minds, of minds and bodies too;
 The history of many families;
 How they had prospered; how they were
 o'erthrown
 By passion or mischance, or such misrule
 Among the unthinking masters of the earth
 As makes the nations groan.

This active course
 He followed till provision for his wants
 Had been obtained;—the Wanderer then
 resolved
 To pass the remnant of his days, untasked
 With needless services, from hardship free.
 His calling laid aside, he lived at ease:
 But still he loved to pace the public roads
 And the wild paths; and, by the summer's
 warmth
 Invited, often would he leave his home
 And journey far, revisiting the scenes
 That to his memory were most endeared.
 —Vigorous in health, of hopeful spirits,
 undamped
 By worldly-mindedness or anxious care;
 Observant, studious, thoughtful, and re-
 freshed
 By knowledge gathered up from day to day;
 Thus had he lived a long and innocent life.

The Scottish Church, both on himself and
 those
 With whom from childhood he grew up,
 had held
 The strong hand of her purity; and still
 Had watched him with an unrelenting eye.
 This he remembered in his riper age
 With gratitude, and reverential thoughts.
 But by the native vigour of his mind,
 By his habitual wanderings out of doors,
 By loneliness, and goodness, and kind
 works,
 Whate'er, in docile childhood or in youth,
 He had imbibed of fear or darker thought
 Was melted all away; so true was this,
 That sometimes his religion seemed to me
 Self-taught, as of a dreamer in the woods;
 Who to the model of his own pure heart
 Shaped his belief, as grace divine inspired,
 And human reason dictated with awe.
 —And surely never did there live on earth
 A man of kindlier nature. The rough sports

And teasing ways of children vexed not him ;
Indulgent listener was he to the tongue
Of garrulous age ; nor did the sick man's
tale,

To his fraternal sympathy addressed,
Obtain reluctant hearing.

Plain his garb ;

Such as might suit a rustic Sire, prepared
For sabbath duties ; yet he was a man
Whom no one could have passed without
remark.

Active and nervous was his gait ; his limbs
And his whole figure breathed intelligence.
Time had compressed the freshness of his
cheek

Into a narrower circle of deep red,
But had not tamed his eye ; that, under
brows

Shaggy and grey, had meanings which it
brought

From years of youth ; which, like a Being
made

Of many Beings, he had wondrous skill
To blend with knowledge of the years to
come,

Human, or such as lie beyond the grave.

So was He framed ; and such his course
of life

Who now, with no appendage but a staff,
The prized memorial of relinquished toils,
Upon that cottage-bench reposed his limbs,
Screened from the sun. Supine the Wan-
derer lay,

His eyes as if in drowsiness half shut,
The shadows of the breezy elms above
Dappling his face. He had not heard the
sound

Of my approaching steps, and in the shade
Unnoticed did I stand some minutes' space.
At length I hailed him, seeing that his hat
Was moist with water-drops, as if the brim
Had newly scooped a running stream. He
rose,

And ere our lively greeting into peace
Had settled, "'Tis," said I, "a burning
day :

My lips are parched with thirst, but you, it
seems

Have somewhere found relief." He, at the
word,

Pointing towards a sweet-briar, bade me
climb

The fence where that aspiring shrub looked
out

Upon the public way. It was a plot
Of garden ground run wild, its matted
weeds

Marked with the steps of those, whom, as
they passed,

The gooseberry trees that shot in long lank
slips,

Or currants, hanging from their leafless
stems,

In scanty strings, had tempted to o'erleap
The broken wall. I looked around, and
there,

Where two tall hedge-rows of thick alder
boughs

Joined in a cold damp nook, espied a well
Shrouded with willow-flowers and plummy
fern.

My thirst I slaked, and, from the cheerless
spot

Withdrawing, straightway to the shade re-
turned

Where sate the old Man on the cottage-
bench ;

And, while, beside him, with uncovered
head,

I yet was standing, freely to respire,
And cool my temples in the fanning air,
Thus did he speak. "I see around me
here

Things which you cannot see : we die, my
Friend,

Nor we alone, but that which each man
loved

And prized in his peculiar nook of earth
Dies with him, or is changed ; and very
soon

Even of the good is no memorial left.

—The Poets, in their elegies and songs
Lamenting the departed, call the groves,
They call upon the hills and streams, to
mourn,

And senseless rocks ; nor idly ; for they
speak,

In these their invocations, with a voice
Obedient to the strong creative power
Of human passion. Sympathies there are
More tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred birth,
That steal upon the meditative mind,
And grow with thought. Beside yon spring
I stood,

And eyed its waters till we seemed to feel
One sadness, they and I. For them a bond

Of brotherhood is broken : time has been
When, every day, the touch of human hand
Dislodged the natural sleep that binds them
up

In mortal stillness ; and they ministered
To human comfort. Stooping down to
drink,

Upon the slimy foot-stone I espied
The useless fragment of a wooden bowl,
Green with the moss of years, and subject
only

To the soft handling of the elements :
There let it lie—how foolish are such
thoughts !

Forgive them ;—never—never did my steps
Approach this door but she who dwelt
within

A daughter's welcome gave me, and I loved
her

As my own child. Oh, Sir ! the good die
first,

And they whose hearts are dry as summer
dust

Burn to the socket. Many a passenger
Hath blessed poor Margaret for her gentle
looks,

When she upheld the cool refreshment
drawn

From that forsaken spring ; and no one
came

But he was welcome ; no one went away
But that it seemed she loved him. She is
dead,

The light extinguished of her lonely hut,
The hut itself abandoned to decay,
And she forgotten in the quiet grave.

I speak," continued he, "of One whose
stock

Of virtues bloomed beneath this lonely roof.
She was a Woman of a steady mind,
Tender and deep in her excess of love ;
Not speaking much, pleased rather with the
joy

Of her own thoughts : by some especial care
Her temper had been framed, as if to make
A Being, who by adding love to peace
Might live on earth a life of happiness.
Her wedded Partner lacked not on his side
The humble worth that satisfied her heart :
Frugal, affectionate, sober, and withal
Keenly industrious. She with pride would
tell

That he was often seated at his loom,

In summer, ere the mower was abroad
Among the dewy grass,—in early spring,
Ere the last star had vanished.—They who
passed

At evening, from behind the garden fence
Might hear his busy spade, which he would
ply,

After his daily work, until the light
Had failed, and every leaf and flower were
lost

In the dark hedges. So their days were
spent

In peace and comfort ; and a pretty boy
Was their best hope, next to the God in
heaven.

Not twenty years ago, but you I think
Can scarcely bear it now in mind, there
came

Two blighting seasons, when the fields were
left

With half a harvest. It pleased Heaven to
add

A worse affliction in the plague of war :
This happy Land was stricken to the heart !
A Wanderer then among the cottages,
I, with my freight of winter raiment, saw
The hardships of that season : many rich
Sank down, as in a dream, among the
poor ;

And of the poor did many cease to be,
And their place knew them not. Mean-
while, abridged

Of daily comforts, gladly reconciled
To numerous self-denials, Margaret
Went struggling on through those calamitous
years

With cheerful hope, until the second autumn,
When her life's Helpmate on a sick-bed lay,
Smitten with perilous fever. In disease
He lingered long ; and, when his strength
returned,

He found the little he had stored, to meet
The hour of accident or crippling age,
Was all consumed. A second infant now
Was added to the troubles of a time
Laden, for them and all of their degree,
With care and sorrow ; shoals of artisans
From ill-requested labour turned adrift
Sought daily bread from public charity,
They, and their wives and children—
happier far

Could they have lived as do the little birds
That peck along the hedge-rows, or the kite

That makes her dwelling on the mountain
rocks !

A sad reverse it was for him who long
Had filled with plenty, and possessed in
peace,

This lonely Cottage. At the door he stood,
And whistled many a snatch of merry tunes
That had no mirth in them; or with his
knife

Carved uncouth figures on the heads of
sticks—

Then, not less idly, sought, through every
nook

In house or garden, any casual work
Of use or ornament; and with a strange,
Amusing, yet uneasy, novelty,
He mingled, where he might, the various
tasks

Of summer, autumn, winter, and of spring.
But this endured not; his good humour
soon

Became a weight in which no pleasure was:
And poverty brought on a petted mood
And a sore temper: day by day he drooped,
And he would leave his work—and to the
town

Would turn without an errand his slack
steps;

Or wander here and there among the fields.
One while he would speak lightly of his
babes,

And with a cruel tongue: at other times
He tossed them with a false unnatural joy:
And 'twas a rueful thing to see the looks
Of the poor innocent children. 'Every
smile,'

Said Margaret to me, here beneath these
trees,

'Made my heart bleed.' "

At this the Wanderer paused;
And, looking up to those enormous elms,
He said, "'Tis now the hour of deepest
noon.

At this still season of repose and peace,
This hour when all things which are not at
rest

Are cheerful; while this multitude of flies
With tuneful hum is filling all the air;
Why should a tear be on an old Man's
cheek?

Why should we thus, with an untoward
mind,

And in the weakness of humanity,

From natural wisdom turn our hearts away;
To natural comfort shut our eyes and ears;
And, feeding on disquiet, thus disturb
The calm of nature with our restless
thoughts?"

He spake with somewhat of a solemn tone:
But, when he ended, there was in his face
Such easy cheerfulness, a look so mild,
That for a little time it stole away
All recollection; and that simple tale
Passed from my mind like a forgotten
sound.

A while on trivial things we held discourse,
To me soon tasteless. In my own despite,
I thought of that poor Woman as of one
Whom I had known and loved. He had
rehearsed

Her homely tale with such familiar power,
With such an active countenance, an eye
So busy, that the things of which he spake
Seemed present; and, attention now re-
laxed,

A heart-felt chillness crept along my veins.
I rose; and, having left the breezy shade,
Stood drinking comfort from the warmer
sun,

That had not cheered me long—ere, look-
ing round

Upon that tranquil Ruin, I returned,
And begged of the old Man that, for my
sake,

He would resume his story.

He replied,
"It were a wantonness, and would demand
Severe reproof, if we were men whose
hearts

Could hold vain dalliance with the misery
Even of the dead; contented thence to draw
A momentary pleasure, never marked
By reason, barren of all future good.

But we have known that there is often
found

In mournful thoughts, and always might
be found,

A power to virtue friendly; were't not so,
I am a dreamer among men, indeed
An idle dreamer! 'Tis a common tale,
An ordinary sorrow of man's life,
A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed
In bodily form.—But without further
bidding

I will proceed.

While thus it fared with them,
To whom this cottage, till those hapless
years,

Had been a blessed home, it was my chance
To travel in a country far remote;
And when these lofty elms once more ap-
peared

What pleasant expectations lured me on
O'er the flat Common!—With quick step
I reached

The threshold, lifted with light hand the
latch;

But, when I entered, Margaret looked at
me

A little while; then turned her head away
Speechless,—and, sitting down upon a
chair,

Wept bitterly. I wist not what to do,
Nor how to speak to her. Poor Wretch!
at last

She rose from off her seat, and then,—O
Sir!

I cannot *tell* how she pronounced my
name:—

With fervent love, and with a face of grief
Unutterably helpless, and a look
That seemed to cling upon me, she en-
quired

If I had seen her husband. As she spake
A strange surprise and fear came to my
heart,

Nor had I power to answer ere she told
That he had disappeared—not two months
gone.

He left his house: two wretched days had
past,

And on the third, as wistfully she raised
Her head from off her pillow, to look forth,
Like one in trouble, for returning light,
Within her chamber-casement she espied
A folded paper, lying as if placed
To meet her waking eyes. This trem-
blingly

She opened—found no writing, but beheld
Pieces of money carefully enclosed,
Silver and gold. 'I shuddered at the sight,'
Said Margaret, 'for I knew it was his hand
That must have placed it there; and ere
that day

Was ended, that long anxious day, I
learned,

From one who by my husband had been
sent

With the sad news, that he had joined a
troop

Of soldiers, going to a distant land.

—He left me thus—he could not gather
heart

To take a farewell of me; for he feared
That I should follow with my babes, and
sink

Beneath the misery of that wandering life.'

This tale did Margaret tell with many
tears:

And, when she ended, I had little power
To give her comfort, and was glad to take
Such words of hope from her own mouth
as served

To cheer us both. But long we had not
talked

Ere we built up a pile of better thoughts,
And with a brighter eye she looked around
As if she had been shedding tears of joy.

We parted.—'Twas the time of early spring;
I left her busy with her garden tools;
And well remember, o'er that fence she
looked,

And, while I paced along the foot-way
path,

Called out, and sent a blessing after me,
With tender cheerfulness, and with a voice
That seemed the very sound of happy
thoughts.

I roved o'er many a hill and many a
dale,

With my accustomed load; in heat and
cold,

Through many a wood and many an open
ground,

In sunshine and in shade, in wet and fair,
Drooping or blithe of heart, as might befall;
My best companions now the driving winds,
And now the 'trotting brooks' and whis-
pering trees,

And now the music of my own sad steps,
With many a short-lived thought that
passed between,

And disappeared.

I journeyed back this way,

When, in the warmth of midsummer, the
wheat

Was yellow; and the soft and bladed grass,
Springing afresh, had o'er the hay-field
spread

Its tender verdure. At the door arrived,

I found that she was absent. In the shade,
Where now we sit, I waited her return.
Her cottage, then a cheerful object, wore
Its customary look,—only, it seemed,
The honeysuckle, crowding round the porch,
Hung down in heavier tufts; and that
bright weed,

The yellow stone-crop, suffered to take root
Along the window's edge, profusely grew,
Blinding the lower panes. I turned aside,
And strolled into her garden. It appeared
To lag behind the season, and had lost
Its pride of neatness. Daisy-flowers and
thrift

Had broken their trim border-lines, and
straggled

O'er paths they used to deck: carnations,
once

Prized for surpassing beauty, and no less
For the peculiar pains they had required,
Declined their languid heads, wanting
support.

The cumbrous bind-weed, with its wreaths
and bells,

Had twined about her two small rows of
peas,

And dragged them to the earth.

Ere this an hour
Was wasted.—Back I turned my restless
steps;

A stranger passed; and, guessing whom I
sought,

He said that she was used to ramble far.—
The sun was sinking in the west; and now
I sate with sad impatience. From within
Her solitary infant cried aloud;

Then, like a blast that dies away self-stilled,
The voice was silent. From the bench I
rose;

But neither could divert nor soothe my
thoughts.

The spot, though fair, was very desolate—
The longer I remained, more desolate:

And, looking round me, now I first observed
The corner stones, on either side the porch,
With dull red stains discoloured, and stuck
o'er

With tufts and hairs of wool, as if the sheep,
That fed upon the Common, thither came
Familiarly, and found a couching-place
Even at her threshold. Deeper shadows
fell

From these tall elms; the cottage-clock
struck eight;—

I turned, and saw her distant a few steps.
Her face was pale and thin—her figure, too,
Was changed. As she unlocked the door,
she said,

'It grieves me you have waited here so
long,

But, in good truth, I've wandered much of
late;

And sometimes—to my shame I speak—
have need

Of my best prayers to bring me back again.
While on the board she spread our evening
meal,

She told me—interrupting not the work
Which gave employment to her listless
hands—

That she had parted with her elder child;
To a kind master on a distant farm

Now happily apprenticed.—'I perceive
You look at me, and you have cause; to-
day

I have been travelling far; and many days
About the fields I wander, knowing this

Only, that what I seek I cannot find;
And so I waste my time: for I am changed;

And to myself,' said she, 'have done much
wrong

And to this helpless infant. I have slept
Weeping, and weeping have I waked; my
tears

Have flowed as if my body were not such
As others are; and I could never die.

But I am now in mind and in my heart
More easy; and I hope,' said she, 'that
God

Will give me patience to endure the things
Which I behold at home.'

It would have grieved
Your very soul to see her. Sir, I feel

The story linger in my heart; I fear
'Tis long and tedious; but my spirit clings

To that poor Woman:—so familiarly
Do I perceive her manner, and her look,

And presence; and so deeply do I feel
Her goodness, that, not seldom, in my
walks

A momentary trance comes over me;
And to myself I seem to muse on One

By sorrow laid asleep; or borne away,
A human being destined to awake

To human life, or something very near
To human life, when he shall come again

For whom she suffered. Yes, it would
have grieved

Your very soul to see her : evermore
Her eyelids drooped, her eyes downward
were cast ;

And, when she at her table gave me food,
She did not look at me. Her voice was
low,

Her body was subdued. In every act
Pertaining to her house-affairs, appeared
The careless stillness of a thinking mind
Self-occupied ; to which all outward things
Are like an idle matter. Still she sighed,
But yet no motion of the breast was seen,
No heaving of the heart. While by the
fire

We sate together, sighs came on my ear,
I knew not how, and hardly whence they
came.

Ere my departure, to her care I gave,
For her son's use, some tokens of regard,
Which with a look of welcome she re-
ceived ;

And I exhorted her to place her trust
In God's good love, and seek his help by
prayer.

I took my staff, and, when I kissed her
babe,

The tears stood in her eyes. I left her
then

With the best hope and comfort I could
give :

She thanked me for my wish ;—but for my
hope

It seemed she did not thank me.

I returned,
And took my rounds along this road again
When on its sunny bank the primrose
flower

Peeped forth, to give an earnest of the
Spring.

I found her sad and drooping : she had
learned

No tidings of her husband ; if he lived,
She knew not that he lived ; if he were dead,
She knew not he was dead. She seemed
the same

In person and appearance ; but her house
Bespake a sleepy hand of negligence ;
The floor was neither dry nor neat, the
hearth

Was comfortless, and her small lot of books,
Which, in the cottage-window, heretofore
Had been piled up against the corner panes
In seemly order, now, with straggling leaves

Lay scattered here and there, open or
shut,

As they had chanced to fall. Her infant
Babe

Had from his Mother caught the trick of
grief,

And sighed among its playthings. I with-
drew,

And once again entering the garden saw,
More plainly still, that poverty and grief
Were now come nearer to her : weeds de-
faced

The hardened soil, and knots of withered
grass :

No ridges there appeared of clear black
mould,

No winter greenness ; of her herbs and
flowers,

It seemed the better part was gnawed away
Or trampled into earth ; a chain of straw,
Which had been twined about the slender
stem

Of a young apple-tree, lay at its root ;
The bark was nibbled round by truant
sheep.

—Margaret stood near, her infant in her
arms,

And, noting that my eye was on the tree,
She said, ' I fear it will be dead and gone
Ere Robert come again.' When to the
House

We had returned together, she enquired
If I had any hope :—but for her babe
And for her little orphan boy, she said,
She had no wish to live, that she must die
Of sorrow. Yet I saw the idle loom
Still in its place ; his Sunday garments hung
Upon the self-same nail ; his very staff
Stood undisturbed behind the door.

And when,
In bleak December, I retraced this way,
She told me that her little babe was dead,
And she was left alone. She now, released
From her maternal cares, had taken up
The employment common through these
wilds, and gained,

By spinning hemp, a pittance for herself ;
And for this end had hired a neighbour's
boy

To give her needful help. That very time
Most willingly she put her work aside,
And walked with me along the miry road,
Heedless how far ; and, in such piteous
sort

That any heart had ached to hear her,
 begged
 That, wheresoe'er I went, I still would
 ask
 For him whom she had lost. We parted
 then—
 Our final parting ; for from that time forth
 Did many seasons pass ere I returned
 Into this tract again.

Nine tedious years ;

From their first separation, nine long years,
 She lingered in unquiet widowhood ;
 A Wife and Widow. Needs must it have
 been
 A sore heart-wasting ! I have heard, my
 Friend,
 That in yon arbour oftentimes she sate
 Alone, through half the vacant sabbath
 day ;
 And, if a dog passed by, she still would
 quit
 The shade, and look abroad. On this old
 bench
 For hours she sate ; and evermore her eye
 Was busy in the distance, shaping things
 That made her heart beat quick. You see
 that path,
 Now faint,—the grass has crept o'er its
 grey line ;
 There, to and fro, she paced through many
 a day
 Of the warm summer, from a belt of hemp
 That girt her waist, spinning the long-drawn
 thread
 With backward steps. Yet ever as there
 passed
 A man whose garments showed the soldier's
 red,
 Or crippled mendicant in sailor's garb,
 The little child who sate to turn the wheel
 Ceased from his task ; and she with
 faltering voice
 Made many a fond enquiry ; and when they,
 Whose presence gave no comfort, were gone
 by,
 Her heart was still more sad. And by yon
 gate,
 That bars the traveller's road, she often
 stood,
 And when a stranger horseman came, the
 latch
 Would lift, and in his face look wistfully ;
 Most happy, if, from aught discovered there
 Of tender feeling, she might dare repeat

The same sad question. Meanwhile her
 poor Hut
 Sank to decay ; for he was gone, whose
 hand,
 At the first nipping of October frost,
 Closed up each chink, and with fresh
 bands of straw
 Chequered the green-grown thatch. And
 so she lived
 Through the long winter, reckless and
 alone ;
 Until her house by frost, and thaw, and
 rain,
 Was sapped ; and while she slept, the
 nightly damps
 Did chill her breast ; and in the stormy
 day
 Her tattered clothes were ruffled by the wind,
 Even at the side of her own fire. Yet still
 She loved this wretched spot, nor would
 for worlds
 Have parted hence ; and still that length
 of road,
 And this rude bench, one torturing hope
 endeared,
 Fast rooted at her heart : and here, my
 Friend,—
 In sickness she remained ; and here she
 died ;
 Last human tenant of these ruined walls !"

The old Man ceased : he saw that I was
 moved ;
 From that low bench, rising instinctively
 I turned aside in weakness, nor had power
 To thank him for the tale which he had
 told.
 I stood, and leaning o'er the garden wall
 Reviewed that Woman's sufferings ; and it
 seemed
 To comfort me while with a brother's love
 I blessed her in the impotence of grief.
 Then towards the cottage I returned ; and
 traced
 Fondly, though with an interest more mild,
 That secret spirit of humanity
 Which, 'mid the calm oblivious tendencies
 Of nature, 'mid her plants, and weeds, and
 flowers,
 And silent overgrowings, still survived.
 The old Man, noting this, resumed, and
 said,
 " My Friend ! enough to sorrow you have
 given,

The purposes of wisdom ask no more :
Nor more would she have craved as due to
One

Who, in her worst distress, had ofttimes
felt

The unbounded might of prayer ; and
learned, with soul

Fixed on the Cross, that consolation springs,
From sources deeper far than deepest
pain,

For the meek Sufferer. Why then should
we read

The forms of things with an unworthy eye ?
She sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is
here.

I well remember that those very plumes,
Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on
that wall,

By mist and silent rain-drops silvered o'er,
As once I passed, into my heart conveyed
So still an image of tranquillity,
So calm and still, and looked so beautiful
Amid the uneasy thoughts which filled my
mind,

That what we feel of sorrow and despair
From ruin and from change, and all the
grief

That passing shows of Being leave behind,
Appeared an idle dream, that could main-
tain,

Nowhere, dominion o'er the enlightened
spirit

Whose meditative sympathies repose
Upon the breast of Faith. I turned away,
And walked along my road in happiness."

He ceased. Ere long the sun declining
shot

A slant and mellow radiance, which began
To fall upon us, while, beneath the trees,
We sate on that low bench : and now we
felt,

Admonished thus, the sweet hour coming
on.

A linnet warbled from those lofty elms,
A thrush sang loud, and other melodies,
At distance heard, peopled the milder air.
The old Man rose, and, with a sprightly
mien

Of hopeful preparation, grasped his staff ;
Together casting then a farewell look
Upon those silent walls, we left the shade ;
And, ere the stars were visible, had reached
A village-inn,—our evening resting-place.

BOOK SECOND

THE SOLITARY

ARGUMENT

The Author describes his travels with the Wanderer, whose character is further illustrated—Morning scene, and View of a Village Wake—Wanderer's account of a Friend whom he purposes to visit—View, from an eminence, of the Valley which his Friend had chosen for his retreat—Sound of singing from below—A funeral procession—Descent into the Valley—Observations drawn from the Wanderer at sight of a book accidentally discovered in a recess in the Valley—Meeting with the Wanderer's friend, the Solitary—Wanderer's description of the mode of burial in this mountainous district—Solitary contrasts with this, that of the individual carried a few minutes before from the cottage—The cottage entered—Description of the Solitary's apartment—Repast there—View, from the window, of two mountain summits ; and the Solitary's description of the companionship they afford him—Account of the departed inmate of the cottage—Description of a grand spectacle upon the mountains, with its effect upon the Solitary's mind—Leave the house.

IN days of yore how fortunately fared
The Minstrel ! wandering on from hall to
hall,

Baronial court or royal ; cheered with gifts
Munificent, and love, and ladies' praise ;
Now meeting on his road an armèd knight,
Now resting with a pilgrim by the side
Of a clear brook ;—beneath an abbey's roof
One evening sumptuously lodged ; the next,
Humbly in a religious hospital ;
Or with some merry outlaws of the wood ;
Or haply shrouded in a hermit's cell.

Him, sleeping or awake, the robber spared ;
He walked—protected from the sword of
war

By virtue of that sacred instrument
His harp, suspended at the traveller's side ;
His dear companion wheresoe'er he went
Opening from land to land an easy way
By melody, and by the charm of verse.
Yet not the noblest of that honoured Race
Drew happier, loftier, more empassioned,
thoughts

From his long journeyings and eventful life,
Than this obscure Itinerant had skill
To gather, ranging through the tamer
ground

Of these our unimaginative days ;

Both while he trod the earth in humblest
guise
Accoutred with his burthen and his staff ;
And now, when free to move with lighter
pace.

What wonder, then, if I, whose favourite
school
Hath been the fields, the roads, and rural
lanes,
Looked on this guide with reverential love?
Each with the other pleased, we now pur-
sued

Our journey, under favourable skies.
Turn wheresoe'er we would, he was a light
Unfailing : not a hamlet could we pass,
Rarely a house, that did not yield to him
Remembrances ; or from his tongue call
forth

Some way-beguiling tale. Nor less regard
Accompanied those strains of apt discourse,
Which nature's various objects might in-
spire ;

And in the silence of his face I read
His overflowing spirit. Birds and beasts,
And the mute fish that glances in the stream,
And harmless reptile coiling in the sun,
And gorgeous insect hovering in the air,
The fowl domestic, and the household dog—
In his capacious mind, he loved them all :
Their rights acknowledging he felt for all.
Oft was occasion given me to perceive
How the calm pleasures of the pasturing herd
To happy contemplation soothed his walk ;
How the poor brute's condition, forced to
run

Its course of suffering in the public road,
Sad contrast ! all too often smote his heart
With unavailing pity. Rich in love
And sweet humanity, he was, himself,
To the degree that he desired, beloved.
Smiles of good-will from faces that he knew
Greeted us all day long ; we took our seats
By many a cottage-hearth, where he re-
ceived

The welcome of an Inmate from afar,
And I at once forgot, I was a Stranger.
—Nor was he loth to enter ragged huts,
Huts where his charity was blest ; his voice
Heard as the voice of an experienced friend.
And, sometimes—where the poor man held
dispute

With his own mind, unable to subdue
Impatience through inaptness to perceive

General distress in his particular lot ;
Or cherishing resentment, or in vain
Struggling against it ; with a soul perplexed,
And finding in herself no steady power
To draw the line of comfort that divides
Calamity, the chastisement of Heaven,
From the injustice of our brother men—
To him appeal was made as to a judge ;
Who, with an understanding heart, allayed
The perturbation ; listened to the plea ;
Resolved the dubious point ; and sentence
gave

So grounded, so applied, that it was heard
With softened spirit, even when it con-
demned.

Such intercourse I witnessed, while we
roved,

Now as his choice directed, now as mine ;
Or both, with equal readiness of will,
Our course submitting to the changeful
breeze

Of accident. But when the rising sun
Had three times called us to renew our
walk,

My Fellow-traveller, with earnest voice,
As if the thought were but a moment old,
Claimed absolute dominion for the day.
We started—and he led me toward the
hills,

Up through an ample vale, with higher
hills

Before us, mountains stern and desolate ;
But, in the majesty of distance, now
Set off, and to our ken appearing fair
Of aspect, with aerial softness clad,
And beautified with morning's purple beams.

The wealthy, the luxurious, by the stress
Of business roused, or pleasure, ere their
time,

May roll in chariots, or provoke the hoofs
Of the fleet coursers they bestride, to raise
From earth the dust of morning, slow to
rise ;

And they, if blest with health and hearts at
ease,

Shall lack not their enjoyment :—but how
faint

Compared with ours ! who, pacing side by
side,

Could, with an eye of leisure, look on all
That we beheld ; and lend the listening
sense

To every grateful sound of earth and air ;
Pausing at will—our spirits braced, our
thoughts

Pleasant as roses in the thickets blown,
And pure as dew bathing their crimson
leaves.

Mount slowly, sun ! that we may journey
long,

By this dark hill protected from thy beams !
Such is the summer pilgrim's frequent
wish ;

But quickly from among our morning
thoughts

'Twas chased away : for, toward the western
side

Of the broad vale, casting a casual glance,
We saw a throng of people ; wherefore met ?
Blithe notes of music, suddenly let loose
On the thrilled ear, and flags uprising,
yield

Prompt answer ; they proclaim the annual
Wake,

Which the bright season favours.—Tabor
and pipe

In purpose join to hasten or reprove
The laggard Rustic ; and repay with boons
Of merriment a party-coloured knot,
Already formed upon the village-green.

—Beyond the limits of the shadow cast
By the broad hill, glistened upon our sight
That gay assemblage. Round them and
above,

Glitter, with dark recesses interposed,
Casement, and cottage-roof, and stems of
trees

Half-veiled in vapoury cloud, the silver
steam

Of dews fast melting on their leafy boughs
By the strong sunbeams smitten. Like a
mast

Of gold, the Maypole shines ; as if the rays
Of morning, aided by exhaling dew,
With gladsome influence could re-animate
The faded garlands dangling from its sides.

Said I, "The music and the sprightly
scene

Invite us ; shall we quit our road, and join
These festive matins ?"—He replied, "Not
loth

To linger I would here with you partake,
Not one hour merely, but till evening's
close,

The simple pastimes of the day and place.
By the fleet Racers, ere the sun be set,
The turf of yon large pasture will be
skimmed ;

There, too, the lusty Wrestlers shall con-
tend :

But know we not that he, who intermits
The appointed task and duties of the day,
Untunes full oft the pleasures of the day ;
Checking the finer spirits that refuse
To flow when purposes are lightly changed ?
A length of journey yet remains untraced :
Let us proceed." Then, pointing with his
staff

Raised toward those craggy summits, his
intent

He thus imparted :—

"In a spot that lies
Among yon mountain fastnesses concealed,
You will receive, before the hour of noon,
Good recompense, I hope, for this day's
toil,

From sight of One who lives secluded
there,

Lonesome and lost : of whom, and whose
past life,

(Not to forestall such knowledge as may be
More faithfully collected from himself)
This brief communication shall suffice.

Though now sojourning there, he, like
myself,

Sprang from a stock of lowly parentage
Among the wilds of Scotland, in a tract
Where many a sheltered and well-tended
plant,

Bears, on the humblest ground of social
life,

Blossoms of piety and innocence.

Such grateful promises his youth displayed :
And, having shown in study forward zeal,
He to the Ministry was duly called ;
And straight, incited by a curious mind
Filled with vague hopes, he undertook the
charge

Of Chaplain to a military troop
Cheered by the Highland bagpipe, as they
marched

In plaided vest,—his fellow-countrymen.

This office filling, yet by native power
And force of native inclination made
An intellectual ruler in the haunts
Of social vanity, he walked the world,
Gay, and affecting graceful gaiety ;

Lax, buoyant—less a pastor with his flock
Than a soldier among soldiers—lived and
roamed

Where Fortune led:—and Fortune, who
oft proves

The careless wanderer's friend, to him
made known

A blooming Lady—a conspicuous flower,
Admired for beauty, for her sweetness
praised;

Whom he had sensibility to love,
Ambition to attempt, and skill to win.

For this fair Bride, most rich in gifts of
mind,

Nor sparingly endowed with worldly wealth,
His office he relinquished; and retired

From the world's notice to a rural home.
Youth's season yet with him was scarcely

past,
And she was in youth's prime. How free
their love,

How full their joy! 'Till, pitiable doom!
In the short course of one undreaded year

Death blasted all. Death suddenly o'er-
threw

Two lovely Children—all that they pos-
sessed!

The Mother followed:—miserably bare
The one Survivor stood; he wept, he

prayed
For his dismissal, day and night, compelled
To hold communion with the grave, and

face
With pain the regions of eternity.

An uncomplaining apathy displaced
This anguish; and, indifferent to delight,

To aim and purpose, he consumed his
days,

To private interest dead, and public care.
So lived he; so he might have died.

But now,
To the wide world's astonishment, appeared

A glorious opening, the unlooked-for dawn,
That promised everlasting joy to France!

Her voice of social transport reached even
him!

He broke from his contracted bounds, re-
paired

To the great City, an emporium then
Of golden expectations, and receiving

Freights every day from a new world of
hope.

Thither his popular talents he transferred;

And, from the pulpit, zealously maintained
The cause of Christ and civil liberty,
As one, and moving to one glorious end.
Intoxicating service! I might say
A happy service; for he was sincere
As vanity and fondness for applause,
And new and shapeless wishes, would allow.

That righteous cause (such power hath
freedom) bound,

For one hostility, in friendly league,
Ethereal natures and the worst of slaves;

Was served by rival advocates that came
From regions opposite as heaven and hell.

One courage seemed to animate them all:
And, from the dazzling conquests daily

gained
By their united efforts, there arose
A proud and most presumptuous confidence

In the transcendent wisdom of the age,
And her discernment; not alone in rights,

And in the origin and bounds of power
Social and temporal; but in laws divine,

Deduced by reason, or to faith revealed.
An overweening trust was raised; and fear

Cast out, alike of person and of thing.
Plague from this union spread, whose

subtle bane
The strongest did not easily escape;

And He, what wonder! took a mortal
taint.

How shall I trace the change, how bear to
tell

That he broke faith with them whom he
had laid

In earth's dark chambers, with a Chris-
tian's hope!

An infidel contempt of holy writ
Stole by degrees upon his mind; and hence

Life, like that Roman Janus, double-faced;
Vilest hypocrisy—the laughing, gay

Hypocrisy, not leagued with fear, but
pride.

Smooth words he had to wheedle simple
souls;

But, for disciples of the inner school,
Old freedom was old servitude, and they

The wisest whose opinions stooped the least
To known restraints; and who most boldly

drew
Hopeful prognostications from a creed,
That, in the light of false philosophy,

Spread like a halo round a misty moon,
Widening its circle as the storms advance.

His sacred function was at length re-nounced;

And every day and every place enjoyed .
The unshackled layman's natural liberty;
Speech, manners, morals, all without disguise.

I do not wish to wrong him; though the course

Of private life licentiously displayed
Unhallowed actions—planted like a crown
Upon the insolent aspiring brow
Of spurious notions—worn as open signs
Of prejudice subdued—still he retained,
'Mid much abasement, what he had received
From nature, an intense and glowing mind.
Wherefore, when humbled Liberty grew weak,

And mortal sickness on her face appeared,
He coloured objects to his own desire
As with a lover's passion. Yet his moods
Of pain were keen as those of better men,
Nay keener, as his fortitude was less:
And he continued, when worse days were come,

To deal about his sparkling eloquence,
Struggling against the strange reverse with zeal

That showed like happiness. But, in despite

Of all this outside bravery, within,
He neither felt encouragement nor hope:
For moral dignity, and strength of mind,
Were wanting; and simplicity of life;
And reverence for himself; and, last and best,

Confiding thoughts, through love and fear of Him

Before whose sight the troubles of this world

Are vain, as billows in a tossing sea.

The glory of the times fading away—
The splendour, which had given a festal air
To self-importance, hallowed it, and veiled
From his own sight—this gone, he forfeited
All joy in human nature; was consumed,
And vexed, and chafed, by levity and scorn,

And fruitless indignation; galled by pride;
Made desperate by contempt of men who throve

Before his sight in power or fame, and won,
Without desert, what he desired; weak men,

Too weak even for his envy or his hate!

Tormented thus, after a wandering course
Of discontent, and inwardly oppress

With malady—in part, I fear, provoked
By weariness of life—he fixed his home,
Or, rather say, sate down by very chance,
Among these rugged hills; where now he dwells,

And wastes the sad remainder of his hours,
Steeped in a self-indulging spleen, that wants not

Its own voluptuousness;—on this resolved,
With this content, that he will live and die
Forgotten,—at safe distance from 'a world
Not moving to his mind.'"

These serious words

Closed the preparatory notices

That served my Fellow-traveller to beguile
The way, while we advanced up that wide vale.

Diverging now (as if his quest had been
Some secret of the mountains, cavern, fall
Of water, or some lofty eminence,
Renowned for splendid prospect far and wide)

We scaled, without a track to ease our steps,

A steep ascent; and reached a dreary plain,

With a tumultuous waste of huge hill tops
Before us; savage region! which I paced

Dispirited: when, all at once, behold!
Beneath our feet, a little lowly vale,

A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high
Among the mountains; even as if the spot

Had been from eldest time by wish of theirs
So placed, to be shut out from all the world!

Urn-like it was in shape, deep as an urn;
With rocks encompassed, save that to the south

Was one small opening, where a heath-clad ridge

Supplied a boundary less abrupt and close;
A quiet treeless nook, with two green fields,

A liquid pool that glittered in the sun,
And one bare dwelling; one abode, no more!

It seemed the home of poverty and toil,
Though not of want: the little fields, made green

By husbandry of many thrifty years,
Paid cheerful tribute to the moorland house.

—There crows the cock, single in his domain:

The small birds find in spring no thicket there
To shroud them; only from the neighbouring vales

The cuckoo, straggling up to the hill tops,
Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder place.

Ah! what a sweet Recess, thought I, is here!

Instantly throwing down my limbs at ease
Upon a bed of heath;—full many a spot
Of hidden beauty have I chanced to spy
Among the mountains; never one like this;
So lonesome, and so perfectly secure;
Not melancholy—no, for it is green,
And bright, and fertile, furnished in itself
With the few needful things that life requires.
—In rugged arms how softly does it lie,
How tenderly protected! Far and near
We have an image of the pristine earth,
The planet in its nakedness: were this
Man's only dwelling, sole appointed seat,
First, last, and single, in the breathing world,

It could not be more quiet; peace is here
Or nowhere; days unruffled by the gale
Of public news or private; years that pass
Forgetfully; uncalled upon to pay
The common penalties of mortal life,
Sickness, or accident, or grief, or pain.

On these and kindred thoughts intent I lay

In silence musing by my Comrade's side,
He also silent; when from out the heart
Of that profound abyss a solemn voice,
Or several voices in one solemn sound,
Was heard ascending; mournful, deep, and slow

The cadence, as of psalms—a funeral dirge!
We listened, looking down upon the hut,
But seeing no one: meanwhile from below
The strain continued, spiritual as before;
And now distinctly could I recognise
These words:—“*Shall in the grave thy love
be known,*

In death thy faithfulness?”—“God rest his soul!”

Said the old man, abruptly breaking silence,—

“He is departed, and finds peace at last!”

This scarcely spoken, and those holy strains

Not ceasing, forth appeared in view a band
Of rustic persons, from behind the hut
Bearing a coffin in the midst, with which
They shaped their course along the sloping side

Of that small valley, singing as they moved;
A sober company and few, the men
Bare-headed, and all decently attired!
Some steps when they had thus advanced,
the dirge

Ended; and, from the stillness that ensued
Recovering, to my Friend I said, “You spake,

Methought, with apprehension that these rites

Are paid to Him upon whose shy retreat
This day we purposed to intrude.”—“I did so,

But let us hence, that we may learn the truth:

Perhaps it is not he but some one else
For whom this pious service is performed;
Some other tenant of the solitude.”

So, to a steep and difficult descent
Trusting ourselves, we wound from crag to crag,

Where passage could be won; and, as the last

Of the mute train, behind the heathy top
Of that off-sloping outlet, disappeared,
I, more impatient in my downward course,
Had landed upon easy ground; and there
Stood waiting for my Comrade. When behold

An object that enticed my steps aside!
A narrow, winding, entry opened out
Into a platform—that lay, sheepfold-wise,
Enclosed between an upright mass of rock
And one old moss-grown wall;—a cool recess,

And fanciful! For where the rock and wall
Met in an angle, hung a penthouse, framed
By thrusting two rude staves into the wall
And overlaying them with mountain sods;
To weather-fend a little turf-built seat
Whereon a full-grown man might rest, nor dread

The burning sunshine, or a transient shower;
But the whole plainly wrought by children's hands!

Whose skill had thronged the floor with a proud show

Of baby-houses, curiously arranged;

Nor wanting ornament of walks between,
 With mimic trees inserted in the turf,
 And gardens interposed. Pleased with the sight,
 I could not choose but beckon to my Guide,
 Who, entering, round him threw a careless glance,
 Impatient to pass on, when I exclaimed,
 "Lo! what is here?" and, stooping down,
 drew forth
 A book, that, in the midst of stones and moss
 And wreck of party-coloured earthen-ware,
 Aptly disposed, had lent its help to raise
 One of those petty structures. "His it must be!"
 Exclaimed the Wanderer, "cannot but be his,
 And he is gone!" The book, which in my hand
 Had opened of itself (for it was swoln
 With searching damp, and seemingly had lain
 To the injurious elements exposed
 From week to week,) I found to be a work
 In the French tongue, a Novel of Voltaire,
 His famous Optimist. "Unhappy Man!"
 Exclaimed my Friend: "here then has been
 to him
 Retreat within retreat, a sheltering-place
 Within how deep a shelter! He had fits,
 Even to the last, of genuine tenderness,
 And loved the haunts of children: here, no doubt,
 Pleasing and pleased, he shared their simple sports,
 Or sate companionless; and here the book,
 Left and forgotten in his careless way,
 Must by the cottage-children have been found:
 Heaven bless them, and their inconsiderate work!
 To what odd purpose have the darlings turned
 This sad memorial of their hapless friend!"

"Me," said I, "most doth it surprise,
 to find
 Such book in such a place!"—"A book it is,"

He answered, "to the Person suited well,
 Though little suited to surrounding things:
 'Tis strange, I grant; and stranger still had been

To see the Man who owned it, dwelling here,
 With one poor shepherd, far from all the world!—

Now, if our errand hath been thrown away,
 As from these intimations I forebode,
 Grieved shall I be—less for my sake than yours,
 And least of all for him who is no more."

By this, the book was in the old Man's hand;
 And he continued, glancing on the leaves
 An eye of scorn:—"The lover," said he,
 "doomed
 To love when hope hath failed him—whom no depth
 Of privacy is deep enough to hide,
 Hath yet his bracelet or his lock of hair,
 And that is joy to him. When change of times
 Hath summoned kings to scaffolds, do but give
 The faithful servant, who must hide his head
 Henceforth in whatsoever nook he may,
 A kerchief sprinkled with his master's blood,
 And he too hath his comforter. How poor,
 Beyond all poverty how destitute,
 Must that Man have been left, who, hither driven,
 Flying or seeking, could yet bring with him
 No dearer relique, and no better stay,
 Than this dull product of a scoffer's pen,
 Impure conceits discharging from a heart
 Hardened by impious pride!—I did not fear
 To tax you with this journey;"—mildly said
 My venerable Friend, as forth we stepped
 Into the presence of the cheerful light—
 "For I have knowledge that you do not shrink
 From moving spectacles;—but let us on."

So speaking, on he went, and at the word
 I followed, till he made a sudden stand:
 For full in view, approaching through a gate
 That opened from the enclosure of green fields
 Into the rough uncultivated ground,
 Behold the Man whom he had fancied dead!
 I knew from his deportment, mien, and dress,
 That it could be no other; a pale face,

A meagre person, tall, and in a garb
Not rustic—dull and faded like himself!
He saw us not, though distant but few
steps;

For he was busy, dealing, from a store
Upon a broad leaf carried, choicest strings
Of red ripe currants; gift by which he strove,
With intermixture of endearing words,
To soothe a Child, who walked beside him,
weeping

As if disconsolate.—“They to the grave
Are bearing him, my Little-one,” he said,
“To the dark pit; but he will feel no pain;
His body is at rest, his soul in heaven.”

More might have followed—but my
honoured Friend

Broke in upon the Speaker with a frank
And cordial greeting.—Vivid was the light
That flashed and sparkled from the other's
eyes;

He was all fire: no shadow on his brow
Remained, nor sign of sickness on his face.
Hands joined he with his Visitant,—a grasp,
An eager grasp; and many moments'
space—

When the first glow of pleasure was no
more,

And, of the sad appearance which at once
Had vanished, much was come and
coming back—

An amicable smile retained the life
Which it had unexpectedly received,
Upon his hollow cheek. “How kind,” he
said,

“Nor could your coming have been better
timed;

For this, you see, is in our narrow world
A day of sorrow. I have here a charge”—
And, speaking thus, he patted tenderly
The sun-burnt forehead of the weeping
child—

“A little mourner, whom it is my task
To comfort;—but how came ye?—if yon
track

(Which doth at once befriend us and be-
tray)

Conducted hither your most welcome feet,
Ye could not miss the funeral train—they
yet

Have scarcely disappeared.” “This
blooming Child,”

Said the old Man, “is of an age to weep
At any grave or solemn spectacle,

Inly distressed or overpowered with awe,
He knows not wherefore;—but the boy to-
day,

Perhaps is shedding orphan's tears; you
also

Must have sustained a loss.”—“The hand
of Death,”

He answered, “has been here; but could
not well

Have fallen more lightly, if it had not fallen
Upon myself.”—The other left these words
Unnoticed, thus continuing—

“From yon crag,
Down whose steep sides we dropped into
the vale,

We heard the hymn they sang—a solemn
sound

Heard anywhere; but in a place like this
’Tis more than human! Many precious
rites

And customs of our rural ancestry
Are gone, or stealing from us; this, I hope,
Will last for ever. Oft on my way have I
Stood still, though but a casual passenger,
So much I felt the awfulness of life,
In that one moment when the corse is
lifted

In silence, with a hush of decency;
Then from the threshold moves with song
of peace,

And confidential yearnings, towards its
home,

Its final home on earth. What traveller—
who—

(How far soe’er a stranger) does not own
The bond of brotherhood, when he sees
them go,

A mute procession on the houseless road;
Or passing by some single tenement
Or clustered dwellings, where again they
raise

The monitory voice? But most of all
It touches, it confirms, and elevates,
Then, when the body, soon to be consigned
Ashes to ashes, dust bequeathed to dust,
Is raised from the church-aisle, and forward
borne

Upon the shoulders of the next in love,
The nearest in affection or in blood;

Yea, by the very mourners who had knelt
Beside the coffin, resting on its lid

In silent grief their unlifted heads,
And heard meanwhile the Psalmist's
mournful plaint,

And that most awful scripture which declares
 We shall not sleep, but we shall all be changed !
 —Have I not seen—ye likewise may have seen—
 Son, husband, brothers—brothers side by side,
 And son and father also side by side,
 Rise from that posture :—and in concert move,
 On the green turf following the vested Priest,
 Four dear supporters of one senseless weight,
 From which they do not shrink, and under which
 They faint not, but advance towards the open grave
 Step after step—together, with their firm Unhidden faces : he that suffers most,
 He outwardly, and inwardly perhaps,
 The most serene, with most undaunted eye !—
 Oh ! blest are they who live and die like these,
 Loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourned !”

“That poor Man taken hence to-day,” replied
 The Solitary, with a faint sarcastic smile
 Which did not please me, “must be deemed, I fear,
 Of the unblest ; for he will surely sink
 Into his mother earth without such pomp
 Of grief, depart without occasion given
 By him for such array of fortitude.
 Full seventy winters hath he lived, and mark !
 This simple Child will mourn his one short hour,
 And I shall miss him : scanty tribute ! yet,
 This wanting, he would leave the sight of men,
 If love were his sole claim upon their care,
 Like a ripe date which in the desert falls
 Without a hand to gather it.”

At this
 I interposed, though loth to speak, and said,
 “Can it be thus among so small a band
 As ye must needs be here ? in such a place
 I would not willingly, methinks, lose sight

Of a departing cloud.”—“’Twas not for love”—

Answered the sick Man with a careless voice—

“That I came hither ; neither have I found
 Among associates who have power of speech,
 Nor in such other converse as is here,
 Temptation so prevailing as to change
 That mood, or undermine my first resolve.”
 Then, speaking in like careless sort, he said
 To my benign Companion,—“Pity ’tis
 That fortune did not guide you to this house

A few days earlier ; then would you have seen

What stuff the Dwellers in a solitude,
 That seems by Nature hollowed out to be
 The seat and bosom of pure innocence,
 Are made of ; an ungracious matter this !
 Which, for truth’s sake, yet in remembrance too

Of past discussions with this zealous friend
 And advocate of humble life, I now
 Will force upon his notice ; undeterred
 By the example of his own pure course,
 And that respect and deference which a soul

May fairly claim, by niggard age enriched
 In what she most doth value, love of God
 And his frail creature Man ;—but ye shall hear.

I talk—and ye are standing in the sun
 Without refreshment !”

Quickly had he spoken,
 And, with light steps still quicker than his words,

Led toward the Cottage. Homely was the spot ;

And, to my feeling, ere we reached the door,

Had almost a forbidding nakedness ;
 Less fair, I grant, even painfully less fair,
 Than it appeared when from the beetling rock

We had looked down upon it. All within,
 As left by the departed company,
 Was silent ; save the solitary clock
 That on mine ear ticked with a mournful sound.—

Following our Guide we clomb the cottage-stairs

And reached a small apartment dark and low,

Which was no sooner entered than our Host

Said gaily, "This is my domain, my cell,
My hermitage, my cabin, what you will—
I love it better than a snail his house.
But now ye shall be feasted with our best."

So, with more ardour than an unripe girl
Left one day mistress of her mother's stores,
He went about his hospitable task.

My eyes were busy, and my thoughts no
less,

And pleased I looked upon my grey-haired
Friend,

As if to thank him; he returned that look,
Cheered, plainly, and yet serious. What
a wreck

Had we about us! scattered was the floor,
And, in like sort, chair, window-seat, and
shelf,

With books, maps, fossils, withered plants
and flowers,

And tufts of mountain moss. Mechanic
tools

Lay intermixed with scraps of paper, some
Scribbled with verse: a broken angling-rod
And shattered telescope, together linked

By cobwebs, stood within a dusty nook;
And instruments of music, some half-made,

Some in disgrace, hung dangling from the
walls.

But speedily the promise was fulfilled;
A feast before us, and a courteous Host

Inviting us in glee to sit and eat.
A napkin, white as foam of that rough
brook

By which it had been bleached, o'erspread
the board;

And was itself half-covered with a store
Of dainties,—oaten bread, curd, cheese,
and cream;

And cakes of butter curiously embossed,
Butter that had imbibed from meadow-
flowers

A golden hue, delicate as their own
Faintly reflected in a lingering stream.

Nor lacked, for more delight on that warm
day,

Our table, small parade of garden fruits,
And whortle-berries from the mountain side.

The Child, who long ere this had stilled
his sobs,

Was now a help to his late comforter,
And moved, a willing Page, as he was bid,
Ministering to our need.

In genial mood,

While at our pastoral banquet thus we sate
Fronting the window of that little cell,
I could not, ever and anon, forbear
To glance an upward look on two huge
Peaks

That from some other vale peered into this.
"Those lusty twins," exclaimed our host,

"if here
It were your lot to dwell, would soon
become

Your prized companions.—Many are the
notes

Which, in his tuneful course, the wind
draws forth

From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and
dashing shores;

And well those lofty brethren bear their
part

In the wild concert—chiefly when the storm
Rides high; then all the upper air they fill

With roaring sound, that ceases not to flow,
Like smoke, along the level of the blast,

In mighty current; theirs, too, is the song
Of stream and headlong flood that seldom
fails;

And, in the grim and breathless hour of
noon,

Methinks that I have heard them echo back
The thunder's greeting. Nor have nature's
laws

Left them ungifted with a power to yield
Music of finer tone; a harmony,

So do I call it, though it be the hand
Of silence, though there be no voice;—the
clouds,

The mist, the shadows, light of golden suns,
Motions of moonlight, all come thither—
touch,

And have an answer—thither come, and
shape

A language not unwelcome to sick hearts
And idle spirits:—there the sun himself,

At the calm close of summer's longest day,
Rests his substantial orb;—between those
heights

And on the top of either pinnacle,
More keenly than elsewhere in night's blue
vault,

Sparkle the stars, as of their station proud.
Thoughts are not busier in the mind of man
Than the mute agents stirring there:—
alone

Here do I sit and watch——"

A fall of voice,

Regretted like the nightingale's last note,
Had scarcely closed this high-wrought strain
of rapture

Ere with inviting smile the Wanderer said :
" Now for the tale with which you threat-
ened us ! "

" In truth the threat escaped me unawares :
Should the tale tire you, let this challenge
stand

For my excuse. Dissevered from mankind,
As to your eyes and thoughts we must have
seemed

When ye looked down upon us from the
crag,

Islanders 'mid a stormy mountain sea,
We are not so ;—perpetually we touch
Upon the vulgar ordinances of the world ;
And he, whom this our cottage hath to-day
Relinquished, lived dependent for his bread
Upon the laws of public charity.

The Housewife, tempted by such slender
gains

As might from that occasion be distilled,
Opened, as she before had done for me,
Her doors to admit this homeless Pensioner ;
The portion gave of coarse but wholesome
fare

Which appetite required—a blind dull nook,
Such as she had, the *kennel* of his rest !
This, in itself not ill, would yet have been
Ill borne in earlier life ; but his was now
The still contentedness of seventy years.
Calm did he sit under the wide-spread tree
Of his old age : and yet less calm and
meek,

Winningly meek or venerably calm,
Than slow and torpid ; paying in this wise
A penalty, if penalty it were,
For spendthrift feats, excesses of his prime.
I loved the old Man, for I pitied him !
A task it was, I own, to hold discourse
With one so slow in gathering up his
thoughts,

But he was a cheap pleasure to my eyes ;
Mild, inoffensive, ready in *his* way,
And helpful to his utmost power : and there
Our housewife knew full well what she pos-
sessed !

He was her vassal of all labour, tilled
Her garden, from the pasture fetched her
kine ;

And, one among the orderly array
Of hay-makers, beneath the burning sun
Maintained his place ; or heedfully pursued

His course, on errands bound, to other vales,
Leading sometimes an inexperienced child
Too young for any profitable task.

So moved he like a shadow that performed
Substantial service. Mark me now, and
learn

For what reward !—The moon her monthly
round

Hath not completed since our dame, the
queen

Of this one cottage and this lonely dale,
Into my little sanctuary rushed—

Voice to a rueful treble humanized,
And features in deplorable dismay.

I treat the matter lightly, but, alas !
It is most serious : persevering rain

Had fallen in torrents ; all the mountain
tops

Were hidden, and black vapours coursed
their sides ;

This had I seen, and saw ; but, till she
spake,

Was wholly ignorant that my ancient
Friend—

Who at her bidding, early and alone,
Had clomb aloft to delve the moorland turf
For winter fuel—to his noontide meal
Returned not, and now, haply, on the
heights

Lay at the mercy of this raging storm.

' Inhuman ! '—said I ' was an old Man's
life

Not worth the trouble of a thought?—alas !
This notice comes too late.' With joy I
saw

Her husband enter—from a distant vale.

We sallied forth together ; found the tools
Which the neglected veteran had dropped.
But through all quarters looked for him in
vain.

We shouted—but no answer ! Darkness
fell

Without remission of the blast or shower,
And fears for our own safety drove us
home.

I, who weep little, did, I will confess,
The moment I was seated here alone,
Honour my little cell with some few tears
Which anger and resentment could not dry.
All night the storm endured ; and, soon as
help

Had been collected from the neighbouring
vale,

With morning we renewed our quest : the
wind

Was fallen, the rain abated, but the hills
Lay shrouded in impenetrable mist ;
And long and hopelessly we sought in vain :
Till, chancing on that lofty ridge to pass
A heap of ruin—almost without walls
And wholly without roof (the bleached re-
mains

Of a small chapel, where, in ancient time,
The peasants of these lonely valleys used
To meet for worship on that central
height)—

We there espied the object of our search,
Lying full three parts buried among tufts
Of heath-plant, under and above him
strewn,

To baffle, as he might, the watery storm :
And there we found him breathing peace-
ably,

Snug as a child that hides itself in sport
'Mid a green hay-cock in a sunny field.
We spake—he made reply, but would not
stir

At our entreaty ; less from want of power
Than apprehension and bewildering
thoughts.

So was he lifted gently from the ground,
And with their freight homeward the
shepherds moved

Through the dull mist, I following—when
a step,

A single step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapour, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen

By waking sense or by the dreaming soul !
The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say

A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth,
Far sinking into splendour—without end !

Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted ; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed ; there, towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless
fronts

Bore stars—illumination of all gems !
By earthly nature had the effect been
wrought

Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified ; on them, and on the coves

And mountain-steeps and summits, where-
unto

The vapours had receded, taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky.

Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight !
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and
emerald turf,

Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire
sky,

Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,

Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge

Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy folds voluminous, enwrapped.

Right in the midst, where interspace ap-
peared

Of open court, an object like a throne
Under a shining canopy of state
Stood fixed ; and fixed resemblances were
seen

To implements of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance glorified ;
Such as by Hebrew Prophets were beheld
In vision—forms uncouth of mightiest
power

For admiration and mysterious awe.
This little Vale, a dwelling-place of Man,
Lay low beneath my feet ; 'twas visible—
I saw not, but I felt that it was there.

That which I *saw* was the revealed abode
Of Spirits in beatitude : my heart
Swelled in my breast—' I have been dead,'

I cried,
'And now I live ! Oh ! wherefore *do* I
live ?'

And with that pang I prayed to be no
more !—

—But I forget our Charge, as utterly
I then forgot him :—there I stood and
gazed :

The apparition faded not away,
And I descended.

Having reached the house,
I found its rescued inmate safely lodged,
And in serene possession of himself,
Beside a fire whose genial warmth seemed
met

By a faint shining from the heart, a gleam,
Of comfort, spread over his pallid face.

Great show of joy the housewife made, and
truly

Was glad to find her conscience set at
ease ;

And not less glad, for sake of her good name,
That the poor Sufferer had escaped with life.
But, though he seemed at first to have received
No harm, and uncomplaining as before
Went through his usual tasks, a silent change
Soon showed itself : he lingered three short weeks ;
And from the cottage hath been borne to-day.

So ends my dolorous tale, and glad I am
That it is ended." At these words he turned—

And, with blithe air of open fellowship,
Brought from the cupboard wine and stouter cheer,
Like one who would be merry. Seeing this,
My grey-haired Friend said courteously—
" Nay, nay,
You have regaled us as a hermit ought ;
Now let us forth into the sun !" —Our Host
Rose, though reluctantly, and forth we went.

BOOK THIRD

DESPONDENCY

ARGUMENT

Images in the Valley—Another Recess in it entered and described—Wanderer's sensations—Solitary's excited by the same objects—Contrast between these—Despondency of the Solitary gently reproved—Conversation exhibiting the Solitary's past and present opinions and feelings, till he enters upon his own History at length—His domestic felicity—Afflictions—Dejection—Roused by the French Revolution—Disappointment and disgust—Voyage to America—Disappointment and disgust pursue him—His return—His languor and depression of mind, from want of faith in the great truths of Religion, and want of confidence in the virtue of Mankind.

A HUMMING BEE—a little tinkling rill—
A pair of falcons wheeling on the wing,
In clamorous agitation, round the crest
Of a tall rock, their airy citadel—
By each and all of these the pensive ear
Was greeted, in the silence that ensued,
When through the cottage-threshold we had
passed,

And, deep within that lonesome valley,
stood

Once more beneath the concave of a blue
And cloudless sky.—Anon exclaimed our
Host—

Triumphantly dispersing with the taunt
The shade of discontent which on his brow
Had gathered,—“ Ye have left my cell,—
but see

How Nature hems you in with friendly
arms !

And by her help ye are my prisoners still.
But which way shall I lead you?—how
contrive,

In spot so parsimoniously endowed,
That the brief hours, which yet remain,
may reap

Some recompense of knowledge or delight ?'
So saying, round he looked, as if perplexed ;
And, to remove those doubts, my grey-
haired Friend

Said—“ Shall we take this pathway for our
guide ?—

Upward it winds, as if, in summer heats,
Its line had first been fashioned by the flock
Seeking a place of refuge at the root
Of yon black Yew-tree, whose protruded
boughs

Darken the silver bosom of the crag,
From which she draws her meagre sus-
tenance.

There in commodious shelter may we rest.
Or let us trace this streamlet to its source ;
Feebly it tinkles with an earthy sound,
And a few steps may bring us to the spot
Where, haply, crowned with flowerets and
green herbs,

The mountain infant to the sun comes
forth,

Like human life from darkness."—A quick
turn

Through a strait passage of encumbered
ground,

Proved that such hope was vain :—for now
we stood

Shut out from prospect of the open vale,
And saw the water, that composed this rill,
Descending, disembodied, and diffused
O'er the smooth surface of an ample crag,
Lofty, and steep, and naked as a tower.

All further progress here was barred ;—

And who,
Thought I, if master of a vacant hour,
Here would not linger, willingly detained ?

Whether to such wild objects he were led
When copious rains have magnified the
stream

Into a loud and white-robed waterfall,
Or introduced at this more quiet time.

Upon a semicirque of turf-clad ground,
The hidden nook discovered to our view
A mass of rock, resembling, as it lay
Right at the foot of that moist precipice,
A stranded ship, with keel upturned, that
rests

Fearless of winds and waves. Three
several stones

Stood near, of smaller size, and not unlike
To monumental pillars : and, from these
Some little space disjoined a pair were seen,
That with united shoulders bore aloft
A fragment, like an altar, flat and smooth :
Barren the tablet, yet thereon appeared
A tall and shining holly, that had found
A hospitable chink, and stood upright,
As if inserted by some human hand
In mockery, to wither in the sun,
Or lay its beauty flat before a breeze,
The first that entered. But no breeze did
now

Find entrance ;—high or low appeared no
trace

Of motion, save the water that descended,
Diffused adown that barrier of steep rock,
And softly creeping, like a breath of air,
Such as is sometimes seen, and hardly seen,
To brush the still breast of a crystal lake.

"Behold a cabinet for sages built,
Which kings might envy !" —Praise to this
effect

Broke from the happy old Man's reverend
lip ;

Who to the Solitary turned, and said,
"In sooth, with love's familiar privilege,
You have decried the wealth which is your
own.

Among these rocks and stones, methinks, I
see

More than the heedless impress that belongs
To lonely nature's casual work : they bear
A semblance strange of power intelligent,
And of design not wholly worn away.
Boldest of plants that ever faced the wind,
How gracefully that slender shrub looks forth
From its fantastic birth-place ! And I own,
Some shadowy intimations haunt me here,

That in these shows a chronicle survives
Of purposes akin to those of Man,
But wrought with mightier arm than now
prevails.

—Voiceless the stream descends into the
gulf

With timid lapse ;—and lo ! while in this
strait

I stand—the chasm of sky above my head
Is heaven's profoundest azure ; no domain
For fickle, short-lived clouds to occupy,
Or to pass through ; but rather an abyss
In which the everlasting stars abide ;
And whose soft gloom, and boundless
depth, might tempt

The curious eye to look for them by day.
—Hail Contemplation ! from the stately
towers,

Reared by the industrious hand of human
art

To lift thee high above the misty air
And turbulence of murmuring cities vast ;
From academic groves, that have for thee
Been planted, hither come and find a lodge
To which thou mayst resort for holier
peace,—

From whose calm centre thou, through
height or depth,

Mayst penetrate, wherever truth shall lead ;
Measuring through all degrees, until the
scale

Of time and conscious nature disappear,
Lost in unsearchable eternity !"¹

A pause ensued ; and with minuter care
We scanned the various features of the
scene :

And soon the Tenant of that lonely vale
With courteous voice thus spake—

"I should have grieved
Hereafter, not escaping self-reproach,
If from my poor retirement ye had gone
Leaving this nook unvisited : but, in sooth,
Your unexpected presence had so roused
My spirits, that they were bent on enter-
prise ;

And, like an ardent hunter, I forgot,
Or, shall I say ?—disdained, the game that
lurks

At my own door. The shapes before our
eyes

And their arrangement, doubtless must be
deemed

¹ See Note.

The sport of Nature, aided by blind Chance
Rudely to mock the works of toiling Man.
And hence, this upright shaft of unhewn
stone,

From Fancy, willing to set off her stores
By sounding titles, hath acquired the name
Of Pompey's pillar ; that I gravely style
My Theban obelisk ; and, there, behold
A Druid cromlech !—thus I entertain
The antiquarian humour, and am pleased
To skim along the surfaces of things,
Beguiling harmlessly the listless hours.
But if the spirit be oppressed by sense
Of instability, revolt, decay,
And change, and emptiness, these freaks of
Nature

And her blind helper Chance, do *then*
suffice

To quicken, and to aggravate—to feed
Pity and scorn, and melancholy pride,
Not less than that huge Pile (from some
abyss

Of mortal power unquestionably sprung)
Whose hoary diadem of pendent rocks
Confines the shrill-voiced whirlwind, round
and round

Eddying within its vast circumference,
On Sarum's naked plain—than pyramid
Of Egypt, unsubverted, undissolved—
Or Syria's marble ruins towering high
Above the sandy desert, in the light
Of sun or moon.—Forgive me, if I say
That an appearance which hath raised your
minds

To an exalted pitch (the self-same cause
Different effect producing) is for me
Fraught rather with depression than delight,
Though shame it were, could I not look
around,

By the reflection of your pleasure, pleased.
Yet happier in my judgment, even than you
With your bright transports fairly may be
deemed,

The wandering Herbalist,—who, clear alike
From vain, and, that worse evil, vexing
thoughts,

Casts, if he ever chance to enter here,
Upon these uncouth Forms a slight regard
Of transitory interest, and peeps round
For some rare floweret of the hills, or plant
Of craggy fountain ; what he hopes for wins,
Or learns, at least, that 'tis not to be won :
Then, keen and eager, as a fine-nosed hound,
By soul-engrossing instinct driven along

Through wood or open field, the harmless
Man

Departs, intent upon his onward quest !—
Nor is that Fellow-wanderer, so deem I,
Less to be envied, (you may trace him oft
By scars which his activity has left
Beside our roads and pathways, though,
thank Heaven !

This covert nook reports not of his hand)
He who with pocket-hammer smites the
edge

Of luckless rock or prominent stone, dis-
guised

In weather-stains or crusted o'er by Nature
With her first growths, detaching by the
stroke

A chip or splinter—to resolve his doubts ;
And, with that ready answer satisfied,
The substance classes by some barbarous
name,

And hurries on ; or from the fragments picks
His specimen, if but haply interveined
With sparkling mineral, or should crystal
cube

Lurk in its cells—and thinks himself en-
riched,

Wealthier, and doubtless wiser, than before !
Intrusted safely each to his pursuit,
Earnest alike, let both from hill to hill
Range ; if it please them, speed from clime
to clime ;

The mind is full—and free from pain their
pastime."

"Then," said I, interposing, "One is
near,

Who cannot but possess in your esteem
Place worthier still of envy. May I name,
Without offence, that fair-faced cottage-
boy ?

Dame Nature's pupil of the lowest form,
Youngest apprentice in the school of art !
Him, as we entered from the open glen,
You might have noticed, busily engaged,
Heart, soul, and hands,—in mending the
defects

Left in the fabric of a leaky dam
Raised for enabling this penurious stream
To turn a slender mill (that new-made
plaything)

For his delight—the happiest he of all !"

"Far happiest," answered the despond-
ing Man,

"If, such as now he is, he might remain !
 Ah ! what avails imagination high
 Or question deep ? what profits all that
 earth,
 Or heaven's blue vault, is suffered to put
 forth
 Of impulse or allurements, for the Soul
 To quit the beaten track of life, and soar
 Far as she finds a yielding element
 In past or future ; far as she can go
 Through time or space—if neither in the
 one,
 Nor in the other region, nor in aught
 That Fancy, dreaming o'er the map of
 things,
 Hath placed beyond these penetrable
 bounds,
 Words of assurance can be heard ; if no-
 where
 A habitation, for consummate good,
 Or for progressive virtue, by the search
 Can be attained,—a better sanctuary
 From doubt and sorrow, than the senseless
 grave?"

"Is this," the grey-haired Wanderer
 mildly said,
 "The voice, which we so lately overheard,
 To that same child, addressing tenderly
 The consolations of a hopeful mind ?
 '*His body is at rest, his soul in heaven.*'
 These were your words ; and, verily, me-
 thinks
 Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop
 Than when we soar."—

The Other, not displeased,
 Promptly replied—"My notion is the same.
 And I, without reluctance, could decline
 All act of inquisition whence we rise,
 And what, when breath hath ceased, we
 may become.
 Here are we, in a bright and breathing
 world.

Our origin, what matters it ? In lack
 Of worthier explanation, say at once
 With the American (a thought which suits
 The place where now we stand) that certain
 men

Leapt out together from a rocky cave ;
 And these were the first parents of man-
 kind :

Or, if a different image be recalled
 By the warm sunshine, and the jocund voice
 Of insects chirping out their careless lives

On these soft beds of thyme-besprinkled turf,
 Choose, with the gay Athenian, a conceit
 As sound—blithe race ! whose mantles were
 bedecked

With golden grasshoppers, in sign that they
 Had sprung, like those bright creatures,
 from the soil

Whereon their endless generations dwelt.
 But stop !—these theoretic fancies jar
 On serious minds : then, as the Hindoos
 draw

Their holy Ganges from a skiey fount,
 Even so deduce the stream of human life
 From seats of power divine ; and hope, or
 trust,

That our existence winds her stately course
 Beneath the sun, like Ganges, to make part
 Of a living ocean ; or, to sink engulfed,
 Like Niger, in impenetrable sands
 And utter darkness : thought which may be
 faced,

Though comfortless !—

Not of myself I speak ;
 Such acquiescence neither doth imply,
 In me, a meekly-bending spirit soothed
 By natural piety ; nor a lofty mind,
 By philosophic discipline prepared
 For calm subjection to acknowledged law ;
 Pleased to have been, contented not to be.
 Such palms I boast not ;—no ! to me, who
 find

Reviewing my past way, much to condemn,
 Little to praise, and nothing to regret,
 (Save some remembrances of dream-like
 joys

That scarcely seem to have belonged to me)
 If I must take my choice between the pair
 That rule alternately the weary hours,
 Night is than day more acceptable ; sleep
 Doth, in my estimate of good, appear
 A better state than waking ; death than
 sleep :

Feelingly sweet is stillness after storm,
 Though under covert of the wormy ground !

Yet be it said, in justice to myself,
 That in more genial times, when I was free
 To explore the destiny of human kind
 (Not as an intellectual game pursued
 With curious subtilty, from wish to cheat
 Irksome sensations ; but by love of truth
 Urged on, or haply by intense delight
 In feeding thought, wherever thought could
 feed)

I did not rank with those (too dull or nice,
For to my judgment such they then ap-
peared,

Or too aspiring, thankless at the best)
Who, in this frame of human life, perceive
An object whereunto their souls are tied
In discontented wedlock ; nor did e'er,
From me, those dark impervious shades,
that hang

Upon the region whither we are bound,
Exclude a power to enjoy the vital beams
Of present sunshine.—Deities that float
On wings, angelic Spirits ! I could muse
O'er what from eldest time we have been
told

Of your bright forms and glorious faculties,
And with the imagination rest content,
Not wishing more ; repining not to tread
The little sinuous path of earthly care,
By flowers embellished, and by springs
refreshed.

—' Blow winds of autumn !—let your chill-
ing breath

' Take the live herbage from the mead, and
strip

' The shady forest of its green attire,—

' And let the bursting clouds to fury rouse

' The gentle brooks !—Your desolating
sway,

' Sheds,' I exclaimed, ' no sadness upon
me,

' And no disorder in your rage I find.

' What dignity, what beauty, in this change

' From mild to angry, and from sad to gay,

' Alternate and revolving ! How benign,

' How rich in animation and delight,

' How bountiful these elements—compared

' With aught, as more desirable and fair,

' Devised by fancy for the golden age ;

' Or the perpetual warbling that prevails

' In Arcady, beneath unaltered skies,

' Through the long year in constant quiet
bound,

' Night hushed as night, and day serene as
day !'

—But why this tedious record ?—Age, we
know

Is garrulous ; and solitude is apt

To anticipate the privilege of Age,

From far ye come ; and surely with a hope
Of better entertainment :—let us hence !"

Loth to forsake the spot, and still more
loth

To be diverted from our present theme,
I said, " My thoughts, agreeing, Sir, with
yours,

Would push this censure farther ;—for, if
smiles

Of scornful pity be the just reward

Of Poesy thus courteously employed

In framing models to improve the scheme

Of Man's existence, and recast the world,

Why should not grave Philosophy be styled,

Herself, a dreamer of a kindred stock,

A dreamer yet more spiritless and dull ?

Yes, shall the fine immunities she boasts

Establish sounder titles of esteem

For her, who (all too timid and reserved

For onset, for resistance too inert,

Too weak for suffering, and for hope too
tame)

Placed, among flowery gardens curtained
round

With world-excluding groves, the brother-
hood

Of soft Epicureans, taught—if they

The ends of being would secure, and win

The crown of wisdom—to yield up their
souls

To a voluptuous unconcern, preferring

Tranquillity to all things. Or is she,"

I cried, " more worthy of regard, the
Power,

Who, for the sake of sterner quiet, closed

The Stoic's heart against the vain approach

Of admiration, and all sense of joy ?"

His countenance gave notice that my zeal

Accorded little with his present mind ;

I ceased, and he resumed.—" Ah ! gentle
Sir,

Slight, if you will, the *means* ; but spare to
slight

The *end* of those, who did, by system, rank,

As the prime object of a wise man's aim,

Security from shock of accident,

Release from fear ; and cherished peaceful
days

For their own sakes, as mortal life's chief
good,

And only reasonable felicity.

What motive drew, what impulse, I would
ask,

Through a long course of later ages, drove,

The hermit to his cell in forest wide ;

Or what detained him, till his closing eyes

Took their last farewell of the sun and stars,

Fast anchored in the desert?—Not alone
 Dread of the persecuting sword, remorse,
 Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged
 And unavengeable, defeated pride,
 Prosperity subverted, maddening want,
 Friendship betrayed, affection unreturned,
 Love with despair, or grief in agony ;—
 Not always from intolerable pangs
 He fled ; but, compassed round by pleasure,
 sighed

For independent happiness ; craving peace,
 The central feeling of all happiness,
 Not as a refuge from distress or pain,
 A breathing-time, vacation, or a truce,
 But for its absolute self ; a life of peace,
 Stability without regret or fear ;
 That hath been, is, and shall be ever-
 more !—

Such the reward he sought ; and wore out
 life,
 There, where on few external things his
 heart

Was set, and those his own ; or, if not his,
 Subsisting under nature's stedfast law.

What other yearning was the master tie
 Of the monastic brotherhood, upon rock
 Aërial, or in green secluded vale,
 One after one, collected from afar,
 An undissolving fellowship?—What but
 this,

The universal instinct of repose,
 The longing for confirmed tranquillity,
 Inward and outward ; humble, yet sublime :
 The life where hope and memory are as
 one ;

Where earth is quiet and her face un-
 changed

Save by the simplest toil of human hands
 Or seasons' difference ; the immortal Soul
 Consistent in self-rule ; and heaven revealed
 To meditation in that quietness !—
 Such was their scheme : and though the
 wished-for end

By multitudes was missed, perhaps attained
 By none, they for the attempt, and pains
 employed,

Do, in my present censure, stand redeemed
 From the unqualified disdain, that once
 Would have been cast upon them by my
 voice

Delivering her decisions from the seat
 Of forward youth—that scruples not to
 solve

Doubts, and determine questions, by the
 rules

Of inexperienced judgment, ever prone
 To overweening faith ; and is inflamed,
 By courage, to demand from real life
 The test of act and suffering, to provoke
 Hostility—how dreadful when it comes,
 Whether affliction be the foe, or guilt !

A child of earth, I rested, in that stage
 Of my past course to which these thoughts
 advert,

Upon earth's native energies ; forgetting
 That mine was a condition which required
 Nor energy, nor fortitude—a calm
 Without vicissitude ; which, if the like
 Had been presented to my view elsewhere,
 I might have even been tempted to despise.
 But no—for the serene was also bright ;
 Enlivened happiness with joy o'erflowing,
 With joy, and—oh ! that memory should
 survive

To speak the word—with rapture ! Nature's
 boon,

Life's genuine inspiration, happiness
 Above what rules can teach, or fancy feign ;
 Abused, as all possessions *are* abused
 That are not prized according to their
 worth.

And yet, what worth ? what good is given
 to men,

More solid than the gilded clouds of
 heaven ?

What joy more lasting than a vernal
 flower?—

None ! 'tis the general plaint of human kind
 In solitude : and mutually addressed
 From each to all, for wisdom's sake :—

This truth

The priest announces from his holy seat :
 And, crowned with garlands in the summer
 grove,

The poet fits it to his pensive lyre.

Yet, ere that final resting-place be gained,
 Sharp contradictions may arise, by doom
 Of this same life, compelling us to grieve
 That the prosperities of love and joy
 Should be permitted, oft-times, to endure
 So long, and be at once cast down for ever.
 Oh ! tremble, ye, to whom hath been as-
 signed

A course of days composing happy months,
 And they as happy years ; the present still
 So like the past, and both so firm a pledge

Of a congenial future, that the wheels
Of pleasure move without the aid of hope :
For Mutability is Nature's bane ;
And slighted Hope *will* be avenged ; and,
when
Ye need her favours, ye shall find her not ;
But in her stead — fear — doubt — and
agony ! ”

This was the bitter language of the heart :
But, while he spake, look, gesture, tone of
voice,
Though discomposed and vehement, were
such
As skill and graceful nature might suggest
To a proficient of the tragic scene
Standing before the multitude, beset
With dark events. Desirous to divert
Or stem the current of the speaker's
thoughts,
We signified a wish to leave that place
Of stillness and close privacy, a nook
That seemed for self-examination made ;
Or, for confession, in the sinner's need,
Hidden from all men's view. To our
attempt
He yielded not ; but, pointing to a slope
Of mossy turf defended from the sun,
And on that couch inviting us to rest,
Full on that tender-hearted Man he turned
A serious eye, and his speech thus renewed.

“ You never saw, your eyes did never
look
On the bright form of Her whom once I
loved : —
Her silver voice was heard upon the earth,
A sound unknown to you ; else, honoured
Friend !
Your heart had borne a pitiable share
Of what I suffered, when I wept that loss,
And suffer now, not seldom, from the
thought
That I remember, and can weep no more. —
Stripped as I am of all the golden fruit
Of self-esteem ; and by the cutting blasts
Of self-reproach familiarly assailed ;
Yet would I not be of such wintry bareness
But that some leaf of your regard should
hang
Upon my naked branches : — lively thoughts
Give birth, full often, to unguarded words ;
I grieve that, in your presence, from my
tongue

Too much of frailty hath already dropped ;
But that too much demands still more.

You know,
Revered Compatriot — and to you, kind Sir,
(Not to be deemed a stranger, as you come
Following the guidance of these welcome
feet

To our secluded vale) it may be told —
That my demerits did not sue in vain
To One on whose mild radiance many gazed
With hope, and all with pleasure. This
fair Bride —

In the devotedness of youthful love,
Preferring me to parents, and the choir
Of gay companions, to the natal roof,
And all known places and familiar sights
(Resigned with sadness gently weighing
down

Her trembling expectations, but no more
Than did to her due honour, and to me
Yielded, that day, a confidence sublime
In what I had to build upon) — this Bride,
Young, modest, meek, and beautiful, I led
To a low cottage in a sunny bay,
Where the salt sea innocuously breaks,
And the sea breeze as innocently breathes,
On Devon's leafy shores ; — a sheltered hold,
In a soft clime encouraging the soil
To a luxuriant bounty ! — As our steps
Approach the embowered abode — our
chosen seat —

See, rooted in the earth, her kindly bed,
The unendangered myrtle, decked with
flowers,
Before the threshold stands to welcome us !
While, in the flowering myrtle's neighbour-
hood,
Not overlooked but courting no regard,
Those native plants, the holly and the yew,
Gave modest intimation to the mind
How willingly their aid they would unite
With the green myrtle, to endure the hours
Of winter, and protect that pleasant place.
— Wild were the walks upon those lonely
Downs,
Track leading into track ; how marked,
how worn
Into bright verdure, between fern and gorse
Winding away its never-ending line
On their smooth surface, evidence was none ;
But, there, lay open to our daily haunt,
A range of unappropriated earth,
Where youth's ambitious feet might move
at large ;

Whence, unmolested wanderers, we beheld
 The shining giver of the day diffuse
 His brightness o'er a tract of sea and land
 Gay as our spirits, free as our desires ;
 As our enjoyments, boundless. — From
 those heights
 We dropped, at pleasure, into sylvan
 combs ;
 Where arbours of impenetrable shade,
 And mossy seats, detained us side by side,
 With hearts at ease, and knowledge in our
 hearts
 ' That all the grove and all the day was
 ours.'

O happy time! still happier was at hand ;
 For Nature called my Partner to resign
 Her share in the pure freedom of that life,
 Enjoyed by us in common. — To my hope,
 To my heart's wish, my tender Mate
 became

The thankful captive of maternal bonds ;
 And those wild paths were left to me alone.
 There could I meditate on follies past ;
 And, like a weary voyager escaped
 From risk and hardship, inwardly retrace
 A course of vain delights and thoughtless
 guilt,
 And self-indulgence—without shame pur-
 sued.

There, undisturbed, could think of and
 could thank

Her whose submissive spirit was to me
 Rule and restraint—my guardian—shall I
 say

That earthly Providence, whose guiding love
 Within a port of rest had lodged me safe ;
 Safe from temptation, and from danger far ?
 Strains followed of acknowledgment ad-
 dressed

To an authority enthroned above
 The reach of sight ; from whom, as from
 their source

Proceed all visible ministers of good
 That walk the earth—Father of heaven
 and earth,

Father, and king, and judge, adored and
 feared !

These acts of mind, and memory, and
 heart,

And spirit—interrupted and relieved
 By observations transient as the glance
 Of flying sunbeams, or to the outward form
 Cleaving with power inherent and intense,

As the mute insect fixed upon the plant
 On whose soft leaves it hangs, and from
 whose cup

It draws its nourishment imperceptibly—
 Endeared my wanderings ; and the mother's
 kiss

And infant's smile awaited my return.

In privacy we dwelt, a wedded pair,
 Companions daily, often all day long ;
 Not placed by fortune within easy reach
 Of various intercourse, nor wishing aught
 Beyond the allowance of our own fire-side,
 The twain within our happy cottage born,
 Inmates, and heirs of our united love ;
 Graced mutually by difference of sex,
 And with no wider interval of time
 Between their several births than served
 for one

To establish something of a leader's sway ;
 Yet left them joined by sympathy in age ;
 Equals in pleasure, fellows in pursuit.
 On these two pillars rested as in air
 Our solitude.

It soothes me to perceive,
 Your courtesy withholds not from my
 words

Attentive audience. But, oh ! gentle
 Friends,

As times of quiet and unbroken peace,
 Though, for a nation, times of blessedness,
 Give back faint echoes from the historian's
 page ;

So, in the imperfect sounds of this dis-
 course,

Depressed I hear, how faithless is the voice
 Which those most blissful days reverberate.
 What special record can, or need, be given
 To rules and habits, whereby much was
 done,

But all within the sphere of little things ;
 Of humble, though, to us, important cares,
 And precious interests ? Smoothly did
 our life

Advance, swerving not from the path pre-
 scribed ;

Her annual, her diurnal, round alike
 Maintained with faithful care. And you
 divine

The worst effects that our condition saw
 If you imagine changes slowly wrought,
 And in their progress unperceivable ;
 Not wished for ; sometimes noticed with a
 sigh,

(Whate'er of good or lovely they might
bring)
Sighs of regret, for the familiar good
And loveliness endeared which they re-
moved.

Seven years of occupation undisturbed
Established seemingly a right to hold
That happiness; and use and habit gave,
To what an alien spirit had acquired,
A patrimonial sanctity. And thus,
With thoughts and wishes bounded to this
world,
I lived and breathed; most grateful—if to
enjoy
Without repining or desire for more,
For different lot, or change to higher sphere,
(Only except some impulses of pride
With no determined object, though upheld
By theories with suitable support)—
Most grateful, if in such wise to enjoy
Be proof of gratitude for what we have;
Else, I allow, most thankless.—But, at once,
From some dark seat of fatal power was
urged
A claim that shattered all.—Our blooming
girl,
Caught in the gripe of death, with such
brief time
To struggle in as scarcely would allow
Her cheek to change its colour, was con-
veyed
From us to inaccessible worlds, to regions
Where height, or depth, admits not the
approach
Of living man, though longing to pursue.
—With even as brief a warning—and how
soon,
With what short interval of time between,
I tremble yet to think of—our last prop,
Our happy life's only remaining stay—
The brother followed; and was seen no
more!

Calm as a frozen lake when ruthless winds
Blow fiercely, agitating earth and sky,
The Mother now remained; as if in her,
Who, to the lowest region of the soul,
Had been erewhile unsettled and disturbed,
This second visitation had no power
To shake; but only to bind up and seal;
And to establish thankfulness of heart
In Heaven's determinations, ever just.
The eminence whereon her spirit stood,

Mine was unable to attain. Immense
The space that severed us! But, as the
sight

Communicates with heaven's ethereal orbs
Incalculably distant; so, I felt
That consolation may descend from far
(And that is intercourse, and union, too,) While, overcome with speechless gratitude,
And, with a holier love inspired, I looked
On her—at once superior to my woes
And partner of my loss,—O heavy change,
Dimness o'er this clear luminary crept
Insensibly;—the immortal and divine
Yielded to mortal reflux; her pure glory,
As from the pinnacle of worldly state
Wretched ambition drops astounded, fell
Into a gulf obscure of silent grief,
And keen heart-anguish—of itself ashamed,
Yet obstinately cherishing itself:
And, so consumed, she melted from my arms;
And left me, on this earth, disconsolate!

What followed cannot be reviewed in
thought;
Much less, retraced in words. If she, of life
Blameless, so intimate with love and joy
And all the tender motions of the soul,
Had been supplanted, could I hope to
stand—
Infirm, dependant, and now destitute?
I called on dreams and visions, to disclose
That which is veiled from waking thought;
conjured
Eternity, as men constrain a ghost
To appear and answer; to the grave I
spoke
Imploringly;—looked up, and asked the
Heavens
If Angels traversed their cerulean floors,
If fixed or wandering star could tidings
yield
Of the departed spirit—what abode
It occupies—what consciousness retains
Of former loves and interests. Then my soul
Turned inward,—to examine of what stuff
Time's fetters are composed; and life was put
To inquisition, long and profitless!
By pain of heart—now checked—and now
impelled—
The intellectual power, through words and
things,
Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way!
And from those transports, and these toils
abstruse,

Some trace am I enabled to retain
Of time, else lost;—existing unto me
Only by records in myself not found.

From that abstraction I was roused,—
and how?

Even as a thoughtful shepherd by a flash
Of lightning startled in a gloomy cave
Of these wild hills. For, lo! the dread
Bastile,

With all the chambers in its horrid towers,
Fell to the ground:—by violence overthrown
Of indignation; and with shouts that
drowned

The crash it made in falling! From the
wreck

A golden palace rose, or seemed to rise,
The appointed seat of equitable law
And mild paternal sway. The potent
shock

I felt: the transformation I perceived,
As marvellously seized as in that moment
When, from the blind mist issuing, I
beheld

Glory—beyond all glory ever seen,
Confusion infinite of heaven and earth,
Dazzling the soul. Meanwhile, prophetic
harps

In every grove were ringing, 'War shall
cease;

'Did ye not hear that conquest is abjured?
'Bring garlands, bring forth choicest
flowers, to deck

'The tree of Liberty.'—My heart re-
bounded;

My melancholy voice the chorus joined;
'Be joyful all ye nations; in all lands,
'Ye that are capable of joy be glad!

'Henceforth, whate'er is wanting to your-
selves

'In others ye shall promptly find;—and
all,

'Enriched by mutual and reflected wealth,
'Shall with one heart honour their common
kind.'

Thus was I reconverted to the world;
Society became my glittering bride,
And airy hopes my children.—From the
depths

Of natural passion, seemingly escaped,
My soul diffused herself in wide embrace
Of institutions, and the forms of things;
As they exist, in mutable array,

Upon life's surface. What, though in my
veins

There flowed no Gallic blood, nor had I
breathed

The air of France, not less than Gallic
zeal

Kindled and burnt among the sapless twigs
Of my exhausted heart. If busy men
In sober conclave met, to weave a web
Of amity, whose living threads should
stretch

Beyond the seas, and to the farthest pole,
There did I sit, assisting. If, with noise
And acclamation, crowds in open air
Expressed the tumult of their minds, my
voice

There mingled, heard or not. The powers
of song

I left not uninvoked; and, in still groves,
Where mild enthusiasts tuned a pensive lay
Of thanks and expectation, in accord
With their belief, I sang Saturnian rule
Returned,—a progeny of golden years
Permitted to descend, and bless mankind.
—With promises the Hebrew Scriptures
teem:

I felt their invitation; and resumed
A long-suspended office in the House
Of public worship, where, the glowing
phrase

Of ancient inspiration serving me,
I promised also,—with undaunted trust
Foretold, and added prayer to prophecy;
The admiration winning of the crowd;
The help desiring of the pure devout.

Scorn and contempt forbid me to pro-
ceed!

But History, time's slavish scribe, will tell
How rapidly the zealots of the cause
Disbanded—or in hostile ranks appeared;
Some, tired of honest service; these, out-
done,

Disgusted therefore; or appalled, by aims
Of fiercer zealots—so confusion reigned,
And the more faithful were compelled to
exclaim,

As Brutus did to Virtue, 'Liberty,
'I worshipped thee, and find thee but a
Shade!'

Such recantation had for me no charm,
Nor would I bend to it; who should have
grieved

At aught, however fair, that bore the mien
Of a conclusion, or catastrophe.

Why then conceal, that, when the simply
good

In timid selfishness withdrew, I sought.
Other support, not scrupulous whence it
came;

And, by what compromise it stood, not
nice?

Enough if notions seemed to be high-
pitched,

And qualities determined.—Among men
So characted did I maintain a strife
Hopeless, and still more hopeless every
hour;

But, in the process, I began to feel
That, if the emancipation of the world
Were missed, I should at least secure my
own,

And be in part compensated. For rights,
Widely—inveterately usurped upon,
I spake with vehemence; and promptly
seized

All that Abstraction furnished for my needs
Or purposes; nor scrupled to proclaim,
And propagate, by liberty of life,
Those new persuasions. Not that I re-
joiced,

Or even found pleasure, in such vagrant
course,

For its own sake; but farthest from the
walk

Which I had trod in happiness and peace,
Was most inviting to a troubled mind;
That, in a struggling and distempered
world,

Saw a seductive image of herself.

Yet, mark the contradictions of which Man
Is still the sport! Here Nature was my
guide,

The Nature of the dissolute; but thee,
O fostering Nature! I rejected—smiled
At others' tears in pity; and in scorn
At those, which thy soft influence some-
times drew

From my unguarded heart.—The tranquil
shores

Of Britain circumscribed me; else, perhaps
I might have been entangled among deeds,
Which, now, as infamous, I should abhor—
Despise, as senseless: for my spirit relished
Strangely the exasperation of that Land,
Which turned an angry beak against the
down

Of her own breast; confounded into hope
Of disencumbering thus her fretful wings.

But all was quieted by iron bonds
Of military sway. The shifting aims,
The moral interests, the creative might,
The varied functions and high attributes
Of civil action, yielded to a power
Formal, and odious, and contemptible.
—In Britain, ruled a panic dread of change;
The weak were praised, rewarded, and ad-
vanced;

And, from the impulse of a just disdain,
Once more did I retire into myself.
There feeling no contentment, I resolved
To fly, for safeguard, to some foreign shore,
Remote from Europe; from her blasted
hopes;
Her fields of carnage, and polluted air.

Fresh blew the wind, when o'er the
Atlantic Main
The ship went gliding with her thoughtless
crew;

And who among them but an Exile, freed
From discontent, indifferent, pleased to sit
Among the busily-employed, not more
With obligation charged, with service taxed,
Than the loose pendant—to the idle wind
Upon the tall mast streaming. But, ye
Powers

Of soul and sense mysteriously allied,
Oh, never let the Wretched, if a choice
Be left him, trust the freight of his distress
To a long voyage on the silent deep!
For, like a plague, will memory break out;
And, in the blank and solitude of things,
Upon his spirit, with a fever's strength,
Will conscience prey.—Feebly must they
have felt

Who, in old time, attired with snakes and
whips

The vengeful Furies. *Beautiful* regards
Were turned on me—the face of her I
loved;

The Wife and Mother pitifully fixing
Tender reproaches, insupportable!
Where now that boasted liberty? No
welcome

From unknown objects I received; and
those,

Known and familiar, which the vaulted sky
Did, in the placid clearness of the night,
Disclose, had accusations to prefer

Against my peace. Within the cabin stood
That volume—as a compass for the soul—
Revered among the nations. I implored
Its guidance; but the infallible support
Of faith was wanting. Tell me, why refused

To One by storms annoyed and adverse
winds;

Perplexed with currents; of his weakness
sick;

Of vain endeavours tired; and by his own,
And by his nature's, ignorance, dismayed!

Long-wished-for sight, the Western
World appeared;

And, when the ship was moored, I leaped
ashore

Indignantly—resolved to be a man,
Who, having o'er the past no power, would
live

No longer in subjection to the past,
With abject mind—from a tyrannic lord
Inviting penance, fruitlessly endured:
So, like a fugitive, whose feet have cleared
Some boundary, which his followers may
not cross

In prosecution of their deadly chase,
Respiring I looked round.—How bright
the sun,

The breeze how soft! Can anything produced

In the old World compare, thought I, for
power

And majesty with this gigantic stream,
Sprung from the desert? And behold a
city

Fresh, youthful, and aspiring! What are
these

To me, or I to them? As much at least
As he desires that they should be, whom
winds

And waves have wafted to this distant shore,
In the condition of a damaged seed,
Whose fibres cannot, if they would, take
root.

Here may I roam at large;—my business is,
Roaming at large, to observe, and not to
feel,

And, therefore, not to act—convinced that
all

Which bears the name of action, howsoe'er
Beginning, ends in servitude—still painful,
And mostly profitless. And, sooth to say,
On nearer view, a motley spectacle

Appeared, of high pretensions,—unre-
proved

But by the obstreperous voice of higher still;
Big passions strutting on a petty stage;
Which a detached spectator may regard
Not unamused.—But ridicule demands
Quick change of objects; and, to laugh
alone,

At a composing distance from the haunts
Of strife and folly, though it be a treat
As choice as musing Leisure can bestow;
Yet, in the very centre of the crowd,
To keep the secret of a poignant scorn,
Howe'er to airy Demons suitable,
Of all unsocial courses, is least fit
For the gross spirit of mankind,—the one
That soonest fails to please, and quickest
turns

Into vexation.

Let us, then, I said,

Leave this unknit Republic to the scourge
Of her own passions; and to regions haste,
Whose shades have never felt the encroach-
ing axe,

Or soil endured a transfer in the mart
Of dire rapacity. There, Man abides,
Primeval Nature's child. A creature weak
In combination, (wherefore else driven back
So far, and of his old inheritance
So easily deprived?) but, for that cause,
More dignified, and stronger in himself;
Whether to act, judge, suffer, or enjoy.

True, the intelligence of social art
Hath overpowered his forefathers, and soon
Will sweep the remnant of his line away;
But contemplations, worthier, nobler far
Than her destructive energies, attend
His independence, when along the side
Of Mississippi, or that northern stream¹
That spreads into successive seas, he walks;
Pleased to perceive his own unshackled life,
And his innate capacities of soul,
There imaged: or when, having gained the
top

Of some commanding eminence, which yet
Intruder ne'er beheld, he thence surveys
Regions of wood and wide savannah, vast
Expanse of unappropriated earth,
With mind that sheds a light on what he
sees;

Free as the sun, and lonely as the sun,
Pouring above his head its radiance down
Upon a living and rejoicing world!

¹ See Note.

So, westward, tow'rd the unviolated woods
 I bent my way; and, roaming far and wide,
 Failed not to greet the merry Mocking-bird;
 And, while the melancholy Muccawiss
 (The sportive bird's companion in the grove)
 Repeated, o'er and o'er, his plaintive cry,
 I sympathised at leisure with the sound;
 But that pure archetype of human greatness,
 I found him not. There, in his stead,
 appeared

A creature, squalid, vengeful, and impure;
 Remorseless, and submissive to no law
 But superstitious fear, and abject sloth.

Enough is told! Here am I—ye have
 heard

What evidence I seek, and vainly seek;
 What from my fellow-beings I require,
 And either they have not to give, or I
 Lack virtue to receive; what I myself,
 Too oft by wilful forfeiture, have lost
 Nor can regain. How languidly I look
 Upon this visible fabric of the world,
 May be divined—perhaps it hath been
 said:—

But spare your pity, if there be in me
 Aught that deserves respect: for I exist,
 Within myself, not comfortless.—The tenor
 Which my life holds, he readily may con-
 ceive

Whoe'er hath stood to watch a mountain
 brook

In some still passage of its course, and seen,
 Within the depths of its capacious breast,
 Inverted trees, rocks, clouds, and azure
 sky;

And, on its glassy surface, specks of foam,
 And conglobated bubbles undissolved,
 Numerous as stars; that, by their onward
 lapse,

Betray to sight the motion of the stream,
 Else imperceptible. Meanwhile, is heard
 A softened roar, or murmur; and the sound
 Though soothing, and the little floating isles
 Though beautiful, are both by Nature
 charged

With the same pensive office; and make
 known

Through what perplexing labyrinths, abrupt
 Precipitations, and untoward straits,
 The earth-born wanderer hath passed; and
 quickly,

That respite o'er, like traverses and toils
 Must he again encounter.—Such a stream

Is human Life; and so the Spirit fares
 In the best quiet to her course allowed;
 And such is mine,—save only for a hope
 That my particular current soon will reach
 The unfathomable gulf, where all is still!"

BOOK FOURTH

DESPONDENCY CORRECTED

ARGUMENT

State of feeling produced by the foregoing
 Narrative—A belief in a superintending Pro-
 vidence the only adequate support under affliction
 —Wanderer's ejaculation—Acknowledges the
 difficulty of a lively faith—Hence immoderate
 sorrow—Exhortations—How received—Wan-
 derer applies his discourse to that other cause of
 dejection in the Solitary's mind—Disappointment
 from the French Revolution—States grounds of
 hope, and insists on the necessity of patience and
 fortitude with respect to the course of great
 revolutions—Knowledge the source of tranquillity
 —Rural Solitude favourable to knowledge of the
 inferior Creatures; Study of their habits and
 ways recommended; exhortation to bodily exer-
 tion and communion with Nature—Morbid
 Solitude pitiable—Superstition better than apathy
 —Apathy and destitution unknown in the infancy
 of society—The various modes of Religion pre-
 vented it—Illustrated in the Jewish, Persian,
 Babylonian, Chaldean, and Grecian modes of
 belief—Solitary interposes—Wanderer points out
 the influence of religious and imaginative feeling
 in the humble ranks of society, illustrated from
 present and past times—These principles tend to
 recall exploded superstitions and popery—Wan-
 derer rebuts this charge, and contrasts the
 dignities of the Imagination with the presumptuous
 littleness of certain modern Philosophers—Re-
 commends other lights and guides—Asserts the
 power of the soul to regenerate herself; Solitary
 asks how—Reply—Personal appeal—Exhortation
 to activity of body renewed—How to commune
 with Nature—Wanderer concludes with a legiti-
 mate union of the imagination, affections, under-
 standing, and reason—Effect of his discourse—
 Evening; Return to the Cottage.

HERE closed the Tenant of that lonely vale
 His mournful narrative—commenced in
 pain,

In pain commenced, and ended without
 peace:

Yet tempered, not unfrequently, with strains

Of native feeling, grateful to our minds;
And yielding surely some relief to his,
While we sate listening with compassion
 due.

A pause of silence followed; then, with
 voice

That did not falter though the heart was
 moved,

The Wanderer said:—

“One adequate support

For the calamities of mortal life

Exists—one only; an assured belief

That the procession of our fate, how'er

Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being

Of infinite benevolence and power;

Whose everlasting purposes embrace

All accidents, converting them to good.

—The darts of anguish *fix* not where the
 seat

Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified

By acquiescence in the Will supreme

For time and for eternity; by faith,

Faith absolute in God, including hope,

And the defence that lies in boundless love

Of his perfections; with habitual dread

Of aught unworthily conceived, endured

Impatiently, ill-done, or left undone,

To the dishonour of his holy name.

Soul of our Souls, and safeguard of the
 world!

Sustain, thou only canst, the sick of heart;

Restore their languid spirits, and recall

Their lost affections unto thee and thine!”

Then, as we issued from that covert nook,

He thus continued, lifting up his eyes

To heaven:—“How beautiful this dome of
 sky;

And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed

At thy command, how awful! Shall the
 Soul,

Human and rational, report of thee

Even less than these?—Be mute who will,
 who can,

Yet I will praise thee with impassioned
 voice:

My lips, that may forget thee in the crowd,

Cannot forget thee here; where thou hast
 built,

For thy own glory, in the wilderness!

Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine,

In such a temple as we now behold

Reared for thy presence: therefore, am I
 bound

To worship, here, and everywhere—as one
Not doomed to ignorance, though forced to
 tread,

From childhood up, the ways of poverty;

From unreflecting ignorance preserved,

And from debasement rescued.—By thy
 grace

The particle divine remained unquenched;

And, 'mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,

Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless
 flowers,

From paradise transplanted: wintry age

Impends; the frost will gather round my
 heart;

If the flowers wither, I am worse than
 dead!

—Come, labour, when the worn-out frame
 requires

Perpetual sabbath; come, disease and want;

And sad exclusion through decay of sense;

But leave me unabated trust in thee—

And let thy favour, to the end of life,

Inspire me with ability to seek

Repose and hope among eternal things—

Father of heaven and earth! and I am rich,

And will possess my portion in content!

And what are things eternal?—powers
 depart,”

The grey-haired Wanderer stedfastly re-
 plied,

Answering the question which himself had
 asked,

“Possessions vanish, and opinions change,

And passions hold a fluctuating seat:

But, by the storms of circumstance un-
 shaken,

And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,

Duty exists;—immutably survive,

For our support, the measures and the
 forms,

Which an abstract intelligence supplies;

Whose kingdom is, where time and space
 are not.

Of other converse which mind, soul, and
 heart,

Do, with united urgency, require,

What more that may not perish?—Thou,
 dread source,

Prime, self-existing cause and end of all

That in the scale of being fill their place;

Above our human region, or below,

Set and sustained;—thou, who didst wrap
 the cloud

Of infancy around us, that thyself,
Therein, with our simplicity awhile
Might'st hold, on earth, communion undis-
turbed ;

Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
Or from its death-like void, with punctual
care,

And touch as gentle as the morning light,
Restor'st us, daily, to the powers of sense
And reason's stedfast rule—thou, thou alone
Art everlasting, and the blessèd Spirits,
Which thou includest, as the sea her waves :
For adoration thou endur'st ; endure
For consciousness the motions of thy will ;
For apprehension those transcendent truths
Of the pure intellect, that stand as laws
(Submission constituting strength and power)
Even to thy Being's infinite majesty !
This universe shall pass away—a work
Glorious ! because the shadow of thy might,
A step, or link, for intercourse with thee.
Ah ! if the time must come, in which my
feet

No more shall stray where meditation leads,
By flowing stream, through wood, or craggy
wild,

Loved haunts like these ; the unimprisoned
Mind

May yet have scope to range among her
own,

Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.
If the dear faculty of sight should fail,
Still, it may be allowed me to remember
What visionary powers of eye and soul
In youth were mine ; when, stationed on
the top

Of some huge hill—expectant, I beheld
The sun rise up, from distant climes re-
turned

Darkness to chase, and sleep ; and bring
the day

His bounteous gift ! or saw him toward the
deep

Sink, with a retinue of flaming clouds
Attended ; then, my spirit was entranced
With joy exalted to beatitude ;
The measure of my soul was filled with bliss,
And holiest love ; as earth, sea, air, with
light,

With pomp, with glory, with magnificence !

Those fervent raptures are for ever flown ;
And, since their date, my soul hath under-
gone

Change manifold, for better or for worse :
Yet cease I not to struggle, and aspire
Heavenward ; and chide the part of me that
flags,

Through sinful choice ; or dread necessity
On human nature from above imposed.

'Tis, by comparison, an easy task¹
Earth to despise ; but, to converse with
heaven—

This is not easy :—to relinquish all
We have, or hope, of happiness and joy,
And stand in freedom loosened from this
world,

I deem not arduous ; but must needs confess
That 'tis a thing impossible to frame
Conceptions equal to the soul's desires ;
And the most difficult of tasks to *keep*
Heights which the soul is competent to
gain.

—Man is of dust : ethereal hopes are his,
Which, when they should sustain themselves
aloft,

Want due consistence ; like a pillar of
smoke,

That with majestic energy from earth
Rises ; but, having reached the thinner air,
Melts, and dissolves, and is no longer seen,
From this infirmity of mortal kind
Sorrow proceeds, which else were not ; at
least,

If grief be something hallowed and ordained,
If, in proportion, it be just and meet,
Yet, through this weakness of the general
heart,

Is it enabled to maintain its hold
In that excess which conscience disapproves.
For who could sink and settle to that point
Of selfishness ; so senseless who could be
As long and perseveringly to mourn
For any object of his love, removed
From this unstable world, if he could fix
A satisfying view upon that state
Of pure, imperishable, blessedness,
Which reason promises, and holy writ
Ensures to all believers ?—Yet mistrust
Is of such incapacity, methinks,
No natural branch ; despondency far less ;
And, least of all, is absolute despair.

—And, if there be whose tender frames
have drooped

Even to the dust ; apparently, through
weight

Of anguish unrelieved, and lack of power

¹ See Note.

An agonizing sorrow to transmute;
Deem not that proof is here of hope with-
held

When wanted most; a confidence impaired
So pitifully, that, having ceased to see
With bodily eyes, they are borne down by
love

Of what is lost, and perish through regret.
Oh! no, the innocent Sufferer often sees
Too clearly; feels too vividly; and longs
To realize the vision, with intense
And over-constant yearning;—there—there
lies

The excess, by which the balance is de-
stroyed.

Too, too contracted are these walls of flesh,
This vital warmth too cold, these visual
orbs,

Though inconceivably endowed, too dim
For any passion of the soul that leads
To ecstasy; and, all the crooked paths
Of time and change disdaining, takes its
course

Along the line of limitless desires.
I, speaking now from such disorder free,
Nor rapt, nor craving, but in settled peace,
I cannot doubt that they whom you deplore
Are glorified; or, if they sleep, shall wake
From sleep, and dwell with God in endless
love.

Hope, below this, consists not with belief
In mercy, carried infinite degrees
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts:
Hope, below this, consists not with belief
In perfect wisdom, guiding mightiest power,
That finds no limits but her own pure will.

Here then we rest; not fearing for our
creed
The worst that human reasoning can
achieve,

To unsettle or perplex it: yet with pain
Acknowledging, and grievous self-reproach,
That, though immovably convinced, we
want

Zeal, and the virtue to exist by faith
As soldiers live by courage; as, by strength
Of heart, the sailor fights with roaring
seas.

Alas! the endowment of immortal power¹
Is shared unequally with custom, time,
And domineering faculties of sense
In *all*; in most, with superadded foes,

¹ See Note.

Idle temptations; open vanities,
Ephemeral offspring of the unblushing
world;

And, in the private regions of the mind,
Ill-governed passions, ranklings of despoite,
Immoderate wishes, pining discontent,
Distress and care. What then remains?—

To seek
Those helps for his occasions ever near
Who lacks not will to use them; vows, re-
newed

On the first motion of a holy thought;
Vigils of contemplation; praise; and
prayer—

A stream, which, from the fountain of the
heart

Issuing, however feebly, nowhere flows
Without access of unexpected strength.
But, above all, the victory is most sure
For him, who, seeking faith by virtue,
strives

To yield entire submission to the law
Of conscience—conscience revered and
obeyed,

As God's most intimate presence in the
soul,

And his most perfect image in the world.
—Endeavour thus to live; these rules re-
gard;

These helps solicit; and a steadfast seat
Shall then be yours among the happy few
Who dwell on earth, yet breathe empyreal
air

Sons of the morning. For your nobler part,
Ere disencumbered of her mortal chains,
Doubt shall be quelled and trouble chased
away;

With only such degree of sadness left
As may support longings of pure desire;
And strengthen love, rejoicing secretly
In the sublime attractions of the grave."

While, in this strain, the venerable Sage
Poured forth his aspirations, and announced
His judgments, near that lonely house we
paced

A plot of greensward, seemingly preserved
By nature's care from wreck of scattered
stones,

And from encroachment of encircling heath:
Small space! but, for reiterated steps,
Smooth and commodious; as a stately
deck

Which to and fro the mariner is used

To tread for pastime, talking with his mates,
Or haply thinking of far-distant friends,
While the ship glides before a steady breeze.
Stillness prevailed around us: and the voice
That spake was capable to lift the soul
Toward regions yet more tranquil. But,
methought,

That he, whose fixed despondency had
given

Impulse and motive to that strong discourse,
Was less upraised in spirit than abashed;
Shrinking from admonition, like a man
Who feels that to exhort is to reproach.
Yet not to be diverted from his aim,
The Sage continued:—

“For that other loss,

The loss of confidence in social man,
By the unexpected transports of our age
Carried so high, that every thought, which
looked

Beyond the temporal destiny of the Kind,
To many seemed superfluous—as, no cause
Could e'er for such exalted confidence
Exist; so, none is now for fixed despair:
The two extremes are equally disowned
By reason: if, with sharp recoil, from one
You have been driven far as its opposite,
Between them seek the point whereon to
build

Sound expectations. So doth he advise
Who shared at first the illusion; but was
soon

Cast from the pedestal of pride by shocks
Which Nature gently gave, in woods and
fields;

Nor unproved by Providence, thus speaking
To the inattentive children of the world:

‘Vainglorious Generation! what new powers
‘On you have been conferred? what gifts,
withheld

‘From your progenitors, have ye received,
‘Fit recompense of new desert? what claim
‘Are ye prepared to urge, that my decrees
‘For you should undergo a sudden change;
‘And the weak functions of one busy day,
‘Reclaiming and extirpating, perform
‘What all the slowly-moving years of time,
‘With their united force, have left undone?
‘By nature’s gradual processes be taught;
‘By story be confounded! Ye aspire
‘Rashly, to fall once more; and that false
fruit,

‘Which, to your overweening spirits, yields
‘Hope of a flight celestial, will produce

‘Misery and shame. But Wisdom of her
sons

‘Shall not the less, though late, be justified.’

Such timely warning,” said the Wanderer,
“gave

That visionary voice; and, at this day,
When a Tartarean darkness overspreads
The groaning nations; when the impious
rule,

By will or by established ordinance,
Their own dire agents, and constrain the
good

To acts which they abhor; though I bewail
This triumph, yet the pity of my heart
Prevents me not from owning, that the
law,

By which mankind now suffers, is most
just.

For by superior energies; more strict
Affiance in each other; faith more firm
In their unhallowed principles; the bad
Have fairly earned a victory o’er the weak,
The vacillating, inconsistent good.
Therefore, not unconsoled, I wait—in hope
To see the moment, when the righteous
cause

Shall gain defenders zealous and devout
As they who have opposed her; in which
Virtue

Will, to her efforts, tolerate no bounds
That are not lofty as her rights; aspiring
By impulse of her own ethereal zeal.
That spirit only can redeem mankind;
And when that sacred spirit shall appear,
Then shall *our* triumph be complete as
theirs.

Yet, should this confidence prove vain,¹ the
wise

Have still the keeping of their proper
peace;

Are guardians of their own tranquillity.
They act, or they recede, observe, and
feel;

‘Knowing the heart of man is set to be¹
The centre of this world, about the which
Those revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all the aspects of misery
Predominate; whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being powerless to
redress;

*And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is Man!*²

¹ See Note.

² Daniel.

Happy is he who lives to understand,
Not human nature only, but explores
All natures,—to the end that he may find
The law that governs each; and where
begins

The union, the partition where, that makes
Kind and degree, among all visible Beings;
The constitutions, powers, and faculties,
Which they inherit,—cannot step be-
yond,—

And cannot fall beneath; that do assign
To every class its station and its office,
Through all the mighty commonwealth of
things

Up from the creeping plant to sovereign
Man.

Such converse, if directed by a meek,
Sincere, and humble spirit, teaches love:
For knowledge is delight; and such delight
Breeds love: yet, suited as it rather is
To thought and to the climbing intellect,
It teaches less to love, than to adore;
If that be not indeed the highest love!"

"Yet," said I, tempted here to inter-
pose,

"The dignity of life is not impaired
By aught that innocently satisfies
The humbler cravings of the heart; and he
Is a still happier man, who, for those
heights

Of speculation unfit, descends;
And such benign affections cultivates
Among the inferior kinds; not merely
those

That he may call his own, and which de-
pend,

As individual objects of regard,
Upon his care, from whom he also looks
For signs and tokens of a mutual bond;
But others, far beyond this narrow sphere,
Whom, for the very sake of love, he loves.
Nor is it a mean praise of rural life
And solitude, that they do favour most,
Most frequently call forth, and best sustain,
These pure sensations; that can penetrate
The obstreperous city; on the barren seas
Are not unfelt; and much might recom-
mend,

How much they might inspirit and endear,
The loneliness of this sublime retreat!"

"Yes," said the Sage, resuming the dis-
course

Again directed to his downcast Friend,
"If, with the froward will and grovelling
soul

Of man, offended, liberty is here,
And invitation every hour renewed,
To mark *their* placid state, who never
heard

Of a command which they have power to
break,

Or rule which they are tempted to trans-
gress:

These, with a soothed or elevated heart,
May we behold; their knowledge register;
Observe their ways; and, free from envy,
find

Complacency there:—but wherefore this to
you?

I guess that, welcome to your lonely hearth,
The redbreast, ruffled up by winter's cold
Into a 'feathery bunch,' feeds at your
hand:

A box, perchance, is from your casement
hung

For the small wren to build in;—not in
vain,

The barriers disregarding that surround
This deep abiding place, before your sight
Mounts on the breeze the butterfly; and
soars,

Small creature as she is, from earth's bright
flowers,

Into the dewy clouds. Ambition reigns
In the waste wilderness: the Soul ascends
Drawn towards her native firmament of
heaven,

When the fresh eagle, in the month of
May,

Upborne, at evening, on replenished wing,
This shaded valley leaves; and leaves the
dark

Empurpled hills, conspicuously renewing
A proud communication with the sun
Low sunk beneath the horizon!—List!—I
heard,

From yon huge breast of rock, a voice sent
forth

As if the visible mountain made the cry.
Again!"—The effect upon the soul was
such

As he expressed: from out the mountain's
heart

The solemn voice appeared to issue, start-
ling

The blank air—for the region all around

Stood empty of all shape of life, and silent
Save for that single cry, the unanswered
bleat

Of a poor lamb—left somewhere to itself,
The plaintive spirit of the solitude!
He paused, as if unwilling to proceed,
Through consciousness that silence in such
place

Was best, the most affecting eloquence.
But soon his thoughts returned upon them-
selves,

And, in soft tone of speech, thus he re-
sumed.

‘‘Ah! if the heart, too confidently raised,
Perchance too lightly occupied, or lulled
Too easily, despise or overlook
The vassalage that binds her to the earth,
Her sad dependence upon time, and all
The trepidations of mortality,
What place so destitute and void—but
there
The little flower her vanity shall check;
The trailing worm reprove her thoughtless
pride?

These craggy regions, these chaotic
wilds,

Does that benignity pervade, that warms
The mole contented with her darksome
walk

In the cold ground; and to the emmet
gives

Her foresight, and intelligence that makes
The tiny creatures strong by social league;
Supports the generations, multiplies
Their tribes, till we behold a spacious plain
Or grassy bottom, all, with little hills—
Their labour, covered, as a lake with
waves;

Thousands of cities, in the desert place
Built up of life, and food, and means of
life!

Nor wanting here, to entertain the thought,
Creatures that in communities exist,
Less, as might seem, for general guardian-
ship

Or through dependence upon mutual aid,
Than by participation of delight
And a strict love of fellowship, combined.
What other spirit can it be that prompts
The gilded summer flies to mix and weave
Their sports together in the solar beam,
Or in the gloom of twilight hum their joy?

More obviously the self-same influence rules
The feathered kinds; the fieldfare's pensive
flock,

The cawing rooks, and sea-mews from afar,
Hovering above these inland solitudes,
By the rough wind unscattered, at whose
call

Up through the trenches of the long-drawn
vales

Their voyage was begun: nor is its power
Unfelt among the sedentary fowl

That seek yon pool, and there prolong
their stay

In silent congress; or together roused
Take flight; while with their clang the air
resounds:

And, over all, in that ethereal vault,
Is the mute company of changeful clouds;
Bright apparition, suddenly put forth,
The rainbow smiling on the faded storm;
The mild assemblage of the starry heavens;
And the great sun, earth's universal lord!

How bountiful is Nature! he shall find
Who seeks not; and to him, who hath not
asked,

Large measure shall be dealt. Three sab-
bath-days

Are scarcely told, since, on a service bent
Of mere humanity, you clomb those heights;
And what a marvellous and heavenly show
Was suddenly revealed!—the swains moved
on,

And heeded not: you lingered, you per-
ceived

And felt, deeply as living man could feel.

There is a luxury in self-dispraise;

And inward self-disparagement affords

To meditative spleen a grateful feast.

Trust me, pronouncing on your own desert,

You judge unthankfully: distempered nerves
Infect the thoughts: the languor of the
frame

Depresses the soul's vigour. Quit your
couch—

Cleave not so fondly to your moody cell;
Nor let the hallowed powers, that shed
from heaven

Stillness and rest, with disapproving eye
Look down upon your taper, through a
watch

Of midnight hours, unseasonably twinkling
In this deep Hollow, like a sullen star
Dimly reflected in a lonely pool.

Take courage, and withdraw yourself from
ways
That run not parallel to nature's course.
Rise like the lark! your matins shall obtain
Grace, be their composition what it may,
If but with hers performed; climb once
again,
Climb every day, those ramparts; meet
the breeze
Upon their tops, adventurous as a bee
That from your garden thither soars, to
feed
On new-blown heath; let yon commanding
rock
Be your frequented watch-tower; roll the
stone
In thunder down the mountains; with all
your might
Chase the wild goat; and if the bold red
deer
Fly to those harbours, driven by hound
and horn
Loud echoing, add your speed to the pur-
suit;
So, wearied to your hut shall you return,
And sink at evening into sound repose."

The Solitary lifted toward the hills
A kindling eye:—accordant feelings rushed
Into my bosom, whence these words broke
forth:

"Oh! what a joy it were, in vigorous
health,

To have a body (this our vital frame
With shrinking sensibility endued,
And all the nice regards of flesh and blood)
And to the elements surrender it
As if it were a spirit!—How divine,
The liberty, for frail, for mortal, man
To roam at large among unpeopled glens
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps; regions consecrate
To oldest time! and, reckless of the storm
That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,
Be as a presence or a motion—one
Among the many there; and while the mists
Flying, and rainy vapours, call out shapes
And phantoms from the crags and solid
earth

As fast as a musician scatters sounds
Out of an instrument; and while the
streams

(As at a first creation and in haste
To exercise their untried faculties)

Descending from the region of the clouds,
And starting from the hollows of the earth
More multitudinous every moment, rend
Their way before them—what a joy to roam
An equal among mightiest energies;
And haply sometimes with articulate voice,
Amid the deafening tumult, scarcely heard
By him that utters it, exclaim aloud,
'Rage on ye elements! let moon and stars
Their aspects lend, and mingle in their turn
With this commotion (ruinous though it be)
From day to night, from night to day, pro-
longed!'"

"Yes," said the Wanderer, taking from
my lips
The strain of transport, "whosoe'er in
youth
Has, through ambition of his soul, given
way
To such desires, and grasped at such
delight,
Shall feel congenial stirrings late and long,
In spite of all the weakness that life brings,
Its cares and sorrows; he, though taught
to own
The tranquillizing power of time, shall
wake,
Wake sometimes to a noble restlessness—
Loving the sports which once he gloried in.

Compatriot, Friend, remote are Garry's
hills,
The streams far distant of your native glen;
Yet is their form and image here expressed
With brotherly resemblance. Turn your
steps
Wherever fancy leads; by day, by night,
Are various engines working, not the same
As those with which your soul in youth was
moved,
But by the great Artificer endowed
With no inferior power. You dwell alone;
You walk, you live, you speculate alone;
Yet doth remembrance, like a sovereign
prince,
For you a stately gallery maintain
Of gay or tragic pictures. You have seen,
Have acted, suffered, travelled far, observed
With no incurious eye; and books are
yours,
Within whose silent chambers treasure lies
Preserved from age to age; more precious
far

Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems, which, for a day of need,
The Sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs.
These hoards of truth you can unlock at will :

And music waits upon your skilful touch,
Sounds which the wandering shepherd from
these heights
Hears, and forgets his purpose ;—furnished
thus,
How can you droop, if willing to be up-
raised ?

A piteous lot it were to flee from Man—
Yet not rejoice in Nature. He, whose
hours

Are by domestic pleasures uncaressed
And unenlivened ; who exists whole years
Apart from benefits received or done
'Mid the transactions of the bustling crowd ;
Who neither hears, nor feels a wish to hear,
Of the world's interests—such a one hath
need

Of a quick fancy, and an active heart,
That, for the day's consumption, books
may yield

Food not unwholesome ; earth and air
correct

His morbid humour, with delight supplied
Or solace, varying as the seasons change.
—Truth has her pleasure-grounds, her
haunts of ease

And easy contemplation ; gay parterres,
And labyrinthine walks, her sunny glades
And shady groves in studied contrast—each,
For recreation, leading into each :

These may he range, if willing to partake
Their soft indulgences, and in due time
May issue thence, recruited for the tasks
And course of service Truth requires from
those

Who tend her altars, wait upon her throne,
And guard her fortresses. Who thinks,
and feels,

And recognises ever and anon
The breeze of nature stirring in his soul,
Why need such man go desperately astray,
And nurse ' the dreadful appetite of death ?'
If tired with systems, each in its degree
Substantial, and all crumbling in their turn,
Let him build systems of his own, and smile
At the fond work, demolished with a touch ;
If unreligious, let him be at once,
Among ten thousand innocents, enrolled

A pupil in the many-chambered school,
Where superstition weaves her airy dreams.

Life's autumn past, I stand on winter's
verge ;

And daily lose what I desire to keep :
Yet rather would I instantly decline
To the traditionary sympathies
Of a most rustic ignorance, and take
A fearful apprehension from the owl
Or death-watch : and as readily rejoice,
If two auspicious magpies crossed my
way ;—

To this would rather bend than see and
hear

The repetitions wearisome of sense,
Where soul is dead, and feeling hath no
place ;

Where knowledge, ill begun in cold remark
On outward things, with formal inference
ends ;

Or, if the mind turn inward, she recoils
At once—or, not recoiling, is perplexed—
Lost in a gloom of uninspired research ;
Meanwhile, the heart within the heart, the
seat

Where peace and happy consciousness
should dwell,

On its own axis restlessly revolving,
Seeks, yet can nowhere find, the light of
truth.

Upon the breast of new-created earth
Man walked ; and when and wheresoe'er he
moved,

Alone or mated, solitude was not.

He heard, borne on the wind, the articulate
voice

Of God ; and Angels to his sight appeared
Crowning the glorious hills of paradise ;
Or through the groves gliding like morning
mist

Enkindled by the sun. He sate—and
talked

With winged Messengers ; who daily
brought

To his small island in the ethereal deep
Tidings of joy and love.—From those pure
heights

(Whether of actual vision, sensible
To sight and feeling, or that in this sort
Have condescendingly been shadowed forth
Communications spiritually maintained,
And intuitions moral and divine)

Fell Human-kind—to banishment con-
 demned
 That flowing years repealed not : and
 distress
 And grief spread wide ; but Man escaped
 the doom
 Of destitution ;—solitude was not.
 —Jehovah—shapeless Power above all
 Powers,
 Single and one, the omnipresent God,
 By vocal utterance, or blaze of light,
 Or cloud of darkness, localised in heaven ;
 On earth, enshrined within the wandering
 ark ;
 Or, out of Sion, thundering from his
 throne
 Between the Cherubim—on the chosen
 Race
 Showered miracles, and ceased not to dis-
 pense
 Judgments, that filled the land from age to
 age
 With hope, and love, and gratitude, and
 fear ;
 And with amazement smote ;—thereby to
 assert
 His scorned, or unacknowledged, sover-
 eignty.
 And when the One, ineffable of name,
 Of nature indivisible, withdrew
 From mortal adoration or regard,
 Not then was Deity engulfed ; nor Man,
 The rational creature, left, to feel the
 weight
 Of his own reason, without sense or thought
 Of higher reason and a purer will,
 To benefit and bless, through mightier
 power :—
 Whether the Persian—zealous to reject
 Altar and image, and the inclusive walls
 And roofs of temples built by human
 hands—
 To loftiest heights ascending, from their
 tops,
 With myrtle-wreathed tiara on his brow,
 Presented sacrifice to moon and stars,
 And to the winds and mother elements,
 And the whole circle of the heavens, for
 him
 A sensitive existence, and a God,
 With lifted hands invoked, and songs of
 praise :
 Or, less reluctantly to bonds of sense
 Yielding his soul, the Babylonian framed

For influence undefined a personal shape ;
 And, from the plain, with toil immense,
 upreared
 Tower eight times planted on the top of
 tower,
 That Belus, nightly to his splendid couch
 Descending, there might rest ; upon that
 height
 Pure and serene, diffused—to overlook
 Winding Euphrates, and the city vast
 Of his devoted worshippers, far-stretched,
 With grove and field and garden inter-
 spersed ;
 Their town, and foodful region for support
 Against the pressure of beleaguering war.

Chaldean Shepherds, ranging trackless
 fields,
 Beneath the concave of unclouded skies
 Spread like a sea, in boundless solitude,
 Looked on the polar star, as on a guide
 And guardian of their course, that never
 closed
 His stedfast eye. The planetary Five
 With a submissive reverence they beheld ;
 Watched, from the centre of their sleeping
 flocks,
 Those radiant Mercuries, that seemed to
 move
 Carrying through ether, in perpetual
 round,
 Decrees and resolutions of the Gods ;
 And, by their aspects, signifying works
 Of dim futurity, to Man revealed.
 —The imaginative faculty was lord
 Of observations natural ; and, thus
 Led on, those shepherds made report of
 stars
 In set rotation passing to and fro,
 Between the orbs of our apparent sphere
 And its invisible counterpart, adorned
 With answering constellations, under earth,
 Removed from all approach of living sight
 But present to the dead ; who, so they
 deemed,
 Like those celestial messengers beheld
 All accidents, and judges were of all.

The lively Grecian, in a land of hills,
 Rivers and fertile plains, and sounding
 shores,—
 Under a cope of sky more variable,
 Could find commodious place for every God,
 Promptly received, as prodigally brought,

From the surrounding countries, at the
choice

Of all adventurers. With unrivalled skill,
As nicest observation furnished hints
For studious fancy, his quick hand bestowed
On fluent operations a fixed shape ;
Metal or stone, idolatrously served,
And yet—triumphant o'er this pompous
show

Of art, this palpable array of sense,
On every side encountered ; in despite
Of the gross fictions chanted in the streets
By wandering Rhapsodists ; and in contempt
Of doubt and bold denial hourly urged
Amid the wrangling schools—a SPIRIT hung,
Beautiful region ! o'er thy towns and farms,
Statues and temples, and memorial tombs ;
And emanations were perceived ; and acts
Of immortality, in Nature's course,
Exemplified by mysteries, that were felt
As bonds, on grave philosopher imposed
And armed warrior ; and in every grove
A gay or pensive tenderness prevailed,
When piety more awful had relaxed.

—' Take, running river, take these locks of
mine '—

Thus would the Votary say—' this severed
hair,

' My vow fulfilling, do I here present,
' Thankful for my beloved child's return.
' Thy banks, Cephissus, he again hath trod,
' Thy murmurs heard ; and drunk the
crystal lymph

' With which thou dost refresh the thirsty
lip,

' And, all day long, moisten these flowery
fields !'

And doubtless, sometimes, when the hair
was shed

Upon the flowing stream, a thought arose
Of Life continuous, Being unimpaired ;
That hath been, is, and where it was and is
There shall endure,—existence unexposed
To the blind walk of mortal accident ;
From diminution safe and weakening age ;
While man grows old, and dwindles, and
decays ;

And countless generations of mankind
Depart ; and leave no vestige where they
trod.

We live by Admiration, Hope and Love ;
And, even as these are well and wisely fixed,
In dignity of being we ascend.

But what is error ?"—" Answer he who
can !"

The Sceptic somewhat haughtily exclaimed :
" Love, Hope, and Admiration,—are they
not

Mad Fancy's favourite vassals ? Does not
life

Use them, full oft, as pioneers to ruin,
Guides to destruction ? Is it well to trust
Imagination's light when reason's fails,
The unguarded taper where the guarded
faints ?

—Stoop from those heights, and soberly
declare

What error is ; and, of our errors, which
Doth most debase the mind ; the genuine
seats

Of power, where are they ? Who shall
regulate,

With truth, the scale of intellectual rank ?"

" Methinks," persuasively the Sage re-
plied,

" That for this arduous office you possess
Some rare advantages. Your early days
A grateful recollection must supply
Of much exalted good by Heaven vouch-
safed

To dignify the humblest state.—Your voice
Hath, in my hearing, often testified
That poor men's children, they, and they
alone,

By their condition taught, can understand
The wisdom of the prayer that daily asks
For daily bread. A consciousness is yours
How feelingly religion may be learned
In smoky cabins, from a mother's tongue—
Heard where the dwelling vibrates to the
din

Of the contiguous torrent, gathering strength
At every moment—and, with strength,
increase

Of fury ; or, while snow is at the door,
Assaulting and defending, and the wind,
A sightless labourer, whistles at his work—
Fearful ; but resignation tempers fear,
And piety is sweet to infant minds.

—The Shepherd-lad, that in the sunshine
carves,

On the green turf, a dial—to divide
The silent hours ; and who to that report
Can portion out his pleasures, and adapt,
Throughout a long and lonely summer's
day

His round of pastoral duties, is not left
With less intelligence for *moral* things
Of gravest import. Early he perceives,
Within himself, a measure and a rule,
Which to the sun of truth he can apply,
That shines for him, and shines for all
mankind.

Experience daily fixing his regards
On nature's wants, he knows how few they
are,

And where they lie, how answered and
appeased.

This knowledge ample recompense affords
For manifold privations; he refers
His notions to this standard; on this rock
Rests his desires; and hence, in after life,
Soul-strengthening patience, and sublime
content.

Imagination—not permitted here
To waste her powers, as in the worldling's
mind,

On fickle pleasures, and superfluous cares,
And trivial ostentation—is left free
And puissant to range the solemn walks
Of time and nature, girded by a zone
That, while it binds, invigorates and
supports.

Acknowledge, then, that whether by the
side

Of his poor hut, or on the mountain top,
Or in the cultured field, a Man so bred
(Take from him what you will upon the
score

Of ignorance or illusion) lives and breathes
For noble purposes of mind: his heart
Beats to the heroic song of ancient days;
His eye distinguishes, his soul creates.

And those illusions, which excite the scorn
Or move the pity of unthinking minds,
Are they not mainly outward ministers
Of inward conscience? with whose service
charged

They came and go, appeared and dis-
appear,

Diverting evil purposes, remorse
Awakening, chastening an intemperate
grief,

Or pride of heart abating: and, when'er
For less important ends those phantoms
move,

Who would forbid them, if their presence
serve—

On thinly-peopled mountains and wild
heaths,

Filling a space, else vacant—to exalt
The forms of Nature, and enlarge her
powers?

Once more to distant ages of the world
Let us revert, and place before our thoughts
The face which rural solitude might wear
To the unenlightened swains of pagan
Greece.

—In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman,
stretched

On the soft grass through half a summer's
day,

With music lulled his indolent repose:
And, in some fit of weariness, if he,
When his own breath was silent, chanced
to hear

A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
Which his poor skill could make, his fancy
fetched,

Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,
A beardless Youth, who touched a golden
lute,

And filled the illumined groves with ravish-
ment.

The nightly hunter, lifting a bright eye
Up towards the crescent moon, with grate-
ful heart

Called on the lovely wanderer who bestowed
That timely light, to share his joyous sport:
And hence, a beaming Goddess with her
Nymphs,

Across the lawn and through the darksome
grove,

Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes
By echo multiplied from rock or cave,
Swept in the storm of chase; as moon and
stars

Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,
When winds are blowing strong. The
traveller slaked

His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and
thanked

The Naiad. Sunbeams, upon distant hills
Gliding apace, with shadows in their train,
Might, with small help from fancy, be
transformed

Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.

The Zephyrs fanning, as they passed, their
wings,

Lacked not, for love, fair objects whom
they wooed

With gentle whisper. Withered boughs
grotesque,

Stripped of their leaves and twigs by hoary
age,
From depth of shaggy covert peeping forth
In the low vale, or on steep mountain side;
And, sometimes, intermixed with stirring
horns
Of the live deer, or goat's depending
beard,—
These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild brood
Of gamesome Deities; or Pan himself,
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring God!"

The strain was aptly chosen; and I
could mark
Its kindly influence, o'er the yielding brow
Of our Companion, gradually diffused;
While, listening, he had paced the noise-
less turf,
Like one whose untired ear a murmuring
stream
Detains; but tempted now to interpose,
He with a smile exclaimed:—

"'Tis well you speak
At a safe distance from our native land,
And from the mansions where our youth
was taught.

The true descendants of those godly men
Who swept from Scotland, in a flame of
zeal,

Shrine, altar, image, and the massy piles
That harboured them,—the souls retaining
yet

The churlish features of that after-race
Who fled to woods, caverns, and jutting
rocks,

In deadly scorn of superstitious rites,
Or what their scruples construed to be
such—

How, think you, would they tolerate this
scheme

Of fine propensities, that tends, if urged
Far as it might be urged, to sow afresh
The weeds of Romish phantasy, in vain
Uprooted; would re-consecrate our wells
To good Saint Fillan and to fair Saint
Anne;

And from long banishment recall Saint
Giles,

To watch again with tutelary love
O'er stately Edinburgh throned on crags?
A blessed restoration, to behold
The patron, on the shoulders of his priests,
Once more parading through her crowded
streets,

Now simply guarded by the sober powers
Of science, and philosophy, and sense!"

This answer followed.—"You have
turned my thoughts

Upon our brave Progenitors, who rose
Against idolatry with warlike mind,
And shrunk from vain observances, to lurk
In woods, and dwell under impending rocks
Ill-sheltered, and oft wanting fire and food;
Why?—for this very reason that they felt,
And did acknowledge, wheresoe'er they
moved,

A spiritual presence, oft-times misconceived,
But still a high dependence, a divine
Bounty and government, that filled their
hearts

With joy, and gratitude, and fear, and
love;

And from their fervent lips drew hymns of
praise,

That through the desert rang. Though
favoured less,

Far less, than these, yet such, in their degree,
Were those bewildered Pagans of old time.
Beyond their own poor natures and above
They looked; were humbly thankful for
the good

Which the warm sun solicited, and earth
Bestowed; were gladsome,—and their
moral sense

They fortified with reverence for the Gods;
And they had hopes that overstepped the
Grave.

Now, shall our great Discoverers," he
exclaimed,

Raising his voice triumphantly, "obtain
From sense and reason, less than these
obtained,

Though far misled? Shall men for whom
our age

Unbaffled powers of vision hath prepared,
To explore the world without and world
within,

Be joyless as the blind? Ambitious spirits—
Whom earth, at this late season, hath
produced

To regulate the moving spheres, and weigh
The planets in the hollow of their hand;
And they who rather dive than soar, whose
pains

Have solved the elements, or analysed
The thinking principle—shall they in fact

Prove a degraded Race? and what avails
Renown, if their presumption make them
such?

Oh! there is laughter at their work in
heaven!

Inquire of ancient Wisdom; go, demand
Of mighty Nature, if 'twas ever meant
That we should pry far off yet be unraised;
That we should pore, and dwindle as we
pore,

Viewing all objects unremittingly
In disconnection dead and spiritless;
And still dividing, and dividing still,
Break down all grandeur, still unsatisfied
With the perverse attempt, while littleness
May yet become more little; waging thus
An impious warfare with the very life
Of our own souls!

And if indeed there be
An all-pervading Spirit, upon whom
Our dark foundations rest, could he design
That this magnificent effect of power,
The earth we tread, the sky that we behold
By day, and all the pomp which night
reveals;

That these—and that superior mystery
Our vital frame, so fearfully devised,
And the dread soul within it—should exist
Only to be examined, pondered, searched,
Probed, vexed, and criticised? Accuse me
not

Of arrogance, unknown Wanderer as I am,
If, having walked with Nature threescore
years,

And offered, far as frailty would allow,
My heart a daily sacrifice to Truth,
I now affirm of Nature and of Truth,
Whom I have served, that their DIVINITY
Revolts, offended at the ways of men
Swayed by such motives, to such ends
employed;

Philosophers, who, though the human soul
Be of a thousand faculties composed,
And twice ten thousand interests, do yet
prize

This soul, and the transcendent universe,
No more than as a mirror that reflects
To proud Self-love her own intelligence;
That one, poor, finite object, in the abyss
Of infinite Being, twinkling restlessly!

Nor higher place can be assigned to him
And his compeers—the laughing Sage of
France.—

Crowned was he, if my memory do not
err,

With laurel planted upon hoary hairs,
In sign of conquest by his wit achieved
And benefits his wisdom had conferred;
His stooping body tottered with wreaths of
flowers

Opprest, far less becoming ornaments
Than Spring oft twines about a mouldering
tree;

Yet so it pleased a fond, a vain, old Man,
And a most frivolous people. Him I mean
Who penned, to ridicule confiding faith,
This sorry Legend; which by chance we
found

Piled in a nook, through malice, as might
seem,

Among more innocent rubbish."—Speaking
thus,

With a brief notice when, and how, and
where,

We had espied the book, he drew it forth;
And courteously, as if the act removed,
At once, all traces from the good Man's
heart

Of unbenign aversion or contempt,
Restored it to its owner. "Gentle Friend,"
Herewith he grasped the Solitary's hand,
"You have known lights and guides better
than these.

Ah! let not aught amiss within dispose
A noble mind to practise on herself,
And tempt opinion to support the wrongs
Of passion: whatso'er be felt or feared,
From higher judgment-seats make no
appeal

To lower: can you question that the soul
Inherits an allegiance, not by choice
To be cast off, upon an oath proposed
By each new upstart notion? In the ports
Of levity no refuge can be found,
No shelter, for a spirit in distress.
He, who by wilful disesteem of life
And proud insensibility to hope,
Affronts the eye of Solitude, shall learn
That her mild nature can be terrible;
That neither she nor Silence lack the power
To avenge their own insulted majesty.

O blest seclusion! when the mind admits
The law of duty; and can therefore move
Through each vicissitude of loss and gain,
Linked in entire complacence with her
choice;

When youth's presumptuousness is mellowed
 down,
 And manhood's vain anxiety dismissed;
 When wisdom shows her seasonable fruit,
 Upon the boughs of sheltering leisure hung
 In sober plenty; when the spirit stoops
 To drink with gratitude the crystal stream
 Of unreprieved enjoyment; and is pleased
 To muse, and be saluted by the air
 Of meek repentance, wafting wall-flower
 scents
 From out the crumbling ruins of fallen
 pride
 And chambers of transgression, now forlorn.
 O, calm contented days, and peaceful
 nights!
 Who, when such good can be obtained,
 would strive
 To reconcile his manhood to a couch
 Soft, as may seem, but, under that disguise,
 Stuffed with the thorny substance of the
 past
 For fixed annoyance; and full oft beset
 With floating dreams, black and discon-
 solate,
 The vapoury phantoms of futurity?

Within the soul a faculty abides,
 That with interpositions, which would hide
 And darken, so can deal that they become
 Contingencies of pomp; and serve to exalt
 Her native brightness. As the ample moon,
 In the deep stillness of a summer even
 Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
 Burns, like an unconsuming fire of light,
 In the green trees; and, kindling on all
 sides
 Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
 Into a substance glorious as her own,
 Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
 Capacious and serene. Like power abides
 In man's celestial spirit; virtue thus
 Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds
 A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
 From the encumbrances of mortal life,
 From error, disappointment—nay, from
 guilt;
 And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,
 From palpable oppressions of despair."

The Solitary by these words was touched
 With manifest emotion, and exclaimed;
 "But how begin? and whence?—" The
 Mind is free—

Resolve,' the haughty Moralist would say,
 'This single act is all that we demand.'
 Alas! such wisdom bids a creature fly
 Whose very sorrow is, that time hath shorn
 His natural wings!—To friendship let him
 turn

For succour; but perhaps he sits alone
 On stormy waters, tossed in a little boat
 That holds but him, and can contain no
 more!

Religion tells of amity sublime
 Which no condition can preclude; of One
 Who sees all suffering, comprehends all
 wants,

All weakness fathoms, can supply all needs:
 But is that bounty absolute?—His gifts,
 Are they not, still, in some degree, rewards
 For acts of service? Can his love extend
 To hearts that own not him? Will showers
 of grace,

When in the sky no promise may be seen,
 Fall to refresh a parched and withered land?
 Or shall the groaning Spirit cast her load
 At the Redeemer's feet?"

In rueful tone,
 With some impatience in his mien, he spake:
 Back to my mind rushed all that had been
 urged

To calm the Sufferer when his story closed;
 I looked for counsel as unbending now;
 But a discriminating sympathy
 Stooped to this apt reply:—

"As men from men
 Do, in the constitution of their souls,
 Differ, by mystery not to be explained;
 And as we fall by various ways, and sink
 One deeper than another, self-condemned,
 Through manifold degrees of guilt and
 shame;

So manifold and various are the ways
 Of restoration, fashioned to the steps
 Of all infirmity, and tending all
 To the same point, attainable by all—
 Peace in ourselves, and union with our God.
 For you, assuredly, a hopeful road
 Lies open: we have heard from you a voice
 At every moment softened in its course
 By tenderness of heart; have seen your
 eye,

Even like an altar lit by fire from heaven,
 Kindle before us.—Your discourse this day,
 That, like the fabled Lethe, wished to flow
 In creeping sadness, through oblivious
 shades

Of death and night, has caught at every
turn

The colours of the sun. Access for you
Is yet preserved to principles of truth,
Which the imaginative Will upholds
In seats of wisdom, not to be approached
By the inferior Faculty that moulds,
With her minute and speculative pains,
Opinion, ever changing!

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance
soon

Brightened with joy; for from within were
heard

Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation. Here you stand,
Adore, and worship, when you know it not;
Pious beyond the intention of your thought;
Devout above the meaning of your will.
—Yes, you have felt, and may not cease to
feel.

The estate of man would be indeed forlorn
If false conclusions of the reasoning power
Made the eye blind, and closed the passages
Through which the ear converses with the
heart.

Has not the soul, the being of your life,
Received a shock of awful consciousness,
In some calm season, when these lofty rocks
At night's approach bring down the un-
clouded sky,

To rest upon their circumambient walls;
A temple framing of dimensions vast,
And yet not too enormous for the sound
Of human anthems,—choral song, or burst
Sublime of instrumental harmony,
To glorify the Eternal! What if these
Did never break the stillness that prevails
Here,—if the solemn nightingale be mute,
And the soft woodlark here did never chant
Her vespers,—Nature fails not to provide
Impulse and utterance. The whispering
air

Sends inspiration from the shadowy heights,
And blind recesses of the caverned rocks;
The little rills, and waters numberless,
Inaudible by daylight, blend their notes
With the loud streams: and often, at the
hour

When issue forth the first pale stars, is
heard,

Within the circuit of this fabric huge,
One voice—the solitary raven, flying
Athwart the concave of the dark blue dome,
Unseen, perchance above all power of
sight—

An iron knell! with echoes from afar
Faint—and still fainter—as the cry, with
which

The wanderer accompanies her flight
Through the calm region, fades upon the
ear,

Diminishing by distance till it seemed
To expire; yet from the abyss is caught
again,

And yet again recovered!

But descending
From these imaginative heights, that yield
Far-stretching views into eternity,
Acknowledge that to Nature's humbler
power

Your cherished sullenness is forced to bend
Even here, where her amenities are sown
With sparing hand. Then trust yourself
abroad

To range her blooming bowers, and spa-
cious fields,

Where on the labours of the happy throng
She smiles, including in her wide embrace
City, and town, and tower,—and sea with
ships

Sprinkled;—be our Companion while we
track

Her rivers populous with gliding life;
While, free as air, o'er printless sands we
march,

Or pierce the gloom of her majestic woods;
Roaming, or resting under grateful shade
In peace and meditative cheerfulness;
Where living things, and things inanimate,
Do speak, at Heaven's command, to eye
and ear,

And speak to social reason's inner sense,
With inarticulate language.

For, the Man—
Who, in this spirit, communes with the
Forms

Of nature, who with understanding heart
Both knows and loves such objects as excite
No morbid passions, no disquietude,
No vengeance, and no hatred—needs must
feel

The joy of that pure principle of love
So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught
Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose
But seek for objects of a kindred love
In fellow-natures and a kindred joy.
Accordingly he by degrees perceives
His feelings of aversion softened down ;
A holy tenderness pervade his frame.
His sanity of reason not impaired,
Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing
clear,

From a clear fountain flowing, he looks
round

And seeks for good ; and finds the good he
seeks :

Until abhorrence and contempt are things
He only knows by name ; and, if he hear,
From other mouths, the language which
they speak,

He is compassionate ; and has no thought,
No feeling, which can overcome his love.

And further ; by contemplating these
Forms

In the relations which they bear to man,
He shall discern, how, through the various
means

Which silently they yield, are multiplied
The spiritual presences of absent things.
Trust me, that for the instructed, time will
come

When they shall meet no object but may
teach

Some acceptable lesson to their minds
Of human suffering, or of human joy.
So shall they learn, while all things speak
of man,

Their duties from all forms ; and general
laws,

And local accidents, shall tend alike
To rouse, to urge ; and, with the will,
confer

The ability to spread the blessings wide
Of true philanthropy. The light of love
Not failing, perseverance from their steps
Departing not, for them shall be con-
firmed

The glorious habit by which sense is made
Subservient still to moral purposes,

Auxiliar to divine. That change shall
clothe

The naked spirit, ceasing to deplore
The burthen of existence. Science then
Shall be a precious visitant ; and then,
And only then, be worthy of her name :
For then her heart shall kindle ; her dull
eye,

Dull and inanimate, no more shall hang
Chained to its object in brute slavery ;
But taught with patient interest to watch
The processes of things, and serve the cause
Of order and distinctness, not for this
Shall it forget that its most noble use,
Its most illustrious province, must be found
In furnishing clear guidance, a support
Not treacherous, to the mind's *excursive*
power.

—So build we up the Being that we are ;
Thus deeply-drinking-in the soul of things
We shall be wise perforce ; and, while in-
spired

By choice, and conscious that the Will is
free,

Shall move unswerving, even as if impelled
By strict necessity, along the path
Of order and of good. Whate'er we see,
Or feel, shall tend to quicken and refine ;
Shall fix, in calmer seats of moral strength,
Earthly desires ; and raise, to loftier heights
Of divine love, our intellectual soul."

Here closed the Sage that eloquent har-
angue,
Poured forth with fervour in continuous
stream,

Such as, remote, 'mid savage wilderness,
An Indian Chief discharges from his breast
Into the hearing of assembled tribes,
In open circle seated round, and hushed
As the unbreathing air, when not a leaf
Stirs in the mighty woods.—So did he
speak :

The words he uttered shall not pass away
Dispersed, like music that the wind takes
up

By snatches, and lets fall, to be forgotten ;
No—they sank into me, the bounteous gift
Of one whom time and nature had made
wise,

Gracing his doctrine with authority
Which hostile spirits silently allow ;
Of one accustomed to desires that feed
On fruitage gathered from the tree of life ;

To hopes on knowledge and experience
built ;

Of one in whom persuasion and belief
Had ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition ; whence the Soul,
Though bound to earth by ties of pity and
love,

From all injurious servitude was free.

The Sun, before his place of rest were
reached,

Had yet to travel far, but unto us,
To us who stood low in that hollow dell,
He had become invisible,—a pomp
Leaving behind of yellow radiance spread
Over the mountain sides, in contrast bold
With ample shadows, seemingly, no less
Than those resplendent lights, his rich be-
quest ;

A dispensation of his evening power.
—Adown the path that from the glen had
led

The funeral train, the Shepherd and his
Mate

Were seen descending :—forth to greet
them ran

Our little Page : the rustic pair approach ;
And in the Matron's countenance may be
read

Plain indication that the words, which told
How that neglected Pensioner was sent
Before his time into a quiet grave,
Had done to her humanity no wrong :
But we are kindly welcomed—promptly
served

With ostentatious zeal.—Along the floor
Of the small Cottage in the lonely Dell
A grateful couch was spread for our repose ;
Where, in the guise of mountaineers, we
lay,

Stretched upon fragrant heath, and lulled
by sound

Of far-off torrents charming the still night,
And, to tired limbs and over-busy thoughts,
Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness.

BOOK FIFTH

THE PASTOR

ARGUMENT

Farewell to the Valley—Reflections—A large
and populous Vale described—The Pastor's

Dwelling, and some account of him—Church
and Monuments—The Solitary musing, and
where—Roused—In the Churchyard the Solitary
communicates the thoughts which had recently
passed through his mind—Lofty tone of the
Wanderer's discourse of yesterday adverted to—
Rite of Baptism, and the professions accompany-
ing it, contrasted with the real state of human
life—Apology for the Rite—Inconsistency of the
best men—Acknowledgment that practice falls
far below the injunctions of duty as existing in
the mind—General complaint of a falling-off in
the value of life after the time of youth—Outward
appearances of content and happiness in degree
illusive—Pastor approaches—Appeal made to
him—His answer—Wanderer in sympathy with
him—Suggestion that the least ambitious en-
quirers may be most free from error—The Pastor
is desired to give some portraits of the living or
dead from his own observation of life among these
Mountains—And for what purpose—Pastor con-
sents—Mountain cottage—Excellent qualities of
its Inhabitants—Solitary expresses his pleasure ;
but denies the praise of virtue to worth of this
kind—Feelings of the Priest before he enters
upon his account of persons interred in the
Churchyard—Graves of unbaptized Infants—
Funeral and sepulchral observances, whence—
Ecclesiastical Establishments, whence derived—
Profession of belief in the doctrine of Immortality.

“FAREWELL, deep Valley, with thy one
rude House,

And its small lot of life-supporting fields,
And guardian rocks !—Farewell, attractive
seat !

To the still influx of the morning light
Open, and day's pure cheerfulness, but
veiled

From human observation, as if yet
Primeval forests wrapped thee round with
dark

Impenetrable shade ; once more farewell,
Majestic circuit, beautiful abyss,
By Nature destined from the birth of things
For quietness profound !”

Upon the side
Of that brown ridge, sole outlet of the vale
Which foot of boldest stranger would
attempt,

Lingering behind my comrades, thus I
breathed

A parting tribute to a spot that seemed
Like the fixed centre of a troubled world.
Again I halted with reverted eyes ;
The chain that would not slacken, was at
length

Snap, —and, pursuing leisurely my way,
How vain, thought I, is it by change of
place

To seek that comfort which the mind
denies ;

Yet trial and temptation oft are shunned
Wisely ; and by such tenure do we hold
Frail life's possessions, that even they
whose fate

Yields no peculiar reason of complaint
Might, by the promise that is here, be won
To steal from active duties, and embrace
Obscurity, and undisturbed repose.

—Knowledge, methinks, in these disordered
times,

Should be allowed a privilege to have
Her anchorites, like piety of old ;
Men, who, from faction sacred, and un-
stained

By war, might, if so minded, turn aside
Uncensured, and subsist, a scattered few
Living to God and nature, and content
With that communion. Consecrated be
The spots where such abide ! But happier
still

The Man, whom, furthermore, a hope
attends

That meditation and research may guide
His privacy to principles and powers
Discovered or invented ; or set forth,
Through his acquaintance with the ways of
truth,

In lucid order ; so that, when his course
Is run, some faithful eulogist may say,
He sought not praise, and praise did over-
look

His unobtrusive merit ; but his life,
Sweet to himself, was exercised in good
That shall survive his name and memory.

Acknowledgments of gratitude sincere
Accompanied these musings ; fervent thanks
For my own peaceful lot and happy choice ;
A choice that from the passions of the
world

Withdrew, and fixed me in a still retreat ;
Sheltered, but not to social duties lost,
Secluded, but not buried ; and with song
Cheering my days, and with industrious
thought ;

With the ever-welcome company of books ;
With virtuous friendship's soul-sustaining
aid,

And with the blessings of domestic love.

Thus occupied in mind I paced along,
Following the rugged road, by sledge or
wheel

Worn in the moorland, till I overtook
My two Associates, in the morning sunshine
Halting together on a rocky knoll,
Whence the bare road descended rapidly
To the green meadows of another vale.

Here did our pensive Host put forth his
hand

In sign of farewell. " Nay," the old Man
said,

" The fragrant air its coolness still retains ;
The herds and flocks are yet abroad to crop
The dewy grass ; you cannot leave us now,
We must not part at this inviting hour."

He yielded, though reluctant ; for his mind
Instinctively disposed him to retire
To his own covert ; as a billow, heaved
Upon the beach, rolls back into the sea.

—So we descend : and winding round a
rock

Attain a point that showed the valley—
stretched

In length before us ; and, not distant far,
Upon a rising ground a grey church-tower,
Whose battlements were screened by tufted
trees.

And towards a crystal Mere, that lay
beyond

Among steep hills and woods embosomed,
flowed

A copious stream with boldly-winding
course ;

Here traceable, there hidden—there again
To sight restored, and glittering in the sun.
On the stream's bank, and everywhere,
appeared

Fair dwellings, single, or in social knots ;
Some scattered o'er the level, others perched
On the hill sides, a cheerful quiet scene,
Now in its morning purity arrayed.

" As 'mid some happy valley of the
Alps,"

Said I, " once happy, ere tyrannic power,
Wantonly breaking in upon the Swiss,
Destroyed their unoffending commonwealth,
A popular equality reigns here,
Save for yon stately House beneath whose
roof

A rural lord might dwell." — " No feudal
pomp,

Or power," replied the Wanderer, "to that House

Belongs, but there in his allotted Home Abides, from year to year, a genuine Priest, The shepherd of his flock; or, as a king Is styled, when most affectionately praised, The father of his people. Such is he; And rich and poor, and young and old, rejoice

Under his spiritual sway. He hath vouchsafed

To me some portion of a kind regard; And something also of his inner mind Hath he imparted—but I speak of him As he is known to all.

The calm delights Of unambitious piety he chose, And learning's solid dignity; though born Of knightly race, nor wanting powerful friends.

Hither, in prime of manhood, he withdrew From academic bowers. He loved the spot—

Who does not love his native soil?—he prized

The ancient rural character, composed Of simple manners, feelings unsuppressed And undisguised, and strong and serious thought

A character reflected in himself, With such embellishment as well befits His rank and sacred function. This deep vale

Winds far in reaches hidden from our sight, And one a turreted manorial hall Adorns, in which the good Man's ancestors Have dwelt through ages, Patrons of this Cure.

To them, and to his own judicious pains, The Vicar's dwelling, and the whole domain, Owes that presiding aspect which might well

Attract your notice; statelier than could else

Have been bestowed, through course of common chance,

On an unwealthy mountain Benefice."

This said, oft pausing, we pursued our way;

Nor reached the village-churchyard till the sun

Travelling at steadier pace than ours, had risen

Above the summits of the highest hills, And round our path darted oppressive beams.

As chanced, the portals of the sacred Pile

Stood open; and we entered. On my frame,

At such transition from the fervid air, A grateful coolness fell, that seemed to strike The heart, in concert with that temperate awe

And natural reverence which the place inspired.

Not raised in nice proportions was the pile, But large and massy; for duration built; With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld By naked rafters intricately crossed, Like leafless underboughs, in some thick wood,

All withered by the depth of shade above. Admonitory texts inscribed the walls, Each, in its ornamental scroll, enclosed; Each also crowned with winged heads—a pair

Of rudely-painted Cherubim. The floor Of nave and aisle, in unpretending guise, Was occupied by oaken benches ranged In seemly rows; the chancel only showed Some vain distinctions, marks of earthly state

By immemorial privilege allowed; Though with the Encincture's special sanctity

But ill according. An heraldic shield, Varying its tincture with the changeful light,

Imbued the altar-window; fixed aloft A faded hatchment hung, and one by time Yet undiscoloured. A capacious pew Of sculptured oak stood here, with drapery lined;

And marble monuments were here displayed Thronging the walls; and on the floor beneath

Sepulchral stones appeared, with emblems graven

And foot-worn epitaphs, and some with small

And shining effigies of brass inlaid.

The tribute by these various records claimed,

Duly we paid, each after each, and read

The ordinary chronicle of birth,
Office, alliance, and promotion—all
Ending in dust; of upright magistrates,
Grave doctors strenuous for the mother-
church,

And uncorrupted senators, alike
To king and people true. A brazen plate,
Not easily deciphered, told of one
Whose course of earthly honour was begun
In quality of page among the train
Of the eighth Henry, when he crossed the
seas

His royal state to show, and prove his
strength

In tournament, upon the fields of France.
Another tablet registered the death,
And praised the gallant bearing, of a Knight
Tried in the sea-fights of the second Charles.
Near this brave Knight his Father lay en-
tomb'd;

And, to the silent language giving voice,
I read,—how in his manhood's earlier day
He, 'mid the afflictions of intestine war
And rightful government subverted, found
One only solace—that he had espoused
A virtuous Lady tenderly beloved
For her benign perfections; and yet more
Endeared to him, for this, that, in her state
Of wedlock richly crowned with Heaven's
regard,

She with a numerous issue filled his house,
Who throve, like plants, uninjured by the
storm

That laid their country waste. No need to
speak

Of less particular notices assigned
To Youth or Maiden gone before their time,
And Matrons and unwedded Sisters old;
Whose charity and goodness were rehearsed
In modest panegyric.

"These dim lines,
What would they tell?" said I,—but, from
the task

Of puzzling out that faded narrative,
With whisper soft my venerable Friend
Called me; and, looking down the dark-
some aisle,

I saw the Tenant of the lonely vale
Standing apart; with curv'd arm reclined
On the baptismal font; his pallid face
Upturned, as if his mind were rapt, or lost
In some abstraction;—gracefully he stood,
The semblance bearing of a sculptured form
That leans upon a monumental urn

In peace, from morn to night, from year to
year.

Him from that posture did the Sexton
rouse;
Who entered, humming carelessly a tune,
Continuation haply of the notes
That had beguiled the work from which he
came,

With spade and mattock o'er his shoulder
hung;

To be deposited, for future need,
In their appointed place. The pale Recluse
Withdrew; and straight we followed,—to
a spot

Where sun and shade were intermixed; for
there

A broad oak, stretching forth its leafy arms
From an adjoining pasture, overhung
Small space of that green churchyard with
a light

And pleasant awning. On the moss-grown
wall

My ancient Friend and I together took
Our seats; and thus the Solitary spake,
Standing before us:—

"Did you note the mien
Of that self-solaced, easy-hearted churl,
Death's hireling, who scoops out his neigh-
bour's grave,

Or wraps an old acquaintance up in clay,
All unconcerned as he would bind a sheaf,
Or plant a tree. And did you hear his
voice?

I was abruptly summoned by the sound
From some affecting images and thoughts,
Which then were silent; but crave utter-
ance now.

Much," he continued, with dejected look,
"Much, yesterday, was said in glowing
phrase,

Of our sublime dependencies, and hopes
For future states of being; and the wings
Of speculation, joyfully outspread,
Hovered above our destiny on earth:
But stoop, and place the prospect of the soul
In sober contrast with reality,
And man's substantial life. If this mute
earth

Of what it holds could speak, and every
grave

Were as a volume, shut, yet capable
Of yielding its contents to eye and ear,

We should recoil, stricken with sorrow and shame,

To see disclosed, by such dread proof, how ill

That which is done accords with what is known

To reason, and by conscience is enjoined ;
How idly, how perversely, life's whole course,

To this conclusion, deviates from the line,
Or of the end stops short, proposed to all
At her aspiring outset.

Mark the babe
Not long accustomed to this breathing world ;

One that hath barely learned to shape a smile,

Though yet irrational of soul, to grasp
With tiny finger—to let fall a tear ;
And, as the heavy cloud of sleep dissolves,
To stretch his limbs, bemoeking, as might seem,

The outward functions of intelligent man ;
A grave proficient in amusive feats
Of puppetry, that from the lap declare
His expectations, and announce his claims
To that inheritance which millions rue
That they were ever born to ! In due time
A day of solemn ceremonial comes ;
When they, who for this Minor hold in trust

Rights that transcend the loftiest heritage
Of mere humanity, present their Charge,
For this occasion daintily adorned,
At the baptismal font. And when the pure
And consecrating element hath cleansed
The original stain, the child is there received
Into the second ark, Christ's church, with trust

That he, from wrath redeemed, therein shall float

Over the billows of this troublesome world
To the fair land of everlasting life.
Corrupt affections, covetous desires,
Are all renounced ; high as the thought of man

Can carry virtue, virtue is professed ;
A dedication made, a promise given
For due provision to control and guide,
And unremitting progress to ensure
In holiness and truth."

" You cannot blame,"
Here interposing fervently I said,
" Rites which attest that Man by nature lies

Bedded for good and evil in a gulf
Fearfully low ; nor will your judgment scorn
Those services, whereby attempt is made
To lift the creature toward that eminence
On which, now fallen, erewhile in majesty
He stood ; or if not so, whose top serene
At least he feels 'tis given him to descry ;
Not without aspirations, evermore
Returning, and injunctions from within
Doubt to cast off and weariness ; in trust
That what the Soul perceives, if glory lost,
May be, through pains and persevering hope,

Recovered ; or, if hitherto unknown,
Lies within reach, and one day shall be gained."

" I blame them not," he calmly answered
—" no ;

The outward ritual and established forms
With which communities of men invest
These inward feelings, and the aspiring vows

To which the lips give public utterance
Are both a natural process ; and by me
Shall pass uncensured ; though the issue prove,

Bringing from age to age its own reproach,
Incongruous, impotent, and blank.—But, oh !

If to be weak is to be wretched—miserable,
As the lost Angel by a human voice
Hath mournfully pronounced, then, in my mind,

Far better not to move at all than move
By impulse sent from such illusive power,—
That finds and cannot fasten down ; that grasps

And is rejoiced, and loses while it grasps ;
That tempts, emboldens—for a time sustains,

And then betrays ; accuses and inflicts
Remorseless punishment ; and so retreads
The inevitable circle : better far
Than this, to graze the herb in thoughtless peace,

By foresight or remembrance, undisturbed !

Philosophy ! and thou more vaunted name

Religion ! with thy statelier retinue,
Faith, Hope, and Charity—from the visible world

Choose for your emblems whatsoe'er ye find

Of safest guidance or of firmest trust—
The torch, the star, the anchor ; nor except
The cross itself, at whose unconscious feet
The generations of mankind have knelt
Ruefully seized, and shedding bitter tears,
And through that conflict seeking rest—of
you,

High-titled Powers, am I constrained to
ask,

Here standing, with the unvoyageable sky
In faint reflection of infinitude
Stretched overhead, and at my pensive feet
A subterranean magazine of bones,
In whose dark vaults my own shall soon be
laid,

Where are your triumphs? your dominion
where?

And in what age admitted and confirmed?
—Not for a happy land do I enquire,
Island or grove, that hides a blessed few
Who, with obedience willing and sincere,
To your serene authorities conform ;
But whom, I ask, of individual Souls,
Have ye withdrawn from passion's crooked
ways,

Inspired, and thoroughly fortified?—If the
heart

Could be inspected to its inmost folds
By sight undazzled with the glare of praise,
Who shall be named—in the resplendent
line

Of sages, martyrs, confessors—the man
Whom the best might of faith, wherever
fixed,

For one day's little compass, has preserved
From painful and discreditable shocks
Of contradiction, from some vague desire
Culpably cherished, or corrupt relapse
To some unsanctioned fear?"

"If this be so,
And Man," said I, "be in his noblest
shape

Thus pitiously infirm ; then, he who made,
And who shall judge the creature, will
forgive.

—Yet, in its general tenor, your complaint
Is all too true ; and surely not misplaced :
For, from this pregnant spot of ground,
such thoughts

Rise to the notice of a serious mind
By natural exhalation. With the dead
In their repose, the living in their mirth,
Who can reflect, unmoved, upon the round
Of smooth and solemnized complacencies,

By which, on Christian lands, from age to
age

Profession mocks performance. Earth is
sick,

And Heaven is weary, of the hollow words
Which States and Kingdoms utter when
they talk

Of truth and justice. Turn to private life
And social neighbourhood ; look we to
ourselves ;

A light of duty shines on every day
For all ; and yet how few are warmed or
cheered !

How few who mingle with their fellow-men
And still remain self-governed, and apart,
Like this our honoured Friend ; and thence
acquire

Right to expect his vigorous decline,
That promises to the end a blest old age !"

"Yet," with a smile of triumph thus
exclaimed

The Solitary, "in the life of man,
If to the poetry of common speech
Faith may be given, we see as in a glass
A true reflection of the circling year,
With all its seasons. Grant that Spring is
there,

In spite of many a rough untoward blast,
Hopeful and promising with buds and
flowers ;

Yet where is glowing Summer's long rich
day,

That *ought* to follow faithfully expressed?
And mellow Autumn, charged with boun-
teous fruit,

Where is she imaged? in what favoured
clime

Her lavish pomp, and ripe magnificence?
—Yet, while the better part is missed, the
worse

In man's autumnal season is set forth
With a resemblance not to be denied,
And that contents him ; bowers that hear
no more

The voice of gladness, less and less supply
Of outward sunshine and internal warmth ;
And, with this change, sharp air and falling
leaves,

Foretelling aged Winter's desolate sway.

How gay the habitations that bedeck
This fertile valley ! Not a house but seems
To give assurance of content within ;

Embosomed happiness, and placid love;
 As if the sunshine of the day were met
 With answering brightness in the hearts
 of all
 Who walk this favoured ground. But
 chance-regards,
 And notice forced upon incurious ears;
 These, if these only, acting in despite
 Of the encomiums by my Friend pronounced
 On humble life, forbid the judging mind
 To trust the smiling aspect of this fair
 And noiseless commonwealth. The simple
 race
 Of mountaineers (by nature's self removed
 From foul temptations, and by constant
 care
 Of a good shepherd tended as themselves
 Do tend their flocks) partake man's general
 lot
 With little mitigation. They escape,
 Perchance, the heavier woes of guilt; feel
 not
 The tedium of fantastic idleness:
 Yet life, as with the multitude, with them
 Is fashioned like an ill-constructed tale;
 That on the outset wastes its gay desires,
 Its fair adventures, its enlivening hopes,
 And pleasant interests—for the sequel
 leaving
 Old things repeated with diminished grace;
 And all the laboured novelties at best
 Imperfect substitutes, whose use and power
 Evince the want and weakness whence they
 spring."

While in this serious mood we held dis-
 course,
 The reverend Pastor toward the church-
 yard gate
 Approached; and, with a mild respectful air
 Of native cordiality, our Friend
 Advanced to greet him. With a gracious
 mien
 Was he received, and mutual joy prevailed.
 Awhile they stood in conference, and I
 guess
 That he, who now upon the mossy wall
 Sate by my side, had vanished, if a wish
 Could have transferred him to the flying
 clouds,
 Or the least penetrable hiding-place
 In his own valley's rocky guardianship.
 —For me, I looked upon the pair, well
 pleased:

Nature had framed them both, and both
 were marked
 By circumstance, with intermixture fine
 Of contrast and resemblance. To an oak
 Hardy and grand, a weather-beaten oak,
 Fresh in the strength and majesty of age,
 One might be likened: flourishing appeared,
 Though somewhat past the fulness of his
 prime,
 The other—like a stately sycamore,
 That spreads, in gentle pomp, its honied
 shade.

A general greeting was exchanged; and
 soon
 The Pastor learned that his approach had
 given
 A welcome interruption to discourse
 Grave, and in truth too often sad.—"Is Man
 A child of hope? Do generations press
 On generations, without progress made?
 Halts the individual, ere his hairs be grey,
 Perforce? Are we a creature in whom good
 Preponderates, or evil? Doth the will
 Acknowledge reason's law? A living
 power
 Is virtue, or no better than a name,
 Fleeting as health or beauty, and unsound?
 So that the only substance which remains,
 (For thus the tenor of complaint hath run)
 Among so many shadows, are the pains
 And penalties of miserable life,
 Doomed to decay, and then expire in dust!
 —Our cogitations, this way have been
 drawn,
 These are the points," the Wanderer said,
 "on which
 Our inquest turns.—Accord, good Sir!
 the light
 Of your experience to dispel this gloom:
 By your persuasive wisdom shall the heart
 That frets, or languishes, be stilled and
 cheered."

"Our nature," said the Priest, in mild
 reply,
 "Angels may weigh and fathom: they
 perceive,
 With undistempered and unclouded spirit,
 The object as it is; but, for ourselves,
 That speculative height *we* may not reach.
 The good and evil are our own; and we
 Are that which we would contemplate from
 far.

Knowledge, for us, is difficult to gain—
Is difficult to gain, and hard to keep—
As virtue's self; like virtue is beset
With snares; tried, tempted, subject to
decay.

Love, admiration, fear, desire, and hate,
Blind were we without these: through these
alone

Are capable to notice or discern
Or to record; we judge, but cannot be
Indifferent judges. 'Spite of proudest
boast,

Reason, best reason, is to imperfect man
An effort only, and a noble aim;
A crown, an attribute of sovereign power,
Still to be courted—never to be won.
—Look forth, or each man dive into him-
self;

What sees he but a creature too perturbed;
That is transported to excess; that yearns,
Regrets, or trembles, wrongly, or too much;
Hopes rashly, in disgust as rash recoils;
Battens on spleen, or moulders in despair?
Thus comprehension fails, and truth is
missed;

Thus darkness and delusion round our
path

Spread, from disease, whose subtle injury
lurks

Within the very faculty of sight.

Yet for the general purposes of faith
In Providence, for solace and support,
We may not doubt that who can best sub-
ject

The will to reason's law, can strictest live
And act in that obedience, he shall gain
The clearest apprehension of those truths,
Which unassisted reason's utmost power
Is too infirm to reach. But, waiving this,
And our regards confining within bounds
Of less exalted consciousness, through
which

The very multitude are free to range,
We safely may affirm that human life
Is either fair and tempting, a soft scene
Grateful to sight, refreshing to the soul,
Or a forbidden tract of cheerless view;
Even as the same is looked at, or approached.
Thus, when in changeful April fields are
white

With new-fallen snow, if from the sullen
north

Your walk conduct you hither, ere the sun

Hath gained his noontide height, this
churchyard, filled

With mounds transversely lying side by
side

From east to west, before you will appear
An unilluminated, blank, and dreary plain,
With more than wintry cheerlessness and
gloom

Saddening the heart. Go forward, and
look back;

Look, from the quarter whence the lord of
light,

Of life, of love, and gladness doth dispense
His beams; which, unexcluded in their fall,
Upon the southern side of every grave
Have gently exercised a melting power;
Then will a vernal prospect greet your eye,
All fresh and beautiful, and green and
bright,

Hopeful and cheerful:—vanished is the pall
That overspread and chilled the sacred turf,
Vanished or hidden; and the whole domain,
To some, too lightly minded, might appear
A meadow carpet for the dancing hours.

—This contrast, not unsuitable to life,
Is to that other state more apposite,
Death and its two-fold aspect! wintry—
one,

Cold, sullen, blank, from hope and joy shut
out;

The other, which the ray divine hath
touched,

Replete with vivid promise, bright as
spring."

"We see, then, as we feel," the Wan-
derer thus

With a complacent animation spake,
"And in your judgment, Sir! the mind's
repose

On evidence is not to be ensured
By act of naked reason. Moral truth
Is no mechanic structure, built by rule;
And which, once built, retains a steadfast
shape

And undisturbed proportions; but a thing
Subject, you deem, to vital accidents;
And, like the water-lily, lives and thrives,
Whose root is fixed in stable earth, whose
head

Floats on the tossing waves. With joy
sincere

I re-salute these sentiments confirmed
By your authority. But how acquire

The inward principle that gives effect
To outward argument ; the passive will
Meek to admit ; the active energy,
Strong and unbounded to embrace, and
firm

To keep and cherish ? how shall man unite
With self-forgetting tenderness of heart
An earth-despising dignity of soul ?
Wise in that union, and without it blind !"

"The way," said I, "to court, if not
obtain

The ingenuous mind, apt to be set aright ;
This, in the lonely dell discoursing, you
Declared at large ; and by what exercise
From visible nature, or the inner self
Power may be trained, and renovation
brought

To those who need the gift. But, after all,
Is aught so certain as that man is doomed
To breathe beneath a vault of ignorance ?
The natural roof of that dark house in
which

His soul is pent ! How little can be
known—

This is the wise man's sigh ; how far we
err—

This is the good man's not unfrequent
pang !

And they perhaps err least, the lowly class
Whom a benign necessity compels

To follow reason's least ambitious course ;
Such do I mean who, unperplexed by doubt,
And uncited by a wish to look
Into high objects farther than they may,
Pace to and fro, from morn till eventide,
The narrow avenue of daily toil
For daily bread."

"Yes," buoyantly exclaimed

The pale Recluse—"praise to the sturdy
plough,

And patient spade ; praise to the simple
crook,

And ponderous loom—resounding while it
holds

Body and mind in one captivity ;
And let the light mechanic tool be hailed
With honour ; which, encasing by the
power

Of long companionship, the artist's hand,
Cuts off that hand, with all its world of
nerves,

From a too busy commerce with the heart !
—Inglorious implements of craft and toil,

Both ye that shape and build, and ye that
force,

By slow solicitation, earth to yield
Her annual bounty, sparingly dealt forth
With wise reluctance ; you would I extol,
Not for gross good alone which ye produce,
But for the impertinent and ceaseless strife
Of proofs and reasons ye preclude—in those
Who to your dull society are born,
And with their humble birthright rest con-
tent.

—Would I had ne'er renounced it !"

A slight flush
Of moral anger previously had tinged
The old Man's cheek ; but, at this closing
turn

Of self-reproach, it passed away. Said he,
"That which we feel we utter ; as we think
So have we argued ; reaping for our pains
No visible recompense. For our relief
You," to the Pastor turning thus he spake,
"Have kindly interposed. May I entreat
Your further help ? The mine of real life
Dig for us ; and present us, in the shape
Of virgin ore, that gold which we, by pains
Fruitless as those of æry alchemists,
Seek from the torturing crucible. There
lies

Around us a domain where you have long
Watched both the outward course and inner
heart :

Give us, for our abstractions, solid facts ;
For our disputes, plain pictures. Say what
man

He is who cultivates yon hanging field ;
What qualities of mind she bears, who
comes,

For morn and evening service, with her pail,
To that green pasture ; place before our
sight

The family who dwell within yon house
Fenced round with glittering laurel ; or in
that

Below, from which the curling smoke
ascends.

Or rather, as we stand on holy earth,¹
And have the dead around us, take from
them

Your instances ; for they are both best
known,

And by frail man most equitably judged.
Epitomise the life ; pronounce, you can,
Authentic epitaphs on some of these

¹ See Note.

Who, from their lowly mansions hither
brought,
Beneath this turf lie mouldering at our feet :
So, by your records, may our doubts be
solved ;
And so, not searching higher we may learn
*To prize the breath we share with human
kind ;*
And look upon the dust of man with awe."

The Priest replied—"An office you im-
pose
For which peculiar requisites are mine ;
Yet much, I feel, is wanting—else the task
Would be most grateful. True indeed it is
That they whom death has hidden from our
sight
Are worthiest of the mind's regard ; with
these
The future cannot contradict the past :
Mortality's last exercise and proof
Is undergone ; the transit made that shows
The very Soul, revealed as she departs.
Yet, on your first suggestion, will I give,
Ere we descend into these silent vaults,
One picture from the living.

You behold,
High on the breast of yon dark mountain,
dark
With stony barrenness, a shining speck
Bright as a sunbeam sleeping till a shower
Brush it away, or cloud pass over it ;
And such it might be deemed—a sleeping
sunbeam ;
But 'tis a plot of cultivated ground,
Cut off, an island in the dusky waste ;
And that attractive brightness is its own.
The lofty site, by nature framed to tempt
Amid a wilderness of rocks and stones
The tiller's hand, a hermit might have
chosen,
For opportunity presented, thence
Far forth to send his wandering eye o'er
land
And ocean, and look down upon the works,
The habitations, and the ways of men,
Himself unseen ! But no tradition tells
That ever hermit dipped his maple dish
In the sweet spring that lurks 'mid yon
green fields ;
And no such visionary views belong
To those who occupy and till the ground,
High on that mountain where they long
have dwelt

A wedded pair in childless solitude.
A house of stones collected on the spot,
By rude hands built, with rocky knolls in
front.

Backed also by a ledge of rock, whose crest
Of birch-trees waves over the chimney top ;
A rough abode—in colour, shape, and
size,

Such as in unsafe times of border-war
Might have been wished for and contrived,
to elude

The eye of roving plunderer—for their need
Suffices ; and unshaken bears the assault
Of their most dreaded foe, the strong South-
west

In anger blowing from the distant sea.

—Alone within her solitary hut ;
There, or within the compass of her fields,
At any moment may the Dame be found,
True as the stock-dove to her shallow nest
And to the grove that holds it. She be-
guiles

By intermingled work of house and field
The summer's day, and winter's ; with
success

Not equal, but sufficient to maintain,
Even at the worst, a smooth stream of
content,

Until the expected hour at which her Mate
From the far-distant quarry's vault returns ;
And by his converse crowns a silent day
With evening cheerfulness. In powers of
mind,

In scale of culture, few among my flock
Hold lower rank than this sequestered pair :
But true humility descends from heaven ;
And that best gift of heaven hath fallen on
them ;

Abundant recompense for every want.
—Stoop from your height, ye proud, and
copy these !

Who, in their noiseless dwelling-place, can
hear

The voice of wisdom whispering scripture
texts

For the mind's government, or temper's
peace ;

And recommending for their mutual need,
Forgiveness, patience, hope, and charity !"

"Much was I pleased," the grey-haired
Wanderer said,

"When to those shining fields our notice
first

You turned; and yet more pleased have
 from your lips
 Gathered this fair report of them who dwell
 In that retirement; whither, by such course
 Of evil hap and good as oft awaits
 A tired way-faring man, once I was brought
 While traversing alone yon mountain pass.
 Dark on my road the autumnal evening
 fell,
 And night succeeded with unusual gloom,
 So hazardous that feet and hands became
 Guides better than mine eyes—until a
 light
 High in the gloom appeared, too high,
 methought,
 For human habitation; but I longed
 To reach it, destitute of other hope.
 I looked with steadiness as sailors look
 On the north star, or watch-tower's distant
 lamp,
 And saw the light—now fixed—and shift-
 ing now—
 Not like a dancing meteor, but in line
 Of never-varying motion, to and fro.
 It is no night-fire of the naked hills,
 Thought I—some friendly covert must be
 near.
 With this persuasion thitherward my steps
 I turn, and reach at last the guiding light;
 Joy to myself! but to the heart of her
 Who there was standing on the open hill,
 (The same kind Matron whom your tongue
 hath praised)
 Alarm and disappointment! The alarm
 Ceased, when she learned through what
 mishap I came,
 And by what help had gained those distant
 fields.
 Drawn from her cottage, on that æry height,
 Bearing a lantern in her hand she stood,
 Or paced the ground—to guide her Hus-
 band home,
 By that unwearied signal, kenned afar;
 An anxious duty! which the lofty site,
 Traversed but by a few irregular paths,
 Imposes, whensoever untoward chance
 Detains him after his accustomed hour
 Till night lies black upon the ground. 'But
 come,
 Come,' said the Matron, 'to our poor
 abode;
 Those dark rocks hide it!' Entering, I
 beheld
 A blazing fire—beside a cleanly hearth

Sate down; and to her office, with leave
 asked,

The Dame returned.

Or ere that glowing pile
 Of mountain turf required the builder's
 hand

Its wasted splendour to repair, the door
 Opened, and she re-entered with glad looks,
 Her Helpmate following. Hospitable fare,
 Frank conversation, made the evening's
 treat:

Need a bewildered traveller wish for more?
 But more was given; I studied as we sate
 By the bright fire, the good Man's form,
 and face

Not less than beautiful; an open brow
 Of undisturbed humanity; a cheek
 Suffused with something of a feminine hue;
 Eyes beaming courtesy and mild regard;
 But, in the quicker turns of the discourse,
 Expression slowly varying, that evinced
 A tardy apprehension. From a fount
 Lost, thought I, in the obscurities of time,
 But honoured once, those features and that
 mien

May have descended, though I see them
 here.

In such a man, so gentle and subdued,
 Withal so graceful in his gentleness,
 A race illustrious for heroic deeds,
 Humbled, but not degraded, may expire.
 This pleasing fancy (cherished and upheld
 By sundry recollections of such fall
 From high to low, ascent from low to high,
 As books record, and even the careless
 mind

Cannot but notice among men and things)
 Went with me to the place of my repose.

Roused by the crowing cock at dawn of
 day,

I yet had risen too late to interchange
 A morning salutation with my Host,
 Gone forth already to the far-off seat
 Of his day's work. 'Three dark mid-winter
 months

'Pass,' said the Matron 'and I never see,
 'Save when the sabbath brings its kind
 release,

'My Helpmate's face by light of day. He
 quits

'His door in darkness, nor till dusk returns.
 'And, through Heaven's blessing, thus we
 gain the bread

'For which we pray; and for the wants
 provide
 'Of sickness, accident, and helpless age.
 'Companions have I many; many friends,
 'Dependants, comforters—my wheel, my
 fire,
 'All day the house-clock ticking in mine
 ear,
 'The cackling hen, the tender chicken
 brood,
 'And the wild birds that gather round my
 porch.
 'This honest sheep-dog's countenance I
 read;
 'With him can talk; nor blush to waste a
 word
 'On creatures less intelligent and shrewd.
 'And if the blustering wind that drives the
 clouds
 'Care not for me, he lingers round my door,
 'And makes me pastime when our tempers
 suit;—
 'But, above all, my thoughts are my support,
 'My comfort :—would that they were oftener
 fixed
 'On what, for guidance in the way that
 leads
 'To heaven, I know, by my Redeemer
 taught.'

The Matron ended—nor could I forbear
 To exclaim—'O happy! yielding to the
 law

Of these privations, richer in the main!—
 While thankless thousands are oppress and
 clogged

By ease and leisure; by the very wealth
 And pride of opportunity made poor;
 While tens of thousands falter in their path,
 And sink, through utter want of cheering
 light;

For you the hours of labour do not flag;
 For you each evening hath its shining star,
 And every sabbath-day its golden sun.'

"Yes!" said the Solitary with a smile
 That seemed to break from an expanding
 heart,

"The untutored bird may found, and so
 construct,

And with such soft materials line, her nest
 Fixed in the centre of a prickly brake,
 That the thorns wound her not; they only
 guard.

Powers not unjustly likened to those gifts

Of happy instinct which the woodland bird
 Shares with her species, nature's grace
 sometimes

Upon the individual doth confer,
 Among her higher creatures born and
 trained

To use of reason. And, I own that, tired
 Of the ostentatious world—a swelling stage
 With empty actions and vain passions
 stuffed,

And from the private struggles of mankind
 Hoping far less than I could wish to hope,
 Far less than once I trusted and believed—
 I love to hear of those, who, not contending
 Nor summoned to contend for virtue's
 prize,

Miss not the humbler good at which they
 aim,

Blest with a kindly faculty to blunt
 The edge of adverse circumstance, and turn
 Into their contraries the petty plagues
 And hindrances with which they stand
 beset.

In early youth, among my native hills,
 I knew a Scottish Peasant who possessed
 A few small crofts of stone-encumbered
 ground;

Masses of every shape and size, that lay
 Scattered about under the mouldering
 walls

Of a rough precipice; and some, apart,
 In quarters unobnoxious to such chance,
 As if the moon had showered them down
 in spite.

But he repined not. Though the plough
 was scared

By these obstructions, 'round the shady
 stones

'A fertilising moisture,' said the Swain,
 'Gathers, and is preserved; and feeding
 dews

'And damps, through all the drougthy
 summer day

'From out their substance issuing, maintain
 'Herbage that never fails; no grass springs
 up

'So green, so fresh, so plentiful, as mine!'
 But thinly sown these natures; rare, at
 least,

The mutual aptitude of seed and soil
 That yields such kindly product. He,
 whose bed

Perhaps yon loose sods cover, the poor
 Pensioner

Brought yesterday from our sequestered dell
Here to lie down in lasting quiet, he,
If living now, could otherwise report
Of rustic loneliness: that grey-haired
Orphan—

So call him, for humanity to him
No parent was—feelingly could have told,
In life, in death, what solitude can breed
Of selfishness, and cruelty, and vice;
Or, if it breed not, hath not power to cure.
—But your compliance, Sir! with our
request

My words too long have hindered."
Undeterred,

Perhaps incited rather, by these shocks,
In no ungracious opposition, given
To the confiding spirit of his own
Experienced faith, the reverend Pastor
said,

Around him looking; "Where shall I
begin?

Who shall be first selected from my flock
Gathered together in their peaceful fold?"
He paused—and having lifted up his eyes
To the pure heaven, he cast them down
again

Upon the earth beneath his feet; and
spoke:—

"To a mysteriously-united pair
This place is consecrate; to Death and Life,
And to the best affections that proceed
From their conjunction; consecrate to faith
In him who bled for man upon the cross;
Hallowed to revelation; and no less
To reason's mandates: and the hopes
divine

Of pure imagination;—above all,
To charity, and love, that have provided,
Within these precincts, a capacious bed
And receptacle, open to the good
And evil, to the just and the unjust;
In which they find an equal resting-place:
Even as the multitude of kindred brooks
And streams, whose murmur fills this
hollow vale,

Whether their course be turbulent or
smooth,

Their waters clear or sullied, all are lost
Within the bosom of yon crystal Lake,
And end their journey in the same repose!

And blest are they who sleep; and we
that know,

While in a spot like this we breathe and
walk,

That all beneath us by the wings are covered
Of motherly humanity, outspread
And gathering all within their tender shade,
Though loth and slow to come! A battle-
field,

In stillness left when slaughter is no more,
With this compared, makes a strange
spectacle!

A dismal prospect yields the wild shore
strewn

With wrecks, and trod by feet of young and
old

Wandering about in miserable search
Of friends or kindred, whom the angry sea
Restores not to their prayer! Ah! who
would think

That all the scattered subjects which com-
pose

Earth's melancholy vision through the space
Of all her climes—these wretched, these
depraved,

To virtue lost, insensible of peace,
From the delights of charity cut off,
To pity dead, the oppressor and the oppressed;
Tyrants who utter the destroying word,
And slaves who will consent to be destroyed—
Were of one species with the sheltered few,
Who, with a dutiful and tender hand,
Lodged, in a dear appropriated spot,
This file of infants; some that never breathed
The vital air; others, which, though allowed
That privilege, did yet expire too soon,
Or with too brief a warning, to admit
Administration of the holy rite

That lovingly consigns the babe to the arms
Of Jesus, and his everlasting care.

These that in trembling hope are laid apart;
And the besprinkled nursling, unrequired
Till he begins to smile upon the breast
That feeds him; and the tottering little-one
Taken from air and sunshine when the rose
Of infancy first blooms upon his cheek;
The thinking, thoughtless, school-boy; the
bold youth

Of soul impetuous, and the bashful maid
Smitten while all the promises of life
Are opening round her; those of middle
age,

Cast down while confident in strength they
stand,

Like pillars fixed more firmly, as might
seem,

And more secure, by very weight of all
That, for support, rests on them; the decayed

And burthensome; and lastly, that poor few
Whose light of reason is with age extinct;
The hopeful and the hopeless, first and last,
The earliest summoned and the longest spared—

Are here deposited, with tribute paid
Various, but unto each some tribute paid;
As if, amid these peaceful hills and groves,
Society were touched with kind concern,
And gentle 'Nature grieved, that one should die;' ¹

Or, if the change demanded no regret,
Observed the liberating stroke—and blessed.

And whence that tribute? wherefore these regards? ¹

Not from the naked *Heart* alone of Man
(Though claiming high distinction upon earth

As the sole spring and fountain-head of tears,

His own peculiar utterance for distress
Or gladness)—No," the philosophic Priest
Continued, "'tis not in the vital seat
Of feeling to produce them, without aid
From the pure soul, the soul sublime and pure;

With her two faculties of eye and ear,
The one by which a creature, whom his sins

Have rendered prone, can upward look to heaven;

The other that empowers him to perceive
The voice of Deity, on height and plain,
Whispering those truths in stillness, which the WORD,

To the four quarters of the winds, proclaims.
Not without such assistance could the use
Of these benign observances prevail:
Thus are they born, thus fostered, thus maintained;

And by the care prospective of our wise
Forefathers, who, to guard against the shocks

The fluctuation and decay of things,
Embodied and established these high truths
In solemn institutions:—men convinced
That life is love and immortality,
The being one, and one the element.

There lies the channel, and original bed,

¹ See Note.

From the beginning, hollowed out and scooped

For Man's affections—else betrayed and lost,

And swallowed up 'mid deserts infinite!
This is the genuine course, the aim, and end
Of prescient reason; all conclusions else
Are abject, vain, presumptuous, and perverse.

The faith partaking of those holy times,
Life, I repeat, is energy of love
Divine or human; exercised in pain,
In strife, and tribulation; and ordained,
If so approved and sanctified, to pass,
Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy."

BOOK SIXTH

THE CHURCHYARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

ARGUMENT

Poet's Address to the State and Church of England—The Pastor not inferior to the ancient Worthies of the Church—He begins his Narratives with an instance of unrequited Love—Anguish of mind subdued, and how—The lonely Miner—An instance of perseverance—Which leads by contrast to an example of abused talents, irresolution, and weakness—Solitary, applying this covertly to his own case, asks for an instance of some Stranger, whose dispositions may have led him to end his days here—Pastor, in answer, gives an account of the harmonising influence of Solitude upon two men of opposite principles, who had encountered agitations in public life—The rule by which Peace may be obtained expressed, and where—Solitary hints at an overpowering Fatality—Answer of the Pastor—What subjects he will exclude from his Narratives—Conversation upon this—Instance of an unamiable character, a Female, and why given—Contrasted with this, a meek sufferer, from unguarded and betrayed love—Instance of heavier guilt, and its consequences to the Offender—With this instance of a Marriage Contract broken is contrasted one of a Widower, evidencing his faithful affection towards his deceased wife by his care of their female Children.

HAIL to the crown by Freedom shaped—to gird

An English Sovereign's brow! and to the throne

Whereon he sits ! Whose deep foundations
lie

In veneration and the people's love ;
Whose steps are equity, whose seat is law.
—Hail to the State of England ! And
conjoin

With this a salutation as devout,
Made to the spiritual fabric of her Church ;
Founded in truth ; by blood of Martyrdom
Cemented ; by the hands of Wisdom reared
In beauty of holiness, with ordered pomp,
Decent and unproved. The voice, that
greet

The majesty of both, shall pray for both ;
That, mutually protected and sustained,
They may endure long as the sea surrounds
This favoured Land, or sunshine warms
her soil.

And O, ye swelling hills, and spacious
plains
Besprent from shore to shore with steeple-
towers,
And spires whose 'silent finger points to
heaven ;'¹

Nor wanting, at wide intervals, the bulk
Of ancient minster lifted above the cloud
Of the dense air, which town or city breeds
To intercept the sun's glad beams—may
ne'er

That true succession fail of English hearts,
Who, with ancestral feeling, can perceive
What in those holy structures ye possess
Of ornamental interest, and the charm
Of pious sentiment diffused afar,
And human charity, and social love.
—Thus never shall the indignities of time
Approach their reverend graces, unop-
posed ;

Nor shall the elements be free to hurt
Their fair proportions ; nor the blinder rage
Of bigot zeal madly to overturn ;
And, if the desolating hand of war
Spare them, they shall continue to bestow
Upon the thronged abodes of busy men
(Depraved, and ever prone to fill the mind
Exclusively with transitory things)
An air and mien of dignified pursuit ;
Of sweet civility, on rustic wilds.

The Poet, fostering for his native land
Such hope, entreats that servants may
abound

¹ See Note

Of those pure altars worthy ; ministers
Detached from pleasure, to the love of gain
Superior, insusceptible of pride,
And by ambitious longings undisturbed ;
Men, whose delight is where their duty
leads

Or fixes them ; whose least distinguished
day

Shines with some portion of that heavenly
lustre

Which makes the sabbath lovely in the
sight

Of blessed angels, pitying human cares.

—And, as on earth it is the doom of truth
To be perpetually attacked by foes
Open or covert, be that priesthood still,
For her defence, replenished with a band
Of strenuous champions, in scholastic arts
Thoroughly disciplined ; nor (if in course
Of the revolving world's disturbances
Cause should recur, which righteous Heaven
avert !

To meet such trial) from their spiritual
sires

Degenerate ; who, constrained to wield the
sword

Of disputation, shrunk not, though assailed
With hostile din, and combating in sight
Of angry umpires, partial and unjust ;
And did, thereafter, bathe their hands in
fire,

So to declare the conscience satisfied :
Nor for their bodies would accept release ;
But, blessing God and praising him, be-
queathed

With their last breath, from out the smoul-
dering flame,

The faith which they by diligence had
earned,

Or, through illuminating grace, received,
For their dear countrymen, and all man-
kind.

O high example, constancy divine !

Even such a Man (inheriting the zeal
And from the sanctity of elder times
Not deviating,—a priest, the like of whom
If multiplied, and in their stations set,
Would o'er the bosom of a joyful land
Spread true religion and her genuine fruits)
Before me stood that day ; on holy ground
Fraught with the relics of mortality,
Exalting tender themes, by just degrees
To lofty raised ; and to the highest, last ;

The head and mighty paramount of
truths,—
Immortal life, in never-fading worlds,
For mortal creatures, conquered and
secured.

That basis laid, those principles of faith
Announced, as a preparatory act
Of reverence done to the spirit of the place,
The Pastor cast his eyes upon the ground;
Not, as before, like one oppressed with
awe
But with a mild and social cheerfulness;
Then to the Solitary turned, and spake.

"At morn or eve, in your retired
domain,
Perchance you not unfrequently have
marked
A Visitor—in quest of herbs and flowers;
Too delicate employ, as would appear,
For one, who, though of drooping mien,
had yet
From nature's kindness received a frame
Robust as ever rural labour bred."

The Solitary answered: "Such a Form
Full well I recollect. We often crossed
Each other's path; but, as the Intruder
seemed
Fondly to prize the silence which he kept,
And I as willingly did cherish mine,
We met, and passed, like shadows. I
have heard,
From my good Host, that being crazed in
brain
By unrequited love, he scaled the rocks,
Dived into caves, and pierced the matted
woods,
In hope to find some virtuous herb of
power
To cure his malady!"

The Vicar smiled,—
"Alas! before to-morrow's sun goes down
His habitation will be here: for him
That open grave is destined."

"Died he then
Of pain and grief?" the Solitary asked,
"Do not believe it; never could that be!"

"He loved," the Vicar answered,
"deeply loved,
Loved fondly, truly, fervently; and dared
At length to tell his love, but sued in vain;

Rejected, yea repelled; and, if with scorn
Upon the haughty maiden's brow, 'tis but
A high-prized plume which female Beauty
wears

In wantonness of conquest, or puts on
To cheat the world, or from herself to hide
Humiliation, when no longer free.

That he could brook, and glory in;—but
when

The tidings came that she whom he had
wooed

Was wedded to another, and his heart
Was forced to rend away its only hope;
Then, Pity could have scarcely found on
earth

An object worthier of regard than he,
In the transition of that bitter hour!
Lost was she, lost; nor could the Sufferer
say

That in the act of preference he had been
Unjustly dealt with; but the Maid was
gone!

Had vanished from his prospects and desires;
Not by translation to the heavenly choir
Who have put off their mortal spoils—ah
no!

She lives another's wishes to complete,—
'Joy be their lot, and happiness,' he cried,
'His lot and hers, as misery must be mine!'

Such was that strong concussion; but the
Man,
Who trembled, trunk and limbs, like some
huge oak

By a fierce tempest shaken, soon resumed
The stedfast quiet natural to a mind
Of composition gentle and sedate,
And, in its movements, circumspect and
slow.

To books, and to the long-forsaken desk,
O'er which enchained by science he had
loved

To bend, he stoutly re-addressed himself,
Resolved to quell his pain, and search for
truth

With keener appetite (if that might be)
And closer industry. Of what ensued
Within the heart no outward sign appeared
Till a betraying sickliness was seen
To tinge his cheek; and through his frame
it crept

With slow mutation unconcealable;
Such universal change as autumn makes
In the fair body of a leafy grove,

Discoloured, then divested.

'Tis affirmed

By poets skilled in nature's secret ways
That Love will not submit to be controlled
By mastery:—and the good Man lacked
not friends

Who strove to instil this truth into his mind,
A mind in all heart-mysteries unversed.

'Go to the hills,' said one, 'remit a while
'This baneful diligence:—at early morn
'Court the fresh air, explore the heaths and
woods;

'And, leaving it to others to foretell,
'By calculations sage, the ebb and flow
'Of tides, and when the moon will be
eclipsed,

'Do you, for your own benefit, construct
'A calendar of flowers, plucked as they
blossom

'Where health abides, and cheerfulness,
and peace.'

The attempt was made;—'tis needless to
report

How hopelessly; but innocence is strong,
And an entire simplicity of mind
A thing most sacred in the eye of Heaven;
That opens, for such sufferers, relief
Within the soul, fountains of grace divine;
And doth commend their weakness and
disease

To Nature's care, assisted in her office
By all the elements that round her wait
To generate, to preserve, and to restore;
And by her beautiful array of forms
Shedding sweet influence from above; or
pure

Delight exhaling from the ground they
tread."

"Impute it not to impatience, if," ex-
claimed

The Wanderer, "I infer that he was healed
By perseverance in the course prescribed."

"You do not err: the powers, that had
been lost

By slow degrees, were gradually regained;
The fluttering nerves composed; the beat-
ing heart

In rest established; and the jarring thoughts
To harmony restored.—But yon dark mould
Will cover him, in the fulness of his strength,
Hastily smitten by a fever's force;
Yet not with stroke so sudden as refused

Time to look back with tenderness on her
Whom he had loved in passion; and to
send

Some farewell words—with one, but one,
request;

That, from his dying hand, she would accept
Of his possessions that which most he prized;
A book, upon whose leaves some chosen
plants,

By his own hand disposed with nicest care,
In undecaying beauty were preserved;
Mute register, to him, of time and place,
And various fluctuations in the breast;
To her, a monument of faithful love
Conquered, and in tranquillity retained!

Close to his destined habitation, lies
One who achieved a humbler victory,
Though marvellous in its kind. A place
there is

High in these mountains, that allured a band
Of keen adventurers to unite their pains
In search of precious ore: they tried, were
foiled—

And all desisted, all, save him alone.
He, taking counsel of his own clear thoughts,
And trusting only to his own weak hands,
Urged unremittingly the stubborn work,
Unseconded, uncountenanced; then, as
time

Passed on, while still his lonely efforts
found

No recompense, derided; and at length,
By many pitied, as insane of mind;
By others dreaded as the luckless thrall
Of subterranean Spirits feeding hope
By various mockery of sight and sound;
Hope after hope, encouraged and destroyed.
—But when the lord of seasons had matured
The fruits of earth through space of twice
ten years,

The mountain's entrails offered to his view
And trembling grasp the long-deferred
reward.

Not with more transport did Columbus
greet

A world, his rich discovery! But our Swain,
A very hero till his point was gained,
Proved all unable to support the weight
Of prosperous fortune. On the fields he
looked

With an unsettled liberty of thought,
Wishes and endless schemes; by daylight
walked

Giddy and restless; ever and anon
 Quaffed in his gratitude immoderate cups;
 And truly might be said to die of joy!
 He vanished; but conspicuous to this day
 The path remains that linked his cottage-
 door

To the mine's mouth; a long and slanting
 track,

Upon the rugged mountain's stony side,
 Worn by his daily visits to and from
 The darksome centre of a constant hope.
 This vestige, neither force of beating rain,
 Nor the vicissitudes of frost and thaw
 Shall cause to fade, till ages pass away;
 And it is named, in memory of the event,
 The PATH OF PERSEVERANCE."

"Thou from whom
 Man has his strength," exclaimed the
 Wanderer, "oh!

Do thou direct it! To the virtuous grant
 The penetrative eye which can perceive
 In this blind world the guiding vein of hope;
 That, like this Labourer, such may dig
 their way,

'Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified;'
 Grant to the wise *his* firmness of resolve!"

"That prayer were not superfluous," said
 the Priest,

"Amid the noblest relics, proudest dust,
 That Westminster, for Britain's glory, holds
 Within the bosom of her awful pile,
 Ambitiously collected. Yet the sigh,
 Which wafts that prayer to heaven, is due
 to all,

Wherever laid, who living fell below
 Their virtue's humbler mark; a sigh of *pain*
 If to the opposite extreme they sank.

How would you pity her who yonder rests;
 Him, farther off; the pair, who here are
 laid;

But, above all, that mixture of earth's mould
 Whom sight of this green hillock to my mind
 Recalls!

He lived not till his locks were nipped
 By seasonable frost of age; nor died
 Before his temples, prematurely forced
 To mix the manly brown with silver grey,
 Gave obvious instance of the sad effect
 Produced, when thoughtless Folly hath
 usurped

The natural crown that sage Experience
 wears.

Gay, volatile, ingenious, quick to learn,

And prompt to exhibit all that he possessed
 Or could perform; a zealous actor, hired
 Into the troop of mirth, a soldier, sworn
 Into the lists of giddy enterprise—
 Such was he; yet, as if within his frame
 Two several souls alternately had lodged,
 Two sets of manners could the Youth put
 on;

And, fraught with antics as the Indian bird
 That writhes and chatters in her wiry cage,
 Was graceful, when it pleased him, smooth
 and still

As the mute swan that floats adown the
 stream,

Or, on the waters of the unruffled lake,
 Anchors her placid beauty. Not a leaf,
 That flutters on the bough, lighter than he;
 And not a flower, that droops in the green
 shade,

More winningly reserved! If ye enquire
 How such consummate elegance was bred
 Amid these wilds, this answer may suffice;
 'Twas Nature's will; who sometimes under-
 takes,

For the reproof of human vanity,
 Art to outstrip in her peculiar walk.
 Hence, for this Favourite—lavishly endowed
 With personal gifts, and bright instinctive
 wit,

While both, embellishing each other, stood
 Yet farther recommended by the charm
 Of fine demeanour, and by dance and song,
 And skill in letters—every fancy shaped
 Fair expectations; nor, when to the world's
 Capacious field forth went the Adventurer,
 there

Were he and his attainments overlooked,
 Or scantily rewarded; but all hopes,
 Cherished for him, he suffered to depart,
 Like blighted buds; or clouds that mimicked
 land

Before the sailor's eye; or diamond drops
 That sparkling decked the morning grass;
 or aught

That *was* attractive, and hath ceased to be!

Yet, when this Prodigal returned, the
 rites

Of joyful greeting were on him bestowed,
 Who, by humiliation undeterred,
 Sought for his weariness a place of rest
 Within his Father's gates.—Whence came
 he?—clothed

In tattered garb, from hovels where abides

Necessity, the stationary host
Of vagrant poverty; from rifted barns
Where no one dwells but the wide-staring
owl

And the owl's prey; from these bare haunts,
to which

He had descended from the proud saloon,
He came, the ghost of beauty and of health,
The wreck of gaiety! But soon revived
In strength, in power refitted, he renewed
His suit to Fortune; and she smiled again
Upon a fickle Ingrate. Thrice he rose,
Thrice sank as willingly. For he—whose
nerves

Were used to thrill with pleasure, while his
voice

Softly accompanied the tuneful harp,
By the nice finger of fair ladies touched
In glittering halls—was able to derive
No less enjoyment from an abject choice.
Who happier for the moment—who more
blithe

Than this fallen Spirit? in those dreary
holds

His talents lending to exalt the freaks
Of merry-making beggars,—nor provoked
To laughter multiplied in louder peals
By his malicious wit; then, all enchained
With mute astonishment, themselves to see
In their own arts outdone, their fame
eclipsed,

As by the very presence of the Fiend
Who dictates and inspires illusive feats,
For knavish purposes! The city, too,
(With shame I speak it) to her guilty bowers
Allured him, sunk so low in self-respect
As there to linger, there to eat his bread,
Hired minstrel of voluptuous blandishment;
Charming the air with skill of hand or voice,
Listen who would, be wrought upon who
might,

Sincerely wretched hearts, or falsely gay.
—Such the too frequent tenor of his boast
In ears that relished the report;—but all
Was from his Parents happily concealed;
Who saw enough for blame and pitying
love,

They also were permitted to receive
His last, repentant breath; and closed his
eyes,

No more to open on that irksome world
Where he had long existed in the state
Of a young fowl beneath one mother
hatched,

Though from another sprung, different in
kind:

Where he had lived, and could not cease
to live,

Distracted in propensity; content
With neither element of good or ill;
And yet in both rejoicing; man unblessed;
Of contradictions infinite the slave,
Till his deliverance, when Mercy made him
One with himself, and one with them that
sleep."

"'Tis strange," observed the Solitary,
"strange

It seems, and scarcely less than pitiful,
That in a land where charity provides
For all that can no longer feed themselves,
A man like this should choose to bring his
shame

To the parental door; and with his sighs
Infect the air which he had freely breathed
In happy infancy. He could not pine,
Through lack of converse; no—he must
have found

Abundant exercise for thought and speech,
In his dividual being, self-reviewed,
Self-catechised, self-punished.—Some there
are

Who, drawing near their final home, and
much

And daily longing that the same were
reached,

Would rather shun than seek the fellowship
Of kindred mould.—Such haply here are
laid?"

"Yes," said the Priest, "the Genius of
our hills—

Who seems, by these stupendous barriers
cast

Round his domain, desirous not alone
To keep his own, but also to exclude
All other progeny—doth sometimes lure,
Even by his studied depth of privacy,
The unhappy alien hoping to obtain
Concealment, or seduced by wish to find,
In place from outward molestation free,
Helps to internal ease. Of many such
Could I discourse; but as their stay was
brief,

So their departure only left behind
Fancies, and loose conjectures. Other
trace

Survives, for worthy mention, of a pair

Who, from the pressure of their several
fates,

Meeting as strangers, in a petty town
Whose blue roofs ornament a distant reach
Of this far-winding vale, remained as friends
True to their choice; and gave their bones
in trust

To this loved cemetery, here to lodge
With unescutcheoned privacy interred
Far from the family vault.—A Chieftain
one

By right of birth; within whose spotless
breast

The fire of ancient Caledonia burned:
He, with the foremost whose impatience
hailed

The Stuart, landing to resume, by force
Of arms, the crown which bigotry had lost,
Aroused his clan; and, fighting at their
head,

With his brave sword endeavoured to pre-
vent

Culloden's fatal overthrow. Escaped
From that disastrous rout, to foreign shores
He fled; and when the lenient hand of time
Those troubles had appeased, he sought
and gained,

For his obscured condition, an obscure
Retreat, within this nook of English ground.

The other, born in Britain's southern
tract,

Had fixed his milder loyalty, and placed
His gentler sentiments of love and hate,
There, where *they* placed them who in con-
science prized

The new succession, as a line of kings
Whose oath had virtue to protect the land
Against the dire assaults of papacy
And arbitrary rule. But launch thy bark
On the distempered flood of public life,
And cause for most rare triumph will be
thine

If, spite of keenest eye and steadiest hand,
The stream, that bears thee forward, prove
not, soon

Or late, a perilous inaster. He—who oft,
Beneath the battlements and stately trees
That round his mansion cast a sober gloom,
Had moralised on this, and other truths
Of kindred import, pleased and satisfied—
Was forced to vent his wisdom with a sigh
Heaved from the heart in fortune's bitter-
ness,

When he had crushed a plentiful estate
By ruinous contest, to obtain a seat
In Britain's senate. Fruitless was the at-
tempt:

And while the uproar of that desperate strife
Continued yet to vibrate on his ear,
The vanquished Whig, under a borrowed
name,

(For the mere sound and echo of his own
Haunted him with sensations of disgust
That he was glad to lose) slunk from the
world

To the deep shade of those untravelled
Wilds;

In which the Scottish Laird had long pos-
sessed

An undisturbed abode. Here, then, they
met,

Two doughty champions; flaming Jacobite
And sullen Hanoverian! You might think
That losses and vexations, less severe
Than those which they had severally sus-
tained,

Would have inclined each to abate his zeal
For his ungrateful cause; no,—I have
heard

My reverend Father tell that, 'mid the calm
Of that small town encountering thus, they
filled,

Daily, its bowling-green with harmless
strife;

Plagued with uncharitable thoughts the
church;

And vexed the market-place. But in the
breasts

Of these opponents gradually was wrought,
With little change of general sentiment,
Such leaning towards each other, that their
days

By choice were spent in constant fellowship;
And if, at times, they fretted with the yoke,
Those very bickerings made them love it
more.

A favourite boundary to their lengthened
walks

This Churchyard was. And, whether they
had come

Treading their path in sympathy and linked
In social converse, or by some short space
Discreetly parted to preserve the peace,
One spirit seldom failed to extend its sway
Over both minds, when they awhile had
marked

The visible quiet of this holy ground,
And breathed its soothing air:—the spirit
of hope

And saintly magnanimity; that—spurning
The field of selfish difference and dispute,
And every care which transitory things,
Earth and the kingdoms of the earth,
create—

Doth, by a rapture of forgetfulness,
Preclude forgiveness, from the praise de-
barred,

Which else the Christian virtue might have
claimed.

There live who yet remember here to
have seen

Their courtly figures, seated on the stump
Of an old yew, their favourite resting-place.
But as the remnant of the long-lived tree
Was disappearing by a swift decay,
They, with joint care, determined to erect,
Upon its site, a dial, that might stand
For public use preserved, and thus survive
As their own private monument: for this
Was the particular spot, in which they
wished

(And Heaven was pleased to accomplish
the desire)

That, undivided, their remains should lie.
So, where the mouldered tree had stood,
was raised

Yon structure, framing, with the ascent of
steps

That to the decorated pillar lead,
A work of art more sumptuous than might
seem

To suit this place; yet built in no proud
scorn

Of rustic homeliness; they only aimed
To ensure for it respectful guardianship.
Around the margin of the plate, whereon
The shadow falls to note the stealthy hours,
Winds an inscriptive legend."—At these
words

Thither we turned; and gathered, as we
read,

The appropriate sense, in Latin numbers
couched :

*'Time flies; it is his melancholy task,
To bring, and bear away, delusive hopes,
And re-produce the troubles he destroys.
But, while his blindness thus is occupied,
Discerning Mortal! do thou serve the will
Of Time's eternal Master, and that peace,*

*Which the world wants, shall be for thee
confirmed !'*

"Smooth verse, inspired by no unlettered
Muse,"

Exclaimed the Sceptic, "and the strain of
thought

Accords with nature's language;—the soft
voice

Of yon white torrent falling down the rocks
Speaks, less distinctly, to the same effect.

If, then, their blended influence be not lost
Upon our hearts, not wholly lost, I grant,
Even upon mine, the more are we required
To feel for those among our fellow-men,
Who, offering no obeisance to the world,
Are yet made desperate by 'too quick a
sense

Of constant infelicity,' cut off

From peace like exiles on some barren rock,
Their life's appointed prison; not more free
Than sentinels, between two armies, set,
With nothing better, in the chill night air,
Than their own thoughts to comfort them.

Say why

That ancient story of Prometheus chained
To the bare rock, on frozen Caucasus;
The vulture, the inexhaustible repast
Drawn from his vitals? Say what meant
the woes

By Tantalus entailed upon his race,
And the dark sorrows of the line of Thebes?
Fictions in form, but in their substance
truths,

Tremendous truths! familiar to the men
Of long-past times, nor obsolete in ours.
Exchange the shepherd's frock of native
grey

For robes with regal purple tinged; convert
The crook into a sceptre; give the pomp
Of circumstance; and here the tragic Muse
Shall find apt subjects for her highest art.
Amid the groves, under the shadowy hills,
The generations are prepared; the pangs,
The internal pangs, are ready; the dread
strife

Of poor humanity's afflicted will
Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny."

"Though," said the Priest in answer,
"these be terms

Which a divine philosophy rejects,
We, whose established and unfailing trust
Is in controlling Providence, admit

That, through all stations, human life
 abounds
 With mysteries;—for, if Faith were left
 untried,
 How could the might, that lurks within her,
 then
 Be shown? her glorious excellence—that
 ranks
 Among the first of Powers and Virtues—
 proved?
 Our system is not fashioned to preclude
 That sympathy which you for others ask;
 And I could tell, not travelling for my
 theme
 Beyond these humble graves, of grievous
 crimes
 And strange disasters; but I pass them by,
 Loth to disturb what Heaven hath hushed
 in peace.
 —Still less, far less, am I inclined to treat
 Of Man degraded in his Maker's sight
 By the deformities of brutish vice:
 For, in such portraits, though a vulgar face
 And a coarse outside of repulsive life
 And unaffected manners might at once
 Be recognised by all"—"Ah! do not
 think,"
 The Wanderer somewhat eagerly exclaimed,
 "Wish could be ours that you, for such
 poor gain,
 (Gain shall I call it?—gain of what?—for
 whom?)
 Should breathe a word tending to violate
 Your own pure spirit. Not a step we look
 for
 In slight of that forbearance and reserve
 Which common human-heartedness in-
 spires,
 And mortal ignorance and frailty claim,
 Upon this sacred ground, if nowhere else."

"True," said the Solitary, "be it far
 From us to infringe the laws of charity.
 Let judgment here in mercy be pronounced;
 This, self-respecting Nature prompts, and
 this

Wisdom enjoins; but if the thing we seek
 Be genuine knowledge, bear we then in mind
 How, from his lofty throne, the sun can
 fling

Colours as bright on exhalations bred
 By weedy pool or pestilential swamp,
 As by the rivulet sparkling where it runs,
 Or the pellucid lake."

"Small risk," said I,
 "Of such illusion do we here incur;
 Temptation here is none to exceed the
 truth;
 No evidence appears that they who rest
 Within this ground, were covetous of
 praise,
 Or of remembrance even, deserved or not.
 Green is the Churchyard, beautiful and
 green,
 Ridge rising gently by the side of ridge,
 A heaving surface, almost wholly free
 From interruption of sepulchral stones,
 And mantled o'er with aboriginal turf
 And everlasting flowers. These Dalesmen
 trust
 The lingering gleam of their departed lives
 To oral record, and the silent heart;
 Depositories faithful and more kind
 Than fondest epitaph: for, if those fail,
 What boots the sculptured tomb? And
 who can blame,
 Who rather would not envy, men that feel
 This mutual confidence; if, from such
 source,
 The practice flow,—if thence, or from a
 deep
 And general humility in death?
 Nor should I much condemn it, if it spring
 From disregard of time's destructive power,
 As only capable to prey on things
 Of earth, and human nature's mortal part.

Yet—in less simple districts, where we
 see
 Stone lift its forehead emulous of stone
 In courting notice; and the ground all
 paved
 With commendations of departed worth;
 Reading, where'er we turn, of innocent
 lives,
 Of each domestic charity fulfilled,
 And sufferings meekly borne—I, for my
 part,
 Though with the silence pleased that here
 prevails,
 Among those fair recitals also range,
 Soothed by the natural spirit which they
 breathe.
 And, in the centre of a world whose soil
 Is rank with all unkindness, compassed
 round
 With such memorials, I have sometimes
 felt,

It was no momentary happiness
To have *one* Enclosure where the voice that
speaks

In envy or detraction is not heard;
Which malice may not enter; where the
traces

Of evil inclinations are unknown;
Where love and pity tenderly unite
With resignation; and no jarring tone
Intrudes, the peaceful concert to disturb
Of amity and gratitude."

"Thus sanctioned,"

The Pastor said, "I willingly confine
My narratives to subjects that excite
Feelings with these accordant; love, es-
teem,

And admiration; lifting up a veil,
A sunbeam introducing among hearts
Retired and covert; so that ye shall have
Clear images before your gladdened eyes
Of nature's unambitious underwood,
And flowers that prosper in the shade.

And when

I speak of such among my flock as swerved
Or fell, those only shall be singled out
Upon whose lapse, or error, something
more

Than brotherly forgiveness may attend;
To such will we restrict our notice, else
Better my tongue were mute.

And yet there are,

I feel, good reasons why we should not
leave

Wholly untraced a more forbidding way.
For, strength to persevere and to support,
And energy to conquer and repel—

These elements of virtue, that declare
The native grandeur of the human soul—
Are oft-times not unprofitably shown
In the perverseness of a selfish course:
Truth every day exemplified, no less

In the grey cottage by the murmuring
stream

Than in fantastic conqueror's roving camp,
Or 'mid the factious senate, unappalled
Whoe'er may sink, or rise—to sink again,
As merciless proscription ebbs and flows.

There," said the Vicar, pointing as he
spake,

"A woman rests in peace; surpassed by
few

In power of mind, and eloquent discourse.
Tall was her stature; her complexion dark

And saturnine; her head not raised to hold
Converse with heaven, nor yet deprest to-
wards earth,

But in projection carried, as she walked
For ever musing. Sunken were her eyes;
Wrinkled and furrowed with habitual
thought

Was her broad forehead; like the brow of
one

Whose visual nerve shrinks from a painful
glare

Of overpowering light.—While yet a child,
She, 'mid the humble flowerets of the vale,
Towered like the imperial thistle, not
unfurnished

With its appropriate grace, yet rather
seeking

To be admired, than coveted and loved.

Even at that age she ruled, a sovereign
queen,

Over her comrades; else their simple sports,
Wanting all relish for her strenuous mind,
Had crossed her only to be shunned with
scorn.

—Oh! pang of sorrowful regret for those
Whom, in their youth, sweet study has
enthralled,

That they have lived for harsher servitude,
Whether in soul, in body, or estate!

Such doom was hers; yet nothing could
subdue

Her keen desire of knowledge, nor efface

Those brighter images by books imprest

Upon her memory, faithfully as stars

That occupy their places, and, though oft
Hidden by clouds, and oft bedimmed by
haze,

Are not to be extinguished, nor impaired.

Two passions, both degenerate, for they
both

Began in honour, gradually obtained

Rule over her, and vexed her daily life;

An unremitting, avaricious thrift;

And a strange thralldom of maternal love,

That held her spirit, in its own despite,

Bound—by vexation, and regret, and scorn,

Constrained forgiveness, and relenting vows,

And tears, in pride suppressed, in shame
concealed—

To a poor dissolute Son, her only child.

—Her wedded days had opened with mishap,
Whence dire dependence. What could she
perform

To shake the burthen off? Ah! there was
felt,
Indignantly, the weakness of her sex.
She mused, resolved, adhered to her
resolve;
The hand grew slack in alms-giving, the
heart
Closed by degrees to charity; heaven's
blessing
Not seeking from that source, she placed
her trust
In ceaseless pains—and strictest parsimony
Which sternly hoarded all that could be
spared,
From each day's need, out of each day's
least gain.

Thus all was re-established, and a pile
Constructed, that sufficed for every end,
Save the contentment of the builder's mind;
A mind by nature indisposed to aught
So placid, so inactive, as content;
A mind intolerant of lasting peace,
And cherishing the pang her heart deplored.
Dread life of conflict! which I oft compared
To the agitation of a brook that runs
Down a rocky mountain, buried now and
lost
In silent pools, now in strong eddies
chained;
But never to be charmed to gentleness:
Its best attainment fits of such repose
As timid eyes might shrink from fathoming.

A sudden illness seized her in the strength
Of life's autumnal season.—Shall I tell
How on her bed of death the Matron lay,
To Providence submissive, so she thought;
But fretted, vexed, and wrought upon,
almost
To anger, by the malady that griped
Her prostrate frame with unrelaxing power,
As the fierce eagle fastens on the lamb?
She prayed, she moaned;—her husband's
sister watched
Her dreary pillow, waited on her needs;
And yet the very sound of that kind foot
Was anguish to her ears! 'And must she
rule,'
This was the death-doomed Woman heard
to say
In bitterness, 'and must she rule and reign,
'Sole Mistress of this house, when I am
gone?

'Tend what I tended, calling it her own!'
Enough;—I fear, too much.—One vernal
evening,
While she was yet in prime of health and
strength,
I well remember, while I passed her door
Alone, with loitering step, and upward eye
'Turned towards the planet Jupiter that
hung
Above the centre of the Vale, a voice
Roused me, her voice; it said, 'That
glorious star
'In its untroubled element will shine
'As now it shines, when we are laid in
earth
'And safe from all our sorrows.' With a
sigh
She spake, yet, I believe, not unsustained
By faith in glory that shall far transcend
Aught by these perishable heavens disclosed
To sight or mind. Nor less than care
divine
Is divine mercy.' She, who had rebelled,
Was into meekness softened and subdued;
Did, after trials not in vain prolonged,
With resignation sink into the grave;
And her uncharitable acts, I trust,
And harsh unkindnesses are all forgiven,
Tho', in this Vale, remembered with deep
awe."

THE Vicar paused; and toward a seat ad-
vanced,
A long stone-seat, fixed in the Churchyard
wall;
Part shaded by cool sycamore, and part
Offering a sunny resting-place to them
Who seek the House of worship, while the
bells
Yet ring with all their voices, or before
The last hath ceased its solitary knoll.
Beneath the shade we all sate down; and
there,
His office, uninvited, he resumed.

"As on a sunny bank, a tender lamb
Lurks in safe shelter from the winds of
March,
Screened by its parent, so that little mound
Lies guarded by its neighbour; the small
heap
Speaks for itself; an Infant there doth rest;
The sheltering hillock is the Mother's grave.

If mild discourse, and manners that conferred

A natural dignity on humblest rank;
If gladsome spirits, and benignant looks,
That for a face not beautiful did more
Than beauty for the fairest face can do;
And if religious tenderness of heart,
Grieving for sin, and penitential tears
Shed when the clouds had gathered and
distained

The spotless ether of a maiden life;
If these may make a hallowed spot of earth
More holy in the sight of God or Man;
Then, o'er that mould, a sanctity shall
brood
Till the stars sicken at the day of doom.

Ah! what a warning for a thoughtless
man,
Could field or grove, could any spot of
earth,

Show to his eye an image of the pangs
Which it hath witnessed; render back an
echo

Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod!
There, by her innocent Baby's precious
grave,

And on the very turf that roofs her own,
The Mother oft was seen to stand, or kneel
In the broad day, a weeping Magdalene.
Now she is not; the swelling turf reports
Of the fresh shower, but of poor Ellen's
tears

Is silent; nor is any vestige left
Of the path worn by mournful tread of her
Who, at her heart's light bidding, once had
moved

In virgin fearlessness, with step that seemed
Caught from the pressure of elastic turf
Upon the mountains gemmed with morning
dew,

In the prime hour of sweetest scents and airs.
—Serious and thoughtful was her mind;
and yet,

By reconciliation exquisite and rare,
The form, port, motions, of this Cottage-
girl

Were such as might have quickened and
inspired

A Titian's hand, addrest to picture forth
Oread or Dryad glancing through the shade
What time the hunter's earliest horn is
heard

Startling the golden hills.

A wide-spread elm

Stands in our valley, named THE JOYFUL
TREE;

From dateless usage which our peasants
hold

Of giving welcome to the first of May
By dances round its trunk.—And if the sky
Permit, like honours, dance and song, are
paid

To the Twelfth Night, beneath the frosty
stars

Or the clear moon. The queen of these
gay sports,

If not in beauty yet in sprightly air,
Was hapless Ellen.—No one touched the
ground

So deftly, and the nicest maiden's locks
Less gracefully were braided;—but this
praise,

Methinks, would better suit another place.

She loved, and fondly deemed herself
beloved.

—The road is dim, the current unperceived,
The weakness painful and most pitiful,
By which a virtuous woman, in pure youth,
May be delivered to distress and shame.

Such fate was hers.—The last time Ellen
danced,

Among her equals, round THE JOYFUL
TREE,

She bore a secret burthen; and full soon
Was left to tremble for a breaking vow,—
Then, to bewail a sternly-broken vow,
Alone, within her widowed Mother's house.
It was the season of unfolding leaves,
Of days advancing toward their utmost
length,

And small birds singing happily to mates
Happy as they. With spirit-saddening
power

Winds pipe through fading woods; but
those blithe notes

Strike the deserted to the heart; I speak
Of what I know, and what we feel within.

—Beside the cottage in which Ellen dwelt
Stands a tall ash-tree; to whose topmost
twig

A thrush resorts, and annually chants,
At morn and evening from that naked
perch,

While all the undergrove is thick with
leaves,

A time-beguiling ditty, for delight

Of his fond partner, silent in the nest.

—‘Ah why,’ said Ellen, sighing to herself,
‘Why do not words, and kiss, and solemn
pledge;

‘And nature that is kind in woman’s breast,
‘And reason that in man is wise and good,
‘And fear of him who is a righteous judge;
‘Why do not these prevail for human life,
‘To keep two hearts together, that began
‘Their spring-time with one love, and that
have need

‘Of mutual pity and forgiveness, sweet
‘To grant, or be received; while that poor
bird—

‘O come and hear him! Thou who hast
to me

‘Been faithless, hear him, though a lowly
creature,

‘One of God’s simple children that yet know
not

‘The universal Parent, how he sings
‘As if he wished the firmament of heaven
‘Should listen, and give back to him the
voice

‘Of his triumphant constancy and love;

‘The proclamation that he makes, how far

‘His darkness doth transcend our fickle
light!’

Such was the tender passage, not by me
Repeated without loss of simple phrase,
Which I perused, even as the words had
been

Committed by forsaken Ellen’s hand
To the blank margin of a Valentine,
Bedropped with tears. ‘Twill please you
to be told

That, studiously withdrawing from the eye
Of all companionship, the Sufferer yet
In lonely reading found a meek resource:
How thankful for the warmth of summer
days,

When she could slip into the cottage-barn,
And find a secret oratory there;
Or, in the garden, under friendly veil
Of their long twilight, pore upon her book
By the last lingering help of the open sky
Until dark night dismissed her to her bed!
Thus did a waking fancy sometimes lose
The unconquerable pang of despised love.

A kindlier passion opened on her soul
When that poor Child was born. Upon
its face

She gazed as on a pure and spotless gift
Of unexpected promise, where a grief
Or dread was all that had been thought of,
—joy

Far livelier than bewildered traveller feels,
Amid a perilous waste that all night long
Hath harassed him toiling through fearful
storm,

When he beholds the first pale speck serene
Of day-spring, in the gloomy east, revealed,
And greets it with thanksgiving. ‘Till
this hour,’

Thus, in her Mother’s hearing Ellen spake,
‘There was a stony region in my heart;

‘But He, at whose command the parched
rock

‘Was smitten, and poured forth a quench-
ing stream,

‘Hath softened that obduracy, and made
‘Unlooked-for gladness in the desert
place,

‘To save the perishing; and, henceforth,
I breathe

‘The air with cheerful spirit, for thy sake
‘My infant! and for that good Mother
dear,

‘Who bore me; and hath prayed for me
in vain;—

‘Yet not in vain; it shall not be in vain.’

She spake, nor was the assurance unful-
filled;

And if heart-rending thoughts would oft
return,

They stayed not long.—The blameless
Infant grew

The Child whom Ellen and her Mother
loved

They soon were proud of; tended it and
nursed;

A soothing comforter, although forlorn;
Like a poor singing-bird from distant
lands;

Or a choice shrub, which he, who passes
by

With vacant mind, not seldom may observe
Fair-flowering in a thinly-peopled house,
Whose window, somewhat sadly, it adorns.

Through four months’ space the Infant
drew its food

From the maternal breast; then scruples
rose;

Thoughts, which the rich are free from,
came and crossed

The fond affection. She no more could bear
By her offence to lay a twofold weight
On a kind parent willing to forget
Their slender means : so, to that parent's
care

Trusting her child, she left their common
home,

And undertook with dutiful content

A Foster-mother's office.

'Tis, perchance,
Unknown to you that in these simple vales
The natural feeling of equality
Is by domestic service unimpaired ;
Yet, though such service be, with us,
removed

From sense of degradation, not the less
The ungentle mind can easily find means
To impose severe restraints and laws un-
just,

Which hapless Ellen now was doomed to
feel :

For (blinded by an over-anxious dread
Of such excitement and divided thought
As with her office would but ill accord)
The pair, whose infant she was bound to
nurse,

Forbade her all communion with her own :
Week after week, the mandate they en-
forced.

—So near ! yet not allowed, upon that sight
To fix her eyes—alas ! 'twas hard to bear !
But worse affliction must be borne—far
worse ;

For 'tis Heaven's will—that, after a disease
Begun and ended within three days' space,
Her child should die ; as Ellen now ex-
claimed,

Her own—deserted child !—Once, only
once,

She saw it in that mortal malady ;
And, on the burial-day, could scarcely gain
Permission to attend its obsequies.

She reached the house, last of the funeral
train ;

And some one, as she entered, having
chanced

To urge unthinkingly their prompt depart-
ure,

'Nay,' said she, with commanding look,
a spirit

Of anger never seen in her before,

'Nay, ye must wait my time !' and down
she sate,

And by the unclosed coffin kept her seat

Weeping and looking, looking on and
weeping,
Upon the last sweet slumber of her Child,
Until at length her soul was satisfied.

You see the Infant's Grave ; and to this
spot,

The Mother, oft as she was sent abroad,
On whatsoever errand, urged her steps :
Hither she came ; here stood, and some-
times knelt

In the broad day, a rueful Magdalene !
So call her ; for not only she bewailed
A mother's loss, but mourned in bitterness
Her own transgression ; penitent sincere
As ever raised to heaven a streaming eye ?

—At length the parents of the foster-child,
Noting that in despite of their commands
She still renewed and could not but renew
Those visitations, ceased to send her forth ;
Or, to the garden's narrow bounds, con-
fined.

I failed not to remind them that they erred ;
For holy Nature might not thus be crossed,
Thus wronged in woman's breast : in vain
I pleaded—

But the green stalk of Ellen's life was
snapped,

And the flower drooped ; as every eye
could see,

It hung its head in mortal languishment.
—Aided by this appearance, I at length
Prevailed ; and, from those bonds released,
she went

Home to her mother's house.

The Youth was fled ;
The rash betrayer could not face the shame
Or sorrow which his senseless guilt had
caused ;

And little would his presence, or proof
given

Of a relenting soul, have now availed ;
For, like a shadow, he was passed away
From Ellen's thoughts ; had perished to
her mind

For all concerns of fear, or hope, or love,
Save only those which to their common
shame,

And to his moral being appertained :
Hope from that quarter would, I know,
have brought

A heavenly comfort ; there she recognised
An unrelaxing bond, a mutual need ;
There, and, as seemed, there only.

She had built,
Her fond maternal heart had built, a nest
In blindness all too near the river's edge ;
That work a summer flood with hasty swell
Had swept away ; and now her Spirit longed
For its last flight to heaven's security.

—The bodily frame wasted from day to day ;
Meanwhile, relinquishing all other cares,
Her mind she strictly tutored to find peace
And pleasure in endurance. Much she
thought,

And much she read ; and brooded feelingly
Upon her own unworthiness. To me,
As to a spiritual comforter and friend,
Her heart she opened ; and no pains were
spared

To mitigate, as gently as I could,
The sting of self-reproach, with healing
words.

Meek Saint ! through patience glorified on
earth !

In whom, as by her lonely hearth she sate,
The ghastly face of cold decay put on
A sun-like beauty, and appeared divine !
May I not mention—that, within those
walls,

In due observance of her pious wish,
The congregation joined with me in prayer
For her soul's good ? Nor was that office
vain.

—Much did she suffer : but, if any friend,
Beholding her condition, at the sight
Gave way to words of pity or complaint,
She stilled them with a prompt reproof,
and said,

' He who afflicts me knows what I can bear ;
' And, when I fail, and can endure no more,
' Will mercifully take me to himself.'

So, through the cloud of death, her Spirit
passed

Into that pure and unknown world of love
Where injury cannot come :—and here is
laid

The mortal Body by her Infant's side."

The Vicar ceased ; and downcast looks
made known

That each had listened with his inmost
heart.

For me, the emotion scarcely was less
strong

Or less benign than that which I had felt
When seated near my venerable Friend,
Under those shady elms, from him I heard

The story that retraced the slow decline
Of Margaret, sinking on the lonely heath
With the neglected house to which she
clung.

—I noted that the Solitary's cheek
Confessed the power of nature.—Pleased
though sad,

More pleased than sad, the grey-haired
Wanderer sate ;

Thanks to his pure imaginative soul
Capacious and serene ; his blameless life,
His knowledge, wisdom, love of truth, and
love

Of human kind ! He was it who first broke
The pensive silence, saying :—

" Blest are they
Whose sorrow rather is to suffer wrong
Than to do wrong, albeit themselves have
erred.

This tale gives proof that Heaven most
gently deals

With such, in their affliction.—Ellen's fate,
Her tender spirit, and her contrite heart,
Call to my mind dark hints which I have
heard

Of one who died within this vale, by doom
Heavier, as his offence was heavier far.
Where, Sir, I pray you, where are laid the
bones

Of Wilfrid Armathwaite ? "

The Vicar answered,
" In that green nook, close by the Church-
yard wall,

Beneath yon hawthorn, planted by myself
In memory and for warning, and in sign
Of sweetness where dire anguish had been
known,

Of reconciliation after deep offence—
There doth he rest. No theme his fate
supplies

For the smooth glozings of the indulgent
world ;

Nor need the windings of his devious course
Be here retraced ;—enough that, by mishap
And venial error, robbed of competence,
And her obsequious shadow, peace of mind,
He craved a substitute in troubled joy ;
Against his conscience rose in arms, and,
braving

Divine displeasure, broke the marriage-vow.
That which he had been weak enough to do
Was misery in remembrance ; he was stung,
Stung by his inward thoughts, and by the
smiles

Of wife and children stung to agony.
 Wretched at home, he gained no peace
 abroad ;
 Ranged through the mountains, slept upon
 the earth,
 Asked comfort of the open air, and found
 No quiet in the darkness of the night,
 No pleasure in the beauty of the day.
 His flock he slighted : his paternal fields
 Became a clog to him, whose spirit wished
 To fly—but whither ! And this gracious
 Church,
 That wears a look so full of peace and hope
 And love, benignant mother of the vale,
 How fair amid her brood of cottages !
 She was to him a sickness and reproach.
 Much to the last remained unknown : but
 this
 Is sure, that through remorse and grief he
 died ;
 Though pitied among men, absolved by
 God,
 He could not find forgiveness in himself ;
 Nor could endure the weight of his own
 shame.

Here rests a Mother. But from her I
 turn
 And from her grave.—Behold—upon that
 ridge,
 That, stretching boldly from the mountain
 side,
 Carries into the centre of the vale
 Its rocks and woods—the Cottage where
 she dwelt
 And where yet dwells her faithful Partner,
 left
 (Full eight years past) the solitary prop
 Of many helpless Children. I begin
 With words that might be prelude to a tale
 Of sorrow and dejection ; but I feel
 No sadness, when I think of what mine eyes
 See daily in that happy family.
 —Bright garland form they for the pensive
 brow
 Of their undrooping Father's widowhood,
 Those six fair Daughters, budding yet—
 not one,
 Not one of all the band, a full-blown flower.
 Deprest, and desolate of soul, as once
 That Father was, and filled with anxious
 fear,
 Now, by experience taught, he stands as-
 sured,

That God, who takes away, yet takes not
 half
 Of what he seems to take ; or gives it back,
 Not to our prayer, but far beyond our
 prayer ;
 He gives it—the boon produce of a soil
 Which our endeavours have refused to till,
 And hope hath never watered. The Abode,
 Whose grateful owner can attest these
 truths,
 Even were the object nearer to our sight,
 Would seem in no distinction to surpass
 The rudest habitations. Ye might think
 That it had sprung self-raised from earth,
 or grown
 Out of the living rock, to be adorned
 By nature only ; but, if thither led,
 Ye would discover, then, a studious work
 Of many fancies, prompting many hands.

Brought from the woods the honeysuckle
 twines
 Around the porch, and seems, in that trim
 place,
 A plant no longer wild ; the cultured rose
 There blossoms, strong in health, and will
 be soon
 Roof-high ; the wild pink crowns the
 garden-wall,
 And with the flowers are intermingled
 stones
 Sparry and bright, rough scatterings of
 the hills.
 These ornaments, that fade not with the
 year,
 A hardy Girl continues to provide ;
 Who, mounting fearlessly the rocky heights,
 Her Father's prompt attendant, does for
 him
 All that a boy could do, but with delight
 More keen and prouder daring ; yet hath
 she,
 Within the garden, like the rest, a bed
 For her own flowers and favourite herbs,
 a space,
 By sacred charter, holden for her use.
 —These, and whatever else the garden
 bears
 Of fruit or flower, permission asked or not,
 I freely gather ; and my leisure draws
 A not unfrequent pastime from the hum
 Of bees around their range of sheltered
 hives
 Busy in that enclosure ; while the rill,

That sparkling thrids the rocks, attunes
 his voice
 To the pure course of human life which
 there
 Flows on in solitude. But, when the gloom
 Of night is falling round my steps, then
 most
 This Dwelling charms me; often I stop
 short,
 (Who could refrain?) and feed by stealth
 my sight
 With prospect of the company within,
 Laid open through the blazing window :—
 there
 I see the eldest Daughter at her wheel
 Spinning amain, as if to overtake
 The never-halting time; or, in her turn,
 Teaching some Novice of the sisterhood
 That skill in this or other household work,
 Which, from her Father's honoured hand,
 herself,
 While she was yet a little-one, had learned.
 Mild Man! he is not gay, but they are
 gay;
 And the whole house seems filled with
 gaiety.
 —Thrice happy, then, the Mother may be
 deemed,
 The Wife, from whose consolatory grave
 I turned, that ye in mind might witness
 where,
 And how, her Spirit yet survives on earth !"

BOOK SEVENTH

THE CHURCHYARD AMONG THE
MOUNTAINS—(continued)

ARGUMENT

Impression of these Narratives upon the Author's
 mind—Pastor invited to give account of certain
 Graves that lie apart—Clergyman and his Family
 —Fortunate influence of change of situation—
 Activity in extreme old age—Another Clergyman,
 a character of resolute Virtue—Lamentations over
 misdirected applause—Instance of less exalted
 excellence in a deaf man—Elevated character of
 a blind man—Reflection upon Blindness—Inter-
 rupted by a Peasant who passes—His animal
 cheerfulness and careless vivacity—He occasions
 a digression on the fall of beautiful and interesting
 Trees—A female Infant's Grave—Joy at her
 Birth—Sorrow at her Departure—A youthful

Peasant—His patriotic enthusiasm and distin-
 guished qualities—His untimely death—Exulta-
 tion of the Wanderer, as a patriot, in this Picture
 —Solitary how affected—Monument of a Knight
 —Traditions concerning him—Peroration of the
 Wanderer on the transitoriness of things and the
 revolutions of society—Hints at his own past
 Calling—Thanks the Pastor.

WHILE thus from theme to theme the
 Historian passed,
 The words he uttered, and the scene that lay
 Before our eyes, awakened in my mind
 Vivid remembrance of those long-past
 hours;
 When, in the hollow of some shadowy vale,
 (What time the splendour of the setting
 sun
 Lay beautiful on Snowdon's sovereign brow,
 On Cader Idris, or huge Penmanmaur)
 A wandering Youth, I listened with delight
 To pastoral melody or warlike air,
 Drawn from the chords of the ancient British
 harp
 By some accomplished Master, while he sate
 Amid the quiet of the green recess,
 And there did inexhaustibly dispense
 An interchange of soft or solemn tunes,
 Tender or blithe; now, as the varying
 mood
 Of his own spirit urged,—now, as a voice
 From youth or maiden, or some honoured
 chief
 Of his compatriot villagers (that hung
 Around him, drinking in the impassioned
 notes
 Of the time-hallowed minstrelsy) required
 For their heart's ease or pleasure. Strains
 of power
 Were they, to seize and occupy the sense;
 But to a higher mark than song can reach
 Rose this pure eloquence. And, when the
 stream
 Which overflowed the soul was passed
 away,
 A consciousness remained that it had left,
 Deposited upon the silent shore
 Of memory, images and precious thoughts,
 That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.

"These grassy heaps lie amicably close,"
 Said I, "like surges heaving in the wind
 Along the surface of a mountain pool:
 Whence comes it, then, that yonder we
 behold

Five graves, and only five, that rise together
Unsociably sequestered, and encroaching
On the smooth playground of the village-school?"

The Vicar answered,—“No disdainful
pride
In them who rest beneath, nor any course
Of strange or tragic accident, hath helped
To place those hillocks in that lonely guise.
—Once more look forth, and follow with
your sight
The length of road that from yon mountain's
base
Through bare enclosures stretches, 'till its
line
Is lost within a little tuft of trees;
Then, reappearing in a moment, quits
The cultured fields; and up the heathy
waste,
Mounts, as you see, in mazes serpentine,
Led towards an easy outlet of the vale.
That little shady spot, that sylvan tuft,
By which the road is hidden, also hides
A cottage from our view; though I discern
(Ye scarcely can) amid its sheltering trees
The smokeless chimney-top.—

All unembowered
And naked stood that lowly Parsonage
(For such in truth it is, and appertains
To a small Chapel in the vale beyond)
When hither came its last Inhabitant.
Rough and forbidding were the choicest
roads
By which our northern wilds could then be
crossed;
And into most of these secluded vales
Was no access for wain, heavy or light.
So, at his dwelling-place the Priest arrived
With store of household goods, in panniers
slung
On sturdy horses graced with jingling bells,
And on the back of more ignoble beast;
That, with like burthen of effects most
prized
Or easiest carried, closed the motley train.
Young was I then, a schoolboy of eight
years;
But still, methinks, I see them as they
passed
In order, drawing toward their wished-for
home.
—Rocked by the motion of a trusty ass

Two ruddy children hung, a well-poised
freight,
Each in his basket nodding drowsily;
Their bonnets, I remember, wreathed with
flowers,
Which told it was the pleasant month of
June;
And, close behind, the comely Matron rode,
A woman of soft speech and gracious smile,
And with a lady's mien.—From far they
came,
Even from Northumbrian hills; yet theirs
had been
A merry journey, rich in pastime, cheered
By music, prank, and laughter-stirring jest;
And freak put on, and arch word dropped
—to swell
The cloud of fancy and uncouth surmise
That gathered round the slowly-moving
train.
—‘Whence do they come? and with what
errand charged?
‘Belong they to the fortune-telling tribe
‘Who pitch their tents under the green-
wood tree?
‘Or Strollers are they, furnished to enact
‘Fair Rosamond, and the Children of the
Wood,
‘And, by that whiskered tabby's aid, set
forth
‘The lucky venture of sage Whittington,
‘When the next village hears the show
announced
‘By blast of trumpet?’ Plenteous was the
growth
Of such conjectures, overheard, or seen
On many a staring countenance portrayed
Of boor or burgher, as they marched along.
And more than once their steadiness of face
Was put to proof, and exercise supplied
To their inventive humour, by stern looks,
And questions in authoritative tone,
From some staid guardian of the public
peace,
Checking the sober steed on which he rode,
In his suspicious wisdom; oftener still,
By notice indirect, or blunt demand
From traveller halting in his own despite,
A simple curiosity to ease:
Of which adventures, that beguiled and
cheered
Their grave migration, the good pair would
tell,
With undiminished glee, in hoary age.

A Priest he was by function; but his
 course
 From his youth up, and high as manhood's
 noon,
 (The hour of life to which he then was
 brought)
 Had been irregular, I might say, wild;
 By books unsteadied, by his pastoral care
 Too little checked. An active, ardent
 mind;
 A fancy pregnant with resource and scheme
 To cheat the sadness of a rainy day;
 Hands apt for all ingenious arts and games;
 A generous spirit, and a body strong
 To cope with stoutest champions of the
 bowl—
 Had earned for him sure welcome, and the
 rights
 Of a prized visitant, in the jolly hall
 Of country 'squire; or at the statelier
 board
 Of duke or earl, from scenes of courtly
 pomp
 Withdrawn,—to while away the summer
 hours
 In condescension among rural guests.

With these high comrades he had revelled
 long,
 Frolicked industriously, a simple Clerk
 By hopes of coming patronage beguiled
 Till the heart sickened. So, each loftier
 aim
 Abandoning and all his showy friends,
 For a life's stay (slender it was, but sure)
 He turned to this secluded chapelry;
 That had been offered to his doubtful
 choice
 By an unthought-of patron. Bleak and
 bare
 They found the cottage, their allotted
 home;
 Naked without, and rude within; a spot
 With which the Cure not long had been
 endowed:
 And far remote the chapel stood,—remote,
 And, from his Dwelling, unapproachable,
 Save through a gap high in the hills, an
 opening
 Shadeless and shelterless, by driving
 showers
 Frequent, and beset with howling winds.
 Yet cause was none, whate'er regret might
 hang

On his own mind, to quarrel with the
 choice
 Or the necessity that fixed him here;
 Apart from old temptations, and con-
 strained
 To punctual labour in his sacred charge.
 See him a constant preacher to the poor!
 And visiting, though not with saintly zeal,
 Yet, when need was, with no reluctant will,
 The sick in body, or distress in mind;
 And, by a salutary change, compelled
 To rise from timely sleep, and meet the day
 With no engagement, in his thoughts,
 more proud
 Or splendid than his garden could afford,
 His fields, or mountains by the heath-cock
 ranged
 Or the wild brooks; from which he now
 returned
 Contented to partake the quiet meal
 Of his own board, where sat his gentle
 Mate
 And three fair Children, plentifully fed
 Though simply, from their little household
 farm;
 Nor wanted timely treat of fish or fowl
 By nature yielded to his practised hand;—
 To help the small but certain comings-in
 Of that spare benefice. Yet not the less
 Theirs was a hospitable board, and theirs
 A charitable door.

So days and years
 Passed on;—the inside of that rugged
 house
 Was trimmed and brightened by the
 Matron's care,
 And gradually enriched with things of price,
 Which might be lacked for use or ornament.
 What, though no soft and costly sofa there
 Insidiously stretched out its lazy length,
 And no vain mirror glittered upon the walls,
 Yet were the windows of the low abode
 By shutters weather-fended, which at once
 Repelled the storm and deadened its loud
 roar.
 There snow-white curtains hung in decent
 folds;
 Tough moss, and long-enduring mountain
 plants,
 That creep along the ground with sinuous
 trail,
 Were nicely braided; and composed a work
 Like Indian mats, that with appropriate
 grace

Lay at the threshold and the inner doors;
And a fair carpet, woven of homespun
wool

But tintured daintily with florid hues,
For seemliness and warmth, on festal days,
Covered the smooth blue slabs of mountain-
stone

With which the parlour-floor, in simplest
guise

Of pastoral homesteads, had been long
inlaid.

Those pleasing works the Housewife's
skill produced :

Meanwhile the unsedentary Master's hand
Was busier with his task—to rid, to plant,
To rear for food, for shelter, and delight;
A thriving covert! And when wishes,
formed

In youth, and sanctioned by the riper mind,
Restored me to my native valley, here
To end my days; well pleased was I to see
The once-bare cottage, on the mountain-
side,

Screened from assault of every bitter blast;
While the dark shadows of the summer
leaves

Danced in the breeze, chequering its mossy
roof.

Time, which had thus afforded willing help
To beautify with nature's fairest growths
This rustic tenement, had gently shed,
Upon its Master's frame, a wintry grace;
The comeliness of unenfeebled age.

But how could I say, gently? for he still
Retained a flashing eye, a burning palm,
A stirring foot, a head which beat at nights
Upon its pillow with a thousand schemes.
Few likings had he dropped, few pleasures
lost;

Generous and charitable, prompt to serve;
And still his harsher passions kept their
hold—

Anger and indignation. Still he loved
The sound of titled names, and talked in
glee

Of long-past banquetings with high-born
friends:

Then, from those lulling fits of vain delight
Uproused by recollected injury, railed
At their false ways disdainfully,—and oft
In bitterness, and with a threatening eye
Of fire, incensed beneath its hoary brow.

—Those transports, with staid looks of
pure good-will,
And with soft smile, his consort would
reprove.

She, far behind him in the race of years,
Yet keeping her first mildness, was advanced
Far nearer, in the habit of her soul,
To that still region whither all are bound,
Him might we liken to the setting sun
As seen not seldom on some gusty day,
Struggling and bold, and shining from the
west

With an inconstant and unmellowed light;
She was a soft attendant cloud, that hung
As if with wish to veil the restless orb;
From which it did itself imbibe a ray
Of pleasing lustre.—But no more of this;
I better love to sprinkle on the sod
That now divides the pair, or rather say,
That still unites them, praises, like heaven's
dew,

Without reserve descending upon both.

Our very first in eminence of years
This old Man stood, the patriarch of the
Vale!

And, to his unmolested mansion, death
Had never come, through space of forty
years;

Sparing both old and young in that abode.
Suddenly then they disappeared: not twice
Had summer scorched the fields; not twice
had fallen,

On those high peaks, the first autumnal
snow,

Before the greedy visiting was closed,
And the long-privileged house left empty—
swept

As by a plague. Yet no rapacious plague
Had been among them; all was gentle
death,

One after one, with intervals of peace.
A happy consummation! an accord
Sweet, perfect, to be wished for! save that
here

Was something which to mortal sense might
sound

Like harshness,—that the old grey-headed
Sire,

The oldest, he was taken last; survived
When the meek Partner of his age, his Son,
His Daughter, and that late and high-prized
gift,

His little smiling Grandchild, were no more.

'All gone all vanished! he deprived and bare,

'How will he face the remnant of his life?

'What will become of him?' we said, and mused

In sad conjectures—'Shall we meet him now

'Haunting with rod and line the craggy brooks?

'Or shall we overhear him, as we pass,

'Striving to entertain the lonely hours

'With music?' (for he had not ceased to touch

The harp or viol which himself had framed,
For their sweet purposes, with perfect skill.)

'What titles will he keep? will he remain

'Musician, gardener, builder, mechanist,

'A planter, and a rearer from the seed?

'A man of hope and forward-looking mind

'Even to the last!'—Such was he, unsub-
dued.

But Heaven was gracious; yet a little while,
And this Survivor, with his cheerful throng

Of open projects, and his inward hoard

Of unsunned griefs, too many and too keen,

Was overcome by unexpected sleep,

In one blest moment. Like a shadow
thrown

Softly and lightly from a passing cloud,

Death fell upon him, while reclined he lay

For noontide solace on the summer grass,

The warm lap of his mother earth: and so,

Their lenient term of separation past,

That family (whose graves you there behold)

By yet a higher privilege once more

Were gathered to each other."

Calm of mind

And silence waited on these closing words;

Until the Wanderer (whether moved by
fear

Lest in those passages of life were some

That might have touched the sick heart of
his Friend

Too nearly, or intent to reinforce

His own firm spirit in degree deprest

By tender sorrow for our mortal state)

Thus silence broke:—"Behold a thought-
less Man

From vice and premature decay preserved

By useful habits, to a fitter soil

Transplanted ere too late.—The hermit,
lodged

Amid the untrodden desert, tells his beads,
With each repeating its allotted prayer,

And thus divides and thus relieves the time;
Smooth task, with *his* compared, whose
mind could string,

Not scantily, bright minutes on the thread

Of keen domestic anguish; and beguile

A solitude, unchosen, unprofessed;

Till gentlest death released him.

Far from us

Be the desire—too curiously to ask

How much of this is but the blind result

Of cordial spirits and vital temperament,

And what to higher powers is justly due.

But you, Sir, know that in a neighbouring
vale

A Priest abides before whose life such
doubts

Fall to the ground; whose gifts of nature lie

Retired from notice, lost in attributes

Of reason, honourably effaced by debts

Which her poor treasure-house is content
to owe,

And conquest over her dominion gained,

To which her frowardness must needs sub-
mit.

In this one Man is shown a temperance—
proof

Against all trials; industry severe

And constant as the motion of the day;

Stern self-denial round him spread, with
shade

That might be deemed forbidding, did not
there

All generous feelings flourish and rejoice;

Forbearance, charity in deed and thought,

And resolution competent to take

Out of the bosom of simplicity

All that her holy customs recommend,

And the best ages of the world prescribe,

—Preaching, administering, in every work

Of his sublime vocation, in the walks

Of worldly intercourse between man and
man,

And in his humble dwelling, he appears

A labourer, with moral virtue girt,

With spiritual graces, like a glory, crowned."

"Doubt can be none," the Pastor said,
"for whom

This portraiture is sketched. The great,
the good,

The well-beloved, the fortunate, the wise,—

These titles emperors and chiefs have borne,

Honour assumed or given: and him, the
WONDERFUL,

Our simple shepherds, speaking from the heart,

Deservedly have styled. —From his abode
In a dependent chapelry that lies
Behind yon hill, a poor and rugged wild,
Which in his soul he lovingly embraced,
And, having once espoused, would never
quit;

Into its graveyard will ere long be borne
That lowly, great, good Man. A simple
stone

May cover him; and by its help, perchance,
A century shall hear his name pronounced,
With images attendant on the sound;
Then, shall the slowly-gathering twilight
close

In utter night; and of his course remain
No cognizable vestiges, no more
Than of this breath, which shapes itself in
words

To speak of him, and instantly dissolves."

The Pastor, pressed by thoughts which
round his theme

Still lingered, after a brief pause, resumed;
"Noise is there not enough in doleful war,
But that the heaven-born poet must stand
forth,

And lend the echoes of his sacred shell,
To multiply and aggravate the din?
Pangs are there not enough in hopeless
love—

And, in requited passion, all too much
Of turbulence, anxiety, and fear—
But that the minstrel of the rural shade
Must tune his pipe, insidiously to nurse
The perturbation in the suffering breast,
And propagate its kind, far as he may?
—Ah who (and with such rapture as befits
The hallowed theme) will rise and celebrate
The good man's purposes and deeds; re-
trace

His struggles, his discomfitures deplore,
His triumphs hail, and glorify his end;
That virtue, like the fumes and vapoury
clouds

Through fancy's heat redounding in the
brain,

And like the soft infections of the heart,
By charm of measured words may spread
o'er field,

Hamlet, and town; and piety survive
Upon the lips of men in hall or bower;
Not for reproof, but high and warm delight,

And grave encouragement, by song inspired?
—Vain thought! but wherefore murmur or
repine?

The memory of the just survives in heaven:
And, without sorrow, will the ground receive
That venerable clay. Meanwhile the best
Of what lies here confines us to degrees
In excellence less difficult to reach,
And milder worth: nor need we travel far
From those to whom our last regards were
paid,

For such example.

Almost at the root
Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose bare
And slender stem, while here I sit at eve,
Oft stretches towards me, like a long straight
path

Traced faintly in the greensward; there,
beneath

A plain blue stone, a gentle Dalesman lies,
From whom, in early childhood, was with-
drawn

The precious gift of hearing. He grew up
From year to year in loneliness of soul;
And this deep mountain-valley was to him
Soundless, with all its streams. The bird
of dawn

Did never rouse this Cottager from sleep
With startling summons; not for his delight
The vernal cuckoo shouted; not for him
Murmured the labouring bee. When stormy
winds

Were working the broad bosom of the lake
Into a thousand thousand sparkling waves,
Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on cloud
Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags,
The agitated scene before his eye
Was silent as a picture: evermore
Were all things silent, wheresoe'er he moved.
Yet, by the solace of his own pure thoughts
Upheld, he duteously pursued the round
Of rural labours; the steep mountain-side
Ascended, with his staff and faithful dog;
The plough he guided, and the scythe he
swayed;

And the ripe corn before his sickle fell
Among the jocund reapers. For himself,
All watchful and industrious as he was,
He wrought not: neither field nor flock he
owned:

No wish for wealth had place within his
mind;

Nor husband's love, nor father's hope or
care.

Though born a younger brother, need
 was none
 That from the floor of his paternal home
 He should depart, to plant himself anew.
 And when, mature in manhood, he beheld
 His parents laid in earth, no loss ensued
 Of rights to him; but he remained well
 pleased,
 By the pure bond of independent love,
 An inmate of a second family;
 The fellow-labourer and friend of him
 To whom the small inheritance had fallen.
 —Nor deem that his mild presence was a
 weight
 That pressed upon his brother's house; for
 books
 Were ready comrades whom he could not
 tire;
 Of whose society the blameless Man
 Was never satiate. Their familiar voice,
 Even to old age, with unabated charm
 Beguiled his leisure hours; refreshed his
 thoughts;
 Beyond its natural elevation raised
 His introverted spirit; and bestowed
 Upon his life an outward dignity
 Which all acknowledged. The dark winter
 night,
 The stormy day, each had its own resource;
 Song of the muses, sage historic tale,
 Science severe, or word of holy Writ
 Announcing immortality and joy
 To the assembled spirits of just men
 Made perfect, and from injury secure.
 —Thus soothed at home, thus busy in the
 field,
 To no perverse suspicion he gave way,
 No languor, peevishness, nor vain com-
 plaint:
 And they, who were about him, did not fail
 In reverence, or in courtesy; they prized
 His gentle manners: and his peaceful
 smiles,
 The gleams of his slow-varying counte-
 nance,
 Were met with answering sympathy and love.

At length, when sixty years and five were
 told,
 A slow disease insensibly consumed
 The powers of nature: and a few short
 steps
 Of friends and kindred bore him from his
 home

(Yon cottage shaded by the woody crags)
 To the profounder stillness of the grave.
 —Nor was his funeral denied the grace
 Of many tears, virtuous and thoughtful
 grief;
 Heart-sorrow rendered sweet by gratitude.
 And now that monumental stone preserves
 His name, and unambitiously relates
 How long, and by what kindly outward
 aids,
 And in what pure contentedness of mind,
 The sad privation was by him endured.
 —And yon tall pine-tree, whose composing
 sound
 Was wasted on the good Man's living ear,
 Hath now its own peculiar sanctity;
 And, at the touch of every wandering
 breeze,
 Murmurs, not idly, o'er his peaceful grave.

Soul-cheering Light, most bountiful of
 things!
 Guide of our way, mysterious comforter!
 Whose sacred influence, spread through
 earth and heaven,
 We all too thanklessly participate,
 Thy gifts were utterly withheld from him
 Whose place of rest is near yon ivied porch.
 Yet, of the wild brooks ask if he com-
 plained;
 Ask of the channelled rivers if they held
 A safer, easier, more determined, course.
 What terror doth it strike into the mind
 To think of one, blind and alone, advancing
 Straight toward some precipice's airy brink!
 But, timely warned, *He* would have stayed
 his steps,
 Protected, say enlightened, by his ear;
 And on the very edge of vacancy
 Not more endangered than a man whose
 eye
 Beholds the gulf beneath. —No floweret
 blooms
 Throughout the lofty range of these rough
 hills,
 Nor in the woods, that could from him
 conceal
 Its birth-place; none whose figure did not
 live
 Upon his touch. The bowels of the earth
 Enriched with knowledge his industrious
 mind;
 The ocean paid him tribute from the stores;
 Lodged in her bosom; and, by science led,

His genius mounted to the plains of heaven.
—Methinks I see him—how his eye-balls
rolled,

Beneath his ample brow, in darkness
paired,—

But each instinct with spirit ; and the frame
Of the whole countenance alive with
thought,

Fancy, and understanding ; while the voice
Discoursed of natural or moral truth
With eloquence, and such authentic power,
That, in his presence, humbler knowledge
stood

Abashed, and tender pity overawed."

"A noble—and, to unreflecting minds,
A marvellous spectacle," the Wanderer
said,

"Beings like these present ! But proof
abounds

Upon the earth that faculties, which seem
Extinguished, do not, *therefore*, cease to be.
And to the mind among her powers of sense
This transfer is permitted,—not alone
That the bereft their recompense may win ;
But for remoter purposes of love
And charity ; nor last nor least for this,
That to the imagination may be given
A type and shadow of an awful truth ;
How, likewise, under sufferance divine,
Darkness is banished from the realms of
death,

By man's imperishable spirit, quelled.
Unto the men who see not as we see
Futurity was thought, in ancient times,
To be laid open, and they prophesied.
And know we not that from the blind have
flowed

The highest, holiest, raptures of the lyre ;
And wisdom married to immortal verse?"

Among the humbler Worthies, at our feet
Lying insensible to human praise,
Love, or regret,—*whose* lineaments would
next

Have been portrayed, I guess not ; but it
chanced

That, near the quiet churchyard where we
sate,

A team of horses, with a ponderous freight
Pressing behind, adown a rugged slope,
Whose sharp descent confounded their
array,

Came at that moment, ringing noisily.

"Here," said the Pastor, "do we muse,
and mourn

The waste of death ; and lo ! the giant oak
Stretched on his bier—that massy timber
wain ;

Nor fail to note the Man who guides the
team."

He was a peasant of the lowest class :
Grey locks profusely round his temples hung
In clustering curls, like ivy, which the bite
Of winter cannot thin ; the fresh air lodged
Within his cheek, as light within a cloud ;
And he returned our greeting with a smile.
When he had passed, the Solitary spake ;
"A Man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows ; with a face
Not worldly-minded, for it bears too much
Of Nature's impress,—gaiety and health,
Freedom and hope ; but keen, withal, and
shrewd.

His gestures note,—and hark ! his tones of
voice

Are all vivacious as his mien and looks."

The Pastor answered : "You have read
him well.

Year after year is added to his store
With *silent* increase : summers, winters—
past,

Past or to come ; yea, boldly might I say,
Ten summers and ten winters of a space
That lies beyond life's ordinary bounds,
Upon his sprightly vigour cannot fix
The obligation of an anxious mind,
A pride in having, or a fear to lose ;
Possessed like outskirts of some large
domain,

By any one more thought of than by him
Who holds the land in fee, its careless
lord !

Yet is the creature rational, endowed
With foresight ; hears, too, every sabbath
day,

The christian promise with attentive ear ;
Nor will, I trust, the Majesty of Heaven
Reject the incense offered up by him,
Though of the kind which beasts and birds
present

In grove or pasture ; cheerfulness of soul,
From trepidation and repining free.
How many scrupulous worshippers fall down
Upon their knees, and daily homage pay
Less worthy, less religious even, than his !

This qualified respect, the old Man's due,
Is paid without reluctance; but in truth,"
(Said the good Vicar with a fond half-smile)
"I feel at times a motion of despite

Towards one, whose bold contrivances and
skill,

As you have seen, bear such conspicuous
part

In works of havoc; taking from these vales,
One after one, their proudest ornaments.
Full oft his doings leave me to deplore
Tall ash-tree, sown by winds, by vapours
nursed,

In the dry crannies of the pendent rocks;
Light birch, aloft upon the horizon's edge,
A veil of glory for the ascending moon;
And oak whose roots by noontide dew were
damped,

And on whose forehead inaccessible
The raven lodged in safety.—Many a ship
Launched into Morecamb-bay to *him* hath
owed

Her strong knee-timbers, and the mast that
bears

The loftiest of her pendants; He, from park
Or forest, fetched the enormous axle-tree
That whirls (how slow itself!) ten thousand
spindles:

And the vast engine labouring in the mine,
Content with meaner prowess, must have
lacked

The trunk and body of its marvellous
strength,

If his undaunted enterprise had failed
Among the mountain coves.

Yon household fir,

A guardian planted to fence off the blast,
But towering high the roof above, as if
Its humble destination were forgot—
That sycamore, which annually holds¹
Within its shade, as in a stately tent
On all sides open to the fanning breeze,
A grave assemblage, seated while they shear
The fleece-encumbered flock—the JOYFUL

ELM,

Around whose trunk the maidens dance in
May—

And the LORD'S OAK—would plead their
several rights

In vain, if he were master of their fate;
His sentence to the axe would doom them
all.

But, green in age and lusty as he is,

¹ See Note.

And promising to keep his hold on earth
Less, as might seem, in rivalry with men
Than with the forest's more enduring
growth,

His own appointed hour will come at last;
And, like the haughty Spoilers of the world,
This keen Destroyer, in his turn, must fall.

Now from the living pass we once again:
From Age," the Priest continued, "turn
your thoughts;

From Age, that often unlamented drops,
And mark that daisied hillock, three spans
long!

—Seven lusty Sons sate daily round the
board

Of Gold-rill side; and, when the hope had
ceased

Of other progeny, a Daughter then
Was given, the crowning bounty of the
whole;

And so acknowledged with a tremulous joy
Felt to the centre of that heavenly calm

With which by nature every mother's soul
Is stricken in the moment when her throes

Are ended, and her ears have heard the cry
Which tells her that a living child is born;

And she lies conscious, in a blissful rest,
That the dread storm is weathered by them
both.

The Father—him at this unlooked-for
gift

A bolder transport seizes. From the side
Of his bright hearth, and from his open
door,

Day after day the gladness is diffused
To all that come, almost to all that pass;

Invited, summoned, to partake the cheer
Spread on the never-empty board, and drink

Health and good wishes to his new-born
girl,

From cups replenished by his joyous hand.
—Those seven fair brothers variously were

moved

Each by the thoughts best suited to his
years:

But most of all and with most thankful
mind

The hoary grandsire felt himself enriched;
A happiness that ebb'd not, but remained

To fill the total measure of his soul!
—From the low tenement, his own abode,

Whither, as to a little private cell,

He had withdrawn from bustle, care, and noise,

To spend the sabbath of old age in peace,
Once every day he duteously repaired
To rock the cradle of the slumbering babe:
For in that female infant's name he heard
The silent name of his departed wife;
Heart-stirring music! hourly heard that name;

Full blest he was, 'Another Margaret Green,'

Oft did he say, 'was come to Gold-rill side.'

Oh! pang unthought of, as the precious boon

Itself had been unlooked-for; oh! dire stroke

Of desolating anguish for them all!

—Just as the Child could totter on the floor,
And, by some friendly finger's help up-stayed,

Range round the garden walk, while she perchance

Was catching at some novelty of spring,
Ground-flower, or glossy insect from its cell
Drawn by the sunshine—at that hopeful season

The winds of March, smiting insidiously,
Raised in the tender passage of the throat
Viewless obstruction; whence, all unforewarned,

The household lost their pride and soul's delight.

—But time hath power to soften all regrets,
And prayer and thought can bring to worst distress

Due resignation. Therefore, though some tears

Fail not to spring from either Parent's eye
Oft as they hear of sorrow like their own,
Yet this departed Little-one, too long
The innocent troubler of their quiet, sleeps
In what may now be called a peaceful bed.

On a bright day—so calm and bright, it seemed

To us, with our sad spirits, heavenly-fair—
These mountains echoed to an unknown sound;

A volley, thrice repeated o'er the Corse
Let down into the hollow of that grave,
Whose shelving sides are red with naked mould.

Ye rains of April, duly wet this earth!

Spare, burning sun of midsummer, these sods,

That they may knit together, and therewith
Our thoughts unite in kindred quietness!

Nor so the Valley shall forget her loss.

Dear Youth, by young and old alike beloved,

To me as precious as my own!—Green herbs

May creep (I wish that they would softly creep)

Over thy last abode, and we may pass

Reminded less imperiously of thee;—

The ridge itself may sink into the breast
Of earth, the great abyss, and be no more;

Yet shall not thy remembrance leave our hearts,

Thy image disappear!

The Mountain-ash

No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove
Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head

Decked with autumnal berries, that outshine
Spring's richest blossoms; and ye may have marked,

By a brook-side or solitary tarn,

How she her station doth adorn: the pool
Glows at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
Are brightened round her. In his native vale

Such and so glorious did this Youth appear;

A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts

By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam

Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,

By all the graces with which nature's hand

Had lavishly arrayed him. As old bards

Tell in their idle songs of wandering gods,

Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form:

Yet, like the sweet-breathed violet of the shade

Discovered in their own despite to sense

Of mortals (if such fables without blame

May find chance-mention on this sacred ground)

So, through a simple rustic garb's disguise,

And through the impediment of rural cares,

In him revealed a scholar's genius shone;

And so, not wholly hidden from men's sight,

In him the spirit of a hero walked

Our unpretending valley.—How the quoit

Whizzed from the Stripling's arm! If touched by him,

The inglorious foot-ball mounted to the pitch

Of the lark's flight,—or shaped a rainbow
curve,

Aloft, in prospect of the shouting field !
The indefatigable fox had learned
To dread his perseverance in the chase.
With admiration would he lift his eyes
To the wide-ruling eagle, and his hand
Was loth to assault the majesty he loved :
Else had the strongest fastnesses proved
weak

To guard the royal brood, The sailing
glead,
The wheeling swallow, and the darting
snipe ;
The sportive sea-gull dancing with the
waves,
And cautious water-fowl, from distant
climes,

Fixed at their seat, the centre of the Mere ;
Were subject to young Oswald's steady aim,
And lived by his forbearance.

From the coast
Of France a boastful Tyrant hurled his
threats ;

Our Country marked the preparation vast
Of hostile forces ; and she called—with
voice

That filled her plains, that reached her
utmost shores,

And in remotest vales was heard—to arms !
—Then, for the first time, here you might
have seen

The shepherd's grey to martial scarlet
changed,

That flashed uncouthly through the woods
and fields.

Ten hardy Striplings, all in bright attire,
And graced with shining weapons, weekly
marched,

From this lone valley, to a central spot
Where, in assemblage with the flower and
choice

Of the surrounding district, they might
learn

The rudiments of war ; ten—hardy, strong,
And valiant ; but young Oswald, like a
chief

And yet a modest comrade, led them forth
From their shy solitude, to face the world,
With a gay confidence and seemly pride ;
Measuring the soil beneath their happy feet
Like Youths released from labour, and yet
bound

To most laborious service, though to them

A festival of unencumbered ease ;
The inner spirit keeping holiday,
Like vernal ground to sabbath sunshine left.

Oft have I marked him, at some leisure
hour,
Stretched on the grass, or seated in the
shade,

Among his fellows, while an ample map
Before their eyes lay carefully outspread,
From which the gallant teacher would dis-
course,

Now pointing this way, and now that.—
'Here flows,'

Thus would he say, 'the Rhine, that
famous stream !

'Eastward, the Danube toward this inland
sea,

'A mightier river, winds from realm to
realm ;

'And, like a serpent, shows his glittering
back

'Bespotted—with innumerable isles :

'Here reigns the Russian, there the Turk ;
observe

'His capital city !' Thence, along a tract
Of livelier interest to his hopes and fears,
His finger moved, distinguishing the spots
Where wide-spread conflict then most
fiercely raged ;

Nor left unstigmatized those fatal fields
On which the sons of mighty Germany
Were taught a base submission.—'Here
behold

'A nobler race, the Switzers, and their land,
'Vales deeper far than these of ours, huge
woods,

'And mountains white with everlasting
snow !'

—And, surely, he, that spake with kindling
brow,

Was a true patriot, hopeful as the best
Of that young peasantry, who, in our days,
Have fought and perished for Helvetia's
rights—

Ah, not in vain !—or those who, in old
time,

For work of happier issue, to the side
Of Tell came trooping from a thousand huts,
When he had risen alone ! No braver
Youth

Descended from Judean heights, to march
With righteous Joshua ; nor appeared in
arms

When grove was felled, and altar was cast
down,
And Gideon blew the trumpet, soul-in-
flamed,
And strong in hatred of idolatry."

The Pastor, even as if by these last words
Raised from his seat within the chosen
shade,
Moved toward the grave;—instinctively his
steps
We followed; and my voice with joy ex-
claimed:

"Power to the Oppressors of the world is
given,
A might of which they dream not. Oh!
the curse,

To be the awakener of divinest thoughts,
Father and founder of exalted deeds;
And, to whole nations bound in servile
straits,

The liberal donor of capacities
More than heroic! this to be, nor yet
Have sense of one connatural wish, nor
yet

Deserve the least return of human thanks;
Winning no recompense but deadly hate
With pity mixed, astonishment with scorn!"

When this involuntary strain had ceased,
The Pastor said: "So Providence is served;
The forked weapon of the skies can send
Illumination into deep, dark holds,
Which the mild sunbeam hath not power
to pierce.

Ye Thrones that have defied remorse, and
cast

Pity away, soon shall ye quake with *fear*!
For, not unconscious of the mighty debt
Which to outrageous wrong the sufferer
owes,

Europe, through all her habitable bounds,
Is thirsting for *their* overthrow, who yet
Survive, as pagan temples stood of yore,
By horror of their impious rites, preserved;
Are still permitted to extend their pride,
Like cedars on the top of Lebanon
Darkening the sun.

But less impatient thoughts,
And love 'all hoping and expecting all,'
This hallowed grave demands, where rests
in peace

A humble champion of the better cause,
A Peasant-youth, so call him, for he asked

No higher name; in whom our country
showed,

As in a favourite son, most beautiful.

In spite of vice, and misery, and disease,
Spread with the spreading of her wealthy
arts,

England, the ancient and the free, appeared
In him to stand before my swimming eyes,
Unconquerably virtuous and secure.

—No more of this, lest I offend his dust:
Short was his life, and a brief tale remains.

One day—a summer's day of annual
pomp

And solemn chase—from morn to sultry
noon

His steps had followed, fleetest of the fleet,
The red-deer driven along its native heights
With cry of hound and horn; and, from
that toil

Returned with sinews weakened and re-
laxed,

This generous Youth, too negligent of self,
Plunged—'mid a gay and busy throng con-
vened

To wash the fleeces of his Father's flock—
Into the chilling flood. Convulsions dire
Seized him, that self-same night; and
through the space

Of twelve ensuing days his frame was
wrenched,

Till nature rested from her work in death.
To him, thus snatched away, his comrades
paid

A soldier's honours. At his funeral hour
Bright was the sun, the sky a cloudless
blue—

A golden lustre slept upon the hills;
And if by chance a stranger, wandering
there,

From some commanding eminence had
looked

Down on this spot, well pleased would he
have seen

A glittering spectacle; but every face
Was pallid: seldom hath that eye been
moist

With tears, that wept not then; nor were
the few,

Who from their dwellings came not forth
to join

In this sad service, less disturbed than we.
They started at the tributary peal
Of instantaneous thunder, which announced,

Through the still air, the closing of the
Grave;
And distant mountains echoed with a sound
Of lamentation, never heard before !"

The Pastor ceased. —My venerable Friend
Victoriously upraised his clear bright eye ;
And, when that eulogy was ended, stood
Enrapt, as if his inward sense perceived
The prolongation of some still response,
Sent by the ancient Soul of this wide land,
The Spirit of its mountains and its seas,
Its cities, temples, fields, its awful power,
Its rights and virtues—by that Deity
Descending, and supporting his pure heart
With patriotic confidence and joy.
And, at the last of those memorial words,
The pining Solitary turned aside ;
Whether through manly instinct to conceal
Tender emotions spreading from the heart
To his worn cheek ; or with uneasy shame
For those cold humours of habitual spleen
That, fondly seeking in dispraise of man
Solace and self-excuse, had sometimes
urged

To self-abuse a not ineloquent tongue.
—Right toward the sacred Edifice his steps
Had been directed ; and we saw him now
Intent upon a monumental stone,
Whose uncouth form was grafted on the
wall,
Or rather seemed to have grown into the
side
Of the rude pile ; as oft-times trunks of
trees,
Where nature works in wild and craggy
spots,
Are seen incorporate with the living rock—
To endure for aye. The Vicar, taking note
Of his employment, with a courteous smile
Exclaimed—

"The sagest Antiquarian's eye
That task would foil ;" then, letting fall his
voice

While he advanced, thus spake : " Tradition tells

That, in Eliza's golden days, a Knight
Came on a war-horse sumptuously attired,
And fixed his home in this sequestered vale.
'Tis left untold if here he first drew breath,
Or as a stranger reached this deep recess,
Unknown and unknown. A pleasing
thought

I sometimes entertain, that haply bound

To Scotland's court in service of his Queen,
Or sent on mission to some northern Chief
Of England's realm, this vale he might
have seen

With transient observation ; and thence
caught

An image fair, which, brightening in his
soul

When joy of war and pride of chivalry
Languished beneath accumulated years,
Had power to draw him from the world,
resolved

To make that paradise his chosen home
To which his peaceful fancy oft had turned.

Vague thoughts are these ; but, if belief
may rest

Upon unwritten story fondly traced
From sire to son, in this obscure retreat
The Knight arrived, with spear and shield,
and borne

Upon a Charger gorgeously bedecked
With brodered housings. And the lofty
Steed—

His sole companion, and his faithful friend,
Whom he, in gratitude, let loose to range
In fertile pastures—was beheld with eyes
Of admiration and delightful awe,
By those untravelled Dalesmen. With less
pride,

Yet free from touch of envious discontent,
They saw a mansion at his bidding rise,
Like a bright star, amid the lowly band
Of their rude homesteads. Here the
Warrior dwelt ;

And, in that mansion, children of his own,
Or kindred, gathered round him. As a
tree

That falls and disappears, the house is
gone ;

And, through improvidence or want of love
For ancient worth and honourable things,
The spear and shield are vanished, which
the Knight

Hung in his rustic hall. One ivied arch
Myself have seen, a gateway, last remains
Of that foundation in domestic care
Raised by his hands. And now no trace
is left

Of the mild-hearted Champion ; save this
stone,

Faithless memorial ! and his family name
Borne by yon clustering cottages, that
sprang

From out the ruins of his stately lodge :
These, and the name and title at full
length,—

Sir Alfred Arthing, with appropriate
words

Accompanied, still extant, in a wreath
Or posy, girding round the several fronts
Of three clear-sounding and harmonious
bells,

That in the steeple hang, his pious gift."

"So fails, so languishes, grows dim, and
dies,"

The grey-haired Wanderer pensively ex-
claimed,

"All that this world is proud of. From
their spheres

The stars of human glory are cast down ;
Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,¹
Princes, and emperors, and the crowns and
palms

Of all the mighty, withered and consumed !
Nor is power given to lowliest innocence
Long to protect her own. The man him-
self

Departs ; and soon is spent the line of those
Who, in the bodily image, in the mind,
In heart or soul, in station or pursuit,
Did most resemble him. Degrees and
ranks,

Fraternities and orders—heaping high
New wealth upon the burthen of the old,
And placing trust in privilege confirmed
And re-confirmed—are scoffed at with a
smile

Of greedy foretaste, from the secret stand
Of Desolation, aimed : to slow decline
These yield, and these to sudden over-
throw :

Their virtue, service, happiness, and state
Expire ; and nature's pleasant robe of
green,

Humanity's appointed shroud, enwraps
Their monuments and their memory. The
vast Frame

Of social nature changes evermore
Her organs and her members, with decay
Restless, and restless generation, powers
And functions dying and produced at
need,—

And by this law the mighty whole sub-
sists :

With an ascent and progress in the main ;

¹ See Note.

Yet, oh ! how disproportioned to the hopes
And expectations of self-flattering minds !

The courteous Knight, whose bones are
here interred,

Lived in an age conspicuous as our own
For strife and ferment in the minds of
men ;

Whence alteration in the forms of things,
Various and vast. A memorable age !
Which did to him assign a pensive lot—
To linger 'mid the last of those bright
clouds

That, on the steady breeze of honour,
sailed

In long procession calm and beautiful.
He who had seen his own bright order
fade,

And its devotion gradually decline,
(While war, relinquishing the lance and
shield,

Her temper changed, and bowed to other
laws)

Had also witnessed, in his morn of life,
That violent commotion, which o'erthrew,
In town and city and sequestered glen,
Altar, and cross, and church of solemn
roof,

And old religious house—pile after pile ;
And shook their tenants out into the fields,
Like wild beasts without home ! Their hour
was come ;

But why no softening thought of gratitude,
No just remembrance, scruple, or wise
doubt ?

Benevolence is mild ; nor borrows help,
Save at worst need, from bold impetuous
force,

Fitliest allied to anger and revenge.
But Human-kind rejoices in the might
Of mutability ; and airy hopes,
Dancing around her, hinder and disturb
Those meditations of the soul that feed
The retrospective virtues. Festive songs
Break from the maddened nations at the
sight

Of sudden overthrow ; and cold neglect
Is the sure consequence of slow decay.

Even," said the Wanderer, "as that
courteous Knight,

Bound by his vow to labour for redress
Of all who suffer wrong, and to enact
By sword and lance the law of gentleness,

(If I may venture of myself to speak,
 Trusting that not incongruously I blend
 Low things with lofty) I too shall be
 doomed
 To outlive the kindly use and fair esteem
 Of the poor calling which my youth
 embraced
 With no unworthy prospect. But enough ;
 —Thoughts crowd upon me—and 'twere
 seemlier now
 To stop, and yield our gracious Teacher
 thanks
 For the pathetic records which his voice
 Hath here delivered ; words of heartfelt
 truth,
 Tending to patience when affliction strikes ;
 To hope and love ; to confident repose
 In God ; and reverence for the dust of
 Man."

BOOK EIGHTH

THE PARSONAGE

ARGUMENT

Pastor's apology and apprehensions that he might have detained his Auditors too long, with the Pastor's invitation to his house—Solitary disinclined to comply—Rallies the Wanderer—And playfully draws a comparison between his itinerant profession and that of the Knight-errant—Which leads to Wanderer's giving an account of changes in the Country from the manufacturing spirit—Favourable effects—The other side of the picture, and chiefly as it has affected the humbler classes—Wanderer asserts the hollowness of all national grandeur if unsupported by moral worth—Physical science unable to support itself—Lamentations over an excess of manufacturing industry among the humbler Classes of Society—Picture of a Child employed in a Cotton-mill—Ignorance and degradation of Children among the agricultural Population reviewed—Conversation broken off by a renewed Invitation from the Pastor—Path leading to his House—Its appearance described—His Daughter—His Wife—His Son (a Boy) enters with his Companion—Their happy appearance—The Wanderer how affected by the sight of them.

THE pensive Sceptic of the lonely vale
 To those acknowledgments subscribed his
 own,
 With a sedate compliance, which the
 Priest

Failed not to notice, inly pleased, and
 said :—
 " If ye, by whom invited I began
 These narratives of calm and humble life,
 Be satisfied, 'tis well,—the end is gained ;
 And, in return for sympathy bestowed
 And patient listening, thanks accept from
 me.
 —Life, death, eternity ! momentous themes
 Are they—and might demand a seraph's
 tongue,
 Were they not equal to their own support ;
 And therefore no incompetence of mine
 Could do them wrong. The universal
 forms
 Of human nature, in a spot like this,
 Present themselves at once to all men's
 view :
 Ye wished for act and circumstance, that
 make
 The individual known and understood ;
 And such as my best judgment could
 select
 From what the place afforded, have been
 given ;
 Though apprehensions crossed me that my
 zeal
 To his might well be likened, who unlocks
 A cabinet stored with gems and pictures—
 draws
 His treasures forth, soliciting regard
 To this, and this, as worthier than the
 last,
 Till the spectator, who awhile was pleased
 More than the exhibitor himself, becomes
 Weary and faint, and longs to be released.
 —But let us hence ! my dwelling is in
 sight,
 And there—"

At this the Solitary shrunk
 With backward will ; but, wanting no
 address
 That inward motion to disguise, he said
 To his Compatriot, smiling as he spake ;
 —"The peaceable remains of this good
 Knight
 Would be disturbed, I fear, with wrathful
 scorn,
 If consciousness could reach him where he
 lies
 That one, albeit of these degenerate times,
 Deploping changes past, or dreading change
 Foreseen, had dared to couple, even in
 thought,

The fine vocation of the sword and lance
 With the gross aims and body-bending
 toil
 Of a poor brotherhood who walk the
 earth
 Pitied, and, where they are not known,
 despised.

Yet, by the good Knight's leave, the two
 estates
 Are graced with some resemblance. Errant
 those,
 Exiles and wanderers—and the like are
 these;
 Who, with their burthen, traverse hill and
 dale,
 Carrying relief for nature's simple wants.
 —What though no higher recompense be
 sought

Than honest maintenance, by irksome toil
 Full oft procured, yet may they claim respect,
 Among the intelligent, for what this course
 Enables them to be and to perform.
 Their tardy steps give leisure to observe,
 While solitude permits the mind to feel;
 Instructs, and prompts her to supply defects
 By the division of her inward self
 For grateful converse: and to these poor
 men

Nature (I but repeat your favourite boast)
 Is bountiful—go wheresoe'er they may;
 Kind nature's various wealth is all their
 own.

Versed in the characters of men; and bound,
 By ties of daily interest, to maintain
 Conciliatory manners and smooth speech;
 Such have been, and still are in their degree,
 Examples efficacious to refine
 Rude intercourse; apt agents to expel,
 By importation of unlooked-for arts,
 Barbarian torpor, and blind prejudice;
 Raising, through just gradation, savage life
 To rustic, and the rustic to urbane.

—Within their moving magazines is lodged
 Power that comes forth to quicken and exalt
 Affections seated in the mother's breast,
 And in the lover's fancy; and to feed
 The sober sympathies of long-tried friends.
 —By these Itinerants, as experienced men,
 Counsel is given; contention they appease
 With gentle language; in remotest wilds,
 Tears wipe away, and pleasant tidings
 bring;
 Could the proud quest of chivalry do more?"

"Happy," rejoined the Wanderer, "they
 who gain

A panegyric from your generous tongue!
 But, if to these Wayfarers once pertained
 Aught of romantic interest, it is gone.
 Their purer service, in this realm at least,
 Is past for ever.—An inventive Age
 Has wrought, if not with speed of magic,
 yet

To most strange issues. I have lived to
 mark

A new and unforeseen creation rise
 From out the labours of a peaceful Land
 Wielding her potent enginery to frame
 And to produce, with appetite as keen
 As that of war, which rests not night or
 day,

Industrious to destroy! With fruitless
 pains

Might one like me *now* visit many a tract
 Which, in his youth, he trod, and trod
 again,

A lone pedestrian with a scanty freight,
 Wished-for, or welcome, wheresoe'er he
 came—

Among the tenantry of thorpe and vill;
 Or straggling burgh, of ancient charter
 proud,

And dignified by battlements and towers
 Of some stern castle, mouldering on the
 brow

Of a green hill or bank of rugged stream.
 The foot-path faintly marked, the horse-
 track wild,

And formidable length of plashy lane,
 (Prized avenues ere others had been shaped
 Or easier links connecting place with place)
 Have vanished—swallowed up by stately
 roads

Easy and bold, that penetrate the gloom
 Of Britain's farthest glens. The Earth has
 lent¹

Her waters, Air her breezes; and the sail
 Of traffic glides with ceaseless intercourse,
 Glistening along the low and woody dale;
 Or, in its progress, on the lofty side,
 Of some bare hill, with wonder kenned
 from far.

Meanwhile, at social Industry's com-
 mand,
 How quick, how vast an increase! From
 the germ

¹ See Note.

Of some poor hamlet, rapidly produced
Here a huge town, continuous and compact,
Hiding the face of earth for leagues—and
there,

Where not a habitation stood before,
Abodes of men irregularly massed
Like trees in forests,—spread through
spacious tracts,

O'er which the smoke of unremitting fires
Hangs permanent, and plentiful as wreaths
Of vapour glittering in the morning sun.
And, wheresoe'er the traveller turns his
steps,

He sees the barren wilderness erased,
Or disappearing; triumph that proclaims
How much the mild Directress of the plough
Owes to alliance with these new-born arts!
—Hence is the wide sea peopled,—hence
the shores

Of Britain are resorted to by ships
Freighted from every climate of the world
With the world's choicest produce. Hence
that sum

Of keels that rest within her crowded ports,
Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays;
That animating spectacle of sails
That, through her inland regions, to and
fro

Pass with the respirations of the tide,
Perpetual, multitudinous! Finally,
Hence a dread arm of floating power, a voice
Of thunder daunting those who would ap-
proach

With hostile purposes the blessèd Isle,
Truth's consecrated residence, the seat
Impregnable of Liberty and Peace.

And yet, O happy Pastor of a flock
Faithfully watched, and, by that loving care
And Heaven's good providence, preserved
from taint!

With you I grieve, when on the darker side
Of this great change I look; and there
behold

Such outrage done to nature as compels
The indignant power to justify herself;
Yea, to avenge her violated rights,
For England's bane.—When soothing dark-
ness spreads

O'er hill and vale," the Wanderer thus ex-
pressed

His recollections, "and the punctual stars,
While all things else are gathering to their
homes,

Advance, and in the firmament of heaven
Glitter—but undisturbing, undisturbed;
As if their silent company were charged
With peaceful admonitions for the heart.
Of all-beholding Man, earth's thoughtful
lord;

Then, in full many a region, once like this
The assured domain of calm simplicity
And pensive quiet, an unnatural light
Prepared for never-resting Labour's eyes
Breaks from a many-windowed fabric huge;
And at the appointed hour a bell is heard—
Of harsher import than the curfew-knoll
That spake the Norman Conqueror's stern
behest—

A local summons to unceasing toil!
Disgorged are now the ministers of day;
And, as they issue from the illumined pile,
A fresh band meets them, at the crowded
door—

And in the courts—and where the rumbling
stream,

That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,
Glares, like a troubled spirit, in its bed
Among the rocks below. Men, maidens,
youths,

Mother and little children, boys and girls,
Enter, and each the wonted task resumes
Within this temple, where is offered up
To Gain, the master idol of the realm,
Perpetual sacrifice. Even thus of old
Our ancestors, within the still domain
Of vast cathedral or conventual church,
Their vigils kept; where tapers day and
night

On the dim altar burned continually,
In token that the House was evermore
Watching to God. Religious men were
they;

Nor would their reason, tutored to aspire
Above this transitory world, allow
That there should pass a moment of the
year,

When in their land the Almighty's service
ceased.

Triumph who will in these profaner rites
Which we, a generation self-extolled,
As zealously perform! I cannot share
His proud complacency:—yet do I exult,
Casting reserve away, exult to see
An intellectual mastery exercised
O'er the blind elements; a purpose given,
A perseverance fed; almost a soul

Imparted—to brute matter. I rejoice,
Measuring the force of those gigantic
powers

That, by the thinking mind, have been
compelled

To serve the will of feeble-bodied Man.
For with the sense of admiration blends
The animating hope that time may come
When, strengthened, yet not dazzled, by
the might

Of this dominion over nature gained,
Men of all lands shall exercise the same
In due proportion to their country's need;
Learning, though late, that all true glory
rests,

All praise, all safety, and all happiness,
Upon the moral law. Egyptian Thebes,
Tyre, by the margin of the sounding waves,
Palmyra, central in the desert, fell;
And the Arts died by which they had been
raised.

—Call Archimedes from his buried tomb
Upon the grave of vanished Syracuse,
And feelingly the Sage shall make report
How insecure, how baseless in itself,
Is the Philosophy whose sway depends
On mere material instruments;—how weak
Those arts, and high inventions, if un-
propped

By virtue.—He, sighing with pensive grief,
Amid his calm abstractions, would admit
That not the slender privilege is theirs
To save themselves from blank forgetful-
ness!"

When from the Wanderer's lips these
words had fallen,
I said, "And, did in truth those vaunted
Arts

Possess such privilege, how could we escape
Sadness and keen regret, we who revere,
And would preserve as things above all
price,

The old domestic morals of the land,
Her simple manners, and the stable worth
That dignified and cheered a low estate?
Oh! where is now the character of peace,
Sobriety, and order, and chaste love,
And honest dealing, and untainted speech,
And pure good-will, and hospitable cheer;
That made the very thought of country-life
A thought of refuge, for a mind detained
Reluctantly amid the bustling crowd?
Where now the beauty of the sabbath kept

With conscientious reverence, as a day
By the almighty Lawgiver pronounced
Holy and blest? and where the winning
grace

Of all the lighter ornaments attached
To time and season, as the year rolled
round?"

"Fled!" was the Wanderer's passionate
response,

"Fled utterly! or only to be traced
In a few fortunate retreats like this;
Which I beheld with trembling, when I
think

What lamentable change, a year—a
month—

May bring; that brook converting as it
runs

Into an instrument of deadly bane
For those, who, yet untempted to forsake
The simple occupations of their sires,
Drink the pure water of its innocent stream
With lip almost as pure.—Domestic bliss
(Or call it comfort, by a humbler name,)
How art thou blighted for the poor Man's
heart!

Lo! in such neighbourhood, from morn to
eve,

The habitations empty! or perchance
The Mother left alone,—no helping hand
To rock the cradle of her peevish babe;
No daughters round her, busy at the wheel,
Or in dispatch of each day's little growth
Of household occupation; no nice arts
Of needle-work; no bustle at the fire,
Where once the dinner was prepared with
pride;

Nothing to speed the day, or cheer the
mind;

Nothing to praise to teach, or to com-
mand!

The Father, if perchance he still retain
His old employments, goes to field or
wood,

No longer led or followed by the Sons;
Idlers perchance they were,—but in *his*
sight;

Breathing fresh air, and treading the green
earth:

'Till their short holiday of childhood ceased,
Ne'er to return! That birthright now is
lost.

Economists will tell you that the State

Thrives by the forfeiture—unfeeling thought,
And false as monstrous! Can the mother
thrive

By the destruction of her innocent sons
In whom a premature necessity
Blocks out the forms of nature, precon-
sumes

The reason, famishes the heart, shuts up
The infant Being in itself, and makes
Its very spring a season of decay!
The lot is wretched, the condition sad,
Whether a pining discontent survive,
And thirst for change; or habit hath sub-
dued

The soul deprest, dejected—even to love
Of her close tasks, and long captivity.

Oh, banish far such wisdom as condemns
A native Briton to these inward chains,
Fixed in his soul, so early and so deep;
Without his own consent, or knowledge,
fixed!

He is a slave to whom release comes not,
And cannot come. The boy, where'er he
turns,

Is still a prisoner; when the wind is up
Among the clouds, and roars through the
ancient woods;

Or when the sun is shining in the east,
Quiet and calm. Behold him—in the
school

Of his attainments? no; but with the air
Fanning his temples under heaven's blue
arch.

His raiment, whitened o'er with cotton-
flakes

Or locks of wool, announces whence he
comes.

Creeping his gait and cowering, his lip pale,
His respiration quick and audible;
And scarcely could you fancy that a gleam
Could break from out those languid eyes,
or a blush

Mantle upon his cheek. Is this the form,
Is that the countenance, and such the port,
Of no mean Being? One who should be
clothed

With dignity befitting his proud hope;
Who, in his very childhood, should appear
Sublime from present purity and joy!
The limbs increase; but liberty of mind
Is gone for ever; and this organic frame,
So joyful in its motions, is become
Dull, to the joy of her own motions dead;

And even the touch, so exquisitely poured
Through the whole body, with a languid
will

Performs its functions; rarely competent
To impress a vivid feeling on the mind
Of what there is delightful in the breeze,
The gentle visitations of the sun,
Or lapse of liquid element—by hand,
Or foot, or lip, in summer's warmth—per-
ceived.

—Can hope look forward to a manhood
raised

On such foundations?"

"Hope is none for him!"

The pale Recluse indignantly exclaimed,
"And tens of thousands suffer wrong as
deep.

Yet be it asked, in justice to our age,
If there were not, before those arts
appeared,

These structures rose, commingling old and
young,

And unripe sex with sex, for mutual taint;
If there were not, *then*, in our far-famed
Isle,

Multitudes, who from infancy had breathed
Air unimprisoned, and had lived at large;
Yet walked beneath the sun, in human
shape,

As abject, as degraded? At this day,
Who shall enumerate the crazy huts

And tottering hovels, whence do issue forth
A ragged Offspring, with their upright hair
Crowned like the image of fantastic Fear;
Or wearing, (shall we say?) in that white
growth

An ill-adjusted turban, for defence
Or fierceness, wreathed around their sun-
burnt brows,

By savage Nature? Shrivelled are their
lips,

Naked, and coloured like the soil, the feet
On which they stand; as if thereby they
drew

Some nourishment, as trees do by their
roots,

From earth, the common mother of us all.
Figure and mien, complexion and attire,
Are leagued to strike dismay; but out-
stretched hand

And whining voice denote them supplicants
For the least boon that pity can bestow.
Such on the breast of darksome heaths are
found;

And with their parents occupy the skirts
 Of furze-clad commons; such are born and
 reared
 At the mine's mouth under impending
 rocks;
 Or dwell in chambers of some natural cave;
 Or where their ancestors erected huts,
 For the convenience of unlawful gain,
 In forest purlieus; and the like are bred,
 All England through, where nooks and
 slips of ground
 Purloined, in times less jealous than our
 own,
 From the green margin of the public way,
 A residence afford them, 'mid the bloom
 And gaiety of cultivated fields.
 Such (we will hope the lowest in the scale)
 Do I remember oft-times to have seen
 'Mid Buxton's dreary heights. In earnest
 watch,
 Till the swift vehicle approach, they stand;
 Then, following closely with the cloud of
 dust,
 An uncouth feat exhibit, and are gone
 Heels over head, like tumblers on a stage.
 —Up from the ground they snatch the
 copper coin,
 And, on the freight of merry passengers
 Fixing a steady eye, maintain their speed;
 And spin—and pant—and overhead again,
 Wild pursuivants! until their breath is lost,
 Or bounty tires—and every face, that smiled
 Encouragement, hath ceased to look that
 way.
 —But, like the vagrants of the gipsy tribe,
 These, bred to little pleasure in themselves,
 Are profitless to others.

Turn we then
 To Britons born and bred within the pale
 Of civil polity, and early trained
 To earn, by wholesome labour in the field,
 The bread they eat. A sample should I
 give
 Of what this stock hath long produced to
 enrich
 The tender age of life, ye would exclaim,
 'Is this the whistling plough-boy whose
 shrill notes
 Impart new gladness to the morning air!'
 Forgive me if I venture to suspect
 That many, sweet to hear of in soft verse,
 Are of no finer frame. Stiff are his joints;
 Beneath a cumbrous frock, that to the knees
 Invests the thriving churl, his legs appear,

Fellows to those that lustily upheld
 The wooden stools for everlasting use,
 Whereon our fathers sate. And mark his
 brow
 Under whose shaggy canopy are set
 Two eyes—not dim, but of a healthy
 stare—
 Wide, sluggish, blank, and ignorant, and
 strange—
 Proclaiming boldly that they never drew
 A look or motion of intelligence
 From infant-conning of the Christ-cross-
 row,
 Or puzzling through a primer, line by line,
 Till perfect mastery crown the pains at last.
 —What kindly warmth from touch of
 fostering hand,
 What penetrating power of sun or breeze,
 Shall e'er dissolve the crust wherein his soul
 Sleeps, like a caterpillar sheathed in ice?
 This torpor is no pitiable work
 Of modern ingenuity; no town
 Nor crowded city can be taxed with aught
 Of sottish vice or desperate breach of law,
 To which (and who can tell where or how
 soon?)
 He may be roused. This Boy the fields
 produce:
 His spade and hoe, mattock and glittering
 scythe,
 The carter's whip that on his shoulder rests
 In air high-towering with a boorish pomp,
 The sceptre of his sway; his country's
 name,
 Her equal rights, her churches and her
 schools—
 What have they done for him? And, let
 me ask,
 For tens of thousands uninformed as he?
 In brief, what liberty of *mind* is here?"

This ardent sally pleased the mild good
 Man,
 To whom the appeal couched in its closing
 words
 Was pointedly addressed; and to the
 thoughts
 That, in assent or opposition, rose
 Within his mind, he seemed prepared to
 give
 Prompt utterance; but the Vicar interposed
 With invitation urgently renewed.
 —We followed, taking as he led, a path
 Along a hedge of hollies dark and tall,

Whose flexile boughs low bending with a weight
 Of leafy spray, concealed the stems and roots
 That gave them nourishment. When frosty winds
 Howl from the north, what kindly warmth, methought,
 Is here—how grateful this impervious screen!
 —Not shaped by simple wearing of the foot
 On rural business passing to and fro
 Was the commodious walk: a careful hand
 Had marked the line, and strewn its surface o'er
 With pure cerulean gravel, from the heights
 Fetched by a neighbouring brook.—Across the vale
 The stately fence accompanied our steps;
 And thus the pathway, by perennial green
 Guarded and graced, seemed fashioned to unite,
 As by a beautiful yet solemn chain,
 The Pastor's mansion with the house of prayer.

Like image of solemnity, conjoined
 With feminine allurements soft and fair,
 The mansion's self displayed;—a reverend pile
 With bold projections and recesses deep;
 Shadowy, yet gay and lightsome as it stood
 Fronting the noontide sun. We paused to admire
 The pillared porch, elaborately embossed;
 The low wide windows with their mullions old;
 The cornice, richly fretted, of grey stone;
 And that smooth slope from which the dwelling rose,
 By beds and banks Arcadian of gay flowers
 And flowering shrubs, protected and adorned:
 Profusion bright! and every flower assuming
 A more than natural vividness of hue,
 From unaffected contrast with the gloom
 Of sober cypress, and the darker foil
 Of yew, in which survived some traces, here
 Not unbecoming, of grotesque device
 And uncouth fancy. From behind the roof
 Rose the slim ash and massy sycamore,
 Blending their diverse foliage with the green
 Of ivy, flourishing and thick, that clasped
 The huge round chimneys, harbour of delight

For wren and redbreast,—where they sit and sing
 Their slender ditties when the trees are bare.
 Nor must I leave untouched (the picture else
 Were incomplete) a relique of old times
 Happily spared, a little Gothic niche
 Of nicest workmanship; that once had held
 The sculptured image of some patron-saint,
 Or of the blessed Virgin, looking down
 On all who entered those religious doors.

But lo! where from the rocky garden-mount
 Crowned by its antique summer-house—descends,
 Light as the silver fawn, a radiant Girl;
 For she hath recognised her honoured friend,
 The Wanderer ever welcome! A prompt kiss
 The gladsome Child bestows at his request;
 And, up the flowery lawn as we advance,
 Hangs on the old Man with a happy look,
 And with a pretty restless hand of love.
 —We enter—by the Lady of the place
 Cordially greeted. Graceful was her port:
 A lofty stature undepressed by time,
 Whose visitation had not wholly spared
 The finer lineaments of form and face;
 To that complexion brought which prudence trusts in
 And wisdom loves.—But when a stately ship
 Sails in smooth weather by the placid coast
 On homeward voyage, what—if wind and wave,
 And hardship undergone in various climes,
 Have caused her to abate the virgin pride,
 And that full trim of inexperienced hope
 With which she left her haven—not for this,
 Should the sun strike her, and the impartial breeze
 Play on her streamers, fails she to assume
 Brightness and touching beauty of her own,
 That charm all eyes. So bright, so fair,
 appeared
 This goodly Matron, shining in the beams
 Of unexpected pleasure.—Soon the board
 Was spread, and we partook a plain repast.

Here, resting in cool shelter, we beguiled
 The mid-day hours with desultory talk;
 From trivial themes to general argument

Passing, as accident or fancy led,
Or courtesy prescribed. While question
rose

And answer flowed, the fetters of reserve
Dropping from every mind, the Solitary
Resumed the manners of his happier days;
And in the various conversation bore
A willing, nay, at times, a forward part;
Yet with the grace of one who in the world
Had learned the art of pleasing, and had
now

Occasion given him to display his skill,
Upon the steadfast 'vantage-ground of truth.
He gazed, with admiration unsuppressed,
Upon the landscape of the sun-bright vale,
Seen, from the shady room in which we sat,
In softened perspective; and more than
once

Praised the consummate harmony serene
Of gravity and elegance, diffused
Around the mansion and its whole domain;
Not, doubtless, without help of female taste
And female care.—"A blessed lot is yours!"
The words escaped his lip, with a tender
sigh

Breathed over them: but suddenly the door
Flew open, and a pair of lusty Boys
Appeared, confusion checking their delight.
—Not brothers they in feature or attire,
But fond companions, so I guessed, in field,
And by the river's margin—whence they
come,

Keen anglers with unusual spoil elated.
One bears a willow-pannier on his back,
The boy of plainer garb, whose blush sur-
vives

More deeply tinged. Twin might the other
be

To that fair girl who from the garden-mount
Bounded:—triumphant entry this for him!
Between his hands he holds a smooth blue
stone,

On whose capacious surface see outspread
Large store of gleaming crimson-spotted
trouts;

Ranged side by side, and lessening by
degrees

Up to the dwarf that tops the pinnacle.
Upon the board he lays the sky-blue stone
With its rich freight; their number he pro-
claims;

Tells from what pool the noblest had been
dragged;

And where the very monarch of the brook,

After long struggle, had escaped at last—
Stealing alternately at them and us
(As doth his comrade too) a look of pride:
And, verily, the silent creatures made
A splendid sight, together thus exposed;
Dead—but not sullied or deformed by
death,
That seemed to pity what he could not
spare.

But oh, the animation in the mien
Of those two boys! yea in the very words
With which the young narrator was in-
spired,
When, as our questions led, he told at
large
Of that day's prowess! Him might I com-
pare,

His looks, tones, gestures, eager eloquence,
To a bold brook that splits for better speed,
And at the self-same moment, works its
way

Through many channels, ever and anon
Parted and re-united: his compeer
To the still lake, whose stillness is to sight
As beautiful—as grateful to the mind.
—But to what object shall the lovely Girl
Be likened? She whose countenance and
air

Unite the graceful qualities of both,
Even as she shares the pride and joy of
both.

My grey-haired Friend was moved; his
vivid eye

Glistened with tenderness; his mind, I
knew,

Was full; and had, I doubted not, re-
turned,

Upon this impulse, to the theme—erewhile
Abruptly broken off. The ruddy boys

Withdrew, on summons to their well-earned
meal;

And He—to whom all tongues resigned
their rights

With willingness, to whom the general ear
Listened with readier patience than to
strain

Of music, lute or harp, a long delight
That ceased not when his voice had ceased
—as One

Whofrom truth's central point serenely views
The compass of his argument—began
Mildly, and with a clear and steady tone.

BOOK NINTH

DISCOURSE OF THE WANDERER, AND
AN EVENING VISIT TO THE LAKE

ARGUMENT

Wanderer asserts that an active principle pervades the Universe, its noblest seat the human soul—How lively this principle is in Childhood—Hence the delight in old Age of looking back upon Childhood—The dignity, powers, and privileges of Age asserted—These not to be looked for generally but under a just government—Right of a human Creature to be exempt from being considered as a mere Instrument—The condition of multitudes deplored—Former conversation recurred to, and the Wanderer's opinions set in a clearer light—Truth placed within reach of the humblest—Equality—Happy state of the two Boys again adverted to—Earnest wish expressed for a System of National Education established universally by Government—Glorious effects of this foretold—Walk to the Lake—Grand spectacle from the side of a hill—Address of Priest to the Supreme Being—In the course of which he contrasts with ancient Barbarism the present appearance of the scene before him—The change ascribed to Christianity—Apostrophe to his flock, living and dead—Gratitude to the Almighty—Return over the Lake—Parting with the Solitary—Under what circumstances.

"To every Form of being is assigned,"
Thus calmly spake the venerable Sage,
"An *active* Principle:—howe'er removed
From sense and observation, it subsists
In all things, in all natures; in the stars
Of azure heaven, the unending clouds,
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
That paves the brooks, the stationary
rocks,

The moving waters, and the invisible air.
Whate'er exists hath properties that spread
Beyond itself, communicating good,
A simple blessing, or with evil mixed;
Spirit that knows no insulated spot,
No chasm, no solitude; from link to link
It circulates, the Soul of all the worlds.
This is the freedom of the universe;
Unfolded still the more, more visible,
The more we know; and yet is revered
least,

And least respected in the human Mind,
Its most apparent home. The food of
hope

Is meditated action; robbed of this
Her sole support, she languishes and dies.
We perish also; for we live by hope
And by desire; we see by the glad light
And breathe the sweet air of futurity;
And so we live, or else we have no life.
To-morrow—nay perchance this very hour
(For every moment hath its own to-mor-
row!)

Those blooming Boys, whose hearts are
almost sick

With present triumph, will be sure to find
A field before them freshened with the dew
Of other expectations;—in which course
Their happy year spins round. The youth
obeys

A like glad impulse; and so moves the
man

'Mid all his apprehensions, cares, and
fears,—

Or so he ought to move. Ah! why in age
Do we revert so fondly to the walks
Of childhood—but that there the Soul dis-
cerns

The dear memorial footsteps unimpaired
Of her own native vigour; thence can hear
Reverberations; and a choral song,
Commingle with the incense that as-
cends,

Undaunted, toward the imperishable
heavens,

From her own lonely altar?

Do not think

That good and wise ever will be allowed,
Though strength decay, to breathe in such
estate

As shall divide them wholly from the stir
Of hopeful nature. Rightly is it said
That Man descends into the VALE of years;
Yet have I thought that we might also
speak,

And not presumptuously, I trust, of Age,
As of a final EMINENCE; though bare
In aspect and forbidding, yet a point
On which 'tis not impossible to sit
In awful sovereignty; a place of power,
A throne, that may be likened unto his,
Who, in some placid day of summer, looks
Down from a mountain-top,—say one of
those

High peaks, that bound the vale where now
we are.

Faint, and diminished to the gazing eye,
Forest and field, and hill and dale appear,

With all the shapes over their surface
spread :

But, while the gross and visible frame of
things

Relinquishes its hold upon the sense,
Yea almost on the Mind herself, and seems
All unsubstantialized,—how loud the voice
Of waters, with invigorated peal
From the full river in the vale below,
Ascending ! For on that superior height
Who sits, is disencumbered from the press
Of near obstructions, and is privileged
To breathe in solitude, above the host
Of ever-humming insects, 'mid thin air
That suits not them. The murmur of the
leaves

Many and idle, visits not his ear :

'This he is freed from, and from thousand
notes

(Not less unceasing, not less vain than
these,)

By which the finer passages of sense
Are occupied ; and the Soul, that would
incline

To listen, is prevented or deterred.

And may it not be hoped, that, placed
by age

In like removal, tranquil though severe,
We are not so removed for utter loss ;
But for some favour, suited to our need ?
What more than that the severing should
confer

Fresh power to commune with the invisible
world,

And hear the mighty stream of tendency
Uttering, for elevation of our thought,
A clear sonorous voice, inaudible
To the vast multitude ; whose doom it is
To run the giddy round of vain delight,
Or fret and labour on the Plain below.

But, if to such sublime ascent the hopes
Of Man may rise, as to a welcome close
And termination of his mortal course ;
Then only can such hope inspire whose
minds

Have not been starved by absolute neglect ;
Nor bodies crushed by unremitting toil ;
To whom kind Nature, therefore, may
afford

Proof of the sacred love she bears for all ;
Whose birthright Reason, therefore, may
ensure.

For me, consulting what I feel within
In times when most existence with herself
Is satisfied, I cannot but believe,
That, far as kindly Nature bath free scope
And Reason's sway predominates ; even so
far,

Country, society, and time itself,
That saps the individual's bodily frame,
And lays the generations low in dust,
Do, by the almighty Ruler's grace, partake
Of one maternal spirit, bringing forth
And cherishing with ever-constant love,
That tires not, nor betrays. Our life is
turned

Out of her course, wherever man is made
An offering, or a sacrifice, a tool
Or implement, a passive thing employed
As a brute mean, without acknowledgment
Of common right or interest in the end ;
Used or abused, as selfishness may prompt
Say, what can follow for a rational soul
Perverted thus, but weakness in all good,
And strength in evil ? Hence an after-call
For chastisement, and custody, and bonds,
And oft-times Death, avenger of the past,
And the sole guardian in whose hands we
dare

Entrust the future.—Not for these sad
issues

Was Man created ; but to obey the law
Of life, and hope, and action. And 'tis
known

That when we stand upon our native soil,
Unelbowed by such objects as oppress
Our active powers, those powers themselves
become

Strong to subvert our noxious qualities :
They sweep distemper from the busy day,
And make the chalice of the big round year
Run o'er with gladness ; whence the Being
moves

In beauty through the world ; and all who
see

Bless him, rejoicing in his neighbourhood."

"Then," said the Solitary, "by what
force

Of language shall a feeling heart express
Her sorrow for that multitude in whom
We look for health from seeds that have
been sown

In sickness, and for increase in a power
That works but by extinction ? On them-
selves

They cannot lean, nor turn to their own
hearts

To know what they must do ; their wisdom is
To look into the eyes of others, thence
To be instructed what they must avoid :
Or rather, let us say, how least observed,
How with most quiet and most silent death,
With the least taint and injury to the air
The oppressor breathes, their human form
divine,
And their immortal soul, may waste away."

The Sage rejoined, " I thank you—you
have spared

My voice the utterance of a keen regret,
A wide compassion which with you I share.
When, heretofore, I placed before your
sight

A Little-one, subjected to the arts
Of modern ingenuity, and made
The senseless member of a vast machine,
Serving as doth a spindle or a wheel ;
Think not, that, pitying him, I could forget
The rustic Boy, who walks the fields, un-
taught ;

The slave of ignorance, and oft of want,
And miserable hunger. Much, too much,
Of this unhappy lot, in early youth
We both have witnessed, lot which I myself
Shared, though in mild and merciful
degree :

Yet was the mind to hindrances exposed,
Through which I struggled, not without
distress

And sometimes injury, like a lamb en-
thrall'd

'Mid thorns and brambles ; or a bird that
breaks

Through a strong net, and mounts upon
the wind,

Though with her plumes impaired. If
they, whose souls

Should open while they range the richer
fields

Of merry England, are obstructed less
By indigence, their ignorance is not less,
Nor less to be deplored. For who can
doubt

That tens of thousands at this day exist
Such as the boy you painted, lineal heirs
Of those who once were vassals of her soil,
Following its fortunes like the beasts or trees
Which it sustained. But no one takes de-
light

In this oppression ; none are proud of it ;
It bears no sounding name, nor ever bore ;
A standing grievance, an indigenous vice
Of every country under heaven. My
thoughts

Were turned to evils that are new and
chosen,

A bondage lurking under shape of good,—
Arts, in themselves beneficent and kind,
But all too fondly followed and too far ;—
To victims, which the merciful can see
Nor think that they are victims—turned to
wrongs,

By women, who have children of their own,
Beheld without compassion, yea with praise!
I spake of mischief by the wise diffused
With gladness, thinking that the more it
spreads

The healthier, the securer, we become ;
Delusion which a moment may destroy !
Lastly, I mourned for those whom I had
seen

Corrupted and cast down, on favoured
ground,

Where circumstance and nature had com-
bined

To shelter innocence, and cherish love ;
Who, but for this intrusion, would have
lived,

Possessed of health, and strength, and
peace of mind ;

Thus would have lived, or never have been
born.

Alas ! what differs more than man from
man !

And whence that difference ? whence but
from himself ?

For see the universal Race endowed
With the same upright form !—The sun is
fixed,

And the infinite magnificence of heaven
Fixed, within reach of every human eye ;
The sleepless ocean murmurs for all ears ;
The vernal field infuses fresh delight
Into all hearts. Throughout the world of
sense,

Even as an object is sublime or fair,
That object is laid open to the view
Without reserve or veil ; and as a power
Is salutary, or an influence sweet,
Are each and all enabled to perceive
That power, that influence, by impartial
law.

Gifts nobler are vouchsafed alike to all;
 Reason, and, with that reason, smiles and
 tears;
 Imagination, freedom in the will;
 Conscience to guide and check; and death
 to be
 Foretasted, immortality conceived
 By all,—a blissful immortality,
 To them whose holiness on earth shall make
 The Spirit capable of heaven, assured.
 Strange, then, nor less than monstrous,
 might be deemed
 The failure, if the Almighty, to this point
 Liberal and undistinguishing, should hide
 The excellence of moral qualities
 From common understanding; leaving
 truth
 And virtue, difficult, abstruse, and dark;
 Hard to be won, and only by a few;
 Strange, should He deal herein with nice
 respects,
 And frustrate all the rest! Believe it not:
 The primal duties shine aloft—like stars;
 The charities that soothe, and heal, and
 bless,
 Are scattered at the feet of Man—like
 flowers.
 The generous inclination, the just rule,
 Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure
 thoughts—
 No mystery is here! Here is no boon
 For high—yet not for low; for proudly
 graced—
 Yet not for meek of heart. The smoke
 ascends
 To heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth
 As from the haughtiest palace. He, whose
 soul
 Ponders this true equality, may walk
 The fields of earth with gratitude and hope;
 Yet, in that meditation, will he find
 Motive to sadder grief, as we have found;
 Lamenting ancient virtues overthrown,
 And for the injustice grieving, that hath
 made
 So wide a difference between man and man.

Then let us rather fix our gladdened
 thoughts
 Upon the brighter scene. How blest that
 pair
 Of blooming Boys (whom we beheld even
 now)
 Blest in their several and their common lot!

A few short hours of each returning day
 The thriving prisoners of their village school:
 And thence let loose, to seek their pleasant
 homes

Or range the grassy lawn in vacancy:
 To breathe and to be happy, run and shout
 Idle,—but no delay, no harm, no loss;
 For every genial power of heaven and earth.
 Through all the seasons of the changeful
 year,

Obsequiously doth take upon herself
 To labour for them; bringing each in turn
 The tribute of enjoyment, knowledge,
 health,

Beauty, or strength! Such privilege is
 theirs,

Granted alike in the outset of their course
 To both; and, if that partnership must
 cease,

I grieve not," to the Pastor here he turned,
 "Much as I glory in that child of yours,
 Repine not for his cottage-comrade, whom
 Belike no higher destiny awaits
 Than the old hereditary wish fulfilled;
 The wish for liberty to live—content
 With what Heaven grants, and die—in
 peace of mind,

Within the bosom of his native vale.
 At least, whatever fate the noon of life
 Reserves for either, sure it is that both
 Have been permitted to enjoy the dawn;
 Whether regarded as a jocund time,
 That in itself may terminate, or lead
 In course of nature to a sober eve.
 Both have been fairly dealt with; looking
 back
 They will allow that justice has in them
 Been shown, alike to body and to mind."

He paused, as if revolving in his soul
 Some weighty matter; then, with fervent
 voice
 And an impassioned majesty, exclaimed—

"O for the coming of that glorious time
 When, prizing knowledge as her noblest
 wealth

And best protection, this imperial Realm,
 While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
 An obligation, on her part, to *teach*
 Them who are born to serve her and obey;
 Binding herself by statute¹ to secure
 For all the children whom her soil maintains

¹ See Note.

The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood and practised,—so that
none,

However destitute, be left to droop
By timely culture unsustained; or run
Into a wild disorder; or be forced
To drudge through a weary life without the
help

Of intellectual implements and tools;
A savage horde among the civilised,
A servile band among the lordly free!
This sacred right, the lisping babe pro-
claims

To be inherent in him, by Heaven's will,
For the protection of his innocence;
And the rude boy—who, having overpast
The sinless age, by conscience is enrolled,
Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,
And lifts his wilful hand on mischief bent,
Or turns the godlike faculty of speech
To impious use—by process indirect
Declares his due, while he makes known
his need.

—This sacred right is fruitlessly announced,
This universal plea in vain addressed,
To eyes and ears of parents who themselves
Did, in the time of their necessity,
Urge it in vain; and, therefore, like a
prayer

That from the humblest floor ascends to
heaven,

It mounts to meet the State's parental ear;
Who, if indeed she own a mother's heart,
And be not most unfeelingly devoid
Of gratitude to Providence, will grant
The unquestionable good—which, England,
safe

From interference of external force,
May grant at leisure; without risk incurred
That what in wisdom for herself she doth,
Others shall e'er be able to undo.

Look! and behold, from Calpe's sun-
burnt cliffs

To the flat margin of the Baltic sea,
Long-reverenced titles cast away as weeds;
Laws overturned; and territory split,
Like fields of ice rent by the polar wind,
And forced to join in less obnoxious shapes
Which, ere they gain consistence, by a gust
Of the same breath are shattered and de-
stroyed.

Meantime the sovereignty of these fair Isles

Remains entire and indivisible:
And, if that ignorance were removed, which
breeds

Within the compass of their several shores
Dark discontent, or loud commotion, each
Might still preserve the beautiful repose
Of heavenly bodies shining in their spheres.
—The discipline of slavery is unknown
Among us,—hence the more do we require
The discipline of virtue; order else
Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace.
Thus, duties rising out of good possest,
And prudent caution needful to avert
Impending evil, equally require
That the whole people should be taught
and trained.

So shall licentiousness and black resolve
Be rooted out, and virtuous habits take
Their place; and genuine piety descend,
Like an inheritance, from age to age.

With such foundations laid, avaunt the
fear

Of numbers crowded on their native soil,
To the prevention of all healthful growth
Through mutual injury! Rather in the law
Of increase and the mandate from above
Rejoice!—and ye have special cause for joy.
—For, as the element of air affords
An easy passage to the industrious bees
Fraught with their burthens; and a way as
smooth

For those ordained to take their sounding
flight

From the thronged hive, and settle where
they list

In fresh abodes—their labour to renew;
So the wide waters, open to the power,
The will, the instincts, and appointed needs
Of Britain, do invite her to cast off
Her swarms, and in succession send them
forth;

Bound to establish new communities
On every shore whose aspect favours hope
Or bold adventure; promising to skill
And perseverance their deserved reward.

Yes," he continued, kindling as he
spake,

"Change wide, and deep, and silently per-
formed,

This Land shall witness; and as days
roll on,

Earth's universal frame shall feel the effect;

Even till the smallest habitable rock,
 Beaten by lonely billows, hear the songs
 Of humanised society; and bloom
 With civil arts, that shall breathe forth
 their fragrance,

A grateful tribute to all-ruling Heaven.
 From culture, unexclusively bestowed
 On Albion's noble Race in freedom born,
 Expect these mighty issues: from the pains
 And faithful care of unambitious schools
 Instructing simple childhood's ready ear:
 Thence look for these magnificent results!
 —Vast the circumference of hope—and ye
 Are at its centre, British Lawgivers;
 Ah! sleep not there in shame! Shall
 Wisdom's voice

From out the bosom of these troubled times
 Repeat the dictates of her calmer mind,
 And shall the venerable halls ye fill
 Refuse to echo the sublime decree?
 Trust not to partial care a general good;
 Transfer not to futurity a work
 Of urgent need.—Your Country must com-
 plete

Her glorious destiny. Begin even now,
 Now, when oppression, like the Egyptian
 plague
 Of darkness, stretched o'er guilty Europe,
 makes

The brightness more conspicuous that
 invests

The happy Island where ye think and act;
 Now, when destruction is a prime pursuit,
 Show to the wretched nations for what end
 The powers of civil polity were given."

Abruptly here, but with a graceful air,
 The Sage broke off. No sooner had he
 ceased

Than, looking forth, the gentle Lady said,
 "Behold the shades of afternoon have fallen
 Upon this flowery slope; and see—be-
 yond—

The silvery lake is streaked with placid
 blue;

As if preparing for the peace of evening.
 How temptingly the landscape shines!
 The air

Breathes invitation; easy is the walk
 To the lake's margin, where a boat lies
 moored

Under a sheltering tree."—Upon this hint
 We rose together; all were pleased; but
 most

The beautiful girl, whose cheek was flushed
 with joy.

Light as a sunbeam glides along the hills
 She vanished—eager to impart the scheme
 To her loved brother and his shy compeer.
 —Now was there bustle in the Vicar's
 house

And earnest preparation.—Forth we went,
 And down the vale along the streamlet's
 edge

Pursued our way, a broken company,
 Mute or conversing, single or in pairs.
 Thus having reached a bridge, that over-
 arched

The hasty rivulet where it lay becalmed
 In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw
 A twofold image; on a grassy bank
 A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood
 Another and the same! Most beautiful,
 On the green turf, with his imperial front
 Shaggy and bold, and wreathed horns
 superb,

The breathing creature stood; as beautiful,
 Beneath him, showed his shadowy counter-
 part.

Each had his glowing mountains, each his
 sky,

And each seemed centre of his own fair
 world:

Antipodes unconscious of each other,
 Yet, in partition, with their several spheres,
 Blended in perfect stillness, to our sight!

"Ah! what a pity were it to disperse,
 Or to disturb, so fair a spectacle,
 And yet a breath can do it!"

These few words
 The Lady whispered, while we stood and
 gazed

Gathered together, all in still delight,
 Not without awe. Thence passing on,
 she said

In like low voice to my particular ear,
 "I love to hear that eloquent old Man
 Pour forth his meditations, and descant
 On human life from infancy to age.
 How pure his spirit! in what vivid hues
 His mind gives back the various forms of
 things,

Caught in their fairest, happiest, attitude!
 While he is speaking, I have power to see
 Even as he sees; but when his voice hath
 ceased,

Then, with a sigh, sometimes I feel, as now,

That combinations so serene and bright
 Cannot be lasting in a world like ours,
 Whose highest beauty, beautiful as it is,
 Like that reflected in yon quiet pool,
 Seems but a fleeting sunbeam's gift, whose
 peace,
 The sufferance only of a breath of air !"

More had she said—but sportive shouts
 were heard
 Sent from the jocund hearts of those two
 Boys,
 Who, bearing each a basket on his arm,
 Down the green field came tripping after
 us.
 With caution we embarked; and now the
 pair

For prouder service were address; but each,
 Wishful to leave an opening for my choice,
 Dropped the light oar his eager hand had
 seized.

Thanks given for that becoming courtesy,
 Their place I took—and for a grateful
 office

Pregnant with recollections of the time
 When, on thy bosom, spacious Winder-
 mere !

A Youth, I practised this delightful art;
 Tossed on the waves alone, or 'mid a crew
 Of joyous comrades. Soon as the reedy
 marge

Was cleared, I dipped, with arms accord-
 ant, oars
 Free from obstruction; and the boat ad-
 vanced

Through crystal water, smoothly as a hawk,
 That, disentangled from the shady boughs
 Of some thick wood, her place of covert,
 cleaves

With correspondent wings the abyss of air.
 —"Observe," the Vicar said, "yon rocky
 isle

With birch-trees fringed; my hand shall
 guide the helm,

While thitherward we shape our course;
 or while

We seek that other, on the western shore;
 Where the bare columns of those lofty firs,
 Supporting gracefully a massy dome
 Of sombre foliage, seem to imitate
 A Grecian temple rising from the Deep."

"Turn where we may," said I, "we
 cannot err

In this delicious region."—Cultured slopes,
 Wild tracts of forest-ground, and scattered
 groves,

And mountains bare, or clothed with
 ancient woods,

Surrounded us; and, as we held our way
 Along the level of the glassy flood,
 They ceased not to surround us; change
 of place

From kindred features diversely combined,
 Producing change of beauty ever new.

—Ah! that such beauty, varying in the
 light

Of living nature, cannot be portrayed
 By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill;
 But is the property of him alone
 Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,
 And in his mind recorded it with love!
 Suffice it, therefore, if the rural Muse
 Vouchsafe sweet influence, while her Poet
 speaks

Of trivial occupations well devised,
 And unsought pleasures springing up by
 chance;

As if some friendly Genius had ordained
 That, as the day thus far had been en-
 riched

By acquisition of sincere delight,
 The same should be continued to its close.

One spirit animating old and young,
 A gipsy-fire we kindled on the shore
 Of the fair Isle with birch-trees fringed—
 and there,

Merrily seated in a ring, partook
 A choice repast—served by our young
 companions

With rival earnestness and kindred glee.
 Launched from our hands the smooth stone
 skimmed the lake;

With shouts we raised the echoes:—stiller
 sounds

The lovely Girl supplied—a simple song,
 Whose low tones reached not to the distant
 rocks

To be repeated thence, but gently sank
 Into our hearts; and charmed the peaceful
 flood.

Rapaciously we gathered flowery spoils
 From land and water; lilies of each hue—
 Golden and white, that float upon the
 waves,

And court the wind; and leaves of that
 shy plant,

(Her flowers were shed) the lily of the vale,
That loves the ground, and from the sun
withholds
Her pensive beauty; from the breeze her
sweets.

Such product, and such pastime, did
the place
And season yield; but, as we re-embarked,
Leaving, in quest of other scenes, the shore
Of that wild spot, the Solitary said
In a low voice, yet careless who might hear,
"The fire, that burned so brightly to our
wish,

Where is it now?—Deserted on the beach—
Dying, or dead! Nor shall the fanning
breeze

Revive its ashes. What care we for this,
Whose ends are gained? Behold an emblem
here

Of one day's pleasure; and all mortal joys!
And, in this unpremeditated slight
Of that which is no longer needed, see
The common course of human gratitude!"

This plaintive note disturbed not the
repose

Of the still evening. Right across the lake
Our pinnacle moves; then, coasting creek
and bay,

Glades we behold, and into thickets peep,
Where couch the spotted deer; or raised
our eyes

To shaggy steeps on which the careless goat
Browsed by the side of dashing waterfalls;
And thus the bark, meandering with the
shore,

Pursued her voyage, till a natural pier
Of jutting rock invited us to land.

Alert to follow as the Pastor led,
We clomb a green hill's side; and, as we
clomb,

The Valley, opening out her bosom, gave
Fair prospect, intercepted less and less,
O'er the flat meadows and indented coast
Of the smooth lake, in compass seen:—
far off,

And yet conspicuous, stood the old Church-
tower,

In majesty presiding over fields
And habitations seemingly preserved
From all intrusion of the restless world
By rocks impassable and mountains huge.

Soft heath this elevated spot supplied,
And choice of moss-clad stones, whereon
we couched

Or sate reclined; admiring quietly
The general aspect of the scene; but each
Not seldom over anxious to make known
His own discoveries; or to favourite points
Directing notice, merely from a wish
To impart a joy, imperfect while unshared.
That rapturous moment never shall I forget
When these particular interests were effaced
From every mind!—Already had the sun,
Sinking with less than ordinary state,
Attained his western bound; but rays of
light—

Now suddenly diverging from the orb
Retired behind the mountain tops or veiled
By the dense air—shot upwards to the crown
Of the blue firmament—aloft, and wide:
And multitudes of little floating clouds,
Through their ethereal texture pierced—ere
we,

Who saw, of change were conscious—had
become

Vivid as fire; clouds separately poised,—
Innumerable multitude of forms
Scattered through half the circle of the sky;
And giving back, and shedding each on each,
With prodigal communion, the bright hues
Which from the unapparent fount of glory
They had imbibed, and ceased not to receive.
That which the heavens displayed, the liquid
deep

Repeated; but with unity sublime!

While from the grassy mountain's open
side

We gazed, in silence hushed, with eyes
intent

On the refulgent spectacle, diffused
Through earth, sky, water, and all visible
space,

The Priest in holy transport thus exclaimed:
"Eternal Spirit! universal God!
Power inaccessible to human thought,
Save by degrees and steps which thou hast
deigned

To furnish; for this effluence of thyself,
To the infirmity of mortal sense
Vouchsafed; this local transitory type
Of thy paternal splendours, and the pomp
Of those who fill thy courts in highest
heaven,

The radiant Cherubim;—accept the thanks

Which we, thy humble Creatures, here
convened,

Presume to offer; we, who—from the breast
Of the frail earth, permitted to behold
The faint reflections only of thy face—
Are yet exalted, and in soul adore!
Such as they are who in thy presence stand
Unstained, incorruptible, and drink
Imperishable majesty streamed forth
From thy empyreal throne, the elect of earth
Shall be—divested at the appointed hour
Of all dishonour, cleansed from mortal
stain.

—Accomplish, then, their number; and
conclude

Time's weary course! Or if, by thy decree,
The consummation that will come by stealth
Be yet far distant, let thy Word prevail,
Oh! let thy Word prevail, to take away
The sting of human nature. Spread the
law,

As it is written in thy holy book,
Throughout all lands; let every nation hear
The high behest, and every heart obey;
Both for the love of purity, and hope
Which it affords, to such as do thy will
And persevere in good, that they shall rise,
To have a nearer view of thee, in heaven.

—Father of good! this prayer in bounty
grant,

In mercy grant it, to thy wretched sons.
Then, not till then, shall persecution cease,
And cruel wars expire. The way is marked,
The guide appointed, and the ransom paid.
Alas! the nations, who of yore received
These tidings, and in Christian temples
meet

The sacred truth to knowledge, linger
still;

Preferring bonds and darkness to a state
Of holy freedom, by redeeming love
Proffered to all, while yet on earth detained.

So fare the many; and the thoughtful
few,

Who in the anguish of their souls bewail
This dire perverseness, cannot choose but
ask,

Shall it endure?—Shall enmity and strife,
Falsehood and guile, be left to sow their
seed;

And the kind never perish? Is the hope
Fallacious, or shall righteousness obtain
A peaceable dominion, wide as earth,

And ne'er to fail? Shall that blest day
arrive

When they, whose choice or lot it is to
dwell

In crowded cities, without fear shall live
Studious of mutual benefit; and he,
Whom Morn awakens, among dews and
flowers

Of every clime, to till the lonely field,
Be happy in himself?—The law of faith
Working through love, such conquest shall
it gain,

Such triumph over sin and guilt achieve?
Almighty Lord, thy further grace impart!
And with that help the wonder shall be seen
Fulfilled, the hope accomplished; and thy
praise

Be sung with transport and unceasing joy.

Once," and with mild demeanour, as he
spoke,

On us the venerable Pastor turned
His beaming eye that had been raised to
Heaven,

"Once, while the Name, Jehovah, was
sound

Within the circuit of this sea-girt isle
Unheard, the savage nations bowed their
head

To Gods delighted in remorseless deeds;
Gods which themselves had fashioned, to
promote

Ill purposes, and flatter foul desires.
Then, in the bosom of yon mountain-cave
To those inventions of corrupted man
Mysterious rites were solemnised; and
there—

Amid impending rocks and gloomy woods—
Of those terrific Idols some received
Such dismal service, that the loudest voice
Of the swoln cataracts (which now are
heard

Soft murmuring) was too weak to overcome
Though aided by wild winds, the groans
and shrieks

Of human victims, offered up to appease
Or to propitiate. And, if living eyes
Had visionary faculties to see
The thing that hath been as the thing
that is,

Aghast we might behold this crystal Mer-
Bedimmed with smoke, in wreaths volumi-
nous,

Flung from the body of devouring fires,

To Taranis erected on the heights
 By priestly hands, for sacrifice performed
 Exultingly, in view of open day
 And full assemblage of a barbarous host;
 Or to Andates, female Power! who gave
 (For so they fancied) glorious victory.
 —A few rude monuments of mountain-
 stone
 Survive; all else is swept away.—How
 bright
 The appearances of things! From such,
 how changed
 The existing worship; and with those com-
 pared,
 The worshippers how innocent and blest!
 So wide the difference, a willing mind
 Might almost think, at this affecting hour,
 That paradise, the lost abode of man,
 Was raised again: and to a happy few,
 In its original beauty, here restored.

Whence but from thee, the true and
 only God,
 And from the faith derived through Him
 who bled
 Upon the cross, this marvellous advance
 Of good from evil; as if one extreme
 Were left, the other gained.—O ye, who
 come
 To kneel devoutly in yon reverend Pile,
 Called to such office by the peaceful sound
 Of sabbath bells; and ye, who sleep in
 earth,
 All cares forgotten, round its hallowed
 walls!
 For you, in presence of this little band
 Gathered together on the green hill-side,
 Your Pastor is emboldened to prefer
 Vocal thanksgivings to the eternal King;
 Whose love, whose counsel, whose com-
 mands, have made
 Your very poorest rich in peace of thought
 And in good works; and him, who is en-
 dowed
 With scantiest knowledge, master of all
 truth
 Which the salvation of his soul requires.
 Conscious of that abundant favour showered
 On you, the children of my humble care,
 And this dear land, our country, while on
 earth
 We sojourn, have I lifted up my soul,
 By giving voice to fervent gratitude.
 These barren rocks, your stern inheritance;

These fertile fields, that recompense your
 pains;
 The shadowy vale, the sunny mountain-
 top;
 Woods waving in the wind their lofty heads,
 Or hushed; the roaring waters and the
 still—
 They see the offering of my lifted hands,
 They hear my lips present their sacrifice,
 They know if I be silent, morn or even:
 For, though in whispers speaking, the full
 heart
 Will find a vent; and thought is praise to
 him,
 Audible praise, to thee, omniscient Mind,
 From whom all gifts descend, all blessings
 flow!"

This vesper-service closed, without delay,
 From that exalted station to the plain
 Descending, we pursued our homeward
 course,
 In mute composure, o'er the shadowy lake,
 Under a faded sky. No trace remained
 Of those celestial splendours; grey the
 vault—
 Pure, cloudless, ether; and the star of eve
 Was wanting; but inferior lights appeared
 Faintly, too faint almost for sight; and
 some
 Above the darkened hills stood boldly forth
 In twinkling lustre, ere the boat attained
 Her mooring-place; where, to the shelter-
 ing tree,
 Our youthful Voyagers bound fast her prow,
 With prompt yet careful hands. This
 done, we paced
 The dewy fields; but ere the Vicar's door
 Was reached, the Solitary checked his
 steps;
 Then, intermingling thanks, on each be-
 stowed
 A farewell salutation; and, the like
 Receiving, took the slender path that leads
 To the one cottage in the lonely dell:
 But turned not without welcome promise
 made
 That he would share the pleasures and
 pursuits
 Of yet another summer's day, not loth
 To wander with us through the fertile vales,
 And o'er the mountain-wastes. "Another
 sun,"
 Said he, "shall shine upon us, ere we part;

Another sun, and peradventure more;
If time, with free consent, be yours to give,
And season favours."

To enfeebled Power,
From this communion with uninjured
Minds,

What renovation had been brought; and
what

Degree of healing to a wounded spirit,
Dejected, and habitually disposed
To seek, in degradation of the Kind,
Excuse and solace for her own defects;
How far those erring notions were reformed;
And whether aught, of tendency as good
And pure, from further intercourse ensued;
This—if delightful hopes, as heretofore,
Inspire the serious song, and gentle Hearts
Cherish, and lofty Minds approve the past—
My future labours may not leave untold.

1795-1814.

LAODAMIA

Written at Rydal Mount. The incident of the
trees growing and withering put the subject into
my thoughts, and I wrote with the hope of giving
it a loftier tone than, so far as I know, has been
given to it by any of the Ancients who have
treated of it. It cost me more trouble than
almost anything of equal length I have ever
written.

"WITH sacrifice before the rising morn
Vows have I made by fruitless hope in-
spired;
And from the infernal Gods, 'mid shades
forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I re-
quired:
Celestial pity I again implore;—
Restore him to my sight—great Jove,
restore!"

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts
her hands;

While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens—and her eye
expands;

Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature
grows;

And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived?—O
joy!

What doth she look on?—whom doth she
behold?

Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence? his corporeal mould?
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis He!
And a God leads him, winged Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with
his wand

That calms all fear; "Such grace hath
crowned thy prayer,

Laodamia! that at Jove's command
Thy Husband walks the paths of upper air:
He comes to tarry with thee three hours
space;

Accept the gift, behold him face to face!"

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen he
Lord to clasp;

Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The Phantom parts—but parts to re-unite
And re-assume his place before her sight.

"Protesilaus, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:
This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne:
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will
rejoice.

Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon; and blest a sad abode.

"Great Jove, Laodamia! doth not leave
His gifts imperfect:—Spectre though I be
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain

"Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan
strand
Should die; but me the threat could not
withhold:

A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain."

"Supreme of Heroes—bravest, noblest
best!

Thy matchless courage I bewail no more
Which then, when tens of thousands were
deprest

By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here
thou art—

A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath
decreed

Thou should'st elude the malice of the
grave:

Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian
air.

"No Spectre greets me,—no vain Shadow
this;

Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my
side!

Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial
kiss

To me, this day, a second time thy bride!"
Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious
Parcæ threw

Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is
past:

Nor should the change be mourned, even if
the joys

Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains:
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

"Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control
Rebellious passion: for the Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the
soul;

A fervent, not ungovernable, love.

Thy transports moderate; and meekly
mourn

When I depart, for brief is my sojourn—"

"Ah, wherefore?—Did not Hercules by
force

Wrest from the guardian Monster of the
tomb

Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal
bloom?

Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful
peers.

"The Gods to us are merciful—and they
Yet further may relent: for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the
sway

Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favourite seat be feeble
woman's breast.

"But if thou goest, I follow—" "Peace!"
he said,—

She looked upon him and was calmed and
cheered;

The ghastly colour from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien,
appeared

Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy
place.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and
pure;

No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the
brightest day

Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath
earned

That privilege by virtue.—"Ill," said he,

"The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain
delight,

While tears were thy best pastime, day and
night;

"And while my youthful peers before my
eyes

(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were de-
tained;

What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

"The wished-for wind was given:—I then
revolved

The oracle, upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the
strand,—

Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan
strand.

"Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,—
The paths which we had trod—these foun-
tains, flowers

My new-planned cities, and unfinished
towers.

"But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,
'Behold they tremble!—haughty their
array,

Yet of their number no one dares to die?'
In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurred:—but lofty
thought,

In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

"And Thou, though strong in love, art all
too weak

In reason, in self-government too slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest re-union in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sym-
pathised;

Be thy affections raised and solemnised.

"Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend—
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that
end;

For this the passion to excess was driven—
That self might be annulled: her bondage
prove

The fetters of a dream, opposed to
love."——

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes re-
appears!

Round the dear Shade she would have
clung—'tis vain:

The hours are past—too brief had they
been years;

And him no mortal effort can detain:

Swift, toward the realms that know not
earthly day,

He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse She
lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,
She perished; and, as for a wilful crime,
By the just Gods whom no weak pity
moved,

Was doomed to wear out her appointed
time,

Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather
flowers

Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

—Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man
alone,

As fondly he believes.—Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she
died;

And ever, when such stature they had
gained

That Ilium's walls were subject to their
view,

The trees' tall summits withered at the
sight;

A constant interchange of growth and
blight!¹

1814.

DION

(SEE PLUTARCH)

This poem was first introduced by a stanza
that I have since transferred to the Notes, for
reasons there given, and I cannot comply with
the request expressed by some of my friends that
the rejected stanza should be restored. I hope
they will be content if it be, hereafter, immediately
attached to the poem, instead of its being degraded
to a place in the Notes.²

¹ For the account of these long-lived trees,
see Pliny's *Natural History*, lib. xvi. cap. 44;
and for the features in the character of Protesilaus
see the *Iphigenia in Aulis* of Euripides. Virgil
places the Shade of Laodamia in a mournful
region, among unhappy Lovers,

"—— His Laodamia,
It comes,——"

² See Note.

I

SERENE, and fitted to embrace,
 Where'er he turned, a swan-like grace
 Of haughtiness without pretence,
 And to unfold a still magnificence,
 Was princely Dion, in the power
 And beauty of his happier hour.
 And what pure homage *then* did wait
 On Dion's virtues, while the lunar beam
 Of Plato's genius, from its lofty sphere,
 Fell round him in the grove of Academe,
 Softening their inbred dignity austere—
 That he, not too elate
 With self-sufficing solitude,
 But with majestic lowliness endued,
 Might in the universal bosom reign,
 And from affectionate observance gain
 Help, under every change of adverse fate.

II

Five thousand warriors—O the rapturous
 day!
 Each crowned with flowers, and armed
 with spear and shield,
 Or ruder weapon which their course might
 yield,
 To Syracuse advance in bright array.
 Who leads them on?—The anxious people
 see
 Long-exiled Dion marching at their head,
 He also crowned with flowers of Sicily,
 And in a white, far-beaming, corselet clad!
 Pure transport undisturbed by doubt or fear
 The gazers feel; and, rushing to the plain,
 Salute those strangers as a holy train
 Or blest procession (to the Immortals dear)
 That brought their precious liberty again.
 Lo! when the gates are entered, on each
 hand,
 Down the long street, rich goblets filled
 with wine
 In seemly order stand,
 On tables set, as if for rites divine;—
 And, as the great Deliverer marches by,
 He looks on festal ground with fruits
 bestrown;
 And flowers are on his person thrown
 In boundless prodigality;
 Nor doth the general voice abstain from
 prayer,
 Invoking Dion's tutelary care,
 As if a very Deity he were!

III

Mourn, hills and groves of Attica! and
 mourn
 Ilissus, bending o'er thy classic urn!
 Mourn, and lament for him whose spirit
 dreads
 Your once sweet memory, studious walks
 and shades!
 For him who to divinity aspired,
 Not on the breath of popular applause,
 But through dependence on the sacred laws
 Framed in the schools where Wisdom
 dwelt retired,
 Intent to trace the ideal path of right
 (More fair than heaven's broad causeway
 paved with stars)
 Which Dion learned to measure with sub-
 lime delight;—
 But He hath overleaped the eternal bars;
 And, following guides whose craft holds no
 consent
 With aught that breathes the ethereal
 element,
 Hath stained the robes of civil power with
 blood,
 Unjustly shed, though for the public good.
 Whence doubts that came too late, and
 wishes vain,
 Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain;
 And oft his cogitations sink as low
 As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,
 The heaviest plummet of despair can go—
 But whence that sudden check? that fearful
 start!
 He hears an uncouth sound—
 Anon his lifted eyes
 Saw, at a long-drawn gallery's dusky bound.
 A Shape of more than mortal size
 And hideous aspect, stalking round and
 round!
 A woman's garb the Phantom wore,
 And fiercely swept the marble floor,—
 Like Auster whirling to and fro,
 His force on Caspian foam to try;
 Or Boreas when he scours the snow
 That skins the plains of Thessaly,
 Or when aloft on Mænalus he stops
 His flight, 'mid eddying pine-tree tops!

IV

So, but from toil less sign of profit reaping,
 The sullen Spectre to her purpose bowed,
 Sweeping—vehemently sweeping—

No pause admitted, no design avowed !
 "Avaunt, inexplicable Guest !—avaunt,"
 Exclaimed the Chieftain—"let me rather
 see
 The coronal that coiling vipers make ;
 The torch that flames with many a lurid
 flake,
 And the long train of doleful pageantry
 Which they behold, whom vengeful Furies
 haunt ;
 Who, while they struggle from the scourge
 to flee,
 Move where the blasted soil is not unworn,
 And, in their anguish, bear what other
 minds have borne !"

V

But Shapes that come not at an earthly call,
 Will not depart when mortal voices bid ;
 Lords of the visionary eye whose lid,
 Once raised, remains aghast, and will not
 fall !
 Ye Gods, thought He, that servile Imple-
 ment
 Obeys a mystical intent !
 Your Minister would brush away
 The spots that to my soul adhere ;
 But should she labour night and day,
 They will not, cannot disappear ;
 Whence angry perturbations,—and that
 look
 Which no Philosophy can brook !

VI

Ill-fated Chief ! there are whose hopes are
 built
 Upon the ruins of thy glorious name ;
 Who, through the portal of one moment's
 guilt,
 Pursue thee with their deadly aim !
 O matchless perfidy ! portentous lust
 Of monstrous crime !—that horror-striking
 blade,
 Drawn in defiance of the Gods, hath laid
 The noble Syracusan low in dust !
 Shuddered the walls—the marble city
 wept—
 And sylvan places heaved a pensive sigh ;
 But in calm peace the appointed Victim
 slept,
 As he had fallen in magnanimity ;
 Of spirit too capacious to require

That Destiny her course should change ;
 too just
 To his own native greatness to desire
 That wretched boon, days lengthened by
 mistrust.
 So were the hopeless troubles, that involved
 The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.
 Released from life and cares of princely
 state,
 He left this moral grafted on his Fate ;
 "Him only pleasure leads, and peace
 attends,
 Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,
 Whose means are fair and spotless as his
 ends,"
 1814.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN
SCOTLAND

1814

In this tour, my wife and her sister Sara were
 my companions. The account of the "Brownie's
 Cell" and the Brownies was given me by a man
 we met with on the banks of Loch Lomond, a
 little above Tarbert, and in front of a huge mass
 of rock, by the side of which, we were told,
 preachings were often held in the open air. The
 place is quite a solitude, and the surrounding
 scenery very striking. How much is it to be
 regretted that, instead of writing such Poems as
 the "Holy Fair" and others, in which the reli-
 gious observances of his country are treated with so
 much levity and too often with indecency, Burns
 had not employed his genius in describing religion
 under the serious and affecting aspects it must so
 frequently take.

I

SUGGESTED BY A BEAUTIFUL RUIN UPON
 ONE OF THE ISLANDS OF LOCH LOMOND
 A PLACE CHOSEN FOR THE RETREAT
 OF A SOLITARY INDIVIDUAL, FROM
 WHOM THIS HABITATION ACQUIRED
 THE NAME OF

THE BROWNIE'S CELL

I

To barren heath, bleak moor, and quaking
 fen,
 Or depth of labyrinthine glen ;
 Or into trackless forest set
 With trees, whose lofty umbrage met ;

World-wearied Men withdrew of yore;
 (Penance their trust, and prayer their store;)
 And in the wilderness were bound
 To such apartments as they found,
 Or with a new ambition raised;
 That God might suitably be praised.

II

High lodged the *Warrior*, like a bird of
 prey;
 Or where broad waters round him lay:
 But this wild Ruin is no ghost
 Of his devices—buried, lost!
 Within this little lonely isle
 There stood a consecrated Pile;
 Where tapers burned, and mass was sung.
 For them whose timid Spirits clung
 To mortal succour, though the tomb
 Had fixed, for ever fixed, their doom!

III

Upon those servants of another world
 When madding Power her bolts had hurled,
 Their habitation shook;—it fell,
 And perished, save one narrow cell;
 Whither, at length, a Wretch retired
 Who neither grovelled nor aspired:
 He, struggling in the net of pride,
 The future scorned, the past defied;
 Still tempering, from the unguilty forge
 Of vain conceit, an iron scourge!

IV

Proud Remnant was he of a fearless Race,
 Who stood and flourished face to face
 With their perennial hills;—but Crime,
 Hastening the stern decrees of Time,
 Brought low a Power, which from its home
 Burst, when repose grew wearisome;
 And, taking impulse from the sword,
 And, mocking its own plighted word,
 Had found, in ravage widely dealt,
 Its warfare's bourn, its travel's belt!

V

All, all were dispossessed, save him whose
 smile
 Shot lightning through this lonely Isle!
 No right had he but what he made
 To this small spot, his leafy shade;
 But the ground lay within that ring
 To which he only dared to cling;

Renouncing here, as worse than dead,
 The craven few who bowed the head
 Beneath the change; who heard a claim
 How loud! yet lived in peace with shame.

VI

From year to year this shaggy Mortal went
 (So seemed it) down a strange descent:
 Till they, who saw his outward frame,
 Fixed on him an unhallowed name;
 Him, free from all malicious taint,
 And guiding, like the Patmos Saint,
 A pen unwearied—to indite,
 In his lone Isle, the dreams of night;
 Impassioned dreams, that strove to span
 The faded glories of his Clan!

VII

Suns that through blood their western
 harbour sought,
 And stars that in their courses fought;
 Towers rent, winds combating with woods,
 Lands deluged by unbridled floods;
 And beast and bird that from the spell
 Of sleep took import terrible;—
 These types mysterious (if the show
 Of battle and the routed foe
 Had failed) would furnish an array
 Of matter for the dawning day!

VIII

How disappeared He?—ask the newt and
 toad,
 Inheritors of his abode;
 The otter crouching undisturbed,
 In her dank cleft;—but be thou curbed,
 O froward Fancy! 'mid a scene
 Of aspect winning and serene;
 For those offensive creatures shun
 The inquisition of the sun!
 And in this region flowers delight,
 And all is lovely to the sight.

IX

Spring finds not here a melancholy breast,
 When she applies her annual test
 To dead and living; when her breath
 Quickens, as now, the withered heath;—
 Nor flaunting Summer—when he throws
 His soul into the briar-rose;
 Or calls the lily from her sleep
 Prolonged beneath the bordering deep;

Nor Autumn, when the viewless wren
Is warbling near the BROWNIE'S Den.

X

Wild Relique ! beauteous as the chosen
spot

In Nysa's isle, the embellished grot ;
Whither, by care of Libyan Jove,
(High Servant of paternal Love)
Young Bacchus was conveyed—to lie
Safe from his step-dame Rhea's eye ;
Where bud, and bloom, and fruitage,
glowed,

Close-crowding round the infant-god ;
All colours,—and the liveliest streak
A foil to his celestial cheek !

II

COMPOSED AT CORA LINN,

IN SIGHT OF WALLACE'S TOWER

I had seen this celebrated Waterfall twice before ; but the feelings, to which it had given birth, were not expressed till they recurred in presence of the object on this occasion.

“—How Wallace fought for Scotland, left the name
Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,
All over his dear Country ; left the deeds
Of Wallace, like a family of ghosts,
To people the steep rocks and river banks,
Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul
Of independence and stern liberty.”—See p. 238.

LORD of the vale ! astounding Flood ;
The dullest leaf in this thick wood
Quakes—conscious of thy power ;
The caves reply with hollow moan ;
And vibrates, to its central stone,
Yon time-cemented Tower !

And yet how fair the rural scene !
For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been
Beneficent as strong ;
Pleased in refreshing dews to steep
The little trembling flowers that peep
Thy shelving rocks among.

Hence all who love their country, love
To look on thee—delight to rove
Where they thy voice can hear ;
And, to the patriot-warrior's Shade,
Lord of the vale ! to Heroes laid
In dust, that voice is dear !

Along thy banks, at dead of night
Sweeps visibly the Wallace Wight ;
Or stands, in warlike vest,
Aloft, beneath the moon's pale beam,
A Champion worthy of the stream,
Yon grey tower's living crest !

But clouds and envious darkness hide
A Form not doubtfully descried :—
Their transient mission o'er,
O say to what blind region flee
These Shapes of awful phantasy ?
To what untrodden shore ?

Less than divine command they spurn ;
But this we from the mountains learn,
And this the valleys show ;
That never will they deign to hold
Communion where the heart is cold
To human weal and woe.

The man of abject soul in vain
Shall walk the Marathonian plain ;
Or thrid the shadowy gloom,
That still invests the guardian Pass,
Where stood, sublime, Leonidas
Devoted to the tomb.

And let no Slave his head incline,
Or kneel, before the votive shrine
By Uri's lake, where Tell
Leapt, from his storm-vested boat, to land,
Heaven's Instrument, for by his hand
That day the Tyrant fell.

III

EFFUSION

IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND ON THE BANKS
OF THE BRAN, NEAR DUNKELD

I am not aware that this condemnatory effusion was ever seen by the owner of the place. He might be disposed to pay little attention to it ; but were it to prove otherwise I should be glad, for the whole exhibition is distressingly puerile.

“The waterfall, by a loud roaring, warned us when we must expect it. We were first, however, conducted into a small apartment, where the Gardener desired us to look at a picture of Ossian, which, while he was telling the history of the young Artist who executed the work, disappeared, parting in the middle—flying asunder as by the touch of magic—and lo ! we are at the entrance

of a splendid apartment, which was almost dizzy and alive with waterfalls, that tumbled in all directions; the great cascade, opposite the window, which faced us, being reflected in innumerable mirrors upon the ceiling and against the walls."—*Extract from the Journal of my Fellow-Traveller.*

WHAT He—who, 'mid the kindred throng
Of Heroes that inspired his song,
Doth yet frequent the hill of storms,
The stars dim-twinkling through their
forms!

What! Ossian here—a painted Thrall,
Mute fixture on a stuccoed wall;
To serve—an unsuspected screen
For show that must not yet be seen;
And, when the moment comes, to part
And vanish by mysterious art;
Head, harp, and body, split asunder,
For ingress to a world of wonder;
A gay saloon, with waters dancing
Upon the sight wherever glancing;
One loud cascade in front, and lo!
A thousand like it, white as snow—
Streams on the walls, and torrent-foam
As active round the hollow dome,
Illusive cataracts! of their terrors
Not stripped, nor voiceless in the mirrors,
That catch the pageant from the flood
Thundering adown a rocky wood.
What pains to dazzle and confound!
What strife of colour, shape and sound
In this quaint medley, that might seem
Devised out of a sick man's dream!
Strange scene, fantastic and uneasy
As ever made a maniac dizzy,
When disenchanted from the mood
That loves on sullen thoughts to brood!
O Nature—in thy changeful visions,
Through all thy most abrupt transitions
Smooth, graceful, tender, or sublime—
Ever averse to pantomime,
Nee neither do they know nor us
Thy servants, who can trifle thus;
Else verily the sober powers
Of rock that frowns, and stream that
roars,
Exalted by congenial sway
Of Spirits, and the undying Lay,
And Names that moulder not away,
Had wakened some redeeming thought
More worthy of this favoured Spot;
Recalled some feeling—to set free
The Bard from such indignity!

¹ The Effigies of a valiant Wight
I once beheld, a Templar Knight;
Not prostrate, not like those that rest
On tombs, with palms together prest,
But sculptured out of living stone,
And standing upright and alone,
Both hands with rival energy
Employed in setting his sword free
From its dull sheath—stern sentinel
Intent to guard St. Robert's cell;
As if with memory of the affray
Far distant, when, as legends say,
The Monks of Fountain's thronged to force
From its dear home the Hermit's corse,
That in their keeping it might lie,
To crown their abbey's sanctity.
So had they rushed into the grot
Of sense despised, a world forgot,
And torn him from his loved retreat,
Where altar-stone and rock-hewn seat
Still hint that quiet best is found,
Even by the *Living*, under ground;
But a bold Knight, the selfish aim
Defeating, put the monks to shame,
There where you see his Image stand
Bare to the sky, with threatening brand
Which lingering NID is proud to show
Reflected in the pool below.

Thus, like the men of earliest days,
Our sires set forth their grateful praise:
Uncouth the workmanship, and rude!
But, nursed in mountain solitude,
Might some aspiring artist dare
To seize whate'er, through misty air,
A ghost, by glimpses, may present
Of imitable lineament,
And give the phantom an array
That less should scorn the abandoned clay;
Then let him hew with patient stroke
An Ossian out of mural rock,
And leave the figurative Man—
Upon thy margin, roaring Bran!—
Fixed, like the Templar of the steep,
An everlasting watch to keep;
With local sanctities in trust,
More precious than a hermit's dust;
And virtues through the mass infused,
Which old idolatry abused.

What though the Granite would deny
All fervour to the sightless eye;
And touch from rising suns in vain
Solicit a Memnonian strain;

¹ On the banks of the River Nid, near Knaresborough.

Yet, in some fit of anger sharp,
The wind might force the deep-grooved harp
To utter melancholy moans
Not unconnected with the tones
Of soul-sick flesh and weary bones;
While grove and river notes would lend,
Less deeply sad, with these to blend!

Vain pleasures of luxurious life,
For ever with yourselves at strife;
Through town and country both deranged
By affectations interchanged,
And all the perishable gauds
That heaven-deserted man applauds;
When will your hapless patrons learn
To watch and ponder—to discern
The freshness, the everlasting youth,
Of admiration sprung from truth;
From beauty infinitely growing
Upon a mind with love o'erflowing—
To sound the depths of every Art
That seeks its wisdom through the heart?

Thus (where the intrusive Pile, ill-graced
With baubles of theatric taste,
O'erlooks the torrent breathing showers
On motley bands of alien flowers
In stiff confusion set or sown,
Till Nature cannot find her own,
Or keep a remnant of the sod
Which Caledonian Heroes trod)
I mused; and, thirsting for redress,
Recoiled into the wilderness.

IV

YARROW VISITED

SEPTEMBER 1814

(See page 195.)

As mentioned in my verses on the death of the Ettrick Shepherd, my first visit to Yarrow was in his company. We had lodged the night before at Traquhair, where Hogg had joined us and also Dr. Anderson, the Editor of the *British Poets*, who was on a visit at the Manse. Dr. A. walked with us till we came in view of the Vale of Yarrow, and, being advanced in life, he then turned back. The old Man was passionately fond of poetry, though with not much of a discriminating judgment, as the Volumes he edited sufficiently show. But I was much pleased to meet with him, and to acknowledge my obligation to his collection, which had been my brother John's companion in more than one voyage to India, and which he gave me before his departure from Grasmere,

never to return. Through these Volumes I became first familiar with Chaucer, and so little money had I then to spare for books, that, in all probability, but for this same work, I should have known little of Drayton, Daniel, and other distinguished poets of the Elizabethan age, and their immediate successors, till a much later period of my life. I am glad to record this, not from any importance of its own, but as a tribute of gratitude to this simple-hearted old man, whom I never again had the pleasure of meeting. I seldom read or think of this poem without regretting that my dear Sister was not of the party, as she would have had so much delight in recalling the time when, travelling together in Scotland, we declined going in search of this celebrated stream, not altogether, I will frankly confess, for the reasons assigned in the poem on the occasion.

AND is this—Yarrow?—*This* the Stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!
O that some Minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's
Lake

Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding;
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The Water-wraith ascended thrice—
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings
The haunts of happy Lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers :
And Pity sanctifies the Verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love ;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow !

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Thy delicate creation :
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy ;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature ;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a Ruin hoary !
The shattered front of Newark's Towers,
Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in ;
For manhood to enjoy his strength ;
And age to wear away in !
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there—
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wild-wood fruits to gather,
And on my True-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather !
And what if I enwreathed my own !
Twere no offence to reason ;
The sober Hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

—see—but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee ;
Thy ray of fancy still survives—
Thy sunshine plays upon thee !
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
Their course of lively pleasure ;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the Heights,
They melt, and soon must vanish ;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow !
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

"FROM THE DARK CHAMBERS OF DEJECTION FREED"

Composed in Edinburgh, during my Scotch tour with Mrs. Wordsworth and my sister Miss Hutchinson, in the year 1814. Poor Gillies never rose above that course of extravagance in which he was at that time living, and which soon reduced him to poverty and all its degrading shifts, mendicity being far from the worst. I grieve whenever I think of him, for he was far from being without genius, and had a generous heart, not always to be found in men given up to profusion. He was nephew of Lord Gillies the Scotch judge, and also of the historian of Greece. He was cousin to Miss Margaret Gillies, who painted so many portraits with success in our house.

FROM the dark chambers of dejection freed,
Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,
Rise, GILLIES, rise ; the gales of youth
shall bear

Thy genius forward like a winged steed.
Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove decreed
In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of air,
Yet a rich guerdon waits on minds that dare,
If aught be in them of immortal seed,
And reason govern that audacious flight
Which heavenward they direct.—Then
droop not thou,

Erroneously renewing a sad vow
In the low dell 'mid Roslin's faded grove :
A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
A soaring spirit is their prime delight.

1814.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN A COPY OF
THE AUTHOR'S POEM "THE EXCURSION," UPON HEARING OF THE DEATH
OF THE LATE VICAR OF KENDAL.

To public notice, with reluctance strong,
Did I deliver this unfinished Song ;

Yet for one happy issue;—and I look
 With self-congratulation on the Book
 Which pious, learned, MURFITT saw and
 read;—
 Upon my thoughts his saintly Spirit fed;
 He conned the new-born Lay with grateful
 heart—
 Foreboding not how soon he must depart;
 Unweeting that to him the joy was given
 Which good men take with them from
 earth to heaven. 1814.

TO B. R. HAYDON

HIGH is our calling, Friend!—Creative Art
 (Whether the instrument of words she use,
 Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,
 Demands the service of a mind and heart,
 Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,
 Heroically fashioned—to infuse
 Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
 While the whole world seems adverse to
 desert.
 And, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she
 may,
 Through long-lived pressure of obscure dis-
 tress,
 Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
 And in the soul admit of no decay,
 Brook no continuance of weak-minded-
 ness—
 Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!
 1815.

ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE

(SEE THE CHRONICLE OF GEOFFREY OF
 MONMOUTH AND MILTON'S HISTORY OF
 ENGLAND)

This was written at Rydal Mount, as a token
 of affectionate respect for the memory of Milton.
 "I have determined," says he, in his preface to
 his History of England, "to bestow the telling
 over even of these reputed tales, be it for nothing
 else but in favour of our English Poets and Rhe-
 toricians, who by their wit will know how to use
 them judiciously."

WHERE be the temples which, in Britain's
 Isle,
 For his paternal Gods, the Trojan raised?
 Gone like a morning dream, or like a pile
 Of clouds that in cerulean ether blazed!

Ere Julius landed on her white-cliffed shore,
 They sank, delivered o'er
 To fatal dissolution; and, I ween,
 No vestige then was left that such had ever
 been.

Nathless, a British record (long concealed
 In old Armorica, whose secret springs
 No Gothic conqueror ever drank) revealed
 The marvellous current of forgotten things;
 How Brutus came, by oracles impelled,
 And Albion's giants quelled,
 A brood whom no civility could melt,
 "Who never tasted grace, and goodness
 ne'er had felt."

By brave Corineus aided, he subdued,
 And rooted out the intolerable kind;
 And this too-long-polluted land imbued
 With goodly arts and usages refined;
 Whence golden harvests, cities, warlike
 towers,
 And pleasure's sumptuous bowers;
 Whence all the fixed delights of house and
 home,
 Friendships that will not break, and love
 that cannot roam.

O, happy Britain! region all too fair
 For self-delighting fancy to endure
 That silence only should inhabit there,
 Wild beasts, or uncouth savages impure!
 But, intermingled with the generous seed,
 Grew many a poisonous weed;
 Thus fares it still with all that takes its
 birth
 From human care, or grows upon the
 breast of earth.

Hence, and how soon! that war of ven-
 geance waged
 By Guendolen against her faithless lord;
 Till she, in jealous fury unassuaged
 Had slain his paramour with ruthless
 sword:
 Then, into Severn hideously defiled,
 She flung her blameless child,
 Sabrina,—vowing that the stream should
 bear
 That name through every age, her hatred
 to declare.

So speaks the Chronicle, and tells of Lear
 By his ungrateful daughters turned adrift.

The lightnings, hear his voice!—they cannot
 hear,
 Nor can the winds restore his simple gift.
 But One there is, a Child of nature meek,
 Who comes her Sire to seek;
 And he, recovering sense, upon her breast
 Leans smilingly, and sinks into a perfect
 rest.

There too we read of Spenser's fairy
 themes,
 And those that Milton loved in youthful
 years;
 The sage enchanter Merlin's subtle
 schemes;
 The feats of Arthur and his knightly peers;
 Of Arthur,—who, to upper light restored,
 With that terrific sword
 Which yet he brandishes for future war,
 Shall lift his country's fame above the
 polar star!

What wonder, then, if in such ample field
 Of old tradition, one particular flower
 Both seemingly in vain its fragrance yield,
 And bloom unnoticed even to this late
 hour?
 Now, gentle Muses, your assistance grant,
 While I this flower transplant
 Into a garden stored with Poesy;
 Where flowers and herbs unite, and haply
 some weeds be,
 That, wanting not wild grace, are from all
 mischief free!

A KING more worthy of respect and
 love
 Than wise Gorbonian ruled not in his
 day;
 And grateful Britain prospered far above
 All neighbouring countries through his
 righteous sway;
 He poured rewards and honours on the
 good;
 The oppressor he withstood;
 And while he served the Gods with reverence
 due
 Fields smiled, and temples rose, and towns
 and cities grew.

He died, whom Artegall succeeds—his son;
 But how unworthy of that sire was he!
 A hopeful reign, auspiciously begun,
 Was darkened soon by foul iniquity.

From crime to crime he mounted, till at
 length
 The nobles leagued their strength
 With a vexed people, and the tyrant chased;
 And, on the vacant throne, his worthier
 Brother placed.

From realm to realm the humbled Exile
 went,
 Suppliant for aid his kingdom to regain;
 In many a court, and many a warrior's tent,
 He urged his persevering suit in vain.
 Him, in whose wretched heart ambition
 failed,
 Dire poverty assailed;
 And, tired with slights his pride no more
 could brook,
 He towards his native country cast a long-
 ing look.

Fair blew the wished-for wind—the voyage
 sped;
 He landed; and, by many dangers scared,
 "Poorly provided, poorly followed,"
 To Calaterium's forest he repaired.
 How changed from him who, born to high-
 est place,
 Had swayed the royal mace,
 Flattered and feared, despised yet deified,
 In Troynovant, his seat by silver Thames's
 side!

From that wild region where the crownless
 King
 Lay in concealment with his scanty train,
 Supporting life by water from the spring,
 And such chance food as outlaws can ob-
 tain,
 Unto the few whom he esteems his friends
 A messenger he sends;
 And from their secret loyalty requires
 Shelter and daily bread,—the sum of his
 desires.

While he the issue waits, at early morn
 Wandering by stealth abroad, he chanced
 to hear
 A startling outcry made by hound and
 horn,
 From which the tusky wild boar flies in
 fear;
 And, scouring toward him o'er the grassy
 plain,
 Behold the hunter train!

He bids his little company advance
With seeming unconcern and steady countenance.

The royal Elidure, who leads the chase,
Hath checked his foaming courser:—can it be!

Methinks that I should recognise that face,
Though much disguised by long adversity!
He gazed rejoicing, and again he gazed,
Confounded and amazed—

"It is the king, my brother!" and, by sound

Of his own voice confirmed, he leaps upon the ground.

Long, strict, and tender was the embrace
he gave,

Feebly returned by daunted Artegal;
Whose natural affection doubts enslave,
And apprehensions dark and criminal.

Loth to restrain the moving interview,
The attendant lords withdrew;
And, while they stood upon the plain apart,
Thus Elidure, by words, relieved his
struggling heart.

"By heavenly Powers conducted, we have met;

—O Brother! to my knowledge lost so long,

But neither lost to love, nor to regret,
Nor to my wishes lost;—forgive the wrong,
(Such it may seem) if I thy crown have borne,

Thy royal mantle worn:

I was their natural guardian; and 'tis just
That now I should restore what hath been
held in trust."

A while the astonished Artegal stood mute,
Then thus exclaimed: "To me, of titles
shorn,

And stripped of power! me, feeble, destitute,

To me a kingdom! spare the bitter scorn:
If justice ruled the breast of foreign kings,

Then, on the wide-spread wings
Of war, had I returned to claim my right;
This will I here avow, not dreading thy
despite."

"I do not blame thee," Elidure replied;

"But, if my looks did with my words agree,

I should at once be trusted, not defied,
And thou from all disquietude be free.
May the unsullied Goddess of the chase,

Who to this blessed place

At this blest moment led me, if I speak
With insincere intent, on me her vengeance
wreak!

"Were this same spear, which in my hand
I grasp.

The British sceptre, here would I to thee
The symbol yield; and would undo this
clasp,

If it confined the robe of sovereignty.
Odious to me the pomp of regal court,

And joyless sylvan sport,

While thou art roving, wretched and forlorn,

Thy couch the dewy earth, thy roof the
forest thorn!"

Then Artegal thus spake: "I only sought,
Within this realm a place of safe retreat;
Beware of rousing an ambitious thought;
Beware of kindling hopes, for me unmeet!
Thou art reputed wise, but in my mind

Art pitifully blind:

Full soon this generous purpose thou may'st
rue,

When that which has been done no wishes
can undo.

"Who, when a crown is fixed upon his head,
Would balance claim with claim, and right
with right?

But thou—I know not how inspired, how
led—

Wouldst change the course of things in all
men's sight!

And this for one who cannot imitate

Thy virtue, who may hate:

For, if, by such strange sacrifice restored,
He reign, thou still must be his king, and
sovereign lord;

"Lifted in magnanimity above
Aught that my feeble nature could perform,
Or even conceive; surpassing me in love
Far as in power the eagle doth the worm.
I, Brother! only should be king in name,

And govern to my shame;

A shadow in a hated land, while all
Of glad or willing service to thy share
would fall."

"Believe it not," said Elidure; "respect
Awaits on virtuous life, and ever most
Attends on goodness with dominion decked,
Which stands the universal empire's boast;
This can thy own experience testify:

Nor shall thy foes deny
That, in the gracious opening of thy reign,
Our father's spirit seemed in thee to breathe
again.

"And what if o'er thy bright unbosoming
Clouds of disgrace and envious fortune
past!

Have we not seen the glories of the spring
By veil of noontide darkness overcast?
The frith that glittered like a warrior's
shield,

The sky, the gay green field,
Are vanished; gladness ceases in the
groves,
And trepidation strikes the blackened
mountain-coves.

"But is that gloom dissolved? how passing
clear
Seems the wide world, far brighter than
before!

Even so thy latent worth will re-appear,
Gladdening the people's heart from shore
to shore;

For youthful faults ripe virtues shall atone;
Re-seated on thy throne,
Proof shalt thou furnish that misfortune,
pain,

And sorrow, have confirmed thy native
right to reign.

"But, not to overlook what thou may'st
know,

Thy enemies are neither weak nor few;
And circumspect must be our course, and
slow,

Or from my purpose ruin may ensue.
Dismiss thy followers;—let them calmly
wait

Such change in thy estate
As I already have in thought devised;
And which, with caution due, may soon
be realised."

The Story tells what courses were pursued,
Until king Elidure, with full consent
Of all his peers, before the multitude,
Rose,—and, to consummate this just
intent,

Did place upon his brother's head the crown,
Relinquished by his own;
Then to his people cried, "Receive your
lord,
Gorbonian's first-born son, your rightful
king restored!"

The people answered with a loud acclaim:
Yet more;—heart-smitten by the heroic
deed,

The reinstated Artegal became
Earth's noblest penitent; from bondage
freed

Of vice—thenceforth unable to subvert
Or shake his high desert.

Long did he reign; and, when he died,
the tear

Of universal grief bedewed his honoured bier.

Thus was a Brother by a Brother saved;
With whom a crown (temptation that hath
set

Discord in hearts of men till they have
braved

Their nearest kin with deadly purpose met)
'Gainst duty weighed, and faithful love,
did seem

A thing of no esteem;
And, from this triumph of affection pure,
He bore the lasting name of "pious
Elidure." 1815.

SEPTEMBER 1815

"For me who under kindlier laws." This conclusion has more than once, to my great regret, excited painfully sad feelings in the hearts of young persons fond of poetry and poetic composition, by contrast of their feeble and declining health with that state of robust constitution which prompted me to rejoice in a season of frost and snow as more favourable to the Muses than summer itself.

WHILE not a leaf seems faded; while the
fields,

With ripening harvest prodigally fair,
In brightest sunshine bask; this nipping air,
Sent from some distant clime where Winter
wields

His icy scimitar, a foretaste yields
Of bitter change, and bids the flowers
beware;

And whispers to the silent birds, "Prepare
Against the threatening foe your trustiest
shields."

For me, who under kindlier laws belong
To Nature's tuneful quire, this rustling dry
Through leaves yet green, and yon crystal-
line sky,

Announce a season potent to renew,
'Mid frost and snow, the instinctive joys of
song,

And nobler cares than listless summer knew.

NOVEMBER I

Suggested on the banks of the Brathay by the sight of Langdale Pikes. It is delightful to remember these moments of far-distant days, which probably would have been forgotten if the impression had not been transferred to verse. The same observation applies to the next.

How clear, how keen, how marvellously
bright

The effluence from yon distant mountain's
head,

Which, strewn with snow smooth as the
sky can shed,

Shines like another sun—on mortal sight
Uprisen, as if to check approaching Night,
And all her twinkling stars. Who now
would tread,

If so he might, yon mountain's glittering
head—

Terrestrial, but a surface, by the flight
Of sad mortality's earth-sullyng wing,
Unswapt, unstained? Nor shall the ærial
Powers

Dissolve that beauty, destined to endure,
White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,
Through all vicissitudes, till genial Spring
Has filled the laughing vales with welcome
flowers. 1815.

"THE FAIREST, BRIGHTEST, HUES OF ETHER FADE" ¹

Suggested at Hacket, which is on the craggy ridge that rises between the two Langdales and looks towards Windermere. The Cottage of Hacket was often visited by us, and at the time when this Sonnet was written, and long after, was occupied by the husband and wife described in the "Excursion," where it is mentioned that she was in the habit of walking in the front of the dwelling with a light to guide her husband home at night. The same cottage is alluded to in the

¹ This and the following eight sonnets between the years 1810-15.

"Epistle to Sir George Beaumont" as that from which the female peasant hailed us on our morning journey. The musician mentioned in the Sonnet was the Rev. Samuel Tillbrook of Peter-house, Cambridge, who remodelled the Ivy Cottage at Rydal after he had purchased it.

THE fairest, brightest, hues of ether fade;
The sweetest notes must terminate and die;
O Friend! thy flute has breathed a harmony
Softly resounded through this rocky glade;
Such strains of rapture as² the Genius
played

In his still haunt on Bagdad's summit high;
He who stood visible to Mirza's eye,
Never before to human sight betrayed.
Lo, in the vale, the mists of evening spread!
The visionary Arches are not there,
Nor the green Islands, nor the shining Seas:
Yet sacred is to me this Mountain's head,
Whence I have risen, uplifted, on the breeze
Of harmony, above all earthly care.

"WEAK IS THE WILL OF MAN, HIS JUDGMENT BLIND"

'WEAK is the will of Man, his judgment
blind;

'Remembrance persecutes, and Hope be-
trays;

'Heavy is woe;—and joy, for human-kind,
'A mournful thing, so transient is the
blaze!

Thus might *he* paint our lot of mortal days
Who wants the glorious faculty assigned
To elevate the more-than-reasoning Mind,
And colour life's dark cloud with orient rays.
Imagination is that sacred power,
Imagination lofty and refined;

'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of Faith, and round the Sufferer's temples
bind

Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest
shower,

And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest
wind.

"HAIL, TWILIGHT, SOVEREIGN OF ONE PEACEFUL HOUR"

HAIL, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful
hour!

Not dull art Thou as undiscerning Night;

² See the Vision of Mirza in the *Spectator*.

But studious only to remove from sight
Day's mutable distinctions. — Ancient
Power !

Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains
lower,

To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest
Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest
On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower
Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him
was seen

The self-same Vision which we now behold,
At thy meek bidding, shadowy Power !
brought forth

These mighty barriers, and the gulf be-
tween ;

The flood, the stars,—a spectacle as old
As the beginning of the heavens and earth !

"THE SHEPHERD, LOOKING EASTWARD, SOFTLY SAID"

THE Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said,
"Bright is thy veil, O Moon, as thou art
bright !"

Forthwith, that little cloud, in ether spread
And penetrated all with tender light,
She cast away, and showed her fulgent head
Uncovered ; dazzling the Beholder's sight
As if to vindicate her beauty's right
Her beauty thoughtlessly disparaged.

Meanwhile that veil, removed or thrown
aside,

Went floating from her, darkening as it
went ;

And a huge mass, to bury or to hide,
Approached this glory of the firmament ;
Who meekly yields, and is obscured—con-
tent

With one calm triumph of a modest pride.

"EVEN AS A DRAGON'S EYE THAT FEELS THE STRESS"

EVEN as a dragon's eye that feels the stress
Of a bedimmed sleep, or as a lamp
Suddenly glaring through sepulchral damp,
So burns yon Taper 'mid a black recess
Of mountains, silent, dreary, motionless :
The lake below reflects it not ; the sky,
Muffled in clouds, affords no company
To mitigate and cheer its loneliness.
Yet, round the body of that joyless Thing

Which sends so far its melancholy light,
Perhaps are seated in domestic ring
A gay society with faces bright,
Conversing, reading, laughing ;—or they
sing,
While hearts and voices in the song unite.

"MARK THE CONCENTRED HAZELS THAT ENCLOSE"

Suggested in the wild hazel wood at the foot of
Helm-crag, where the stone still lies, with others
of like form and character, though much of the
wood that veiled it from the glare of day has been
felled. This beautiful ground was lately purchased
by our friend Mrs. Fletcher, the ancient owners,
most respected persons, being obliged to part with
it in consequence of the imprudence of a son. It
is gratifying to mention that, instead of murmur-
ing and repining at this change of fortune, they
offered their services to Mrs. Fletcher, the husband
as an out-door labourer, and the wife as a domestic
servant. I have witnessed the pride and pleasure
with which the man worked at improvements of
the ground round the house. Indeed he expressed
those feelings to me himself, and the countenance
and manner of his wife always denoted feelings of
the same character. I believe a similar disposi-
tion to contentment under change of fortune is
common among the class to which these good
people belong. Yet, in proof that to part with
their patrimony is most painful to them, I may
refer to those stanzas entitled "Repentance," no
inconsiderable part of which was taken verbatim
from the language of the speaker herself.

MARK the concentrated hazels that enclose
Yon old grey Stone, protected from the ray
Of noontide suns :—and even the beams
that play

And glance, while wantonly the rough
wind blows,

Are seldom free to touch the moss that grows
Upon that roof, amid embowering gloom,
The very image framing of a Tomb,

In which some ancient Chieftain finds re-
pose

Among the lonely mountains.—Live, ye
trees !

And thou, grey Stone, the pensive likeness
keep

Of a dark chamber where the Mighty sleep :
For more than Fancy to the influence bends
When solitary Nature condescends
To mimic Time's forlorn humanities.

TO THE POET, JOHN DYER

BARD of the Fleece, whose skilful genius
made
That work a living landscape fair and
bright ;
Nor hallowed less with musical delight
Than those soft scenes through which thy
childhood strayed,
Those southern tracts of Cambria, "deep
embayed,
With green hills fenced, with ocean's
murmur lulled ;"
Though hasty Fame hath many a chaplet
culled
For worthless brows, while in the pensive
shade
Of cold neglect she leaves thy head ungraced,
Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek
and still,
A grateful few, shall love thy modest Lay,
Long as the shepherd's bleating flock shall
stray
O'er naked Snowdon's wide aerial waste ;
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar
Hill !

"BROOK ! WHOSE SOCIETY THE
POET SEEKS"

BROOK ! whose society the Poet seeks,
Intent his wasted spirits to renew ;
And whom the curious Painter doth pursue
Through rocky passes, among flowery
creeks,
And tracks thee dancing down thy water-
breaks ;
If wish were mine some type of thee to
view,
Thee, and not thee thyself, I would not do
Like Grecian Artists, give thee human
cheeks,
Channels for tears ; no Naiad should'st
thou be, —
Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints
nor hairs :
It seems the Eternal Soul is clothed in thee
With purer robes than those of flesh and
blood,
And hath bestowed on thee a safer good ;
Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.

"SURPRISED BY JOY—IMPATIENT
AS THE WIND"

This was in fact suggested by my daughter
Catharine long after her death.

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the Wind
I turned to share the transport—Oh ! with
whom

But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find ?
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my
mind—

But how could I forget thee ? Through
what power,

Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss ?—That thought's
return

Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no
more ;

That neither present time, nor years unborn
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

ODE

THE MORNING OF THE DAY APPOINTED
FOR A GENERAL THANKSGIVING,
JANUARY 18, 1816¹

The first stanza of this Ode was composed
almost extempore, in front of Rydal Mount,
before church-time, and on such a morning and
precisely with such objects before my eyes as are
here described. The view taken of Napoleon's
character and proceedings is little in accordance
with that taken by some historians and critical
philosophers. I am glad and proud of the differ-
ence, and trust that this series of poems, infinitely
below the subject as they are, will survive to
counteract, in unsophisticated minds, the pernicious
and degrading tendency of those views and
doctrines that lead to the idolatry of power, as
power, and, in that false splendour to lose sight
of its real nature and constitution as it often acts
for the gratification of its possessor without
reference to a beneficial end—an infirmity that
has characterised men of all ages, classes, and
employments, since Nimrod became a mighty
hunter before the Lord.

1

HAIL, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night !
Thou that canst shed the bliss of gratitude

¹ See Note.

On hearts how'er insensible or rude ;
Whether thy punctual visitations smite
The haughty towers where monarchs dwell ;
Or thou, impartial Sun, with presence bright
Cheer'st the low threshold of the peasant's
cell !

Not unrejoiced I see thee climb the sky
In naked splendour, clear from mist or
haze,

Or cloud approaching to divert the rays,
Which even in deepest winter testify

Thy power and majesty,
Dazzling the vision that presumes to gaze.
—Well does thine aspect usher in this Day ;
As aptly suits therewith that modest pace

Submitted to the chains
That bind thee to the path which God
ordains

That thou shalt trace,
Till, with the heavens and earth, thou pass
away !

Nor less, the stillness of these frosty plains,
Their utter stillness, and the silent grace
Of yon ethereal summits white with snow,
(Whose tranquil pomp and spotless purity

Report of storms gone by
To us who tread below)

So with the service of this Day accord.
—Divinest Object which the uplifted eye
Of mortal man is suffered to behold ;
Thou, who upon those snow-clad Heights
has poured

Meek lustre, nor forget'st the humble Vale ;
Thou who dost warm Earth's universal
mould,

And for thy bounty wert not unadored
By pious men of old ;

Once more, heart-cheering Sun, I bid thee
hail !

Bright be thy course to-day, let not this
promise fail !

II

'Mid the deep quiet of this morning hour,
All nature seems to hear me while I speak,
By feelings urged that do not vainly seek
apt language, ready as the tuneful notes
That stream in blithe succession from the
throats

Of birds, in leafy bower,
Varbling a farewell to a vernal shower.
—There is a radiant though a short-lived
flame,

That burns for Poets in the dawning east ;
And oft my soul hath kindled at the same,
When the captivity of sleep had ceased ;
But He who fixed immoveably the frame
Of the round world, and built, by laws as
strong,

A solid refuge for distress—
The towers of righteousness ;
He knows that from a holier altar came
The quickening spark of this day's sacrifice ;
Knows that the source is nobler whence
doth rise

The current of this matin song ;
That deeper far it lies
Than aught dependent on the fickle skies.

III

Have we not conquered?—by the venge-
ful sword ?

Ah no, by dint of Magnanimity ;
That curbed the baser passions, and left free
A loyal band to follow their liege Lord
Clear-sighted Honour, and his staid Com-
peers,

Along a track of most unnatural years ;
In execution of heroic deeds
Whose memory, spotless as the crystal
beads

Of morning dew upon the untrodden meads,
Shall live enrolled above the starry spheres.
He, who in concert with an earthly string
Of Britain's acts would sing,

He with enraptured voice will tell
Of One whose spirit no reverse could quell ;
Of One that 'mid the failing never failed—
Who paints how Britain struggled and
prevailed

Shall represent her labouring with an eye
Of circumspect humanity ;
Shall show her clothed with strength and
skill,

All martial duties to fulfil ;
Firm as a rock in stationary fight ;
In motion rapid as the lightning's gleam ;
Fierce as a flood-gate bursting at midnight
To rouse the wicked from their giddy
dream—

Woe, woe to all that face her in the field !
Appalled she may not be, and cannot yield.

IV

And thus is *missed* the sole true glory
That can belong to human story !

At which they only shall arrive
 Who through the abyss of weakness dive.
 The very humblest are too proud of heart;
 And one brief day is rightly set apart
 For Him who lifteth up and layeth low;
 For that Almighty God to whom we owe,
 Say not that we have vanquished—but that
 we survive.

V

How dreadful the dominion of the im-
 pure !
 Why should the Song be tardy to proclaim
 That less than power unbounded could not
 tame
 That soul of Evil—which, from hell let
 loose,
 Had filled the astonished world with such
 abuse
 As boundless patience only could endure ?
 —Wide-wasted regions—cities wrapt in
 flame—
 Who sees, may lift a streaming eye
 To Heaven;—who never saw, may heave a
 sigh;
 But the foundation of our nature shakes,
 And with an infinite pain the spirit aches,
 When desolated countries, towns on fire,
 Are but the avowed attire
 Of warfare waged with desperate mind
 Against the life of virtue in mankind;
 Assaulting without ruth
 The citadels of truth;
 While the fair gardens of civility,
 By ignorance defaced,
 By violence laid waste,
 Perish without reprieve for flower or tree !

VI

A crouching purpose—a distracted will—
 Opposed to hopes that battered upon scorn,
 And to desires whose ever-waxing horn
 Not all the light of earthly power could fill;
 Opposed to dark, deep plots of patient
 skill,
 And to celerities of lawless force;
 Which, spurning God, had flung away re-
 morse—
 What could they gain but shadows of re-
 dress ?
 —So bad proceeded propagating worse;
 And discipline was passion's dire excess.¹

¹ See Note.

Widens the fatal web, its lines extend,
 And deadlier poisons in the chalice blend.
 When will your trials teach you to be wise ?
 —O prostrate Lands, consult your agonies !

VII

No more—the guilt is banished,
 And, with the guilt, the shame is fled;
 And, with the guilt and shame, the Woe
 hath vanished,
 Shaking the dust and ashes from her head !
 —No more—these lingerings of distress
 Sully the limpid stream of thankfulness.
 What robe can Gratitude employ
 So seemly as the radiant vest of Joy ?
 What steps so suitable as those that move
 In prompt obedience to spontaneous mea-
 sures
 Of glory, and felicity, and love,
 Surrendering the whole heart to sacred
 pleasures ?

VIII

O Britain ! dearer far than life is dear,
 If one there be
 Of all thy progeny
 Who can forget thy prowess, never more
 Be that ungrateful Son allowed to hear
 Thy green leaves rustle or thy torrents roar.
 As springs the lion from his den,
 As from a forest-brake
 Upstarts a glistening snake,
 The bold Arch-despot re-appeared;—again
 Wide Europe heaves, impatient to be cast,
 With all her armed Powers,
 On that offensive soil, like waves upon
 a thousand shores.
 The trumpet blew a universal blast !
 But Thou art foremost in the field :—there
 stand :
 Receive the triumph destined to thy hand !
 All States have glorified themselves;—their
 claims
 Are weighed by Providence, in balance even;
 And now, in preference to the mightiest
 names,
 To Thee the exterminating sword is given.
 Dread mark of approbation, justly gained !
 Exalted office, worthily sustained !

IX

Preserve, O Lord ! within our hearts
 The memory of thy favour,

That else insensibly departs,
 And loses its sweet savour !
 Lodge it within us !—as the power of light
 Lives inexhaustibly in precious gems,
 Fixed on the front of Eastern diadems,
 So shine our thankfulness for ever bright !
 What offering, what transcendent monument
 Shall our sincerity to Thee present ?
 —Not work of hands ; but trophies that
 may reach
 To highest Heaven—the labour of the Soul ;
 That builds, as thy unerring precepts teach,
 Upon the internal conquests made by each,
 Her hope of lasting glory for the whole.
 Yet will not heaven disown nor earth gainsay
 The outward service of this day ;
 Whether the worshippers entreat
 Forgiveness from God's mercy-seat ;
 Or thanks and praises to His throne ascend
 That He has brought our warfare to an end,
 And that we need no second victory !——
 Ha ! what a ghastly sight for man to see ;
 And to the heavenly saints in peace who
 dwell,
 For a brief moment, terrible ;
 But, to thy sovereign penetration, fair,
 Before whom all things are, that were,
 All judgments that have been, ore'er shall be ;
 Links in the chain of thy tranquillity !
 Along the bosom of this favoured Nation,
 Breathe Thou, this day, a vital undulation !
 Let all who do this land inherit
 Be conscious of thy moving spirit !
 Oh, 'tis a goodly Ordinance,—the sight,
 Though sprung from bleeding war, is one
 of pure delight ;
 Bless Thou the hour, or ere the hour arrive,
 When a whole people shall kneel down in
 prayer,
 And, at one moment, in one rapture, strive
 With lip and heart to tell their gratitude
 For thy protecting care,
 Their solemn joy—praising the Eternal
 Lord
 For tyranny subdued,
 And for the sway of equity renewed,
 For liberty confirmed, and peace restored !

x

But hark—the summons !—down the
 placid lake
 Floats the soft cadence of the church-tower
 bells ;

Bright shines the Sun, as if his beams
 would wake
 The tender insects sleeping in their cells ;
 Bright shines the Sun—and not a breeze to
 shake
 The drops that tip the melting icicles.
O, enter now his temple gate !
 Inviting words—perchance already flung
 (As the crowd press devoutly down the aisle
 Of some old Minster's venerable pile)
 From voices into zealous passion stung,
 While the tubed engine feels the inspiring
 blast,
 And has begun—its clouds of sound to cast
 Forth towards empyreal Heaven,
 As if the fretted roof were riven.
Us, humbler ceremonies now await ;
 But in the bosom, with devout respect
 The banner of our joy we will erect,
 And strength of love our souls shall elevate :
 For to a few collected in his name,
 Their heavenly Father will incline an ear
 Graciously to service hallowed by its aim ;—
 Awake ! the majesty of God revere !

Go—and with foreheads meekly bowed
 Present your prayers—go—and rejoice
 aloud—

The Holy One will hear !
 And what, 'mid silence deep, with faith
 sincere,
 Ye, in your low and undisturbed estate,
 Shall simply feel and purely meditate—
 Of warnings—from the unprecedented
 night,
 Which, in our time, the impious have dis-
 closed ;
 And of more arduous duties thence imposed
 Upon the future advocates of right ;
 Of mysteries revealed,
 And judgments unrepealed,
 Of earthly revolution,
 And final retribution,—
 To his omniscience will appear
 An offering not unworthy to find place,
 On this high DAY of THANKS, before the
 Throne of Grace !

ODE

1

IMAGINATION—ne'er before content,
 But aye ascending, restless in her pride

From all that martial feats could yield
To her desires, or to her hopes present—
Stooped to the Victory, on that Belgic field,
Achieved, this closing deed magnificent,
And with the embrace was satisfied.

—Fly, ministers of Fame,

With every help that ye from earth and
heaven may claim!
Bear through the world these tidings of
delight!

—Hours, Days, and Months, *have* borne
them in the sight

Of mortals, hurrying like a sudden shower
That landward stretches from the sea,
The morning's splendours to devour;
But this swift travel scorns the company
Of irksome change, or threats from sadden-
ing power.

—*The shock is given—the Adversaries
bleed—*

Lo, Justice triumphs! Earth is freed!
Joyful annunciation!—it went forth—
It pierced the caverns of the sluggish
North—

It found no barrier on the ridge
Of Andes—frozen gulphs became its
bridge—

The vast Pacific gladdens with the freight—
Upon the Lakes of Asia 'tis bestowed—
The Arabian desert shapes a willing road
Across her burning breast,

For this refreshing incense from the West!—
—Where snakes and lions breed,
Where towns and cities thick as stars
appear,

Wherever fruits are gathered, and where'er
The upturned soil receives the hopeful
seed—

While the Sun rules, and cross the shades
of night—

The unwearied arrow hath pursued its
flight!

The eyes of good men thankfully give heed,
And in its sparkling progress read
Of virtue crowned with glory's deathless
meed:

Tyrants exult to hear of kingdoms won,
And slaves are pleased to learn that mighty
feats are done;

Even the proud Realm, from whose dis-
tracted borders

This messenger of good was launched in air,
France, humbled France, amid her wild
disorders,

Feels, and hereafter shall the truth declare,
That she too lacks not reason to rejoice,
And utter England's name with sadly-
plausible voice.

II

O genuine glory, pure renown!

And well might it beseem that mighty
Town

Into whose bosom earth's best treasures
flow,

To whom all persecuted men retreat;
If a new Temple lift her votive brow
High on the shore of silver Thames—to
greet

The peaceful guest advancing from afar.
Bright be the Fabric, as a star
Fresh risen, and beautiful within!—there
meet

Dependence infinite, proportion just;
A Pile that Grace approves, and Time can
trust

With his most sacred wealth, heroic dust.

III

But if the valiant of this land
In reverential modesty demand,
That all observance, due to them, be paid
Where their serene progenitors are laid;
Kings, warriors, high-souled poets, saint-
like sages,

England's illustrious sons of long, long
ages;

Be it not unordained that solemn rites,
Within the circuit of those Gothic walls,
Shall be performed at pregnant intervals;
Commemoration holy that unites

The living generations with the dead;
By the deep soul-moving sense

Of religious eloquence,—

By visual pomp, and by the tie

Of sweet and threatening harmony;

Soft notes, awful as the omen

Of destructive tempests coming,

And escaping from that sadness

Into elevated gladness;

While the white-robed choir attend-
ant,

Under mouldering banners pendant,

Provoke all potent symphonies to raise

Songs of victory and praise,

For them who bravely stood unhurt, or
bled

With medicable wounds, or found their graves
Upon the battle field, or under ocean's waves;
Or were conducted home in single state,
And long procession—there to lie,
Where their sons' sons, and all posterity,
Unheard by them, their deeds shall celebrate!

IV

Nor will the God of peace and love
Such martial service disapprove.
He guides the Pestilence—the cloud
Of locusts travels on his breath;
The region that in hope was ploughed
His drought consumes, his mildew taints
with death;
He springs the hushed Volcano's mine,
He puts the Earthquake on her still design,
Darkens the sun, hath bade the forest sink,
And, drinking towns and cities, still can drink
Cities and towns—'tis Thou—the work is Thine!—
The fierce Tornado sleeps within thy courts—
He hears the word—he flies—
And navies perish in their ports;
For Thou art angry with thine enemies!
For these, and mourning for our errors,
And sins, that point their terrors,
We bow our heads before Thee, and we laud
And magnify thy name, Almighty God!
But Man is thy most awful instrument,
In working out a pure intent;
Thou cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling mail,
And for thy righteous purpose they prevail;
Thine arm from peril guards the coasts
Of them who in thy laws delight:
Thy presence turns the scale of doubtful fight,
Tremendous God of battles, Lord of Hosts!

V

Forbear:—to Thee—
Father and Judge of all, with fervent tongue

But in a gentler strain
Of contemplation, by no sense of wrong,
(Too quick and keen) incited to disdain
Of pity pleading from the heart in vain—
TO THEE—TO THEE—
Just God of christianised Humanity
Shall praises be poured forth, and thanks ascend,
That thou hast brought our warfare to an end,
And that we need no second victory!
Blest, above measure blest,
If on thy love our Land her hopes shall rest,
And all the Nations labour to fulfil
Thy law, and live henceforth in peace, in pure good will. 1816.

INVOCATION TO THE EARTH

FEBRUARY 1816

Composed immediately after the "Thanksgiving Ode," to which it may be considered as a second part.

I

"REST, rest, perturbed Earth!
O rest, thou doleful Mother of Man-kind!"
A Spirit sang in tones more plaintive than the wind:
"From regions where no evil thing has birth
I come—thy stains to wash away,
Thy cherished fetters to unbind,
And open thy sad eyes upon a milder day.
The Heavens are thronged with martyrs that have risen
From out thy noisome prison;
The penal caverns groan
With tens of thousands rent from off the tree
Of hopeful life,—by battle's whirlwind blown
Into the deserts of Eternity.
Unpitied havoc! Victims unlamented!
But not on high, where madness is resented,
And murder causes some sad tears to flow,
Though, from the widely-sweeping blow,
The choirs of Angels spread, triumphantly augmented.

II

"False Parent of Mankind!
 Obdurate, proud, and blind,
 I sprinkle thee with soft celestial dews,
 Thy lost, maternal heart to re-infuse!
 Scattering this far-fetched moisture from
 my wings,
 Upon the act a blessing I implore,
 Of which the rivers in their secret springs,
 The rivers stained so oft with human gore,
 Are conscious;—may the like return no
 more!
 May Discord—for a Seraph's care
 Shall be attended with a bolder prayer—
 May she, who once disturbed the seats of
 bliss
 These mortal spheres above,
 Be chained for ever to the black abyss.
 And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace and
 love,
 And merciful desires, thy sanctity approve!"
 The Spirit ended his mysterious rite,
 And the pure vision closed in darkness
 infinite.

ODE

————— *Carmina possumus*
Donare, et pretium dicere muneris.
Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
Per quæ spiritus et vita redit bonis
Post mortem ducibus
 ————— *clarius indicant*
Laudes, quam ————— Pierides; neque,
Si chartæ sileant quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris.—HOR. CAR. 8, LIB. 4.

I

WHEN the soft hand of sleep had closed
 the latch
 On the tired household of corporeal sense,
 And Fancy, keeping unreluctant watch,
 Was free her choicest favours to dispense;
 I saw, in wondrous perspective displayed,
 A landscape more august than happiest
 skill
 Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade;
 An intermingled pomp of vale and hill,
 City, and naval stream, suburban grove,
 And stately forest where the wild deer
 rove;
 Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky towns,

And scattered rural farms of aspect bright;
 And, here and there, between the pastoral
 downs,
 The azure sea upswelled upon the sight.
 Fair prospect, such as Britain only shows!
 But not a living creature could be seen
 Through its wide circuit, that, in deep
 repose,
 And, even to sadness, lonely and serene,
 Lay hushed; till—through a portal in the
 sky
 Brighter than brightest loop-hole, in a
 storm,
 Opening before the sun's triumphant eye—
 Issued, to sudden view, a glorious Form!
 Earthward it glided with a swift descent:
 Saint George himself this Visitant must
 be;
 And, ere a thought could ask on what
 intent
 He sought the regions of Humanity,
 A thrilling voice was heard, that vivified
 City and field and flood;—aloud it cried—

 "Though from my celestial home,
 "Like a Champion, armed I come;
 "On my helm the dragon crest,
 "And the red cross on my breast;
 "I, the Guardian of this Land,
 "Speak not now of toilsome duty;
 "Well obeyed was that command—
 "Whencebright days of festive beauty;
 "Haste, Virgins, haste!—the flowers which
 summer gave
 "Have perished in the field;
 "But the green thickets plenteously shall
 yield
 "Fit garlands for the brave,
 "That will be welcome, if by you entwined
 "Haste, Virgins, haste; and you, ye
 Matrons grave,
 "Go forth with rival youthfulness of mind,
 "And gather what ye find
 "Of hardy laurel and wild holly boughs—
 "To deck your stern Defenders' modest
 brows!
 "Such simple gifts prepare,
 "Though they have gained a worthier
 meed;
 "And in due time shall share
 "Those palms and amaranthine wreaths
 "Unto their martyred Countrymen decreed,
 "In realms where everlasting freshness
 breathes!"

II

And lo! with crimson banners proudly
streaming,
And upright weapons innocently gleaming,
Along the surface of a spacious plain
Advance in order the redoubted Bands,
And there receive green chaplets from the
hands
Of a fair female train—
Maids and Matrons, dight
In robes of dazzling white;
While from the crowd bursts forth a raptur-
ous noise
By the cloud-capt hills retorted;
And a throng of rosy boys.
In loose fashion tell their joys;
And grey-haired sires, on staffs supported,
Look round, and by their smiling seem to
say,
'Thus strives a grateful Country to display
'The mighty debt which nothing can repay!

III

Anon before my sight a palace rose
Built of all precious substances,—so pure
And exquisite, that sleep alone bestows
Ability like splendour to endure:—
Entered, with streaming thousands, through
the gate,
I saw the banquet spread beneath a Dome
of state,
A lofty Dome, that dared to emulate
The heaven of sable night
With starry lustre; yet had power to throw
Solemn effulgence, clear as solar light,
Upon a princely company below,
While the vault rang with choral harmony,
Like some Nymph-haunted grot beneath
the roaring sea.
—No sooner ceased that peal, than on the
verge
Of exultation hung a dirge
Breathed from a soft and lonely instrument,
That kindled recollections
Of agonised affections;
And, though some tears the strain attended,
The mournful passion ended
In peace of spirit, and sublime content!

IV

But garlands wither; festal shows depart,
Like dreams themselves; and sweetest
sound—

(Albeit of effect profound)

It was—and it is gone!
Victorious England! bid the silent Art
Reflect, in glowing hues that shall not fade,
Those high achievements; even as she
arrayed
With second life the deed of Marathon
Upon Athenian walls;
So may she labour for thy civic halls:
And be the guardian spaces
Of consecrated places,
As nobly graced by Sculpture's patient toil;
And let imperishable Columns rise
Fixed in the depths of this courageous soil;
Expressive signals of a glorious strife,
And competent to shed a spark divine
Into the torpid breast of daily life;—
Records on which, for pleasure of all eyes,
The morning sun may shine
With gratulation thoroughly benign!

V

And ye, Pierian Sisters, sprung from Jove
And sage Mnemosyne,—full long debarred
From your first mansions, exiled all too long
From many a hallowed stream and grove,
Dear native regions where ye wont to rove,
Chanting for patriot heroes the reward
Of never-dying song!
Now (for, though Truth descending from
above
The Olympian summit hath destroyed for
aye
Your kindred Deities, *Ye* live and move,
Spared for obeisance from perpetual love
For privilege redeemed of godlike sway)
Now, on the margin of some spotless
fountain,
Or top serene of unmolested mountain,
Strike audibly the noblest of your lyres,
And for a moment meet the soul's desires!
That I, or some more favoured Bard, may
hear
What ye, celestial Maids! have often sung
Of Britain's acts,—may catch it with rapt
ear,
And give the treasure to our British tongue!
So shall the characters of that proud page
Support their mighty theme from age to
age;
And, in the desert places of the earth,
When they to future empires have given
birth,

So shall the people gather and believe
The bold report, transferred to every clime;
And the whole world, not envious but ad-
miring,

And to the like aspiring,
Own—that the progeny of this fair Isle
Had power as lofty actions to achieve
As were performed in man's heroic prime;
Nor wanted, when their fortitude had held
Its even tenor, and the foe was quelled,
A corresponding virtue to beguile
The hostile purpose of wide-wasting Time—
That not in vain they laboured to secure,
For their great deeds, perpetual memory,
And fame as largely spread as land and sea,
By Works of spirit high and passion pure!

1816.

ODE

I

WHO rises on the banks of Seine,
And binds her temples with the civic wreath?
What joy to read the promise of her mien!
How sweet to rest her wide-spread wings
bencath

But they are ever playing,
And twinkling in the light,
And, if a breeze be straying,
That breeze she will invite;

And stands on tiptoe, conscious she is fair,
And calls a look of love into her face,
And spreads her arms, as if the general air
Alone could satisfy her wide embrace.

—Melt, Principalities, before her melt!
Her love ye hailed—her wrath have felt!
But She through many a change of form
hath gone,

And stands amidst you now an armed
creature,

Whose panoply is not a thing put on,
But the live scales of a portentous nature;
That, having forced its way from birth to
birth,

Stalks round—abhorred by Heaven, a
terror to the Earth!

II

I marked the breathings of her dragon
crest;

My Soul, a sorrowful interpreter,
In many a midnight vision bowed
Before the ominous aspect of her spear;

Whether the mighty beam, in scorn upheld,
Threatened her foes,—or, pompously at
rest,

Seemed to bisect her orb'd shield,
As stretches a blue bar of solid cloud
Across the setting sun and all the fiery west.

III

So did she daunt the Earth, and God
defy!

And, wheresoe'er she spread her sove-
reignty,

Pollution tainted all that was most pure.
—Have we not known—and live we not to
tell—

That Justice seemed to hear her final knell?
Faith buried deeper in her own deep breast
Her stores, and sighed to find them in-
secure!

And Hope was maddened by the drops
that fell

From shades, her chosen place of short-
lived rest.

Shame followed shame, and woe supplanted
woe—

Is this the only change that time can show?
How long shall vengeance sleep? Ye patient
Heavens, how long?

—Infirm ejaculation! from the tongue
Of Nations wanting virtue to be strong
Up to the measure of accorded might,
And daring not to feel the majesty of right!

IV

Weak Spirits are there—who would ask,
Upon the pressure of a painful thing,
The lion's sinews, or the eagle's wing;

Or let their wishes loose, in forest-glade,
Among the lurking powers
Of herbs and lowly flowers,

Or seek, from saints above, miraculous
aid—

That Man may be accomplished for a task
Which his own nature hath enjoined;—
and why?

If, when that interference hath relieved him,
He must sink down to languish

In worse than former helplessness—and lie
Till the caves roar,—and, imbe-
cility

Again engendering anguish,
The same weak wish returns, that had
before deceived him.

v

But Thou, supreme Disposer! may'st
not speed
The course of things, and change the creed
Which hath been held aloft before men's
sight
Since the first framing of societies,
Whether, as bards have told in ancient
song,
Built up by soft seducing harmonies;
Or prest together by the appetite,
And by the power, of wrong.
1816.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA

1812-13

HUMANITY, delighting to behold
A fond reflection of her own decay,
Hath painted Winter like a traveller old,
Propped on a staff, and, through the sullen
day,
In hooded mantle, limping o'er the plain,
As though his weakness were disturbed by
pain:
Or, if a juster fancy should allow
An undisputed symbol of command,
The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,
Firmly grasped within a palsied hand.
These emblems suit the helpless and for-
lorn;
But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.
For he it was—dread Winter! who beset,
Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net,
That host, when from the regions of the
Pole
They shrunk, insane ambition's barren
goal—
That host, as huge and strong as e'er defied
Their God, and placed their trust in human
pride!
As fathers persecute rebellious sons,
He smote the blossoms of their warrior
youth;
He called on Frost's inexorable tooth
Life to consume in Manhood's firmest hold;
Nor spared the reverend blood that feebly
runs;
For why—unless for liberty enrolled
And sacred home—ah! why should hoary
Age be bold?

Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,
But fleet far the pinions of the Wind,
Which from Siberian caves the Monarch
freed,
And sent him forth, with squadrons of his
kind,
And bade the Snow their ample backs be-
stride,
And to the battle ride.
No pitying voice commands a halt,
No courage can repel the dire assault;
Distracted spiritless, benumbed, and blind,
Whole legions sink—and, in one instant,
find
Burial and death: look for them—and
descry,
When morn returns, beneath the clear blue
sky,
A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy!
1816.

ON THE SAME OCCASION

YE Storms, resound the praises of your
King!
And ye mild Seasons—in a sunny clime,
Midway on some high hill, while father
Time
Looks on delighted—meet in festal ring,
And loud and long of Winter's triumph sing!
Sing ye, with blossoms crowned, and fruits,
and flowers,
Of Winter's breath surcharged with sleety
showers,
And the dire flapping of his hoary wing!
Knit the blithe dance upon the soft green
grass;
With feet, hands, eyes, looks, lips, report
your gain;
Whisper it to the billows of the main,
And to the ærial zephyrs as they pass,
That old decrepit Winter—*He* hath slain
That Host, which rendered all your boun-
ties vain!
1816.

"BY MOSCOW SELF-DEVOTED TO
A BLAZE"

By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze
Of dreadful sacrifice; by Russian blood
Lavished in fight with desperate hardihood;
The unfeeling Elements no claim shall raise
To rob our Human-nature of just praise

For what she did and suffered. Pledges
 sure
 Of a deliverance absolute and pure
 She gave, if Faith might tread the beaten
 ways
 Of Providence. But now did the Most
 High
 Exalt his still small voice;—to quell that
 Host
 Gathered his power, a manifest ally;
 He, whose heaped waves confounded the
 proud boast
 Of Pharaoh, said to Famine, Snow, and
 Frost,
 "Finish the strife by deadliest victory!"
 1816.

THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF HOCHHEIM

ABRUPTLY paused the strife;—the field
 throughout
 Resting upon his arms each warrior stood,
 Checked in the very act and deed of blood,
 With breath suspended, like a listening
 scout.
 O Silence! thou wert mother of a shout
 That through the texture of yon azure dome
 Cleaves its glad way, a cry of harvest home
 Uttered to Heaven in ecstasy devout!
 The barrier Rhine hath flashed, through
 battle-smoke,
 On men who gaze heart-smitten by the
 view,
 As if all Germany had felt the shock!
 —Fly, wretched Gauls! ere they the charge
 renew
 Who have seen—themselves now casting
 off the yoke—
 The unconquerable Stream his course pur-
 sue.¹ 1816.

SIEGE OF VIENNA RAISED BY JOHN SOBIESKI

FEBRUARY 1816

OH, for a kindling touch from that pure
 flame
 Which ministered, erewhile, to a sacrifice
 Of gratitude, beneath Italian skies,
 In words like these: 'Up, Voice of song!
 proclaim

¹ See Note.

'Thy saintly rapture with celestial aim:
 'For lo! the Imperial City stands released
 'From bondage threatened by the embattled
 East,
 'And Christendom respires; from guilt and
 shame
 'Redeemed, from miserable fear set free
 'By one day's feat, one mighty victory.
 '—Chant the Deliverer's praise in every
 tongue!
 'The cross shall spread, the crescent hath
 waxed dim;
 'He conquering, as in joyful Heaven is
 sung,
 'HE CONQUERING THROUGH GOD, AND
 GOD BY HIM.'¹

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

(The last six lines intended for an Inscription.)

FEBRUARY 1816

INTREPID sons of Albion! not by you
 Is life despised; ah no, the spacious earth
 Ne'er saw a race who held, by right of
 birth,
 So many objects to which love is due:
 Ye slight not life—to God and Nature true;
 But death, becoming death, is dearer far,
 When duty bids you bleed in open war:
 Hence hath your prowess quelled that im-
 pious crew.
 Heroes!—for instant sacrifice prepared;
 Yet filled with ardour and on triumph bent
 'Mid direst shocks of mortal accident—
 To you who fell, and you whom slaughter
 spared
 To guard the fallen, and consummate the
 event,
 Your Country rears this sacred Monument!

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

FEBRUARY 1816

THE Bard—whose soul is meek as dawning
 day,
 Yet trained to judgments righteously severe
 Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear,

¹ See Filicaia's ode.

As recognising one Almighty sway:
 He—whose experienced eye can pierce the
 array
 Of past events; to whom, in vision clear,
 The aspiring heads of future things appear,
 Like mountain-tops whose mists have rolled
 away—
 Assailed from all encumbrance of our time,¹
 He only, if such breathe, in strains devout
 Shall comprehend this victory sublime;
 Shall worthily rehearse the hideous rout,
 The triumph hail, which from their peace-
 ful clime
 Angels might welcome with a choral shout!

“EMPERORS AND KINGS, HOW
 OFT HAVE TEMPLES RUNG”

EMPERORS and Kings, how oft have temples
 rung
 With impious thanksgiving, the Almighty's
 scorn!
 How oft above their altars have been hung
 Trophies that led the good and wise to
 mourn
 Triumphant wrong, battle of battle born,
 And sorrow that to fruitless sorrow clung!
 Now, from Heaven-sanctioned victory,
 Peace is sprung;
 In this firm hour Salvation lifts her horn.
 Glory to arms! But, conscious that the
 nerve
 Of popular reason, long mistrusted, freed
 Your thrones, ye Powers, from duty fear to
 swerve!
 Be just, be grateful; nor, the oppressor's
 creed
 Reviving, heavier chastisement deserve
 Than ever forced unpitied hearts to bleed.
 1816.

FEELINGS OF A FRENCH ROYAL-
 IST, ON THE DISINTERMENT
 OF THE REMAINS OF THE
 DUKE D'ENGHIEN

DEAR Reliques! from a pit of vilest mould
 Uprisen—to lodge among ancestral kings;
 And to inflict shame's salutary stings
 On the remorseless hearts of men grown old
 1 “From all this world's encumbrance did him-
 self assoil.”—*Spenser*.

In a blind worship; men perversely bold
 Even to this hour,—yet, some shall now
 forsake
 Their monstrous Idol if the dead e'er spake,
 To warn the living; if truth were ever told
 By aught redeemed out of the hollow grave:
 O murdered Prince! meek, loyal, pious,
 brave!
 The power of retribution once was given:
 But 'tis a rueful thought that willow bands
 So often tie the thunder-wielding hands
 Of Justice sent to earth from highest
 Heaven! 1816.

TRANSLATION OF PART OF THE
 FIRST BOOK OF THE ÆNEID

TO THE EDITORS OF THE PHILOLOGICAL
 MUSEUM

Your letter, reminding me of an expectation I
 some time since held out to you of allowing some
 specimens of my translation from the Æneid to be
 printed in the Philological Museum, was not very
 acceptable; for I had abandoned the thought of
 ever sending into the world any part of that ex-
 periment—for it was nothing more—an experiment
 begun for amusement, and I now think a less
 fortunate one than when I first named it to you.
 Having been displeased in modern translations
 with the additions of incongruous matter, I began
 to translate with a resolve to keep clear of that
 fault, by adding nothing; but I became convinced
 that a spirited translation can scarcely be accom-
 plished in the English language without admitting
 a principle of compensation. On this point, how-
 ever, I do not wish to insist, and merely send the
 following passage, taken at random, from a wish
 to comply with your request. W. W.

BUT Cythrea, studious to invent
 Arts yet untried, upon new counsels bent,
 Resolves that Cupid, changed in form and
 face
 To young Ascanius, should assume his
 place;
 Present the maddening gifts, and kindle heat
 Of passion at the bosom's inmost seat.
 She dreads the treacherous house, the
 double tongue;
 She burns, she frets—by Juno's rancour
 stung;
 The calm of night is powerless to remove
 These cares, and thus she speaks to winged
 Love:

"O son, my strength, my power! who
dost despise
(What, save thyself, none dares through
earth and skies)

The giant-quelling bolts of Jove, I flee,
O son, a suppliant to thy deity!
What perils meet Æneas in his course,
How Juno's hate with unrelenting force
Pursues thy brother—this to thee is known;
And oft-times hast thou made my griefs
thine own.

Him now the generous Dido by soft chains
Of bland entreaty at her court detains;
Junonian hospitalities prepare
Such apt occasion that I dread a snare.
Hence, ere some hostile God can intervene,
Would I, by previous wiles, inflame the
queen

With passion for Æneas, such strong love
That at my beck, mine only, she shall
move.

Hear, and assist;—the father's mandate
calls

His young Ascanius to the Tyrian walls;
He comes, my dear delight,—and costliest
things

Preserved from fire and flood for presents
brings.

Him will I take, and in close covert keep,
'Mid groves Idalian, lulled to gentle sleep,
Or on Cythera's far-sequestered steep,
That he may neither know what hope is
mine,

Nor by his presence traverse the design.
Do thou, but for a single night's brief space,
Dissemble; be that boy in form and face!
And when enraptured Dido shall receive
Thee to her arms, and kisses interweave
With many a fond embrace, while joy runs
high,

And goblets crown the proud festivity,
Instil thy subtle poison, and inspire,
At every touch, an unsuspected fire."

Love, at the word, before his mother's
sight
Puts off his wings, and walks, with proud
delight,
Like young Iulus; but the gentlest dews
Of slumber Venus sheds, to circumfuse
The true Ascanius steeped in placid rest;
Then wafts him, cherished on her careful
breast,
Through upper air to an Idalian glade,

Where he on soft *amaracus* is laid,
With breathing flowers embraced, and
fragrant shade.

But Cupid, following cheerily his guide
Achates, with the gifts to Carthage hied;
And, as the hall he entered, there, between
The sharers of her golden couch, was
seen

Reclined in festal pomp the Tyrian queen.
The Trojans, too (Æneas at their head),
On couches lie, with purple overspread:
Meantime in canisters is heaped the bread,
Pellucid water for the hands is borne,
And napkins of smooth texture, finely
shorn.

Within are fifty handmaids, who prepare,
As they in order stand, the dainty fare;
And fume the household deities with store
Of odorous incense; while a hundred more
Matched with an equal number of like
age,

But each of manly sex, a docile page,
Marshal the banquet, giving with due grace
To cup or viand its appointed place.

The Tyrians rushing in, an eager band,
Their painted couches seek, obedient to
command.

They look with wonder on the gifts—they
gaze

Upon Iulus, dazzled with the rays
That from his ardent countenance are
flung,

And charmed to hear his simulating tongue;
Nor pass unpraised the robe and veil divine,
Round which the yellow flowers and wan-
dering foliage twine.

But chiefly Dido, to the coming ill
Devoted, strives in vain her vast desires to
fill;

She views the gifts; upon the child then
turns

Insatiable looks, and gazing burns.
To ease a father's cheated love he hung
Upon Æneas, and around him clung;
Then seeks the queen; with her his arts he
tries;

She fastens on the boy enamoured eyes,
Clasps in her arms, nor weens (O lot un-
blest!)

How great a God, incumbent o'er her
breast,

Would fill it with his spirit. He, to please
His Acidalian mother, by degrees,

Blots out Sichæus, studious to remove
The dead, by influx of a living love,
By stealthy entrance of a perilous guest.
Troubling a heart that had been long at
rest,

Now when the viands were withdrawn,
and ceased

The first division of the splendid feast,
While round a vacant board the chiefs re-
cline,

Huge goblets are brought forth; they crown
the wine;

Voices of gladness roll the walls around;
Those gladsome voices from the courts re-
bound;

From gilded rafters many a blazing light
Depends, and torches overcome the night.
The minutes fly—till, at the queen's com-
mand,

A bowl of state is offered to her hand:

Then she, as Belus wont, and all the line
From Belus, filled it to the brim with wine;

Silence ensued. "O Jupiter, whose care
Is hospitable dealing, grant my prayer!

Productive day be this of lasting joy
To Tyrians, and these exiles driven from
Troy;

A day to future generations dear!
Let Bacchus, donor of soul-quick'ning
cheer,

Be present; kindly Juno, be thou near!
And, Tyrians, may your choicest favours
wait

Upon this hour, the bond to celebrate!"
She spake and shed an offering on the
board;

Then sipped the bowl whence she the wine
had poured

And gave to Bitias, urging the prompt lord;
He raised the bowl, and took a long deep
draught;

Then every chief in turn the beverage
quaffed.

Graced with redundant hair, Iopas sings
The lore of Atlas, to resounding strings,
The labours of the Sun, the lunar wander-
ings;

When human kind, and brute; what
natural powers

Engender lightning, whence are falling
showers.

He haunts Arcturus,—that fraternal twain

The glittering Bears,—the Pleiads fraught
with rain;

—Why suns in winter, shunning heaven's
steep heights

Post seaward,—what impedes the tardy
nights.

The learned song from Tyrian hearers
draws

Loud shouts,—the Trojans echo the
applause.

—But, lengthening out the night with con-
verse new,

Large draughts of love unhappy Dido drew;
Of Priam asked, of Hector—o'er and o'er—

What arms the son of bright Aurora
wore;—

What steeds the car of Diomed could
boast;

Among the leaders of the Grecian host.

How looked Achilles, their dread para-
mount—

"But nay—the fatal wiles, O guest, re-
count,

Retrace the Grecian cunning from its source,
Your own grief and your friends?—your
wandering course;

For now, till this seventh summer have ye
ranged

The sea, or trod the earth, to peace
estranged." 1816.

A FACT, AND AN IMAGINATION

OR,

CANUTE AND ALFRED, ON THE SEASHORE

The first and last fourteen lines of this poem
each make a sonnet, and were composed as such;
but I thought that by intermediate lines they
might be connected so as to make a whole. One
or two expressions are taken from Milton's *History
of England*.

THE Danish Conqueror, on his royal chair,
Mustering a face of haughty sovereignty,
To aid a covert purpose, cried—"O ye
Approaching Waters of the deep, that
share

With this green isle my fortunes, come not
where

Your Master's throne is set."—Deaf was
the Sea;

Her waves rolled on, respecting his decree
Less than they heed a breath of wanton
air.

—Then Canute, rising from the invaded
throne,

Said to his servile Courtiers,—“Poor the
reach,

The undisguised extent, of mortal sway !

He only is a King, and he alone

Deserves the name (this truth the billows
preach)

Whose everlasting laws, sea, earth, and
heaven, obey.”

This just reproof the prosperous Dane

Drew, from the influx of the main,

For some whose rugged northern mouths
would strain

At oriental flattery ;

And Canute (fact more worthy to be
known)

From that time forth did for his brows
disown

The ostentatious symbol of a crown ;

Esteeming earthly royalty

Contemptible as vain.

Now hear what one of elder days,

Rich theme of England's fondest praise,

Her darling Alfred, *might* have spoken ;

To cheer the remnant of his host

When he was driven from coast to coast,

Distressed and harassed, but with mind
unbroken :

“My faithful followers, lo ! the tide is
spent

That rose, and steadily advanced to fill

The shores and channels, working Nature's
will

Among the mazy streams that backward
went,

And in the sluggish pools where ships are
pent :

And now, his task performed, the flood
stands still,

At the green base of many an inland hill,

In placid beauty and sublime content !

Such the repose that sage and hero find ;

Such measured rest the sedulous and good

Of humbler name ; whose souls do, like
the flood

Of Ocean, press right on ; or gently wind,

Neither to be diverted nor withstood,

Until they reach the bounds by Heaven
assigned.”

1816.

TO DORA

The complaint in my eyes which gave occasion
to this address to my daughter first showed itself
as a consequence of inflammation, caught at the
top of Kirkstone, when I was over-heated by
having carried up the ascent my eldest son, a
lusty infant. Frequently has the disease recurred
since, leaving my eyes in a state which has often
prevented my reading for months, and makes me
at this day incapable of bearing without injury
any strong light by day or night. My acquaint-
ance with books has therefore been far short of
my wishes ; and on this account, to acknowledge
the services daily and hourly done me by my
family and friends, this note is written.

*“A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on !”*

—What trick of memory to my voice hath
brought

This mournful iteration ? For though
Time,

The Conqueror, crowns the Conquered, on
this brow

Planting his favourite silver diadem,

Nor he, nor minister of his—intent

To run before him—hath enrolled me yet,

Though not unmenaced, among those who
lean

Upon a living staff, with borrowed sight.

—O my own Dora, my beloved child !

Should that day come—but hark ! the
birds salute

The cheerful dawn, brightening for me the
east ;

For me, thy natural leader, once again

Impatient to conduct thee, not as erst

A tottering infant, with compliant stoop

From flower to flower supported ; but to
curb

Thy nymph-like step swift-bounding o'er
the lawn,

Along the loose rocks, or the slippery verge

Of foaming torrents.—From thy orisons

Come forth ; and, while the morning air is
yet

Transparent as the soul of innocent youth,

Let me, thy happy guide, now point thy
way,

And now precede thee, winding to and fro

Till we by perseverance gain the top

Of some smooth ridge, whose brink pre-
cipitous

Kindles intense desire for powers withheld

From this corporeal frame; whereon who
stands,
Is seized with strong incitement to push
forth
His arms, as swimmers use, and plunge—
dread thought,
For pastime plunge—into the “abrupt
abyss,”—
Where ravens spread their plummy vans, at
ease!
And yet more gladly thee would I con-
duct
Through woods and spacious forests,—to
behold
There, how the Original of human art,
Heaven-prompted Nature, measures and
erects
Her temples, fearless for the stately work,
Though waves, to every breeze, its high-
arched roof,
And storms the pillars rock. But we such
schools
Of reverential awe will chiefly seek
In the still summer noon, while beams of
light,
Reposing here, and in the aisles beyond
Traceably gliding through the dusk, recall
To mind the living presences of nuns;
A gentle, pensive, white-robed sisterhood,
Whose saintly radiance mitigates the gloom
Of those terrestrial fabrics, where they serve,
To Christ, the Sun of righteousness,
espoused.
Now also shall the page of classic lore,
To these glad eyes from bondage freed,
again
lie open; and the book of Holy Writ,
Again unfolded, passage clear shall yield
To heights more glorious still, and into
shades
More awful, where, advancing hand in
hand,
We may be taught, O Darling of my care!
To calm the affections, elevate the soul,
and consecrate our lives to truth and love.

1816.

TO ———

ON HER FIRST ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT
OF HELVELLYN

Written at Rydal Mount. The lady was Miss
Lazkett, then residing with Mr. Montagu Bur-

goyne at Fox-Ghyll. We were tempted to remain
too long upon the mountain; and I, imprudently,
with the hope of shortening the way, led her
among the crags and down a steep slope which
entangled us in difficulties that were met by her
with much spirit and courage.

INMATE of a mountain-dwelling,
Thou hast clomb aloft, and gazed
From the watch-towers of Helvellyn;
Awed, delighted, and amazed!

Potent was the spell that bound thee
Not unwilling to obey;
For blue Ether's arms, flung round thee,
Stilled the pantings of dismay.

Lo! the dwindled woods and meadows;
What a vast abyss is there!
Lo! the clouds, the solemn shadows,
And the glistenings—heavenly fair!

And a record of commotion
Which a thousand ridges yield;
Ridge, and gulf, and distant ocean
Gleaming like a silver shield!

Maiden! now take flight;—inherit
Alps or Andes—they are thine!
With the morning's roseate Spirit,
Sweep their length of snowy line;

Or survey their bright dominions
In the gorgeous colours drest
Flung from off the purple pinions,
Evening spreads throughout the west!

Thine are all the coral fountains
Warbling in each sparry vault
Of the untrodden lunar mountains;
Listen to their songs!—or halt,

To Niphates' top invited,
Whither spiteful Satan steered;
Or descend where the ark alighted,
When the green earth re-appeared;

For the power of hills is on thee,
As was witnessed through thine eye
Then, when old Helvellyn won thee
To confess their majesty!

1816.

VERNAL ODE

Composed at Rydal Mount, to place in view the immortality of succession where immortality is denied, as far as we know, to the individual creature.

Rerum Natura tota est nusquam magis quam in minimis.—*PLIN. Nat. Hist.*

I

BENEATH the concave of an April sky,
When all the fields with freshest green
were dight,
Appeared, in presence of the spiritual eye
That aids or supersedes our grosser sight,
The form and rich habiliments of One
Whose countenance bore resemblance to
the sun,
When it reveals, in evening majesty,
Features half lost amid their own pure light.
Poised like a weary cloud, in middle air
He hung,—then floated with angelic ease
(Softening that bright effulgence by degrees)
Till he had reached a summit sharp and
bare,
Where oft the venturous heifer drinks the
noontide breeze.
Upon the apex of that lofty cone
Alighted, there the Stranger stood alone;
Fair as a gorgeous Fabric of the east
Suddenly raised by some enchanter's power,
Where nothing was; and firm as some old
Tower
Of Britain's realm, whose leafy crest
Waves high, embellished by a gleaming
shower!

II

Beneath the shadow of his purple wings
Rested a golden harp;—he touched the
strings;
And, after prelude of unearthly sound
Poured through the echoing hills around,
He sang—

“No wintry desolations,
Scorching blight or noxious dew,
Affect my native habitations;
Buried in glory, far beyond the scope
Of man's inquiring gaze, but to his hope
Imaged, though faintly, in the hue
Profound of night's ethereal blue;
And in the aspect of each radiant orb;—
Some fixed, some wandering with no timid
curb:

But wandering star and fixed, to mortal eye,
Blended in absolute serenity,
And free from semblance of decline;—
Fresh as if Evening brought their natal
hour,
Her darkness splendour gave, her silence
power
To testify of Love and Grace divine.

III

“What if those bright fires
Shine subject to decay,
Sons haply of extinguished sires,
Themselves to lose their light, or pass away
Like clouds before the wind,
Be thanks poured out to Him whose hand
bestows,
Nightly, on human kind
That vision of endurance and repose.
—And though to every draught of vital
breath
Renewed throughout the bounds of earth
or ocean,
The melancholy gates of Death
Respond with sympathetic motion;
Though all that feeds on nether air,
How'er magnificent or fair,
Grows but to perish, and entrust
Its ruins to their kindred dust;
Yet, by the Almighty's ever-during care,
Her procreant vigils Nature keeps
Amid the unfathomable deeps;
And saves the peopled fields of earth
From dread of emptiness or dearth.
Thus, in their stations, lifting tow'rd the
sky
The foliated head in cloud-like majesty,
The shadow-casting race of trees survive:
Thus, in the train of Spring, arrive
Sweet flowers;—what living eye hath viewed
Their myriads?—endlessly renewed,
Wherever strikes the sun's glad ray;
Where'er the subtle waters stray;
Wherever sportive breezes bend
Their course, or genial showers descend!
Mortals, rejoice! the very Angels quit
Their mansions unsusceptible of change,
Amid your pleasant bowers to sit,
And through your sweet vicissitudes t
range!”

IV

Oh, nursed at happy distance from the care
Of a too-anxious world, mild pastoral Muse

That, to the sparkling crown Urania wears,
And to her sister Clio's laurel wreath,
Prefer'st a garland culled from purple heath,
Or blooming thicket moist with morning
dews;

Was such bright Spectacle vouchsafed to
me?

And was it granted to the simple ear
Of thy contented Volary
Such melody to hear!

Thim rather suits it, side by side with thee,
Wrapped in a fit of pleasing indolence,
While thy tired lute hangs on the hawthorn-
tree,

To lie and listen—till o'er-drows'd sense
Sinks, hardly conscious of the influence—
To the soft murmur of the vagrant Bee.

—A slender sound! yet hoary Time
Doth to the *Soul* exalt it with the chime

Of all his years;—a company
Of ages coming, ages gone;
Nations from before them sweeping,
Regions in destruction steeping.)

But every awful note in unison
With that faint utterance, which tells
Of treasure sucked from buds and bells,
For the pure keeping of those waxen cells;
Where She—a statist prudent to confer
Upon the common weal; a warrior bold,
Radiant all over with unburnished gold,
And armed with living spear for mortal
fight;

A cunning forager

That spreads no waste; a social builder;
one

In whom all busy offices unite
With all fine functions that afford delight—
Safe through the winter storm in quiet
dwells!

v

And is She brought within the power
Of vision?—o'er this tempting flower
Hovering until the petals stay
Her flight, and take its voice away!—
Observe each wing!—a tiny van!
The structure of her laden thigh,
How fragile! yet of ancestry
Mysteriously remote and high;
High as the imperial front of man;
The remote bloom on woman's cheek;
The soaring eagle's curv'd beak;
The white plumes of the floating swan;
Old as the tiger's paw, the lion's mane

Ere shaken by that mood of stern disdain
At which the desert trembles.—Humming
Bee!

Thy sting was needless then, perchance
unknown,

The seeds of malice were not sown;
All creatures met in peace, from fierceness
free,

And no pride blended with their dignity.

—Tears had not broken from their source;
Nor Anguish strayed from her Tartarean
den;

The golden years maintained a course
Not undiversified though smooth and even;
We were not mocked with glimpse and
shadow then,

Bright Seraphs mixed familiarly with men;
And earth and stars composed a universal
heaven!

1817.

ODE TO LYCORIS. MAY 1817

The discerning reader, who is aware that in the poem of Ellen Irwin I was desirous of throwing the reader at once out of the old ballad, so as, if possible, to preclude a comparison between that mode of dealing with the subject and the mode I meant to adopt—may here perhaps perceive that this poem originated in the four last lines of the first stanza. Those specks of snow, reflected in the lake and so transferred, as it were, to the subaqueous sky, reminded me of the swans which the fancy of the ancient classic poets yoked to the car of Venus. Hence the tenor of the whole first stanza, and the name of Lycoris, which—with some readers who think my theology and classical allusion too far-fetched and therefore more or less unnatural and affected—will tend to unrealise the sentiment that pervades these verses. But surely one who has written so much in verse as I have done may be allowed to retrace his steps in the regions of fancy which delighted him in his boyhood, when he first became acquainted with the Greek and Roman Poets. Before I read Virgil I was so strongly attached to Ovid, whose Metamorphoses I read at school, that I was quite in a passion whenever I found him, in books of criticism, placed below Virgil. As to Homer, I was never weary of travelling over the scenes through which he led me. Classical literature affected me by its own beauty. But the truths of scripture having been entrusted to the dead languages, and these fountains having been recently laid open at the Reformation, an importance and a sanctity were at that period attached to classical literature

that extended, as is obvious in Milton's *Lycidas*, for example, both to its spirit and form in a degree that can never be revived. No doubt the hackneyed and lifeless use into which mythology fell towards the close of the 17th century, and which continued through the 18th, disgusted the general reader with all allusion to it in modern verse; and though, in deference to this disgust, and also in a measure participating in it, I abstained in my earlier writings from all introduction of pagan fable, surely, even in its humble form, it may ally itself with real sentiment, as I can truly affirm it did in the present case.

I

AN age hath been when Earth was proud
Of lustre too intense
To be sustained; and Mortals bowed
The front in self-defence.
Who *then*, if Dian's crescent gleamed,
Or Cupid's sparkling arrow streamed
While on the wing the Urchin played,
Could fearlessly approach the shade?
—Enough for one soft vernal day,
If I, a bard of ebbing time,
And nurtured in a fickle clime,
May haunt this hornèd bay;
Whose amorous water multiplies
The flitting halcyon's vivid dyes;
And smooths her liquid breast—to show
These swan-like specks of mountain snow,
White as the pair that slid along the plains
Of heaven, when Venus held the reins!

II

In youth we love the darksome lawn
Brushed by the owl's wing;
Then, Twilight is preferred to Dawn,
And Autumn to the Spring.
Sad fancies do we then affect,
In luxury of disrespect
To our own prodigal excess
Of too familiar happiness.
Lycoris (if such name befit
Thee, thee my life's celestial sign!)
When Nature marks the year's decline,
Be ours to welcome it;
Pleased with the harvest hope that runs
Before the path of milder suns;
Pleased while the sylvan world displays
Its ripeness to the feeding gaze;
Pleased when the sullen winds resound the
knell
Of the resplendent miracle.

III

But something whispers to my heart
That, as we downward tend,
Lycoris! life requires an *art*
To which our souls must bend;
A skill—to balance and supply;
And, ere the flowing fount be dry,
As soon it must, a sense to sip,
Or drink, with no fastidious lip.
Then welcome, above all, the Guest
Whose smiles, diffused o'er land and sea,
Seem to recall the Deity
Of youth into the breast:
May pensive Autumn ne'er present
A claim to her disparagement!
While blossoms and the budding spray
Inspire us in our own decay;
Still, as we nearer draw to life's dark goal,
Be hopeful Spring the favourite of the Soul!

TO THE SAME

This as well as the preceding and the two that follow were composed in front of Rydal Mount and during my walks in the neighbourhood. Nine-tenths of my verses have been murmured out in the open air: and here let me repeat what I believe has already appeared in print. One day a stranger having walked round the garden and grounds of Rydal Mount asked one of the female servants, who happened to be at the door permission to see her master's study. "This," said she, leading him forward, "is my master's library where he keeps his books, but his study is out of doors." After a long absence from home it has more than once happened that some one of my cottage neighbours has said—"Well, there he is; we are glad to hear him *booing* about again." Once more, in excuse for so much egotism, let me say, these notes are written for my familiar friends and at their earnest request. Another time a gentleman whom James had conducted through the grounds asked him what kind of plants thrived best there: after a little consideration he answered—"Laurels." "That is," said the stranger, "and it should be; don't you know that the laurel is the emblem of poetry, and that poets used on public occasions to be crowned with it?" James stared when the question was first put, but was doubtless much pleased with the information.

ENOUGH of climbing toil!—Ambition tread
Here, as 'mid busier scenes, ground steep
and rough,
Or slippery even to peril! and each step,

as we for most uncertain recompence
 Mount toward the empire of the fickle
 clouds,
 Each weary step, dwarfing the world
 below,
 Induces, for its old familiar sights,
 Inacceptable feelings of contempt,
 With wonder mixed—that Man could e'er be
 tied,
 In anxious bondage, to such nice array
 And formal fellowship of petty things!
 —Oh! 'tis the *heart* that magnifies this
 life,
 Taking a truth and beauty of her own;
 And moss-grown alleys, circumscribing
 shades,
 And gurgling rills, assist her in the work
 More efficaciously than realms outspread,
 As in a map, before the adventurer's gaze—
 Ocean and Earth contending for regard.
 The umbrageous woods are left—how far
 beneath!
 But lo! where darkness seems to guard the
 mouth
 Of yon wild cave, whose jagged brows are
 fringed
 With flaccid threads of ivy, in the still
 And sultry air, depending motionless.
 Yet cool the space within, and not uncheered
 As whoso enters shall ere long perceive)
 A stealthy influx of the timid day
 Lingling with night, such twilight to
 compose
 As Numa loved; when, in the Egerian
 grot,
 From the sage Nymph appearing at his
 wish,
 He gained whate'er a regal mind might
 ask,
 For need, of counsel breathed through lips
 divine.
 Long as the heat shall rage, let that dim
 cave
 Protect us, there deciphering as we may
 Silurian records; or the sighs of Earth
 Interpreting; or counting for old Time
 Its minutes, by reiterated drops,
 Audible tears, from some invisible source
 That deepens upon fancy—more and more
 Drawn toward the centre whence those
 sighs creep forth
 To awe the lightness of humanity:
 Shutting up thyself within thyself,
 Where let me see thee sink into a mood

Of gentler thought, protracted till thine
 eye
 Be calm as water when the winds are
 gone,
 And no one can tell whither. Dearest
 Friend!
 We two have known such happy hours
 together
 That, were power granted to replace them
 (fetched
 From out the pensive shadows where they
 lie)
 In the first warmth of their original sun-
 shine,
 Loth should I be to use it: passing sweet
 Are the domains of tender memory!
1817.

THE LONGEST DAY

ADDRESSED TO MY DAUGHTER

Suggested by the sight of my daughter (Dora)
 playing in front of Rydal Mount; and composed
 in a great measure the same afternoon. I have
 often wished to pair this poem upon the *longest*
 with one upon the *shortest*, day, and regret even
 now that it has not been done.

LET us quit the leafy arbour,
 And the torrent murmuring by;
 For the sun is in his harbour,
 Weary of the open sky.

Evening now unbinds the fetters
 Fashioned by the glowing light;
 All that breathe are thankful debtors
 To the harbinger of night.

Yet by some grave thoughts attended
 Eve renews her calm career:
 For the day that now is ended,
 Is the longest of the year.

Dora! sport, as now thou sportest,
 On this platform, light and free;
 Take thy bliss, while longest, shortest,
 Are indifferent to thee!

Who would check the happy feeling
 That inspires the linnet's song?
 Who would stop the swallow, wheeling
 On her pinions swift and strong?

Yet at this impressive season,
Words which tenderness can speak
From the truths of homely reason,
Might exalt the loveliest cheek;

And, while shades to shades succeeding
Steal the landscape from the sight,
I would urge this moral pleading,
Last forerunner of "Good night!"

SUMMER ebbs;—each day that follows
Is a reflux from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows
Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation,
In his providence, assigned
Such a gradual declination
To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not;—fruits redden,
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,
And the heart is loth to deaden
Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful Maiden!
And when thy decline shall come,
Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden,
Hide the knowledge of thy doom.

Now, even now, ere wrapped in slumber,
Fix thine eyes upon the sea
That absorbs time, space, and number;
Look thou to Eternity!

Follow thou the flowing river
On whose breast are thither borne
All deceived, and each deceiver,
Through the gates of night and morn;

Through the year's successive portals;
Through the bounds which many a star
Marks, not mindless of frail mortals
When his light returns from far.

Thus when thou with Time hast travelled
Toward the mighty gulf of things,
And the mazy stream unravelled
With thy best imaginings;

Think, if thou on beauty leanest,
Think how pitiful that stay,
Did not virtue give the meanest
Charms superior to decay.

Duty, like a strict preceptor,
Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown;
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,
While youth's roses are thy crown.

Grasp it,—if thou shrink and tremble,
Fairest damsel of the green,
Thou wilt lack the only symbol
That proclaims a genuine queen;

And ensures those palms of honour
Which selected spirits wear,
Bending low before the Donor,
Lord of heaven's unchanging year!
1817.

HINT FROM THE MOUNTAINS

FOR CERTAIN POLITICAL PRETENDERS

Bunches of fern may often be seen wheeling about in the wind as here described. The particular bunch that suggested these verses was noticed in the Pass of Dunmail Raise. The verses were composed in 1817, but the application is for all times and places.

"WHO but hails the sight with pleasure
When the wings of genius rise,
Their ability to measure

With great enterprise;
But in man was ne'er such daring
As yon Hawk exhibits, pairing
His brave spirit with the war in
The stormy skies!

"Mark him, how his power he uses,
Lays it by, at will resumes!
Mark, ere for his haunt he chooses
Clouds and utter glooms!
There, he wheels in downward mazes;
Sunward now his flight he raises,
Catches fire, as seems, and blazes
With uninjured plumes!"—

ANSWER

"Stranger, 'tis no act of courage
Which aloft thou dost discern;
No bold *bird* gone forth to forage
Mid the tempest stern;
But such mockery as the nations
See, when public perturbations
Lift men from their native stations
Like yon TUFT OF FERN;

"Such it is; the aspiring creature
 Soaring on undaunted wing,
 (So you fancied) is by nature
 A dull helpless thing,
 Dry and withered, light and yellow;—
That to be the tempest's fellow!
 Wait—and you shall see how hollow
 Its endeavouring!" 1817.

THE PASS OF KIRKSTONE

Written at Rydal Mount. Thoughts and feelings of many walks in all weathers, by day and night, over this Pass, alone and with beloved friends.

I

WITHIN the mind strong fancies work.
 A deep delight the bosom thrills
 Oft as I pass along the fork
 Of these fraternal hills:
 Where, save the rugged road, we find
 No appanage of human kind,
 Nor hint of man; if stone or rock
 Seem not his handywork to mock
 By something cognizably shaped;
 Mockery—or model roughly hewn,
 And left as if by earthquake strewn,
 Or from the Flood escaped:
 Altars for Druid service fit;
 (But where no fire was ever lit,
 Unless the glow-worm to the skies
 Thence offer nightly sacrifice)
 Wrinkled Egyptian monument;
 Green moss-grown tower; or hoary tent;
 Tents of a camp that never shall be razed—
 On which four thousand years have gazed!

II

Ye plough-shares sparkling on the slopes!
 Ye snow-white lambs that trip
 Imprisoned 'mid the formal props
 Of restless ownership!
 Ye trees, that may to-morrow fall
 To feed the insatiate Prodigal!
 Lawns, houses, chattels, groves, and fields,
 All that the fertile valley shields;
 Wages of folly—baits of crime,
 Of life's uneasy game the stake,
 Playthings that keep the eyes awake
 Of drowsy, dotard Time;—
 O care! O guilt!—O vales and plains,
 Here, 'mid his own unvexed domains,

A Genius dwells, that can subdue
 At once all memory of You,—
 Most potent when mists veil the sky,
 Mists that distort and magnify;
 While the coarse rushes, to the sweeping
 breeze,
 Sigh forth their ancient melodies!

III

List to those shriller notes!—*that* march
 Perchance was on the blast,
 When, through this Height's inverted arch,
 Rome's earliest legion passed!
 —They saw, adventurously impelled,
 And older eyes than theirs beheld,
 This block—and yon, whose church-like
 frame
 Gives to this savage Pass its name.
 Aspiring Road! that lov'st to hide
 Thy daring in a vapoury bourn,
 Not seldom may the hour return
 When thou shalt be my guide:
 And I (as all men may find cause,
 When life is at a weary pause,
 And they have panted up the hill
 Of duty with reluctant will)
 Be thankful, even though tired and faint,
 For the rich bounties of constraint;
 Whence oft invigorating transports flow
 That choice lacked courage to bestow!

IV

My Soul was grateful for delight
 That wore a threatening brow;
 A veil is lifted—can she slight
 The scene that opens now?
 Though habitation none appear,
 The greenness tells, man must be there;
 The shelter—that the perspective
 Is of the clime in which we live;
 Where Toil pursues his daily round;
 Where Pity sheds sweet tears—and Love,
 In woodbine bower or birchen grove,
 Inflicts his tender wound.
 —Who comes not hither ne'er shall know
 How beautiful the world below;
 Nor can he guess how lightly leaps
 The brook adown the rocky steeps.
 Farewell, thou desolate Domain!
 Hope, pointing to the cultured plain,
 Carols like a shepherd-boy;
 And who is she?—Can that be Joy!
 Who, with a sunbeam for her guide,

Smoothly skims the meadows wide;
 While Faith, from yonder opening cloud,
 To hill and vale proclaims aloud,
 "Whate'er the weak may dread, the wicked
 dare,
 Thy lot, O Man, is good, thy portion,
 fair!" 1817.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

ON THE EVE OF A NEW YEAR

This arose out of a flash of moonlight that struck the ground when I was approaching the steps that lead from the garden at Rydal Mount to the front of the house. "From her sunk eye a stagnant tear stole forth" is taken, with some loss, from a discarded poem, "The Convict," in which occurred, when he was discovered lying in the cell, these lines:—

"But now he upraises the deep-sunken eye,
 The motion unsettles a tear;
 The silence of sorrow it seems to supply
 And asks of me—why I am here."

I

SMILE of the Moon!—for so I name
 That silent greeting from above;
 A gentle flash of light that came
 From her whom drooping captives love;
 Or art thou of still higher birth?
 Thou that didst part the clouds of earth,
 My torpor to improve!

II

Bright boon of pitying Heaven!—alas,
 I may not trust thy placid cheer!
 Pondering that Time to-night will pass
 The threshold of another year;
 For years to me are sad and dull;
 My very moments are too full
 Of hopelessness and fear.

III

And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,
 That struck perchance the farthest cone
 Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem
 To visit me, and me alone;
 Me, unapproached by any friend,
 Save those who to my sorrows lend
 Tears due unto their own.

IV

To-night the church-tower bells will ring
 Through these wild realms a festive peal;
 To the new year a welcoming;
 A tuneful offering for the weal
 Of happy millions lulled in sleep;
 While I am forced to watch and weep,
 By wounds that may not heal.

V

Born all too high, by wedlock raised
 Still higher—to be cast thus low!
 Would that mine eyes had never gazed
 On aught of more ambitious show
 Than the sweet flowerets of the fields
 —It is my royal state that yields
 This bitterness of woe.

VI

Yet how?—for I, if there be truth
 In the world's voice, was passing fair;
 And beauty, for confiding youth,
 Those shocks of passion can prepare
 That kill the bloom before its time;
 And blanch, without the owner's crime,
 The most resplendent hair.

VII

Unblest distinction! showered on me
 To bind a lingering life in chains:
 All that could quit my grasp, or flee,
 Is gone;—but not the subtle stains
 Fixed in the spirit; for even here
 Can I be proud that jealous fear
 Of what I was remains.

VIII

A Woman rules my prison's key;
 A sister Queen, against the bent
 Of law and holiest sympathy,
 Detains me, doubtful of the event;
 Great God, who feel'st for my distress,
 My thoughts are all that I possess,
 O keep them innocent!

IX

Farewell desire of human aid,
 Which abject mortals vainly court!
 By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,
 Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport;
 Nought but the world-redeeming Cross
 Is able to supply my loss,
 My burthen to support.

X

Hark ! the death-note of the year
Sounded by the castle-clock !
From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear
Stole forth, unsettled by the shock ;
But oft the woods renewed their green,
Ere the tired head of Scotland's Queen
Reposed upon the block ! 1817.

SEQUEL TO THE "BEGGARS," 1802

COMPOSED MANY YEARS AFTER

WHERE are they now, those wanton Boys?
For whose free range the dædal earth
Was filled with animated toys,
And implements of frolic mirth ;
With tools for ready wit to guide ;
And ornaments of seemlier pride,
More fresh, more bright, than princes wear ;
For what one moment flung aside,
Another could repair ;
What good or evil have they seen
Since I their pastime witnessed here,
Their daring wiles, their sportive cheer ?
I ask—but all is dark between !

They met me in a genial hour,
When universal nature breathed
As with the breath of one sweet flower,—
A time to overrule the power
Of discontent, and check the birth
Of thoughts with better thoughts at strife,
The most familiar bane of life
Since parting Innocence bequeathed
Mortality to Earth !
Soft clouds, the whitest of the year,
Sailed through the sky—the brooks ran
clear ;

The lambs from rock to rock were bounding ;
With songs the budded groves resounding ;
And to my heart are still endeared
The thoughts with which it then was
cheered ;

The faith which saw that gladsome pair
Walk through the fire with unsinged hair.
Or, if such faith must needs deceive —
Then, Spirits of beauty and of grace,
Associates in that eager chase ;
Ye, who within the blameless mind
Your favourite seat of empire find—
Kind Spirits ! may we not believe
That they, so happy and so fair
Through your sweet influence, and the care

Of pitying Heaven, at least were free
From touch of *deadly* injury ?
Destined whate'er their earthly doom,
For mercy and immortal bloom !

1817.

THE PILGRIM'S DREAM

OR, THE STAR AND THE GLOW-WORM

I distinctly recollect the evening when these verses were suggested in 1818. It was on the road between Rydal and Grasmere, where Glow-worms abound. A Star was shining above the ridge of Loughrigg Fell, just opposite. I remember a critic, in some review or other, crying out against this piece. "What so monstrous," said he, "as to make a star talk to a glow-worm !" Poor fellow ! we know from this sage observation what the "primrose on the river's brim was to him."

A PILGRIM, when the summer day
Had closed upon his weary way,
A lodging begged beneath a castle's roof ;
But him the haughty Warder spurned ;
And from the gate the Pilgrim turned,
To seek such covert as the field
Or heath-besprinkled copse might yield,
Or lofty wood, shower-proof.

He paced along ; and, pensively,
Halting beneath a shady tree,
Whose moss-grown root might serve for
couch or seat,
Fixed on a Star his upward eye ;
Then, from the tenant of the sky
He turned, and watched with kindred look,
A Glow-worm, in a dusky nook,
Apparent at his feet.

The murmur of a neighbouring stream
Induced a soft and slumbrous dream,
A pregnant dream, within whose shadowy
bounds

He recognised the earth-born Star,
And *That* which glittered from afar ;
And (strange to witness !) from the frame
Of the ethereal Orb, there came
Intelligible sounds.

Much did it taunt the humble Light
That now, when day was fled, and night
Hushed the dark earth, fast closing weary
eyes,

A very reptile could presume
To show her taper in the gloom,
As if in rivalry with One
Who sate a ruler on his throne
Erected in the skies.

"Exalted Star!" the Worm replied,
"Abate this unbecoming pride,
Or with a less uneasy lustre shine;
Thou shrink'st as momentarily thy rays
Are mastered by the breathing haze;
While neither mist, nor thickest cloud
That shapes in heaven its murky shroud,
Hath power to injure mine.

But not for this do I aspire
To match the spark of local fire,
That at my will burns on the dewy lawn,
With thy acknowledged glories;—No!
Yet, thus upbraided, I may show
What favours do attend me here,
Till, like thyself, I disappear
Before the purple dawn."

When this in modest guise was said,
Across the welkin seemed to spread
A boding sound—for aught but sleep unfit!
Hills quaked, the rivers backward ran;
That Star, so proud of late, looked wan;
And reeled with visionary stir
In the blue depth, like Lucifer
Cast headlong to the pit!

Fire raged: and, when the spangled floor
Of ancient ether was no more,
New heavens succeeded, by the dream
brought forth:

And all the happy Souls that rode
Transfigured through that fresh abode,
Had heretofore, in humble trust,
Shone meekly 'mid their native dust,
The Glow-worms of the earth!

This knowledge, from an Angel's voice
Proceeding, made the heart rejoice
Of Him who slept upon the open lea:
Waking at morn he murmured not;
And, till life's journey closed, the spot
Was to the Pilgrim's soul endeared,
Where by that dream he had been cheered
Beneath the shady tree. 1818.

INSCRIPTIONS

SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND IN AND NEAR A
HERMIT'S CELL

1818

I

HOPES what are they?—Beads of morning
Strung on slender blades of grass;
Or a spider's web adorning
In a strait and treacherous pass.

What are fears but voices airy?
Whispering harm where harm is not;
And deluding the unwary
Till the fatal bolt is shot!

What is glory?—in the socket
See how dying tapers fare!
What is pride?—a whizzing rocket
That would emulate a star.

What is friendship?—do not trust her,
Nor the vows which she has made;
Diamonds dart their brightest lustre
From a palsy-shaken head.

What is truth?—a staff rejected;
Duty?—an unwelcome clog;
Joy?—a moon by fits reflected
In a swamp or watery bog;

Bright, as if through ether steering,
To the Traveller's eye it shone:
He hath hailed it re-appearing—
And as quickly it is gone;

Such is Joy—as quickly hidden,
Or mis-shapen to the sight,
And by sullen weeds forbidden
To resume its native light.

What is youth?—a dancing billow,
(Winds behind, and rocks before!)
Age?—a drooping, tottering willow
On a flat and lazy shore.

What is peace?—when pain is over,
And love ceases to rebel,
Let the last faint sigh discover
That precedes the passing knell!

II

INSCRIBED UPON A ROCK

The monument of ice here spoken of I observed while ascending the middle road of the three ways that lead from Rydal to Grasmere. It was on my right hand, and my eyes were upon it when it fell, as told in these lines.

PAUSE, Traveller ! whosoe'er thou be
Whom chance may lead to this retreat,
Where silence yields reluctantly
Even to the fleecy straggler's bleat ;

Give voice to what my hand shall trace,
And fear not lest an idle sound
Of words unsuited to the place
Disturb its solitude profound.

I saw this Rock, while vernal air
Blew softly o'er the russet heath,
Uphold a Monument as fair
As church or abbey furnisheth.

Unsullied did it meet the day,
Like marble, white, like ether, pure ;
As if, beneath, some hero lay,
Honoured with costliest sepulture.

My fancy kindled as I gazed ;
And, ever as the sun shone forth,
The flattered structure glistened, blazed,
And seemed the proudest thing on earth.

But frost had reared the gorgeous Pile
Unsound as those which Fortune builds—
To undermine with secret guile,
Sapped by the very beam that gilds.

And, while I gazed, with sudden shock
Fell the whole Fabric to the ground ;
And naked left this dripping Rock,
With shapeless ruin spread around !

III

Where the second quarry now is, as you pass from Rydal to Grasmere, there was formerly a length of smooth rock that sloped towards the road, on the right hand. I used to call it Tadpole Slope, from having frequently observed there the

water-bubbles gliding under the ice, exactly in the shape of that creature.

HAST thou seen, with flash incessant,
Bubbles gliding under ice,
Bodied forth and evanescent,
No one knows by what device ?

Such are thoughts !—A wind-swept meadow
Mimicking a troubled sea,
Such is life ; and death a shadow
From the rock eternity !

IV

NEAR THE SPRING OF THE HERMITAGE

TROUBLED long with warring notions
Long impatient of thy rod,
I resign my soul's emotions
Unto Thee, mysterious God !

What avails the kindly shelter
Yielded by this craggy rent,
If my spirit toss and welter
On the waves of discontent ?

Parching Summer hath no warrant
To consume this crystal Well ;
Rains, that make each rill a torrent,
Neither sully it nor swell.

Thus, dishonouring not her station,
Would my Life present to Thee,
Gracious God, the pure oblation
Of divine tranquillity !

V

NOT seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the Morn ;
Not seldom Evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,
To the confiding Bark, untrue ;
And, if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous Oak, in pomp outspread
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But Thou art true, incarnate Lord,
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify!

I bent before thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace on suppliant knee;
And peace was given,—nor peace alone,
But faith sublimed to ecstasy!

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRAORDINARY SPLEN- DOUR AND BEAUTY

Felt and in a great measure composed upon the little mount in front of our abode at Rydal. In concluding my notices of this class of poems it may be as well to observe that among the "Miscellaneous Sonnets" are a few alluding to morning impressions which might be read with mutual benefit in connection with these "Evening Voluntaries." See, for example, that one on Westminster Bridge, that composed on a May morning, the one on the song of the Thrush, and that beginning—"While beams of orient light shoot wide and high."

I

HAD this effulgence disappeared
With flying haste, I might have sent,
Among the speechless clouds, a look
Of blank astonishment;
But 'tis endued with power to stay,
And sanctify one closing day,
That frail Mortality may see—
What is?—ah no, but what *can* be!
Time was when field and watery cove
With modulated echoes rang,
While choirs of fervent Angels sang
Their vespers in the grove;
Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign
height,
Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,
Strains suitable to both.—Such holy rite,
Methinks, if audibly repeated now
From hill or valley, could not move
Sublimar transport, purer love,
Than doth this silent spectacle—the gleam—
The shadow—and the peace supreme!

II

No sound is uttered,—but a deep
And solemn harmony pervades

The hollow vale from steep to steep,
And penetrates the glades.
Far-distant images draw nigh,
Called forth by wondrous potency
Of beamy radiance, that imbues,
Whate'er it strikes, with gem-like hues!
In vision exquisitely clear,
Herds range along the mountain side;
And glistening antlers are descried;
And gilded flocks appear.
Thine is the tranquil hour, purpleal
Eve!

But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe
That this magnificence is wholly thine!
—From worlds not quickened by the sun
A portion of the gift is won;
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is
spread
On ground which British shepherds tread!

III

And, if there be whom broken ties
Afflict, or injuries assail,
Yon hazy ridges to their eyes
Present a glorious scale,
Climbing suffused with sunny air,
To stop—no record hath told where!
And tempting Fancy to ascend,
And with immortal Spirits blend!¹
—Wings at my shoulders seem to play;
But, rooted here, I stand and gaze
On those bright steps that heavenward
raise
Their practicable way.
Come forth, ye drooping old men, look
abroad,
And see to what fair countries ye are bound!
And if some traveller, weary of his road,
Hath slept since noon-tide on the grassy
ground,
Ye Genii! to his covert speed;
And wake him with such gentle heed
As may attune his soul to meet the dower
Bestowed on this transcendent hour!

IV

Such hues from their celestial Urn
Were wont to stream before mine eye,
Where'er it wandered in the morn
Of blissful infancy.

¹ See Note.

This glimpse of glory, why renewed?
 Nay, rather speak with gratitude;
 For, if a vestige of those gleams
 Survived, 'twas only in my dreams.
 Dread Power! whom peace and calmness
 serve

No less than Nature's threatening voice,
 If aught unworthy be my choice,
 From THEE if I would swerve;
 Oh, let thy grace remind me of the light
 Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored;
 Which, at this moment, on my waking
 sight

Appears to shine, by miracle restored;
 My soul, though yet confined to earth,
 Rejoices in a second birth!
 —'Tis past, the visionary splendour fades;
 And night approaches with her shades.

1818.

NOTE.—The multiplication of mountain-ridges, described at the commencement of the third Stanza of this Ode, as a kind of Jacob's Ladder, leading to Heaven, is produced either by watery vapours, or sunny haze;—in the present instance by the latter cause. Allusions to the Ode, entitled "Intimations of Immortality," pervade the last stanza of the foregoing Poem.

COMPOSED DURING A STORM

Written in Rydal Woods, by the side of a torrent.

ONE who was suffering tumult in his soul,
 Yet failed to seek the sure relief of prayer,
 Went forth—his course surrendering to the
 care

Of the fierce wind, while mid-day lightnings
 prowl

Insidiously, untimely thunders growl;
 While trees, dim-seen, in frenzied numbers,
 tear

The lingering remnant of their yellow hair,
 And shivering wolves, surprised with dark-
 ness, howl

As if the sun were not. He raised his eye
 Soul-smitten; for, that instant, did appear
 Large space ('mid dreadful clouds) of purest
 sky,

An azure disc—shield of Tranquillity;

Invisible, unlooked-for, minister

Of providential goodness ever nigh!

1819.

THIS, AND THE TWO FOLLOW-
 ING, WERE SUGGESTED BY MR.
 W. WESTALL'S VIEWS OF THE
 CAVES, ETC., IN YORKSHIRE

PURE element of waters! wheresoe'er
 Thou dost forsake thy subterranean haunts,
 Green herbs, bright flowers, and berry-
 bearing plants,

Rise into life and in thy train appear:
 And, through the sunny portion of the
 year,

Swift insects shine, thy hovering pursui-
 vants:

And, if thy bounty fail, the forest pants;
 And hart and hind and hunter with his
 spear,

Language and droop together. Nor unfelt
 In man's perturbed soul thy sway benign;
 And, haply, far within the marble belt
 Of central earth, where tortured Spirits
 pine

For grace and goodness lost, thy murmurs
 melt

Their anguish,—and they blend sweet
 songs with thine.¹ 1819.

MALHAM COVE

WAS the aim frustrated by force or guile,
 When giants scooped from out the rocky
 ground,

Tier under tier, this semicirque profound?
 (Giants—the same who built in Erin's isle
 That Causeway with incomparable toil!)

Oh, had this vast theatric structure wound
 With finished sweep into a perfect round,
 No mightier work had gained the plausible
 smile

Of all-beholding Phœbus! But, alas,
 Vain earth! false world! Foundations
 must be laid

In Heaven; for, 'mid the wreck of is and
 was,

Things incomplete and purposes betrayed
 Make sadder transits o'er thought's optic
 glass

Than noblest objects utterly decayed.

1819.

¹ Waters (as Mr. Westall informs us in the letterpress prefixed to his admirable views) are invariably found to flow through these caverns.

GORDALE

At early dawn, or rather when the air
Glimmers with fading light, and shadowy
Eve

Is busiest to confer and to bereave;
Then, pensive Votary! let thy feet repair
To Gordale-chasm, terrific as the lair
Where the young lions couch; for so, by
leave

Of the propitious hour, thou may'st perceive

The local Deity, with oozy hair
And mineral crown, beside his jagged urn,
Recumbent: Him thou may'st behold, who
hides

His lineaments by day, yet there presides,
Teaching the docile waters how to turn,
Or (if need be) impediment to spurn,
And force their passage to the salt-sea
tides! 1819.

“AERIAL ROCK—WHOSE
SOLITARY BROW”

A projecting point of Loughrigg, nearly in
front of Rydal Mount. Thence looking at it,
you are struck with the boldness of its aspect;
but walking under it, you admire the beauty of
its details. It is vulgarly called Holme-scar,
probably from the insulated pasture by the
waterside below it.

AERIAL Rock—whose solitary brow
From this low threshold daily meets my
sight;

When I step forth to hail the morning light;
Or quit the stars with a lingering farewell
—how

Shall Fancy pay to thee a grateful vow?
How, with the Muse's aid, her love attest?
—By planting on thy naked head the crest
Of an imperial Castle, which the plough
Of ruin shall not touch. Innocent scheme!
That doth presume no more than to supply
A grace the sinuous vale and roaring
stream

Want, through neglect of hoar Antiquity.
Rise, then, ye votive Towers! and catch a
gleam

Of golden sunset, ere it fade and die.

1819.

THE WILD DUCK'S NEST

I observed this beautiful nest on the largest
island of Rydal Water.

THE imperial Consort of the Fairy-king
Owns not a sylvan bower; or gorgeous cell
With emerald floored, and with purpleal
shell

Ceilinged and roofed; that is so fair a
thing

As this low structure, for the tasks of
Spring,

Prepared by one who loves the buoyant
swell

Of the brisk waves, yet here consents to
dwell;

And spreads in steadfast peace her brood-
ing wing.

Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing yew-
tree bough,

And dimly-gleaming Nest,—a hollow crown
Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,
Fine as the mother's softest plumes allow:
I gazed—and, self-accused while gazing,
sighed

For human-kind, weak slaves of cumbrous
pride! 1819.

WRITTEN UPON A BLANK LEAF
IN “THE COMPLETE ANGLER.”

WHILE flowing rivers yield a blameless sport,
Shall live the name of Walton: Sage
benign!

Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and
line

Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
To reverend watching of each still report
That Nature utters from her rural shrine.
Meek, nobly versed in simple discipline,
He found the longest summer day too
short,

To his loved pastime given by sedgy Lee,
Or down the tempting maze of Shawford
brook—

Fairer than life itself, in this sweet Book,
The cowlslip-bank and shady willow-tree;
And the fresh meads—where flowed, from
every nook

Of his full bosom, gladsome Piety!

1819.

CAPTIVITY—MARY QUEEN OF
SCOTS

"As the cold aspect of a sunless way
Strikes through the Traveller's frame with
deadlier chill,

Oft as appears a grove, or obvious hill,
Glistening with unparticipated ray,
Or shining slope where he must never stray;
So joys, remembered without wish or will
Sharpen the keenest edge of present ill,—
On the crushed heart a heavier burthen lay.
Just Heaven, contract the compass of my
mind

To fit proportion with my altered state!
Quench those felicities whose light I find
Reflected in my bosom all too late!—
O be my spirit, like my thralldom, strait;
And, like mine eyes that stream with sorrow,
blind!" 1819.

TO A SNOWDROP

LONE Flower, hemmed in with snows and
white as they

But harder far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest. Though day by
day,

Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops,
waylay

The rising sun, and on the plains descend;
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend
Whose zeal outruns his promise! Blue-eyed
May

Shall soon behold this border thickly set
With bright jonquils, their odours lavishing
On the soft west-wind and his frolic peers;
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
Chaste Snowdrop, venturous harbinger of
Spring,

And pensive monitor of fleeting years!
1819.

ON SEEING A TUFT OF SNOW-
DROPS IN A STORM

WHEN haughty expectations prostrate lie,
And grandeur crouches like a guilty thing.
Oft shall the lowly weak, till nature bring
Mature release, in fair society
Survive, and Fortune's utmost anger try;

Like these frail snowdrops that together
cling,

And nod their helmets, smitten by the wing
Of many a furious whirl-blast sweeping by.
Observe the faithful flowers! if small to great
May lead the thoughts, thus struggling used
to stand

The Emathian phalanx, nobly obstinate;
And so the bright immortal Theban band,
Whom onset, fiercely urged at Jove's com-
mand,

Might overwhelm, but could not separate!
1819.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE VAL-
LEYS OF WESTMORELAND, ON
EASTER SUNDAY

WITH each recurrence of this glorious morn
That saw the Saviour in his human frame
Rise from the dead, erewhile the Cottage-
dame

Put on fresh raiment—till that hour un-
worn:

Domestic hands the home-bred wool had
shorn,

And she who span it culled the daintiest
fleece,

In thoughtful reverence to the Prince of
Peace,

Whose temples bled beneath the platted
thorn.

A blest estate when piety sublime
These humble props disdained not! O
green dales!

Sad may I be who heard your sabbath
chime

When Art's abused inventions were un-
known;

Kind Nature's various wealth was all your
own;

And benefits were weighed in Reason's
scales! 1819.

"GRIEF, THOU HAST LOST AN
EVER-READY FRIEND"

I could write a treatise of lamentation upon the
changes brought about among the cottages of
Westmoreland by the silence of the spinning-
wheel. During long winter nights and wet days,
the wheel upon which wool was spun gave em-
ployment to a great part of a family. The old

man, however infirm, was able to card the wool, as he sate in the corner by the fireside; and often, when a boy, have I admired the cylinders of carded wool which were softly laid upon each other by his side. Two wheels were often at work on the same floor; and others of the family, chiefly little children, were occupied in teasing and cleaning the wool to fit it for the hand of the carder. So that all, except the smallest infants, were contributing to mutual support. Such was the employment that prevailed in the pastoral vales. Where wool was not at hand, in the small rural towns, the wheel for spinning flax was almost in as constant use, if knitting was not preferred; which latter occupation has the advantage (in some cases disadvantage) that, not being of necessity stationary, it allowed of gossiping about from house to house, which good housewives reckoned an idle thing.

GRIEF, thou hast lost an ever-ready friend
Now that the cottage Spinning-wheel is
mute;

And Care—a comforter that best could suit
Her froward mood, and softliest reprehend;
And Love—a charmer's voice, that used to
lend,

More efficaciously than aught that flows
From harp or lute, kind influence to com-
pose

The throbbing pulse—else troubled without
end:

Even Joy could tell, Joy craving truce and
rest

From her own overflow, what power sedate
On those revolving motions did await
Assiduously—to soothe her aching breast;
And, to a point of just relief, abate
The mantling triumphs of a day too blest.

1819.

"I WATCH, AND LONG HAVE
WATCHED, WITH CALM REGRET"

Suggested in front of Rydal Mount, the rocky
parapet being the summit of Loughrigg Fell
opposite. Not once only, but a hundred times,
have the feelings of this Sonnet been awakened
by the same objects seen from the same place.

I WATCH, and long have watched, with
calm regret
Yon slowly-sinking star—immortal Sire
(So might he seem) of all the glittering
quire!

Blue ether still surrounds him—yet—and
yet;

But now the horizon's rocky parapet
Is reached, where, forfeiting his bright
attire,

He burns—transmuted to a dusky fire—
Then pays submissively the appointed debt
To the flying moments, and is seen no
more.

Angels and gods! We struggle with our
fate,

While health, power, glory, from their
height decline,

Depressed; and then extinguished; and
our state,

In this, how different, lost Star, from thine,
That no to-morrow shall our beams restore!

1819.

"I HEARD (ALAS! 'T WAS ONLY
IN A DREAM)"

I HEARD (alas! 'twas only in a dream)
Strains—which, as sage Antiquity believed,
By waking ears have sometimes been re-
ceived

Wafted adown the wind from lake or
stream;

A most melodious requiem, a supreme
And perfect harmony of notes, achieved
By a fair Swan on drowsy billows heaved,
O'er which her pinions shed a silver gleam.
For is she not the votary of Apollo?

And knows she not, singing as he inspires,
That bliss awaits her which the ungenial
Hollow¹

Of the dull earth partakes not, nor desires?
Mount, tuneful Bird, and join the immortal
quires!

She soared—and I awoke, struggling in
vain to follow.

1819.

THE HAUNTED TREE

TO ———

This tree grew in the park of Rydal, and I
have often listened to its creaking as described.

THOSE silver clouds collected round the sun
His mid-day warmth abate not, seeming
less

¹ See the Phædon of Plato, by which this
Sonnet was suggested.

To overshadow than multiply his beams
By soft reflection—grateful to the sky,
To rocks, fields, woods. Nor doth our
human sense

Ask, for its pleasure, screen or canopy
More ample than the time-dismantled Oak
Spreads o'er this tuft of heath, which now,
attired

In the whole fulness of its bloom, affords
Couch beautiful as e'er for earthly use
Was fashioned; whether, by the hand of
Art,

That eastern Sultan, amid flowers en-
wrought

On silken tissue, might diffuse his limbs
In languor; or, by Nature, for repose
Of panting Wood-nymph, wearied with the
chase.

O Lady! fairer in thy Poet's sight
Than fairest spiritual creature of the groves,
Approach;—and, thus invited, crown with
rest

The noon-tide hour: though truly some
there are

Whose footsteps superstitiously avoid
This venerable Tree; for, when the wind
Blows keenly, it sends forth a creaking
sound

(Above the general roar of woods and
crag)

Distinctly heard from far—a doleful note!
As if (so Grecian shepherds would have
deemed)

The Hamadryad, pent within, bewailed
Some bitter wrong. Nor is it unbelieved,
By ruder fancy, that a troubled ghost
Haunts the old trunk; lamenting deeds of
which

The flowery ground is conscious. But no
wind

Sweeps now along this elevated ridge;
Not even a zephyr stirs;—the obnoxious
Tree

Is mute; and, in his silence, would look
down,

O lovely Wanderer of the trackless hills,
On thy reclining form with more delight
Than his coevals in the sheltered vale
Seem to participate, the while they view
Their own far-stretching arms and leafy
heads

Vividly pictured in some glassy pool,
That, for a brief space, checks the hurrying
stream!

1819.

SEPTEMBER 1819

THE sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
Are hung, as if with golden shields,
Bright trophies of the sun!
Like a fair sister of the sky,
Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,
The mountains looking on.

And, sooth to say, yon vocal grove,
Albeit uninspired by love,
By love untaught to ring,
May well afford to mortal ear
An impulse more profoundly dear
Than music of the Spring.

For *that* from turbulence and heat
Proceeds, from some uneasy seat
In nature's struggling frame,
Some region of impatient life:
And jealousy, and quivering strife,
Therein a portion claim.

This, this is holy;—while I hear
These vespers of another year,
This hymn of thanks and praise,
My spirit seems to mount above
The anxieties of human love,
And earth's precarious days.

But list!—though winter storms be nigh,
Unchecked is that soft harmony:
There lives Who can provide
For all his creatures; and in Him,
Even like the radiant Seraphim,
These choristers confide.

UPON THE SAME OCCASION

DEPARTING summer hath assumed
An aspect tenderly illumed,
The gentlest look of spring;
That calls from yonder leafy shade
Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,
A timely carolling.

No faint and hesitating trill,
Such tribute as to winter chill
The lonely redbreast pays!
Clear, loud, and lively is the din,
From social warblers gathering in
Their harvest of sweet lays.

Nor doth the example fail to cheer
 Me, conscious that my leaf is sere,
 And yellow on the bough:—
 Fall, rosy garlands, from my head!
 Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed
 Around a younger brow!

Yet will I temperately rejoice;
 Wide is the range, and free the choice
 Of undiscordant themes;
 Which, haply, kindred souls may prize
 Not less than vernal ecstasies,
 And passion's feverish dreams.

For deathless powers to verse belong,
 And they like Demi-gods are strong
 On whom the Muses smile;
 But some their function have disclaimed,
 Best pleased with what is aptliest framed
 To enervate and defile.

Not such the initiatory strains
 Committed to the silent plains
 In Britain's earliest dawn:
 Trembled the groves, the stars grew pale,
 While all-too-daringly the veil
 Of nature was withdrawn!

Nor such the spirit-stirring note
 When the live chords Alcæus smote,
 Inflamed by sense of wrong;
 Woe! woe to Tyrants! from the lyre
 Broke threateningly, in sparkles dire
 Of fierce vindictive song.

And not unhallowed was the page
 By wingèd Love inscribed, to assuage
 The pangs of vain pursuit;
 Love listening while the Lesbian Maid
 With finest touch of passion swayed
 Her own Æolian lute.

O ye, who patiently explore
 The wreck of Herculean lore,
 What rapture! could ye seize
 Some Theban fragment, or unroll
 One precious, tender-hearted, scroll
 Of pure Simonides.

That were, indeed, a genuine birth
 Of poesy; a bursting forth
 Of genius from the dust:
 What Horace gloried to behold,
 What Maro loved, shall we enfold?
 Can haughty Time be just! 1819.

"THERE IS A LITTLE UNPRE- TENDING RILL"

This Rill trickles down the hill-side into Windermere, near Lowwood. My sister and I on our first visit together to this part of the country, walked from Kendal, and we rested to refresh ourselves by the side of the lake where the streamlet falls into it. This sonnet was written some years after in recollection of that happy ramble, that most happy day and hour.

THERE is a little unpretending Rill
 Of limpid water, humbler far than aught
 That ever among Men or Naiads sought
 Notice or name!—It quivers down the
 hill,
 Furrowing its shallow way with dubious
 will;
 Yet to my mind this scanty Stream is
 brought
 Oftener than Ganges or the Nile; a thought
 Of private recollection sweet and still!
 Months perish with their moons; year
 treads on year!
 But, faithful Emma! thou with me canst
 say
 That, while ten thousand pleasures dis-
 appear,
 And flies their memory fast almost as they;
 The immortal Spirit of one happy day
 Lingers beside that Rill, in vision clear.

1820.

COMPOSED ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM

DOGMATIC Teachers, of the snow-white
 fur!
 Ye wrangling Schoolmen, of the scarlet
 hood!
 Who, with a keenness not to be withstood,
 Press the point home, or falter and demur,
 Checked in your course by many a teasing
 burr;
 These natural council-seats your acrid blood
 Might cool;—and, as the Genius of the
 flood
 Stoops willingly to animate and spur
 Each lighter function slumbering in the
 brain,
 Yon eddying balls of foam, these arrowy
 gleams

That o'er the pavement of the surging
streams

Welter and flash, a synod might detain
With subtle speculations, haply vain,
But surely less so than your far-fetched
themes! 1820.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY (GEORGE THE THIRD)

WARD of the LAW!—dread Shadow of a
King!

Whose realm had dwindled to one stately
room;

Whose universe was gloom immersed in
gloom,

Darkness as thick as life o'er life could fling,
Save haply for some feeble glimmering
Of Faith and Hope—if thou, by nature's
doom,

Gently hast sunk into the quiet tomb,
Why should we bend in grief, to sorrow
cling,

When thankfulness were best?—Fresh-
flowing tears,

Or, where tears flow not, sigh succeeding
sigh,

Yield to such after-thought the sole reply
Which justly it can claim. The Nation
hears

In this deep knell, silent for threescore years,
An unexampled voice of awful memory!
1820.

"THE STARS ARE MANSIONS BUILT BY NATURE'S HAND"

THE stars are mansions built by Nature's
hand,

And, haply, there the spirits of the blest
Dwell, clothed in radiance, their immortal
vest;

Huge Ocean shows, within his yellow
strand,

A habitation marvellously planned,
For life to occupy in love and rest;
All that we see—is dome, or vault, or nest,
Or fortress, reared at Nature's sage com-
mand.

Glad thought for every season! but the
Spring

Gave it while cares were weighing on my
heart,

'Mid song of birds, and insects murmuring;
And while the youthful year's prolific art—
Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower—was
fashioning

Abodes where self-disturbance hath no part.
1820.

TO THE LADY MARY LOWTHER

With a selection from the Poems of Anne,
Countess of Winchilsea; and extracts of similar
character from other Writers; transcribed by a
female friend.

LADY! I rifled a Parnassian Cave
(But seldom trod) of mildly-gleaming ore;
And culled, from sundry beds, a lucid store
Of genuine crystals, pure as those that pave
The azure brooks, where Dian joys to lave
Her spotless limbs; and ventured to explore
Dim shades—for reliques, upon Lethe's
shore,

Cast up at random by the sullen wave.
To female hands the treasures were re-
signed;

And lo this Work!—a grotto bright and
clear

From stain or taint; in which thy blameless
mind

May feed on thoughts though pensive not
austere;

Or, if thy deeper spirit be inclined
To holy musing, it may enter her.

1820.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED THE PUBLICATION OF A CERTAIN POEM

See Milton's Sonnet, beginning, "A Book was
writ of late called 'Tetrachordon.'"

A BOOK came forth of late, called PETER
BELL;

Not negligent the style;—the matter?—
good

As aught that song records of Robin Hood;
Or Roy, renowned through many a Scottish
dell;

But some (who brook those hackneyed
themes full well,

Nor heat, at Tam o' Shanter's name, their
 blood)
 Waxed wroth, and with fowl claws, a harpy
 brood,
 On Bard and Hero clamorously fell.
 Heed not, wild Rover once through heath
 and glen,
 Who mad'st at length the better life thy
 choice,
 Heed not such onset ! nay, if praise of men
 To thee appear not an unmeaning voice,
 Lift up that grey-haired forehead, and
 rejoice
 In the just tribute of thy Poet's pen !
 1820.

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820

YE sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth !
 In whose collegiate shelter England's
 Flowers
 Expand, enjoying through their vernal
 hours
 The air of liberty, the light of truth ;
 Much have ye suffered from Time's gnaw-
 ing tooth :
 Yet, O ye spires of Oxford ! domes and
 towers !
 Gardens and groves ! your presence over-
 powers
 The soberness of reason ; till, in sooth,
 Transformed, and rushing on a bold ex-
 change,
 I slight my own beloved Cam, to range
 Where silver Isis leads my stripling feet ;
 Pace the long avenue, or glide adown
 The stream-like windings of that glorious
 street—
 An eager Novice robed in fluttering gown !

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820

SHAME on this faithless heart ! that could
 allow
 Such transport, though but for a moment's
 space ;
 Not while—to aid the spirit of the place—
 The crescent moon clove with its glittering
 prow
 The clouds, or night-bird sang from shady
 bough ;
 But in plain daylight :—She, too, at my side,
 Who, with her heart's experience satisfied,

Maintains inviolate its slightest vow !
 Sweet Fancy ! other gifts must I receive ;
 Proofs of a higher sovereignty I claim ;
 Take from *her* brow the withering flowers
 of eve,
 And to that brow life's morning wreath
 restore ;
 Let *her* be comprehended in the frame
 Of these illusions, or they please no more.

JUNE 1820

FAME tells of groves—from England far
 away—
 1 Groves that inspire the Nightingale to
 trill
 And modulate, with subtle reach of skill
 Elsewhere unmatched, her ever-varying lay ;
 Such bold report I venture to gainsay :
 For I have heard the quire of Richmond
 hill
 Chanting, with indefatigable bill,
 Strains that recalled to mind a distant day ;
 When, haply under shade of that same
 wood,
 And scarcely conscious of the dashing oars
 Plied steadily between those willowy shores
 The sweet-souled Poet of the Seasons
 stood—
 Listening, and listening long, in rapturous
 mood,
 Ye heavenly Birds ! to your Progenitors.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

1820

I set out in company with my Wife and Sister,
 and Mr. and Mrs. Monkhouse, then just married,
 and Miss Horrocks. These two ladies, sisters,
 we left at Berne, while Mr. Monkhouse took the
 opportunity of making an excursion with us
 among the Alps as far as Milan. Mr. H. C.
 Robinson joined us at Lucerne, and when this
 ramble was completed we rejoined at Geneva the
 two ladies we had left at Berne and proceeded to
 Paris, where Mr. Monkhouse and H. C. R. left
 us, and where we spent five weeks, of which
 there is not a record in these poems.

1 Wallachia is the country alluded to.

DEDICATION

(SENT WITH THESE POEMS, IN MS.,
TO ———)

DEAR Fellow-travellers! think not that the Muse,
To You presenting these memorial Lays,
Can hope the general eye thereon would gaze,
As on a mirror that gives back the hues
Of living Nature; no—though free to choose
The greenest bowers, the most inviting ways,
The fairest landscapes and the brightest days—
Her skill she tried with less ambitious views.
For You she wrought: Ye only can supply
The life, the truth, the beauty: she confides
In that enjoyment which with You abides,
Trusts to your love and vivid memory;
Thus far contented, that for You her verse
Shall lack not power the “meeting soul to pierce!”

W. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, *Nov.* 1821.

I

FISH-WOMEN—ON LANDING AT
CALAIS

’Tis said, fantastic ocean doth enfold
The likeness of whate’er on land is seen;
But, if the Nereid Sisters and their Queen,
Above whose heads the tide so long hath
rolled,
The Dames resemble whom we here behold,
How fearful were it down through opening
waves
To sink, and meet them in their fretted
caves,
Withered, grotesque, immeasurably old,
And shrill and fierce in accent!—Fear it
not:

For they Earth’s fairest daughters do excel;
Pure undecaying beauty is their lot;
Their voices into liquid music swell,
Thrilling each pearly cleft and sparry grot,
The undisturbed abodes where Sea-nymphs
dwell!¹

II

BRUGÈS¹

BRUGÈS I saw attired with golden light
(Streamed from the west) as with a robe of
power:
The splendour fled; and now the sunless
hour,

¹ See Note.

That, slowly making way for peaceful
night,

Best suits with fallen grandeur, to my sight
Offers the beauty, the magnificence,
And sober graces, left her for defence
Against the injuries of time, the spite
Of fortune, and the desolating storms
Of future war. Advance not—spare to
hide,

O gentle Power of darkness! these mild
hues;

Obscure not yet these silent avenues
Of stateliest architecture, where the Forms
Of nun-like females, with soft motion,
glide!

III

BRUGÈS

THE Spirit of Antiquity—enshrined
In sumptuous buildings, vocal in sweet
song,

In picture, speaking with heroic tongue,
And with devout solemnities entwined—
Mounts to the seat of grace within the
mind:

Hence Forms that glide with swan-like ease
along,

Hence motions, even amid the vulgar
throng,

To an harmonious decency confined:

As if the streets were consecrated ground,

The city one vast temple, dedicate

To mutual respect in thought and deed;

To leisure, to forbearances sedate;

To social cares from jarring passions
freed;

A deeper peace than that in deserts found!

IV

AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF
WATERLOO

A WINGÈD Goddess—clothed in vesture
wrought

Of rainbow colours; One whose port was
bold,

Whose overburthened hand could scarcely
hold

The glittering crowns and garlands which it
brought—

Hovered in air above the far-famed Spot.

She vanished; leaving prospect blank and
cold

Of wind-swept corn that wide around us
 rolled
 In dreary billows; wood, and meagre cot,
 And monuments that soon must disappear:
 Yet a dread local recompence we found;
 While glory seemed betrayed, while patriot-
 zeal
 Sank in our hearts, we felt as men *should*
 feel
 With such vast hoards of hidden carnage
 near,
 And horror breathing from the silent
 ground!

V

BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIEGE

The scenery on the Meuse pleases me more,
 upon the whole, than that of the Rhine, though
 the river itself is much inferior in grandeur. The
 rocks both in form and colour, especially between
 Namur and Liege, surpass any upon the Rhine,
 though they are in several places disfigured by
 quarries, whence stones were taken for the new
 fortifications. This is much to be regretted, for
 they are useless, and the scars will remain perhaps
 for thousands of years. A like injury to a still
 greater degree has been inflicted, in my memory,
 upon the beautiful rocks of Clifton on the banks
 of the Avon. There is probably in existence a
 very long letter of mine to Sir Uvedale Price, in
 which was given a description of the landscapes
 on the Meuse as compared with those on the
 Rhine.

Details in the spirit of these sonnets are given
 both in Mrs. Wordsworth's Journals and my
 Sister's, and the re-perusal of them has strengthened
 a wish long entertained that somebody would put
 together, as in one work, the notices contained in
 them, omitting particulars that were written down
 merely to aid our memory, and bringing the
 whole into as small a compass as is consistent
 with the general interests belonging to the scenes,
 circumstances, and objects touched on by each
 writer.

WHAT lovelier home could gentle Fancy
 choose?
 Is this the stream, whose cities, heights,
 and plains,
 War's favourite playground, are with crimson
 stains
 Familiar, as the Morn with pearly dew?
 The Morn, that now, along the silver
 MEUSE,

Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the
 swains
 To tend their silent boats and ringing
 wains,
 Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit
 bestrewn
 The ripening corn beneath it. As mine
 eyes
 Turn from the fortified and threatening
 hill,
 How sweet the prospect of yon watery
 glade,
 With its grey rocks clustering in pensive
 shade—
 That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise
 From the smooth meadow-ground, serene
 and still!

VI

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE

WAS it to disenchant, and to undo,
 That we approached the Seat of Charle-
 maine?
 To sweep from many an old romantic
 strain
 That faith which no devotion may renew!
 Why does this puny Church present to
 view
 Her feeble columns? and that scanty chair!
 This sword that one of our weak times
 might wear!
 Objects of false pretence, or meanly true!
 If from a traveller's fortune I might claim
 A palpable memorial of that day,
 Then would I seek the Pyrenean Breach
 That ROLAND clove with huge two-handed
 sway,
 And to the enormous labour left his name,
 Where unremitting frosts the rocky crescent
 bleach.¹

VII

IN THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE

O FOR the help of Angels to complete
 This Temple—Angels governed by a plan
 Thus far pursued (how gloriously!) by
 Man,
 Studious that HE might not disdain the
 seat
 Who dwells in heaven! But that aspiring
 heat

¹ See Note.

Hath failed; and now, ye Powers! whose
gorgeous wings
And splendid aspect yon emblazonings
But faintly picture, 'twere an office meet
For you, on these unfinished shafts to try
The midnight virtues of your harmony:—
This vast design might tempt you to repeat
Strains that call forth upon empyreal
ground
Immortal Fabrics, rising to the sound
Of penetrating harps and voices sweet!

VIII

IN A CARRIAGE, UPON THE BANKS
OF THE RHINE

AMID this dance of objects sadness steals
O'er the defrauded heart—while sweeping
by,
As in a fit of Thespian jollity,
Beneath her vine-leaf crown the green
Earth reels:
Backward, in rapid evanescence, wheels
The venerable pageantry of Time,
Each beetling rampart, and each tower
sublime,
And what the Dell unwillingly reveals
Of lurking cloistral arch, through trees
espied
Near the bright River's edge. Yet why
repine?
To muse, to creep, to halt at will, to gaze—
Such sweet wayfaring —of life's spring the
pride,
Her summer's faithful joy—*that* still is
mine,
And in fit measure cheers autumnal days.

IX

HYMN

FOR THE BOATMEN, AS THEY APPROACH
THE RAPIDS UNDER THE CASTLE OF
HEIDELBERG

JESU! bless our slender Boat,
By the current swept along;
Loud its threatenings—let them not
Drown the music of a song

Breathed thy mercy to implore,
Where these troubled waters roar!

Saviour, for our warning, seen
Bleeding on that precious Rood;
If, while through the meadows green
Gently wound the peaceful flood,
We forgot Thee, do not Thou
Disregard thy Suppliants now!

Hither, like yon ancient Tower
Watching o'er the River's bed,
Fling the shadow of thy power,
Else we sleep among the dead;
Thou who trod'st the billowy sea,
Shield us in our jeopardy!

Guide our Bark among the waves;
Through the rocks our passage smooth;
Where the whirlpool frets and raves
Let thy love its anger soothe:
All our hope is placed in Thee;
*Miserere Domine!*¹

X

THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE

NOT, like his great Compeers, indignantly
Doth DANUBE spring to life!¹ The wander-
ing Stream
(Who loves the Cross, yet to the Crescent's
gleam
Unfolds a willing breast) with infant glee
Slips from his prison walls: and Fancy,
free
To follow in his track of silver light,
Mounts on rapt wing, and with a moment's
flight
Hath reached the encincture of that gloomy
sea
Whose waves the Orphean lyre forbade to
meet
In conflict; whose rough winds forgot
their jars
To waft the heroic progeny of Greece;
When the first Ship sailed for the Golden
Fleece—
ARGO—exalted for that daring feat
To fix in heaven her shape distinct with
stars.

¹ See Note.

XI

ON APPROACHING THE STAUB-BACH,
LAUTERBRUNNEN

UTTERED by whom, or how inspired—
designed

For what strange service, does this concert
reach

Our ears, and near the dwellings of man-
kind!

'Mid fields familiarized to human speech?—
No Mermaid's warble—to allay the wind
Driving some vessel toward a dangerous
beach—

More thrilling melodies; Witch answering
Witch,

To chant a love-spell, never intertwined
Notes shrill and wild with art more musi-
cal:

Alas! that from the lips of abject Want
Or Idleness in tatters mendicant
The strain should flow—free Fancy to en-
thrall,

And with regret and useless pity haunt
This bold, this bright, this sky-born,
WATERFALL!¹

XII

THE FALL OF THE AAR—HANDEC

FROM the fierce aspect of this River,
throwing

His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,
Back in astonishment and fear we shrink:
But, gradually a calmer look bestowing,
Flowers we espy beside the torrent grow-
ing;

Flowers that peep forth from many a cleft
and chink,

And, from the whirlwind of his anger,
drink

Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blowing:
They suck—from breath that, threatening
to destroy,

Is more benignant than the dewy eve—
Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy:
Nor doubt but HE to whom yon Pine-trees
nod

Their heads in sign of worship, Nature's
God,

These humbler adorations will receive.

¹ See Note.

XIII

MEMORIAL

NEAR THE OUTLET OF THE LAKE OF
THUN

"DEM
ANDENKEN
MEINES FREUNDES
ALOYS REDING
MDCCCXVIII."

Aloys Reding, it will be remembered, was
Captain-General of the Swiss forces, which, with
a courage and perseverance worthy of the cause,
opposed the flagitious and too successful attempt
of Buonaparte to subjugate their country.

AROUND a wild and woody hill
A gravelled pathway treading,
We reached a votive Stone that bears
The name of Aloys Reding.

Well judged the Friend who placed it there
For silence and protection;
And haply with a finer care
Of dutiful affection.

The Sun regards it from the West;
And, while in summer glory
He sets, his sinking yields a type
Of that pathetic story:

And oft he tempts the patriot Swiss
Amid the grove to linger;
Till all is dim, save this bright Stone
Touched by his golden finger.

XIV

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE CATHOLIC
CANTONS

DOOMED as we are our native dust
To wet with many a bitter shower,
It ill befits us to disdain
The altar, to deride the fane,
Where simple Sufferers bend, in trust
To win a happier hour.

I love, where spreads the village lawn,
Upon some knee-worn cell to gaze:
Hail to the firm unmoving cross,
Aloft, where pines their branches toss!
And to the chapel far withdrawn,
That lurks by lonely ways!

Where'er we roam—along the brink
Of Rhine—or by the sweeping Po,
'Through Alpine vale, or champain wide,
Whate'er we look on, at our side
Be Charity!—to bid us think,
And feel, if we would know.

XV

AFTER-THOUGHT

O LIFE! without thy chequered scene
Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,
Success and failure, could a ground
For magnanimity be found;
For faith, 'mid ruined hopes, serene?
Or whence could virtue flow?

Pain entered through a ghastly breach—
Nor while sin lasts must effort cease;
Heaven upon earth's an empty boast;
But, for the bowers of Eden lost,
Mercy has placed within our reach
A portion of God's peace.

XVI

SCENE ON THE LAKE OF BRIENTZ

"WHAT know we of the Blest above
But that they sing and that they love?"
Yet, if they ever did inspire
A mortal hymn, or shaped the choir,
Now, where those harvest Damsels float
Homeward in their rugged Boat,
(While all the ruffling winds are fled—
Each slumbering on some mountain's head)
Now, surely, hath that gracious aid
Been felt, that influence is displayed.
Pupils of Heaven, in order stand
The rustic Maidens, every hand
Upon a Sister's shoulder laid,—
To chant, as glides the boat along,
A simple, but a touching, song;
To chant, as Angels do above,
The melodies of Peace in love!

XVII

ENGELBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS¹

FOR gentlest uses, oft-times Nature takes
The work of God from her willing hands;

¹ See Note.

And such a beautiful creation makes
As renders needless spells and magic wands,
And for the boldest tale belief commands.
When first mine eyes beheld that famous
Hill,

The sacred ENGELBERG, celestial Bands,
With intermingling motions soft and still,
Hung round its top, on wings that changed
their hues at will.

Clouds do not name those Visitants; they
were

The very Angels whose authentic lays,
Sung from that heavenly ground in middle
air,

Made known the spot where piety should
raise

A holy Structure to the Almighty's praise.
Resplendent Apparition! if in vain
My ears did listen, 'twas enough to gaze;
And watch the slow departure of the train,
Whose skirts the glowing Mountain thirsted
to detain.

XVIII

OUR LADY OF THE SNOW

MEEK Virgin Mother, more benign
Than fairest Star, upon the height
Of thy own mountain,² set to keep
Lone vigils through the hours of sleep,
What eye can look upon thy shrine
Untroubled at the sight?

These crowded offerings as they hang
In sign of misery relieved,
Even these, without intent of theirs,
Report of comfortless despairs,
Of many a deep and cureless pang
And confidence deceived.

To Thee, in this aerial cleft,
As to a common centre, tend
All sufferers that no more rely
On mortal succour—all who sigh
And pine, of human hope bereft,
Nor wish for earthly friend.

And hence, O Virgin Mother mild!
Though plenteous flowers around thee blow
Not only from the dreary strife
Of Winter, but the storms of life,

² Mount Righi.

Thee have thy Votaries aptly styled,
OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

Even for the Man who stops not here,
But down the irriguous valley hies,
Thy very name, O Lady! flings,
O'er blooming fields and gushing springs,
A tender sense of shadowy fear,
And chastening sympathies!

Nor falls that intermingling shade
To summer-gladness unkind:
It chastens only to requite
With gleams of fresher, purer, light;
While, o'er the flower-enamelled glade,
More sweetly breathes the wind.

But on!—a tempting downward way,
A verdant path before us lies;
Clear shines the glorious sun above;
Then give free course to joy and love,
Deeming the evil of the day
Sufficient for the wise.

XIX

EFFUSION

IN PRESENCE OF THE PAINTED TOWER OF
TELL, AT ALTORF

This Tower stands upon the spot where grew
the Linden Tree against which his Son is said to
have been placed, when the Father's archery was
put to proof under circumstances so famous in
Swiss Story.

WHAT though the Italian pencil wrought
not here,

Nor such fine skill as did the meed bestow
On Marathonian valour, yet the tear
Springs forth in presence of this gaudy show,
While narrow cares their limits overflow.
Thrice happy, burghers, peasants, warriors
old,

Infants in arms, and ye, that as ye go
Homeward or schoolward, ape what ye
behold!

Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy
bold!

And when that calm Spectatress from on
high

Looks down—the bright and solitary Moon,
Who never gazes but to beautify;

And snow-fed torrents, which the blaze of
noon

Roused into fury, murmur a soft tune
That fosters peace, and gentleness recalls;
Then might the passing Monk receive a
boon

Of saintly pleasure from these pictured
walls,

While, on the warlike groups, the mellow-
ing lustre falls.

How blest the souls who when their trials
come

Yield not to terror or despondency,
But face like that sweet Boy their mortal
doom,

Whose head the ruddy apple tops, while he
Expectant stands beneath the linden tree:
He quakes not like the timid forest game,
But smiles—the hesitating shaft to free;
Assured that Heaven its justice will proclaim,
And to his Father give its own unerring aim.

XX

THE TOWN OF SCHWYTZ

By antique Fancy trimmed—though lowly,
bred

To dignity—in thee, O SCHWYTZ! are seen
The genuine features of the golden mean;
Equality by Prudence governed,
Or jealous Nature ruling in her stead;
And, therefore, art thou blest with peace,
serene

As that of the sweet fields and meadows
green

In unambitious compass round thee spread.
Majestic BERNE, high on her guardian
steep,

Holding a central station of command,
Might well be styled this noble body's
HEAD;

Thou, lodged 'mid mountainous entrench-
ments deep,

Its HEART; and ever may the heroic Land
Thy name, O SCHWYTZ, in happy freedom
keep!¹

¹ Nearly 500 years (says Ebel, speaking of the French Invasion) had elapsed, when, for the first time, foreign soldiers were seen upon the frontiers of this small Canton, to impose upon it the laws of their governors.

XXI

ON HEARING THE "RANZ DES
VACHES" ON THE TOP OF THE
PASS OF ST. GOTHARD

I LISTEN—but no faculty of mine
 Avails those modulations to detect,
 Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss
 affect
 With tenderest passion; leaving him to
 pine
 (So fame reports) and die,—his sweet-
 breathed kine
 Remembering, and green Alpine pastures
 decked
 With vernal flowers. Yet may we not reject
 The tale as fabulous.—Here while I recline,
 Mindful how others by this simple Strain
 Are moved, for me—upon this Mountain
 named
 Of God himself from dread pre-eminence—
 Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaimed,
 Yield to the Music's touching influence;
 And joys of distant home my heart enchain.

XXII

FORT FUENTES

The Ruins of Fort Fuentes form the crest of a rocky eminence that rises from the plain at the head of the Lake of Como, commanding views up the Valteline, and toward the town of Chiavenna. The prospect in the latter direction is characterised by melancholy sublimity. We rejoiced at being favoured with a distinct view of those Alpine heights; not, as we had expected from the breaking up of the storm, steeped in celestial glory, yet in communion with clouds floating or stationary—scatterings from heaven. The Ruin is interesting both in mass and in detail. An Inscription, upon elaborately sculptured marble lying on the ground, records that the Fort had been erected by Count Fuentes in the year 1600, during the reign of Philip the Third; and the Chapel, about twenty years after, by one of his Descendants. Marble pillars of gateways are yet standing, and a considerable part of the Chapel walls: a smooth green turf has taken place of the pavement, and we could see no trace of altar or image; but everywhere something to remind one of former splendour, and of devastation and tumult. In our ascent we had passed abundance of wild vines intermingled with bushes: near the ruins were some ill tended, but

growing willingly; and rock, turf, and fragments of the pile, are alike covered or adorned with a variety of flowers, among which the rose-coloured pink was growing in great beauty. While descending, we discovered on the ground, apart from the path, and at a considerable distance from the ruined Chapel, a statue of a Child in pure white marble, uninjured by the explosion that had driven it so far down the hill. "How little," we exclaimed, "are these things valued here! Could we but transport this pretty Image to our own garden!"—Yet it seemed it would have been a pity any one should remove it from its couch in the wilderness, which may be its own for hundreds of years.—*Extract from Journal.*

DREAD hour! when, upheaved by war's
 sulphurous blast,
 This sweet-visaged Cherub of Parian
 stone
 So far from the holy enclosure was cast,
 To couch in this thicket of brambles
 alone,

To rest where the lizard may bask in the
 palm
 Of his half-open hand pure from blemish
 or speck;
 And the green, gilded snake, without
 troubling the calm
 Of the beautiful countenance, twine
 round his neck;

Where haply (kind service to Piety due!)
 When winter the grove of its mantle
 bereaves,
 Some bird (like our own honoured red-
 breast) may strew
 The desolate Slumberer with moss and
 with leaves.

FUENTES once harboured the good and the
 brave,
 Nor to her was the dance of soft pleasure
 unknown;
 Her banners for festal enjoyment did wave
 While the thrill of her fifes thro' the
 mountains was blown:

Now gads the wild vine o'er the pathless
 ascent;—
 O silence of Nature, how deep is thy sway,
 When the whirlwind of human destruction
 is spent,
 Our tumults appeased, and our strifes
 passed away!

XXIII

THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR

SEEN FROM THE LAKE OF LUGANO

This Church was almost destroyed by lightning a few years ago, but the altar and the image of the Patron Saint were untouched. The Mount, upon the summit of which the Church is built, stands amid the intricacies of the Lake of Lugano; and is, from a hundred points of view, its principal ornament, rising to the height of 2000 feet, and on one side nearly perpendicular. The ascent is toilsome; but the traveller who performs it will be amply rewarded. Splendid fertility, rich woods and dazzling waters, seclusion and confinement of view contrasted with sealike extent of plain fading into the sky; and this again, in an opposite quarter, with an horizon of the loftiest and boldest Alps—unite in composing a prospect more diversified by magnificence, beauty, and sublimity, than perhaps any other point in Europe, of so inconsiderable an elevation, commands.

THOU sacred Pile! whose turrets rise
From yon steep mountain's loftiest stage,
Guarded by lone San Salvador;
Sink (if thou must) as heretofore,
To sulphurous bolts a sacrifice,
But ne'er to human rage!

On Horeb's top, on Sinai, deigned
To rest the universal Lord:
Why leap the fountains from their cells
Where everlasting Bounty dwells?—
That, while the Creature is sustained,
His God may be adored.

Cliffs, fountains, rivers, seasons, times—
Let all remind the soul of heaven;
Our slack devotion needs them all;
And Faith—so oft of sense the thrall,
While she, by aid of Nature, climbs—
May hope to be forgiven.

Glory, and patriotic Love,
And all the Poms of this frail "spot
Which men call Earth," have yearned to
seek,
Associate with the simply meek,
Religion in the sainted grove,
And in the hallowed grot.

Thither, in time of adverse shocks,
Of fainting hopes and backward wills,

Did mighty Tell repair of old—
A Hero cast in Nature's mould,
Deliverer of the stedfast rocks
And of the ancient hills!

He, too, of battle-martyrs chief!
Who, to recall his daunted peers,
For victory shaped an open space,
By gathering with a wide embrace,
Into his single breast, a sheaf
Of fatal Austrian spears.¹

XXIV

THE ITALIAN ITINERANT AND THE
SWISS GOATHERD.

PART I

I

Now that the farewell tear is dried,
Heaven prosper thee, be hope thy guide
Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy;
The wages of thy travel, joy!
Whether for London bound—to trill
Thy mountain notes with simple skill;
Or on thy head to poise a show
Of Images in seemly row;
The graceful form of milk-white Steed,
Or Bird that soared with Ganymede;
Or through our hamlets thou wilt bear
The sightless Milton, with his hair
Around his placid temples curled;
And Shakspeare at his side—a freight,
If clay could think and mind were weight,
For him who bore the world!
Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy;
The wages of thy travel, joy!

II

But thou, perhaps, (alert as free
Though serving sage philosophy)
Wilt ramble over hill and dale,
A Vender of the well-wrought Scale,
Whose sentient tube instructs to time
A purpose to a fickle clime:
Whether thou choose this useful part,
Or minister to finer art,

¹ Arnold Winkelried, at the battle of Sempach, broke an Austrian phalanx in this manner. The event is one of the most famous in the annals of Swiss heroism; and pictures and prints of it are frequent throughout the country.

Though robbed of many a cherished dream,
 And crossed by many a shattered scheme,
 What stirring wonders wilt thou see
 In the proud Isle of liberty !
 Yet will the Wanderer sometimes pine
 With thoughts which no delights can chase,
 Recall a Sister's last embrace,
 His Mother's neck entwine ;
 Nor shall forget the Maiden coy
 That *would* have loved the bright-haired
 Boy !

III

My Song, encouraged by the grace
 That beams from his ingenuous face,
 For this Adventurer scruples not
 To prophesy a golden lot ;
 Due recompence, and safe return
 To Como's steeps—his happy bourne !
 Where he, aloft in garden glade,
 Shall tend, with his own dark-eyed Maid,
 The towering maize, and prop the twig
 That ill supports the luscious fig ;
 Or feed his eye in paths sun-proof
 With purple of the trellis-roof,
 That through the jealous leaves escapes
 From Cadenabbia's pendent grapes.
 —Oh might he tempt that Goatherd-child
 To share his wanderings ! him whose look
 Even yet my heart can scarcely brook,
 So touchingly he smiled—
 As with a rapture caught from heaven—
 For unasked alms in pity given.

PART II

I

WITH nodding plumes, and lightly drest
 Like foresters in leaf-green vest,
 The Helvetian Mountaineers, on ground
 For Tell's dread archery renowned,
 Before the target stood—to claim
 The guerdon of the steadiest aim.
 Loud was the rifle-gun's report—
 A startling thunder quick and short !
 But, flying through the heights around,
 Echo prolonged a tell-tale sound
 Of hearts and hands alike "prepared
 The treasures they enjoy to guard !"
 And, if there be a favoured hour
 When Heroes are allowed to quit
 The tomb, and on the clouds to sit
 With tutelary power,

On their Descendants shedding grace—
 This was the hour, and that the place.

II

But Truth inspired the Bards of old
 When of an iron age they told,
 Which to unequal laws gave birth,
 And drove Astræa from the earth.
 —A gentle Boy (perchance with blood
 As noble as the best endued,
 But seemingly a Thing despised ;
 Even by the sun and air unpriized ;
 For not a tinge or flowery streak
 Appeared upon his tender cheek)
 Heart-deaf to those rebounding notes,
 Apart, beside his silent goats,
 Sate watching in a forest shed,
 Pale, ragged, with bare feet and head ;
 Mute as the snow upon the hill,
 And, as the saint he prays to, still.
 Ah, what avails heroic deed ?
 What liberty ? if no defence
 Be won for feeble Innocence.
 Father of all ! though wilful Manhood read
 His punishment in soul-distress,
 Grant to the morn of life its natural blessed-
 ness !

XXV

THE LAST SUPPER

BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, IN THE REFEC-
 TORY OF THE CONVENT OF MARIA
 DELLA GRAZIA—MILAN¹

THO' searching damps and many an envious
 flaw
 Have marred this Work ; the calm ethereal
 grace,
 The love deep-seated in the Saviour's face,
 The mercy, goodness, have not failed to awe
 The Elements ; as they do melt and thaw
 The heart of the Beholder—and erase
 (At least for one rapt moment) every trace
 Of disobedience to the primal law.
 The annunciation of the dreadful truth
 Made to the Twelve, survives : lip, forehead,
 cheek,
 And hand reposing on the board in ruth
 Of what it utters, while the unguilty seek
 Unquestionable meanings—still bespeak
 A labour worthy of eternal youth !

¹ See Note.

XXVI

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, 1820

HIGH on her speculative tower
 Stood Science waiting for the hour
 When Sol was destined to endure
That darkening of his radiant face
 Which Superstition strove to chase,
 Erewhile, with rites impure.

Afloat beneath Italian skies,
 Through regions fair as Paradise
 We gaily passed,—till Nature wrought
 A silent and unlooked-for change,
 That checked the desultory range
 Of joy and sprightly thought.

Where'er was dipped the toiling oar,
 The waves danced round us as before,
 As lightly, though of altered hue,
 'Mid recent coolness, such as falls
 At noontide from umbrageous walls
 That screen the morning dew.

No vapour stretched its wings; no cloud
 Cast far or near a murky shroud;
 The sky an azure field displayed;
 'Twas sunlight sheathed and gently charmed,
 Of all its sparkling rays disarmed,
 And as in slumber laid,—

Or something night and day between,
 Like moonshine—but the hue was green;
 Still moonshine, without shadow, spread
 On jutting rock, and curvèd shore,
 Where gazed the peasant from his door
 And on the mountain's head.

It tinged the Julian steeps—it lay,
 Lugano! on thy ample bay;
 The solemnizing veil was drawn
 O'er villas, terraces, and towers;
 To Albogasio's olive bowers,
 Porlezza's verdant lawn.

But Fancy with the speed of fire
 Hath passed to Milan's loftiest spire,
 And there alights 'mid that ærial host
 Of Figures human and divine,¹
 White as the snows of Apennine
 Indurated by frost.

¹ See Note.

Awe-stricken she beholds the array
 That guards the Temple night and day;
 Angels she sees—that might from heaven
 have flown,
 And Virgin-saints, who not in vain
 Have striven by purity to gain
 The beatific crown—

Sees long-drawn files, concentric rings
 Each narrowing above each;—the wings,
 The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips
 The starry zone of sovereign height²—
 All steeped in this portentous light!
 All suffering dim eclipse!

Thus after Man had fallen (if aught
 These perishable spheres have wrought
 May with that issue be compared)
 Throngs of celestial visages,
 Darkening like water in the breeze,
 A holy sadness shared.

Lo! while I speak, the labouring Sun
 His glad deliverance has begun:
 The cypress waves her sombre plume
 More cheerily; and town and tower,
 The vineyard and the olive-bower,
 Their lustre re-assume!

O Ye, who guard and grace my home
 While in far-distant lands we roam,
 What countenance hath this Day put on
 for you?
 While we looked round with favoured eyes,
 Did sullen mists hide lake and skies
 And mountains from your view?

Or was it given you to behold
 Like vision, pensive though not cold,
 From the smooth breast of gay Winander—
 mere?
 Saw ye the soft yet awful veil
 Spread over Grasmere's lovely dale,
 Helvellyn's brow severe?

I ask in vain—and know far less
 If sickness, sorrow, or distress
 Have spared my Dwelling to this hour;
 Sad blindness! but ordained to prove
 Our faith in Heaven's unfailing love
 And all-controlling power.

² Above the highest circle of figures is a zone
 of metallic stars.

XXVII

THE THREE COTTAGE GIRLS

I

How blest the Maid whose heart—yet free
 From Love's uneasy sovereignty—
 Beats with a fancy running high,
 Her simple cares to magnify;
 Whom Labour, never urged to toil,
 Hath cherished on a healthful soil;
 Who knows not pomp, who heeds not pelf;
 Whose heaviest sin it is to look
 Askance upon her pretty Self
 Reflected in some crystal brook;
 Whom grief hath spared—who sheds no tear
 But in sweet pity; and can hear
 Another's praise from envy clear.

II

Such (but O lavish Nature! why
 That dark unfathomable eye,
 Where lurks a Spirit that replies
 To stillest mood of softest skies,
 Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,
 Another's first, and then her own?)
 Such, haply, yon ITALIAN Maid,
 Our Lady's laggard Votaress,
 Halting beneath the chestnut shade
 To accomplish there her loveliness:
 Nice aid maternal fingers lend;
 A Sister serves with slacker hand;
 Then, glittering like a star, she joins the
 festal band.

III

How blest (if truth may entertain
 Coy fancy with a bolder strain)
 The HELVETIAN Girl—who daily braves,
 In her light skiff, the tossing waves,
 And quits the bosom of the deep
 Only to climb the rugged steep!
 —Say whence that modulated shout!
 From Wood-nymph of Diana's throng?
 Or does the greeting to a rout
 Of giddy Bacchanals belong?
 Jubilant outcry! rock and glade
 Resounded—but the voice obeyed
 The breath of an Helvetian Maid.

IV

Her beauty dazzles the thick wood;
 Her courage animates the flood;

Her steps the elastic greensward meets
 Returning reluctant sweets;
 The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice
 Aloud, saluted by her voice!
 Blithe Paragon of Alpine grace,
 Be as thou art—for through thy veins
 The blood of Heroes runs its race!
 And nobly wilt thou brook the chains
 That, for the virtuous, Life prepares;
 The fetters which the Matron wears;
 The patriot Mother's weight of anxious
 cares!

V

I "Sweet HIGHLAND Girl! a very shower
 Of beauty was thy earthly dower,"
 When thou didst flit before mine eyes,
 Gay Vision under sullen skies,
 While Hope and Love around thee played,
 Near the rough falls of Inversneyd!
 Have they, who nursed the blossom, seen
 No breach of promise in the fruit?
 Was joy, in following joy, as keen
 As grief can be in grief's pursuit?
 When youth had flown did hope still bless
 Thy goings—or the cheerfulless
 Of innocence survive to mitigate distress?

VI

But from our course why turn—to tread
 A way with shadows overspread;
 Where what we gladliest would believe
 Is feared as what may most deceive?
 Bright Spirit, not with amaranth crowned
 But heath-bells from thy native ground,
 Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,
 Nor take one ray of light from Thee;
 For in my Fancy thou dost share
 The gift of immortality;
 And there shall bloom, with Thee allied,
 The Votaress by Lugano's side;
 And that intrepid Nymph, on Uri's steep
 descried!

XXVIII

THE COLUMN INTENDED BY BUONA-
 PARTE FOR A TRIUMPHAL EDIFICE
 IN MILAN, NOW LYING BY THE
 WAY-SIDE IN THE SIMPLON PASS

AMBITION—following down this far-famed
 slope

1 See address to a Highland Girl, p. 191.

Her Pioneer, the snow-dissolving Sun,
While clarions prate of kingdoms to be
won—

Perchance, in future ages, here may stop ;
Taught to mistrust her flattering horoscope
By admonition from this prostrate Stone !
Memento uninscribed of Pride o'erthrown ;
Vanity's hieroglyphic ; a choice trope
In Fortune's rhetoric. Daughter of the
Rock,

Rest where thy course was stayed by Power
divine !

The Soul transported sees, from hint of
thine,

Crimes which the great Avenger's hand
provoke,

Hears combats whistling o'er the ensanguined
heath :

What groans ! what shrieks ! what quietness
in death.

XXIX

STANZAS

COMPOSED IN THE SIMPLON PASS

VALLOMBROSA ! I longed in thy shadiest
wood

To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered
floor,

To listen to ANIO's precipitous flood,
When the stillness of evening hath deepened
its roar ;

To range through the Temples of PÆSTUM,
to muse

In POMPEII preserved by her burial in
earth ;

On pictures to gaze where they drank in
their hues ;

And murmur sweet songs on the ground of
their birth.

The beauty of Florence, the grandeur of
Rome,

Could I leave them unseen, and not yield
to regret ?

With a hope (and no more) for a season to
come,

Which ne'er may discharge the magnificent
debt ?

Thou fortunate Region ! whose Greatness
inured

Awoke to new life from its ashes and dust ;
Twice-glorified fields ! if in sadness I turned
From your infinite marvels, the sadness
was just.

Now, risen ere the light-footed Chamois
retires

From dew-sprinkled grass to heights
guarded with snow,

Toward the mists that hang over the land
of my Sires,

From the climate of myrtles contented I go.
My thoughts become bright like yon edging
of Pines

On the steep's lofty verge : how it blackened
the air !

But, touched from behind by the Sun, it
now shines

With threads that seem part of his own
silver hair.

Though the toil of the way with dear
Friends we divide,

Though by the same zephyr our temples
be fanned

As we rest in the cool orange-bower side
by side,

A yearning survives which few hearts shall
withstand :

Each step hath its value while homeward
we move ;—

O joy when the girdle of England appears !
What moment in life is so conscious of
love,

Of love in the heart made more happy by
tears ?

XXX

ECHO, UPON THE GEMMI

WHAT beast of chase hath broken from
the cover ?

Stern GEMMI listens to as full a cry,
As multitudinous a harmony

Of sounds as rang the heights of Latmos
over,

When, from the soft couch of her sleeping
Lover,

Up-starting, Cynthia skimmed the moun-
tain dew

In keen pursuit—and gave, where'er she
flew,

Impetuous motion to the Stars above her,
 A solitary Wolf-dog, ranging on
 Through the bleak concave, wakes this
 wondrous chime
 Of airy voices locked in unison,—
 Faint—far-off—near—deep—solemn and
 sublime !—
 So, from the body of one guilty deed,
 A thousand ghostly fears, and haunting
 thoughts, proceed !

XXXI

PROCESSIONS

SUGGESTED ON A SABBATH MORNING IN
THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY

To appease the Gods ; or public thanks to
 yield ;
 Or to solicit knowledge of events,
 Which in her breast Futurity concealed ;
 And that the past might have its true
 intent
 Feelingly told by living monuments—
 Mankind of yore were prompted to devise
 Rites such as yet Persepolis presents
 Graven on her cankered walls, solemnities
 That moved in long array before admiring
 eyes.

The Hebrews thus, carrying in joyful state
 Thick boughs of palm, and willows from
 the brook,
 Marched round the altar—to commemorate
 How, when their course they through the
 desert took,
 Guided by signs which ne'er the sky for-
 sook,
 They lodged in leafy tents and cabins low ;
 Green boughs were borne, while, for the
 blast that shook
 Down to the earth the walls of Jericho,
 Shouts rise, and storms of sound from
 lifted trumpets blow !

And thus, in order, 'mid the sacred grove
 Fed in the Libyan waste by gushing wells,
 The priests and damsels of Ammonian Jove
 Provoked responses with shrill canticles ;
 While, in a ship begirt with silver bells,
 They round his altar bore the hornèd God,
 Old Chani, the solar Deity, who dwells

Aloft, yet in a tilting vessel rode,
 When universal sea the mountains over-
 flowed.

Why speak of Roman Poms ? the haughty
 claims

Of Chiefs triumphant after ruthless wars ;
 The feast of Neptune—and the Cereal
 Games,

With images, and crowns, and empty cars ;
 The dancing Salli—on the shields of Mars
 Smiting with fury ; and a deeper dread
 Scattered on all sides by the hideous jars
 Of Corybantian cymbals, while the head
 Of Cybelè was seen, sublimely turreted !

At length a Spirit more subdued and soft
 Appeared.—to govern Christian pageantries:
 The Cross, in calm procession, borne aloft
 Moved to the chant of sober litanies.
 Even such, this day, came wafted on the
 breeze

From a long train—in hooded vestments
 fair

Enwrapt—and winding, between Alpine
 trees

Spiry and dark, around their House of
 prayer,

Below the icy bed of bright ARGENTIERE.

Still in the vivid freshness of a dream,
 The pageant haunts me as it met our
 eyes !

Still, with those white-robed Shapes—a
 living Stream,

The glacier Pillars join in solemn guise¹
 For the same service, by mysterious ties ;
 Numbers exceeding credible account
 Of number, pure and silent Votaries
 Issuing or issued from a wintry fount ;
 The impenetrable heart of that exalted
 Mount !

They, too, who send so far a holy gleam
 While they the Church engird with motion
 slow,

A product of that awful Mountain seem,
 Poured from his vaults of everlasting snow ;
 Not virgin lilies marshalled in bright row,
 Not swans descending with the stealthy
 tide,

A livelier sisterly resemblance show

¹ See Note.

Than the fair Forms, that in long order
glide,
Bear to the glacier band—those Shapes
aloft descried.
Trembling, I look upon the secret springs
Of that licentious craving in the mind
To act the God among external things,
To bind, on apt suggestion, or unbind;
And marvel not that antique Faith inclined
To crowd the world with metamorphosis,
Vouchsafed in pity or in wrath assigned;
Such insolent temptations wouldst thou
miss,
Avoid these sights; nor brood o'er Fable's
dark abyss!

XXXII

ELEGIAC STANZAS

The lamented Youth whose untimely death gave occasion to these elegiac verses, was Frederick William Goddard, from Boston in North America. He was in his twentieth year, and had resided for some time with a clergyman in the neighbourhood of Geneva for the completion of his education. Accompanied by a fellow-pupil, a native of Scotland, he had just set out on a Swiss tour when it was his misfortune to fall in with a Friend of mine who was hastening to join our party. The travellers, after spending a day together on the road from Berne and at Soleure, took leave of each other at night, the young men having intended to proceed directly to Zurich. But early in the morning my friend found his new acquaintances, who were informed of the object of his journey, and the friends he was in pursuit of, equipped to accompany him. We met at Lucerne the succeeding evening, and Mr. G. and his fellow-student became in consequence our travelling companions for a couple of days. We ascended the Righi together; and, after contemplating the sunrise from that noble mountain, we separated at an hour and on a spot well suited to the parting of those who were to meet no more. Our party descended through the valley of our Lady of the Snow, and our late companions, to Art. We had hoped to meet in a few weeks at Geneva; but on the third succeeding day (on the 21st of August) Mr. Goddard perished, being overset in a boat while crossing the lake of Zurich. His companion saved himself by swimming, and was hospitably received in the mansion of a Swiss gentleman (M. Keller) situated on the eastern coast of the lake. The corpse of poor Goddard was cast ashore on the estate of the same gentleman, who generously performed all the rites of

hospitality which could be rendered to the dead as well as to the living. He caused a handsome mural monument to be erected in the Church of Künsnacht, which records the premature fate of the young American, and on the shores too of the lake the traveller may read an inscription pointing out the spot where the body was deposited by the waves.

LULLED by the sound of pastoral bells,
Rude Nature's Pilgrims did we go,
From the dread summit of the Queen¹
Of mountains, through a deep ravine,
Where, in her holy chapel, dwells
"Our Lady of the Snow."

The sky was blue, the air was mild;
Free were the streams and green the
bowers;

As if, to rough assaults unknown,
The genial spot had *ever* shown
A countenance that as sweetly smiled—
The face of summer-hours.

And we were gay, our hearts at ease;
With pleasure dancing through the frame
We journeyed; all we knew of care—
Our path that straggled here and there;
Of trouble—but the fluttering breeze;
Of Winter—but a name.

If foresight could have rent the veil
Of three short days—but hush—no more!
Calm is the grave, and calmer none
Than that to which thy cares are gone,
Thou Victim of the stormy gale;
Asleep on ZURICH's shore!

O GODDARD! what art thou?—a name—
A sunbeam followed by a shade!
Nor more, for aught that time supplies,
The great, the experienced, and the wise:
Too much from this frail earth we claim,
And therefore are betrayed.

We met, while festive mirth ran wild,
Where, from a deep lake's mighty urn,
Forth slips, like an enfranchised slave,
A sea-green river, proud to lave,
With current swift and undefiled,
The towers of old LUCERNE.

We parted upon solemn ground
Far-lifted towards the unfading sky;

¹ Mount Righi—Regina Montium.

But all our thoughts were *then* of Earth,
That gives to common pleasures birth;
And nothing in our hearts we found
That prompted even a sigh.

Fetch, sympathising Powers of air,
Fetch, ye that post o'er seas and lands,
Herbs, moistened by Virginian dew,
A most untimely grave to strew,
Whose turf may never know the care
Of *kindred* human hands!

Beloved by every gentle Muse
He left his Transatlantic home:
Europe, a realised romance,
Had opened on his eager glance;
What present bliss!—what golden views!
What stores for years to come!

Though lodged within no vigorous frame,
His soul her daily tasks renewed,
Blithe as the lark on sun-gilt wings
High poised—or as the wren that sings
In shady places, to proclaim
Her modest gratitude,

Not vain is sadly-uttered praise;
The words of truth's memorial vow
Are sweet as morning fragrance shed
From flowers 'mid GOLDAU's ruins bred;
As evening's fondly-lingering rays,
On RIGHI's silent brow.

Lamented Youth! to thy cold clay
Fit obsequies the Stranger paid;
And piety shall guard the Stone
Which hath not left the spot unknown
Where the wild waves resigned their prey—
And *that* which marks thy bed.

And, when thy Mother weeps for Thee,
Lost Youth! a solitary Mother;
This tribute from a casual Friend
A not unwelcome aid may lend,
'To feed the tender luxury,
The rising pang to smother.¹

¹ The persuasion here expressed was not groundless. The first human consolation that the afflicted Mother felt, was derived from this tribute to her son's memory, a fact which the author learned, at his own residence, from her Daughter, who visited Europe some years afterwards.—Goldau is one of the villages desolated by the fall of part of the Mountain Rossberg.

XXXIII

SKY-PROSPECT—FROM THE PLAIN OF
FRANCE

Lo! in the burning west, the craggy nape
Of a proud Ararat! and, thereupon,
The Ark, her melancholy voyage done!
Yon rampant cloud mimics a lion's shape;
There, combats a huge crocodile—agape
A golden spear to swallow! and that brown
And massy grove, so near yon blazing town,
Stirs and recedes—destruction to escape!
Yet all is harmless—as the Elysian shades
Where Spirits dwell in undisturbed repose—
Silently disappears, or quickly fades:
Meek Nature's evening comment on the
shows

That for oblivion take their daily birth
From all the fuming vanities of Earth!

XXXIV

ON BEING STRANDED NEAR THE
HARBOUR OF BOULOGNE²

WHY cast ye back upon the Gallic shore,
Ye furious waves! a patriotic Son
Of England—who in hope her coast had
won,

His project crowned, his pleasant travel o'er?
Well—let him pace this noted beach once
more,

That gave the Roman his triumphal shells;
That saw the Corsican his cap and bells
Haughtily shake, a dreaming Conqueror!—
Enough: my Country's cliffs I can behold,
And proudly think, beside the chafing sea,
Of checked ambition, tyranny controlled,
And folly cursed with endless memory:
These local recollections ne'er can cloy;
Such ground I from my very heart enjoy!

XXXV

AFTER LANDING—THE VALLEY OF
DOVER

Nov. 1820

WHERE be the noisy followers of the game
Which faction breeds; the turmoil where?
that passed

² See Note.

Through Europe, echoing from the news-
man's blast,
And filled our hearts with grief for Eng-
land's shame.

Peace greets us;—rambling on without an
aim

We mark majestic herds of cattle, free
To ruminate,¹ couched on the grassy lea;
And hear far-off the mellow horn proclaim
The Season's harmless pastime. Ruder
sound

Stirs not; enrapt I gaze with strange
delight,

While consciousness, not to be disowned,
Here only serve a feeling to invite
That lifts the spirit to a calmer height,
And makes this rural stillness more pro-
found.

XXXVI

AT DOVER

For the impressions on which this sonnet turns,
I am indebted to the experience of my daughter,
during her residence at Dover with our dear
friend, Miss Fenwick.

FROM the Pier's head, musing, and with
increase

Of wonder, I have watched this sea-side
Town,

Under the white cliff's battlemented crown,
Hushed to a depth of more than Sabbath
peace:

The streets and quays are thronged, but
why disown

Their natural utterance: whence this
strange release

From social noise—silence elsewhere un-
known?—

A Spirit whispered, "Let all wonder cease;
Ocean's o'erpowering murmurs have set
free

Thy sense from pressure of life's common
din;

As the dread Voice that speaks from out the
sea

Of God's eternal Word, the Voice of
Time

Doth deaden, shocks of tumult, shrieks of
crime,

The shouts of folly, and the groans of
sin."

¹ See Note.

XXXVII

DESULTORY STANZAS

UPON RECEIVING THE PRECEDING SHEETS
FROM THE PRESS

Is then the final page before me spread,
Nor further outlet left to mind or heart?
Presumptuous Book! too forward to be
read,

How can I give thee licence to depart?
One tribute more: unbidden feelings start
Forth from their coverts; slighted objects
rise;

My spirit is the scene of such wild art
As on Parnassus rules, when lightning flies,
Visibly leading on the thunder's harmonies.

All that I saw returns upon my view,
All that I heard comes back upon my ear,
All that I felt this moment doth renew;
And where the foot with no unmanly fear
Recoiled—and wings alone could travel—
there

I move at ease; and meet contending themes
That press upon me, crossing the career
Of recollections vivid as the dreams
Of midnight,—cities, plains, forests, and
mighty streams.

Where Mortal never breathed I dare to sit
Among the interior Alps, gigantic crew,
Who triumphed o'er diluvian power!—and
yet

What are they but a wreck and residue,
Whose only business is to perish?—true
To which sad course, these wrinkled Sons
of Time

Labour their proper greatness to subdue;
Speaking of death alone, beneath a clime
Where life and rapture flow in plenitude
sublime.

Fancy hath flung for me an airy bridge
Across thy long deep Valley, furious Rhone
Arch that *here* rests upon the granite ridge
Of Monte Rosa—*there* on frailer stone
Of secondary birth, the Jung-frau's cone;
And, from that arch, down-looking on the
Vale

The aspect I behold of every zone;
A sea of foliage, tossing with the gale,
Blithe Autumn's purple crown, and Winter's
icy mail!

Far as ST. MAURICE, from yon eastern
FORKS,¹

Down the main avenue my sight can range :
And all its branchy vales, and all that lurks
Within them, church, and town, and hut,
and grange,

For my enjoyment meet in vision strange ;
Snows, torrents ;—to the region's utmost
bound,

Life, Death, in amicable interchange ;—
But list ! the avalanche—the hush profound
That follows—yet more awful than that
awful sound !

Is not the chamois suited to his place ?
The eagle worthy of her ancestry ?
—Let Empires fall ; but ne'er shall Ye
disgrace

Your noble birthright, ye that occupy
Your council-seats beneath the open sky,
On Sarnen's Mount,² there judge of fit and
right,

In simple democratic majesty ;
Soft breezes fanning your rough brows—
the might

And purity of nature spread before your
sight !

From this appropriate Court, renowned
LUCERNE
Calls me to pace her honoured Bridge²—
that cheers

The Patriot's heart with pictures rude and
stern,

An uncouth Chronicle of glorious years.
Like portraiture, from loftier source, endears
That work of kindred frame, which spans
the lake

Just at the point of issue, where it fears
The form and motion of a stream to take ;
Where it begins to stir, yet voiceless as a
snake.

Volumes of sound, from the Cathedral
rolled,

This long-roofed Vista penetrate—but see,
One after one, its tablets, that unfold
The whole design of Scripture history ;
From the first tasting of the fatal Tree,
Till the bright Star appeared in eastern
skies,

Announcing, ONE was born mankind to free ;

¹ At the head of the Vallais. See Note.

² See Note.

His acts, his wrongs, his final sacrifice ;
Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all eyes.

Our pride misleads, *our* timid likings kill.
—Long may these homely Works devised
of old,

These simple efforts of Helvetian skill,
Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold
The State,—the Country's destiny to
mould ;

Turning, for them who pass, the common
dust

Of servile opportunity to gold ;
Filling the soul with sentiments august—
The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and the
just !

No more ; Time halts not in his noiseless
march—

Nor turns, nor winds, as doth the liquid
flood ;

Life slips from underneath us, like that arch
Of airy workmanship whereon we stood,
Earth stretched below, heaven in our
neighbourhood.

Go forth, my little Book ! pursue thy way ;
Go forth, and please the gentle and the
good ;

Nor be a whisper stifled, if it say
That treasures, yet untouched, may grace
some future Lay.

THE RIVER DUDDON³

A SERIES OF SONNETS

1820.

It is with the little river Duddon as it is with most other rivers, Ganges and Nile not excepted, —many springs might claim the honour of being its head. In my own fancy I have fixed its rise near the noted Shire-stones placed at the meeting-point of the counties, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire. They stand by the wayside on the top of the Wrynose Pass, and it used to be reckoned a proud thing to say that, by touching them at the same time with feet and hands, one had been in the three counties at once. At what point of its course the stream takes the name of Duddon I do not know. I first became acquainted with the Duddon, as I have good reason to remember, in early boyhood. Upon

³ See Note.

the banks of the Derwent I had learnt to be very fond of angling. Fish abound in that large river; not so in the small streams in the neighbourhood of Hawkshead; and I fell into the common delusion that the farther from home the better sport would be had. Accordingly, one day I attached myself to a person living in the neighbourhood of Hawkshead, who was going to try his fortune as an angler near the source of the Duddon. We fished a great part of the day with very sorry success, the rain pouring torrents, and long before we got home I was worn out with fatigue; and, if the good man had not carried me on his back, I must have lain down under the best shelter I could find. Little did I think then it would be my lot to celebrate, in a strain of love and admiration, the stream which for many years I never thought of without recollections of disappointment and distress.

During my college vacation, and two or three years afterwards, before taking my Bachelor's degree, I was several times resident in the house of a near relative who lived in the small town of Broughton. I passed many delightful hours upon the banks of this river, which becomes an estuary about a mile from that place. The remembrances of that period are the subject of the 21st Sonnet. The subject of the 27th is in fact taken from a tradition belonging to Rydal Hall, which once stood, as is believed, upon a rocky and woody hill on the right hand as you go from Rydal to Ambleside, and was deserted from the superstitious fear here described, and the present site fortunately chosen instead. The present Hall was erected by Sir Michael le Fleming, and it may be hoped that at some future time there will be an edifice more worthy of so beautiful a position. With regard to the 30th Sonnet it is odd enough that this imagination was realised in the year 1840, when I made a tour through that district with my wife and daughter, Miss Fenwick and her niece, and Mr. and Miss Quillinan. Before our return from Seathwaite chapel the party separated. Mrs. Wordsworth, while most of us went further up the stream, chose an opposite direction, having told us that we should overtake her on our way to Ulpha. But she was tempted out of the main road to ascend a rocky eminence near it, thinking it impossible we should pass without seeing her. This, however, unfortunately happened, and then ensued vexation and distress, especially to me, which I should be ashamed to have recorded, for I lost my temper entirely. Neither I nor those that were with me saw her again till we reached the Inn at Broughton, seven miles. This may perhaps in some degree excuse my irritability on the occasion, for I could not but think she had been much to blame. It appeared, however, on explanation, that she had

remained on the rock, calling out and waving her handkerchief as we were passing, in order that we also might ascend and enjoy a prospect which had much charmed her. "But on we went, her signals proving vain." How then could she reach Broughton before us? When we found she had not gone on before to Ulpha Kirk, Mr. Quillinan went back in one of the carriages in search of her. He met her on the road, took her up, and by a shorter way conveyed her to Broughton, where we were all reunited and spent a happy evening.

I have many affecting remembrances connected with this stream. Those I forbear to mention; especially things that occurred on its banks during the later part of that visit to the seaside of which the former part is detailed in my "Epistle to Sir George Beaumont."

The River Duddon rises upon Wrynose Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire; and, having served as a boundary to the two last counties for the space of about twenty-five miles, enters the Irish Sea, between the Isle of Walney and the Lordship of Millum.

To

THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH

(WITH THE SONNETS TO THE RIVER DUDDON,
AND OTHER POEMS IN THIS COLLECTION, 1820)

THE Minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage-eaves;
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings:
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,
Nor check, the music of the strings;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand;

And who but listened?—till was paid
Respect to every Inmate's claim:
The greeting given, the music played,
In honour of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And "merry Christmas" wished to all!

O Brother! I revere the choice
That took thee from thy native hills;
And it is given thee to rejoice:
Though public care full often tills
(Heaven only witness of the toil)
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that Thou, with me and mine,
Hadst heard this never-failing rite;
And seen on other faces shine
A true revival of the light
Which Nature and these rustic Powers,
In simple childhood, spread through ours.

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
On these expected annual rounds;
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
Or they are offered at the door
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear—and sink again to sleep!
Or, at an earlier call, to mark,
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod,—the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise
For names once heard, and heard no more;
Tears brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid.

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,
With ambient streams more pure and bright
Than fabled Cytherea's zone
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
Is to my heart of hearts endeared
The ground where we were born and reared!

Hail, ancient Manners! sure defence,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
Remnants of love whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws;
Hail, Usages of pristine mould,
And ye that guard them, Mountains old!

Bear with me, Brother! quench the thought
That slights this passion, or condemns;
If thee fond Fancy ever brought
From the proud margin of the Thames,
And Lambeth's venerable towers,
To humbler streams, and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find,
Short leisure even in busiest days;
Moments, to cast a look behind,
And profit by those kindly rays
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,
And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial City's din
Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,
A pleased attention I may win
To agitations less severe,
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,
But fill the hollow vale with joy!

I

NOT envying Latian shades—if yet they
throw

A grateful coolness round that crystal
Spring,

Blandusia, prattling as when long ago
The Sabine Bard was moved her praise to
sing;

Careless of flowers that in perennial blow
Round the moist marge of Persian fountains
cling;

Heedless of Alpine torrents thundering
Through ice-built arches radiant as heaven's
bow;

I seek the birthplace of a native Stream.—
All hail, ye mountains! hail, thou morning
light!

Better to breathe at large on this clear
height

Than toil in needless sleep from dream to
dream:

Pure flow the verse, pure, vigorous, free,
and bright,

For Duddon, long-loved Duddon, is my
theme!

II

CHILD of the clouds! remote from every
taint

Of sordid industry thy lot is cast;
Thine are the honours of the lofty waste
Not seldom, when with heat the valleys
faint,

Thy handmaid Frost with spangled tissue
quaint

Thy cradle decks;—to chant thy birth, thou
hast

No meaner Poet than the whistling Blast,
And Desolation is thy Patron-saint!

She guards thee, ruthless Power! who
would not spare

Those mighty forests, once the bison's
scene,

Where stalked the huge deer to his shaggy
lair¹

Through paths and alleys roofed with
darkest green;

Thousands of years before the silent air
Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter
keen!

¹ The deer alluded to is the Leigh, a gigantic species long since extinct.

III

How shall I paint thee?—Be this naked
stone

My seat, while I give way to such intent ;
Pleased could my verse, a speaking monu-
ment,

Make to the eyes of men thy features known.
But as of all those tripping lambs not one
Oustruns his fellows, so hath Nature lent
To thy beginning nought that doth present
Peculiar ground for hope to build upon.
To dignify the spot that gives thee birth,
No sign of hoar Antiquity's esteem
Appears, and none of modern Fortune's
care ;

Yet thou thyself hast round thee shed a
gleam

Of brilliant moss, instinct with freshness
rare ;

Prompt offering to thy Foster-mother,
Earth !

IV

TAKE, cradled Nursling of the mountain,
take

This parting glance, no negligent adieu !
A Protean change seems wrought while I
pursue

The curves, a loosely-scattered chain doth
make ;

Or rather thou appear'st a glistening snake,
Silent, and to the gazer's eye untrue,
Thridding with sinuous lapse the rushes,
through

Dwarf willows gliding, and by ferny brake.
Starts from a dizzy steep the undaunted
Rill

Robed instantly in garb of snow-white
foam ;

And laughing dares the Adventurer, who
hath clomb

So high, a rival purpose to fulfil ;
Else let the dastard backward wend, and

roam,
Seeking less bold achievement, where he
will !

V

SOLE listener, Duddon ! to the breeze that
played

With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful
sound

Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy
mound—

Unfruitful solitudes, that seemed to upbraid
The sun in heaven !—but now, to form a
shade

For Thee, green alders have together wound
Their foliage ; ashes flung their arms around
And birch-trees risen in silver colonnade.
And thou hast also tempted here to rise,
'Mid sheltering pines, this Cottage rude
and grey ;

Whose ruddy children, by the mother's eyes
Carelessly watched, sport through the sum-
mer day,

Thy pleased associates :—light as 'endless
May

On infant bosoms lonely Nature lies.

VI

FLOWERS

ERE yet our course was graced with social
trees

It lacked not old remains of hawthorn
bowers,

Where small birds warbled to their para-
mours ;

And, earlier still, was heard the hum of
bees ;

I saw them ply their harmless robberies,
And caught the fragrance which the sundry
flowers,

Fed by the stream with soft perpetual
showers,

Plenteously yielded to the vagrant breeze.
There bloomed the strawberry of the wilder-
ness ;

The trembling eyebright showed hersapphire
blue,¹

The thyme her purple, like the blush of
Even ;

And if the breath of some to no caress
Invited, forth they peeped so fair to view,
All kinds alike seemed favourites of Heaven.

VII

"CHANGE me, some God, into that breath-
ing rose !"

The love-sick Stripling fancifully sighs,
The envied flower beholding, as it lies
On Laura's breast, in exquisite repose ;
Or he would pass into her bird, that throws

¹ See Note.

The darts of song from out its wiry cage;
 Enraptured,—could he for himself engage
 The thousandth part of what the Nymph
 bestows;
 And what the little careless innocent
 Ungraciously receives. Too daring choice!
 There are whose calmer mind it would
 content
 To be an uncultured floweret of the glen,
 Fearless of plough and scythe; or darkling
 wren
 That tunes on Duddon's banks her slender
 voice.

VIII

WHAT aspect bore the Man who roved or
 fled,
 First of his tribe, to this dark dell—who
 first
 In this pellucid Current slaked his thirst?
 What hopes came with him? what designs
 were spread
 Along his path? His unprotected bed
 What dreams encompassed? Was the in-
 truder nursed
 In hideous usages, and rites accursed,
 That thinned the living and disturbed the
 dead?
 No voice replies;—both air and earth are
 mute;
 And Thou, blue Streamlet, murmuring
 yield'st no more
 Than a soft record, that, whatever fruit
 Of ignorance thou might'st witness hereto-
 fore,
 Thy function was to heal and to restore,
 To soothe and cleanse, not madden and
 pollute!

IX

THE STEPPING-STONES

THE struggling Rill insensibly is grown
 Into a Brook of loud and stately march,
 Crossed ever and anon by plank or arch;
 And, for like use, lo! what might seem a
 zone
 Chosen for ornament—stone matched with
 stone
 In studied symmetry, with interspace
 For the clear waters to pursue their race
 Without restraint. How swiftly have they
 flown,

Succeeding—still succeeding! Here the
 Child
 Puts, when the high-swoln Flood runs fierce
 and wild,
 His budding courage to the proof; and
 here
 Declining Manhood learns to note the sly
 And sure encroachments of infirmity,
 Thinking how fast time runs, life's end how
 near!

X

THE SAME SUBJECT

NOT so that Pair whose youthful spirits
 dance
 With prompt emotion, urging them to
 pass;
 A sweet confusion checks the Shepherd-
 lass;
 Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood askance;
 To stop ashamed—too timid to advance;
 She ventures once again—another pause!
 His outstretched hand He tauntingly with-
 draws—
 She sues for help with piteous utterance!
 Chidden she chides again; the thrilling
 touch
 Both feel, when he renews the wished-for
 aid:
 Ah! if their fluttering hearts should stir
 too much,
 Should beat too strongly, both may be
 betrayed.
 The frolic Loves, who, from yon high rock,
 see
 The struggle, clap their wings for victory!

XI

THE FAËRY CHASM

No fiction was it of the antique age:
 A sky-blue stone, within this sunless cleft,
 Is of the very footmarks unbereft
 Which tiny Elves impressed;—on that
 smooth stage
 Dancing with all their brilliant equipage
 In secret revels—haply after theft
 Of some sweet Babe—Flower stolen, and
 coarse Weed left
 For the distracted Mother to assuage
 Her grief with, as she might!—But, where,
 oh! where

Is traceable a vestige of the notes
That ruled those dances wild in character?—
Deep underground? Or in the upper air,
On the shrill wind of midnight? or where
floats
O'er twilight fields the autumnal gossamer?

XII

HINTS FOR THE FANCY

ON, loitering Muse—the swift Stream
chides us—on!
Albeit his deep-worn channel doth immure
Objects immense portrayed in miniature,
Wild shapes for many a strange comparison!
Niagaras, Alpine passes, and anon
Abodes of Naiads, calm abysses pure,
Bright liquid mansions, fashioned to endure
When the broad oak drops, a leafless
skeleton,
And the solidities of mortal pride,
Palace and tower, are crumbled into dust!—
The Bard who walks with Duddon for his
guide,
Shall find such toys of fancy thickly set:
Turn from the sight, enamoured Muse—
we must;
And, if thou canst, leave them without
regret!

XIII

OPEN PROSPECT

HAIL to the fields—with Dwellings sprinkled
o'er,
And one small hamlet, under a green hill
Clustering, with barn and byre, and spout-
ing mill!
A glance suffices;—should we wish for more,
Gay June would scorn us. But when bleak
winds roar
Through the stiff lance-like shoots of pollard
ash,
Dread swell of sound! loud as the gusts
that lash
The matted forests of Ontario's shore
By wasteful steel unsmitten—then would I
Turn into port; and, reckless of the gale,
Reckless of angry Duddon sweeping by,
While the warm hearth exalts the mantling
ale,
Laugh with the generous household heartily
At all the merry pranks of Donnerdale!

XIV

O MOUNTAIN Stream! the Shepherd and
his Cot
Are privileged Inmates of deep solitude;
Nor would the nicest Anchorite exclude
A field or two of brighter green, or plot
Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot
Of stationary sunshine:—thou hast viewed
These only, Duddon! with their paths re-
newed
By fits and starts, yet this contents thee not.
Thee hath some awful Spirit impelled to
leave,
Utterly to desert, the haunts of men,
Though simple thy companions were and
few;
And through this wilderness a passage
cleave
Attended but by thy own voice, save when
The clouds and fowls of the air thy way
pursue! 1806.

XV

FROM this deep chasm, where quivering
sunbeams play
Upon its loftiest crags, mine eyes behold
A gloomy NICHE, capacious, blank, and
cold;
A concave free from shrubs and mosses grey;
In semblance fresh, as if, with dire affray,
Some Statue, placed amid these regions old
For tutelary service, thence had rolled,
Startling the flight of timid Yesterday!
Was it by mortals sculptured?—weary slaves
Of slow endeavour! or abruptly cast
Into rude shape by fire, with roaring blast
Tempestuously let loose from central caves?
Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves,
Then, when o'er highest hills the Deluge
passed?

XVI

AMERICAN TRADITION

SUCH fruitless questions may not long be-
guile
Or plague the fancy 'mid the sculptured
shows
Conspicuous yet where Oroonoko flows;
There would the Indian answer with a smile
Aimed at the White Man's ignorance, the
while,

Of the GREAT WATERS telling how they
rose,
Covered the plains, and, wandering where
they chose,
Mounted through every intricate defile,
Triumphant—Inundation wide and deep,
O'er which his Fathers urged, to ridge and
steep
Else unapproachable, their buoyant way;
And carved, on mural cliff's undreaded side,
Sun, moon, and stars, and beast of chase
or prey;
Whate'er they sought, shunned, loved, or
deified! ¹

XVII

RETURN

A DARK plume fetch me from yon blasted
yew,
Perched on whose top the Danish Raven
croaks;
Aloft, the imperial Bird of Rome invokes
Departed ages, shedding where he flew
Loose fragments of wild wailing, that be-
strew
The clouds and thrill the chambers of the
rocks;
And into silence hush the timorous flocks,
That, calmly couching while the nightly dew
Moistened each fleece, beneath the twinkling
stars
Slept amid that lone Camp on Hardknot's
height, ²
Whose Guardians bent the knee to Jove
and Mars:
Or, near that mystic Round of Druid frame
Tardily sinking by its proper weight
Deep into patient Earth, from whose smooth
breast it came ¹

XVIII

SEATHWAITE CHAPEL

SACRED Religion! "mother of form and
fear,"
Dread arbitress of mutable respect,
New rites ordaining when the old are
wrecked,
Or cease to please the fickle worshipper;

¹ See Humboldt's *Personal Narrative*.

² See Note.

Mother of Love! (that name best suits thee
here)

Mother of Love! for this deep vale, protect
Truth's holy lamp, pure source of bright
effect,

Gifted to purge the vapoury atmosphere
That seeks to stifle it;—as in those days
When this low Pile³ a Gospel Teacher
knew,

Whose good works formed an endless re-
tinue:

A Pastor such as Chaucer's verse portrays;
Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert
drew;

And tender Goldsmith crowned with death-
less praise!

XIX

TRIBUTARY STREAM

My frame hath often trembled with delight
When hope presented some far-distant good,
That seemed from heaven descending, like
the flood

Of yon pure waters, from their æry height
Hurrying, with lordly Duddon to unite;
Who, 'mid a world of images imprèst
On the calm depth of his transparent breast,
Appears to cherish most that Torrent white,
The fairest, softest, liveliest of them all!
And seldom hath ear listened to a tune
More lulling than the busy hum of Noon,
Swoln by that voice—whose murmur
musical

Announces to the thirsty fields a boon
Dewy and fresh, till showers again shall
fall.

XX

THE PLAIN OF DONNERDALE

THE old inventive Poets, had they seen,
Or rather felt, the entrancement that detains
Thy waters, Duddon! 'mid these flowery
plains—

The still repose, the liquid lapse serene,
Transferred to bowers imperishably green,
Had beautified Elysium! But these chains
Will soon be broken;—a rough course re-
mains,

Rough as the past; where Thou, of placid
mien,

³ See Note.

Innocuous as a firstling of the flock,
And countenanced like a soft cerulean sky,
Shalt change thy temper; and, with many
a shock
Given and received in mutual jeopardy,
Dance, like a Bacchanal, from rock to rock,
Tossing her frantic thyrsus wide and high!

XXI

WHENCE that low voice?—A whisper from
the heart,
That told of days long past, when here I
roved
With friends and kindred tenderly beloved;
Some who had early mandates to depart,
Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart
By Duddon's side; once more do we unite,
Once more, beneath the kind Earth's
tranquil light;
And smothered joys into new being start.
From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall
Of Time, breaks forth triumphant Memory;
Her glistening tresses bound, yet light and
free
As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall
On gales that breathe too gently to recall
Aught of the fading year's inclemency!

XXII

TRADITION

A LOVE-LORN Maid, at some far-distant
time,
Came to this hidden pool, whose depths
surpass
In crystal clearness Dian's looking-glass;
And, gazing, saw that Rose, which from
the prime
Derives its name, reflected, as the chime
Of echo doth reverberate some sweet sound:
The starry treasure from the blue profound
She longed to ravish;—shall she plunge, or
climb
The humid precipice, and seize the guest
Of April, smiling high in upper air?
Desperate alternative! what fiend could
dare
To prompt the thought?—Upon the steep
rock's breast
The lonely Primrose yet renews its bloom,
Untouched memento of her hapless doom!

XXIII

SHEEP-WASHING

SAD thoughts, avaunt!—partake we their
blithe cheer
Who gathered in betimes the unshorn flock
To wash the fleece, where haply bands of
rock,
Checking the stream, make a pool smooth
and clear
As this we look on. Distant Mountains
hear,
Hear and repeat, the turmoil that unites
Clamour of boys with innocent despites
Of barking dogs, and bleatings from strange
fear.
And what if Duddon's spotless flood receive
Unwelcome mixtures as the uncouth noise
Thickens, the pastoral River will forgive
Such wrong; nor need *we* blame the
licensed joys,
Though false to Nature's quiet equipoise:
Frank are the sports, the stains are fugitive.

XXIV

THE RESTING-PLACE

MID-NOON is past;—upon the sultry mead
No zephyr breathes, no cloud its shadow
throws:
If we advance unstrengthened by repose,
Farewell the solace of the vagrant reed!
This Nook—with woodbine hung and
straggling weed
Tempting recess as ever pilgrim chose,
Half grot, half harbour—proffers to enclose
Body and mind, from molestation freed,
In narrow compass—narrow as itself:
Or if the Fancy, too industrious Elf,
Be loth that we should breathe awhile
exempt
From new incitements friendly to our task,
Here wants not stealthy prospect, that may
tempt
Loose Idless to forego her wily mask.

XXV

METHINKS 'twere no unprecedented feat
Should some benignant Minister of air
Lift, and encircle with a cloudy chair,

The One for whom my heart shall ever
beat
With tenderest love;—or, if a safer seat
Atween his downy wings be furnished,
there
Would lodge her, and the cherished burden
bear
O'er hill and valley to this dim retreat!
Rough ways my steps have trod;—too
rough and long
For her companionship; here dwells soft
ease:
With sweets that she partakes not some
distaste
Mingles, and lurking consciousness of
wrong;
Languish the flowers; the waters seem to
waste
Their vocal charm; their sparklings cease
to please.

XXVI

RETURN, Content I for fondly I pursued,
Even when a child, the Streams—unheard,
unseen;
Through tangled woods, impending rocks
between;
Or, free as air, with flying inquest viewed
The sullen reservoirs whence their bold
brood—
Pure as the morning, fretful, boisterous,
keen,
Green as the salt-sea billows, white and
green—
Poured down the hills, a choral multitude!
Nor have I tracked their course for scanty
gains;
They taught me random cares and truant
joys,
That shield from mischief and preserve
from stains
Vague minds, while men are growing out
of boys;
Maturer Fancy owes to their rough noise
Impetuous thoughts that brook not servile
reins.

XXVII

FALLEN, and diffused into a shapeless heap,
Or quietly self-buried in earth's mould,
Is that embattled House, whose masonry
Keep,

Flung from yon cliff a shadow large and
cold.
There dwelt the gay, the bountiful, the
bold;
Till nightly lamentations, like the sweep
Of winds—though winds were silent—
struck a deep
And lasting terror through that ancient Hold.
Its line of Warriors fled;—they shrunk
when tried
By ghostly power:—but Time's unsparing
hand
Hath plucked such foes, like weeds, from
out the land;
And now, if men with men in peace abide,
All other strength the weakest may withstand,
All worse assaults may safely be defied.

XXVIII

JOURNEY RENEWED

I ROSE while yet the cattle, heat-oppress'd,
Crowded together under rustling trees
Brushed by the current of the water-breeze;
And for their sakes, and love of all that
rest,
On Duddon's margin, in the sheltering
nest;
For all the startled scaly tribes that slink
Into his coverts, and each fearless link
Of dancing insects forged upon his breast;
For these, and hopes and recollections
worn
Close to the vital seat of human clay;
Glad meetings, tender partings, that up-
stay
The drooping mind of absence, by vows
sworn
In his pure presence near the trysting
thorn—
I thanked the Leader of my onward way.

XXIX

No record tells of lance opposed to lance,
Horse charging horse, 'mid these retired
domains;
Tells that their turf drank purple from the
veins
Of heroes, fallen, or struggling to advance,
Till doubtful combat issued in a trance

Of victory, that struck through heart and
reins

Even to the inmost seat of mortal pains,
And lightened o'er the pallid countenance.
Yet, to the loyal and the brave, who lie
In the blank earth, neglected and forlorn,
The passing Winds memorial tribute pay;
The Torrents chant their praise, inspiring
scorn

Of power usurped; with proclamation high,
And glad acknowledgment, of lawful sway.

XXX

WHO swerves from innocence, who makes
divorce

Of that serene companion—a good name,
Recovers not his loss; but walks with
shame,

With doubt, with fear, and haply with
remorse;

And oft-times he—who, yielding to the
force

Of chance-temptation, ere his journey end,
From chosen comrade turns, or faithful
friend—

In vain shall rue the broken intercourse.
Not so with such as loosely wear the chain
That binds them, pleasant River! to thy
side:—

Through the rough copse wheel thou with
hasty stride;

I choose to saunter o'er the grassy plain,
Sure, when the separation has been tried,
That we, who part in love, shall meet
again.

XXXI

THE KIRK of ULPHA to the pilgrim's eye
Is welcome as a star, that doth present
Its shining forehead through the peaceful
rent

Of a black cloud diffused o'er half the
sky:

Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high
O'er the parched waste beside an Arab's
tent;

Or the Indian tree whose branches, down-
ward bent,

Take root again, a boundless canopy.
How sweet were leisure! could it yield no
more

Than 'mid that wave-washed Churchyard
to recline,

From pastoral graves extracting thoughts
divine;

Or there to pace, and mark the summits
hoar

Of distant moonlit mountains faintly shine,
Soothed by the unseen River's gentle roar.

XXXII

NOT hurled precipitous from steep to steep;
Lingering no more 'mid flower-enamelled
lands

And blooming thickets; nor by rocky
bands

Held; but in radiant progress toward the
Deep

Where mightiest rivers into powerless sleep
Sink, and forget heir nature—*now* expands
Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat sands
Gliding in silence with unfettered sweep!
Beneath an ampler sky a region wide

Is opened round him:—hamlets, towers,
and towns,

And blue-topped hills, behold him from
afar;

In stately mien to sovereign Thames allied
Spreading his bosom under Kentish downs,
With commerce freighted, or triumphant
war.

XXXIII

CONCLUSION

BUT here no cannon thunders to the gale;
Upon the wave no haughty pendants cast
A crimson splendour: lowly is the mast
That rises here, and humbly spread, the
sail;

While, less disturbed than in the narrow
Vale

Through which with strange vicissitudes he
passed,

The Wanderer seeks that receptacle vast
Where all his unambitious functions fail
And may thy Poet, cloud-born Stream! be
free—

The sweets of earth contentedly resigned,
And each tumultuous working left behind
At seemly distance—to advance like Thee;
Prepared, in peace of heart, in calm of mind
And soul, to mingle with Eternity!

XXXIV

AFTER-THOUGHT

*I THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my guide,
As being past away.—Vain sympathies!
For, backward, Duddon, as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide;
Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide;
The Form remains, the Function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish;—be it so!
Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.¹*

A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE

This Parsonage was the residence of my friend Jones, and is particularly described in another note.

WHERE holy ground begins, unhallowed ends,
Is marked by no distinguishable line;
The turf unites, the pathways intertwine;
And, wheresoe'er the stealing footstep tends,
Garden, and that domain where kindred friends,
And neighbours rest together, here confound
Their several features, mingled like the sound
Of many waters, or as evening blends
With shady night. Soft airs, from shrub and flower,
Waft fragrant greetings to each silent grave;
And while those lofty poplars gently wave
Their tops, between them comes and goes a sky
Bright as the glimpses of eternity,
To saints accorded in their mortal hour.

¹ See Note.

1820.

TO ENTERPRISE

KEEP for the Young the impassioned smile
Shed from thy countenance, as I see thee stand
High on that chalky cliff of Britain's Isle,
A slender volume grasping in thy hand—
(Perchance the pages that relate
The various turns of Crusoe's fate)—
Ah, spare the exulting smile,
And drop thy pointing finger bright
As the first flash of beacon light;
But neither veil thy head in shadows dim,
Nor turn thy face away
From One who, in the evening of his day,
To thee would offer no presumptuous hymn!

I

Bold Spirit! who art free to rove
Among the starry courts of Jove,
And oft in splendour dost appear
Embodied to poetic eyes,
While traversing this nether sphere,
Where Mortals call thee ENTERPRISE.
Daughter of Hope! her favourite Child,
Whom she to young Ambition bore,
When hunter's arrow first defiled
The grove, and stained the turf with gore;
Thee winged Fancy took, and nursed
On broad Euphrates' palmy shore,
And where the mightier Waters burst
From caves of Indian mountains hoar!
She wrapped thee in a panther's skin;
And Thou, thy favourite food to win,
The flame-eyed eagle oft wouldst scare
From her rock-fortress in mid air,
With infant shout; and often sweep,
Paired with the ostrich, o'er the plain;
Or, tired with sport, wouldst sink asleep
Upon the couchant lion's mane!
With rolling years thy strength increased
And, far beyond thy native East,
To thee, by varying titles known
As variously thy power was shown,
Did incense-bearing altars rise,
Which caught the blaze of sacrifice,
From suppliants panting for the skies!

II

What though this ancient Earth be trod
No more by step of Demi-god

Mounting from glorious deed to deed
 As thou from clime to clime didst lead;
 Yet still, the bosom beating high,
 And the hushed farewell of an eye
 Where no procrastinating gaze
 A last infirmity betrays,
 Prove that thy heaven-descended sway
 Shall ne'er submit to cold decay.
 By thy divinity impelled,
 The Stripling seeks the tented field;
 The aspiring Virgin kneels; and, pale
 With awe, receives the hallowed veil,
 A soft and tender Heroine
 Vowed to severer discipline;
 Inflamed by thee, the blooming Boy
 Makes of the whistling shrouds a toy,
 And of the ocean's dismal breast
 A play-ground,—or a couch of rest;
 'Mid the blank world of snow and ice,
 Thou to his dangers dost enchain
 The Chamois-chaser awed in vain
 By chasm or dizzy precipice;
 And hast Thou not with triumph seen
 How soaring Mortals glide between
 Or through the clouds, and brave the light
 With bolder than Icarian flight?
 How they, in bells of crystal, dive—
 Where winds and waters cease to strive—
 For no unholy visitings,
 Among the monsters of the Deep;
 And all the sad and precious things
 Which there in ghastly silence sleep?
 Or, adverse tides and currents headed,
 And breathless calms no longer dreaded,
 In never-slackening voyage go
 Straight as an arrow from the bow;
 And, slighting sails and scorning oars,
 Keep faith with Time on distant shores?
 —Within our fearless reach are placed
 The secrets of the burning Waste;
 Egyptian tombs unlock their dead,
 Nile trembles at his fountain head;
 Thou speak'st—and lo! the polar Seas
 Unbosom their last mysteries.
 —But oh! what transports, what sublime
 reward,
 Won from the world of mind, dost thou
 prepare
 For philosophic Sage; or high-souled Bard
 Who, for thy service trained in lonely
 woods,
 Hath fed on pageants floating through the
 air,
 Or calentured in depth of limpid floods;

Nor grieves—tho' doomed thro' silent night
 to bear
 The domination of his glorious themes,
 Or struggle in the net-work of thy dreams!

III

If there be movements in the Patriot's soul,
 From source still deeper, and of higher
 worth,
 'Tis thine the quickening impulse to control,
 And in due season send the mandate forth;
 Thy call a prostrate Nation can restore,
 When but a single Mind resolves to crouch
 no more.

IV

Dread Minister of wrath!
 Who to their destined punishment dost urge
 The Pharaohs of the earth, the men of
 hardened heart!
 Not unassisted by the flattering stars,
 Thou strew'st temptation o'er the path
 When they in pomp depart
 With trampling horses and refulgent cars—
 Soon to be swallowed by the briny surge;
 Or cast, for lingering death, on unknown
 strands;
 Or caught amid a whirl of desert sands—
 An Army now, and now a living hill¹
 That a brief while heaves with convulsive
 throes—
 Then all is still;
 Or, to forget their madness and their woes,
 Wrapt in a winding-sheet of spotless snows!

V

Back flows the willing current of my Song:
 If to provoke such doom the Impious dare,
 Why should it daunt a blameless prayer?
 —Bold Goddess! range our Youth among;
 Nor let thy genuine impulse fail to beat
 In hearts no longer young;
 Still may a veteran Few have pride
 In thoughts whose sternness makes them
 sweet;
 In fixed resolves by Reason justified;
 That to their object cleave like sleet
 Whitening a pine tree's northern side,
 When fields are naked far and wide,
 And withered leaves, from earth's cold
 breast
 Up-caught in whirlwinds, nowhere can find
 rest.

¹ See Note.

VI

But, if such homage thou disdain
 As doth with mellowing years agree,
 One rarely absent from thy train
 More humble favours may obtain
 For thy contented Votary.
 She, who incites the frolic lambs
 In presence of their heedless dams,
 And to the solitary fawn
 Vouchsafes her lessons, bounteous Nymph
 That wakes the breeze, the sparkling lymph
 Doth hurry to the lawn;
 She, who inspires that strain of joyance holy
 Which the sweet Bird, misnamed the
 melancholy,
 Pours forth in shady groves, shall plead
 for me;
 And vernal mornings opening bright
 With views of undefined delight,
 And cheerful songs, and suns that shine
 On busy days, with thankful nights, be
 mine.

VII

But thou, O Goddess! in thy favourite Isle
 (Freedom's impregnable redoubt,
 The wide earth's store-house fenced about
 With breakers roaring to the gales
 That stretch a thousand thousand sails)
 Quicken the slothful, and exalt the vile!—
 Thy impulse is the life of Fame;
 Glad Hope would almost cease to be
 If torn from thy society;
 And Love, when worthiest of his name,
 Is proud to walk the earth with Thee!

1820.

ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS ¹

IN SERIES

1821-22.

My purpose in writing this Series was, as much as possible, to confine my view to the introduction, progress, and operation of the Church in England, both previous and subsequent to the Reformation. The Sonnets were written long before ecclesiastical history and points of doctrine had excited the interest with which they have been recently engaged into and discussed. The former particular is mentioned as an excuse for my having fallen into error in respect to an incident which had been selected as setting forth the height to which the

¹ See Note.

power of the Popedom over temporal sovereignty had attained, and the arrogance with which it was displayed. I allude to the last Sonnet but one in the first series, where Pope Alexander the third at Venice is described as setting his foot on the neck of the Emperor Barbarossa. Though this is related as a fact in history, I am told it is a mere legend of no authority. Substitute for it an undeniable truth not less fitted for my purpose, namely, the penance inflicted by Gregory the Seventh upon the Emperor Henry the Fourth.

Before I conclude my notice of these Sonnets, let me observe that the opinion I pronounced in favour of Laud (long before the Oxford Tract movement) and which had brought censure upon me from several quarters, is not in the least changed. Omitting here to examine into his conduct in respect to the persecuting spirit with which he has been charged, I am persuaded that most of his aims to restore ritual practices which had been abandoned were good and wise, whatever errors he might commit in the manner he sometimes attempted to enforce them. I further believe that, had not he, and others who shared his opinions and felt as he did, stood up in opposition to the reformers of that period, it is questionable whether the Church would ever have recovered its lost ground and become the blessing it now is, and will, I trust, become in a still greater degree, both to those of its communion and to those who unfortunately are separated from it.

PART I

FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BRITAIN, TO THE CONSUMMATION OF THE PAPAL DOMINION

"A verse may catch a wandering Soul, that flies
 Profounder Tracts, and by a blest surprise
 Convert delight into a Sacrifice."

I

INTRODUCTION

I, WHO accompanied with faithful pace
 Cerulean Duddon from his cloud-fed spring,
 And loved with spirit ruled by his to sing
 Of mountain quiet and boon nature's grace;
 I, who essayed the nobler Stream to trace
 Of Liberty, and smote the plausible string
 Till the checked torrent, proudly triumphing,
 Won for herself a lasting resting-place;
 Now seek upon the heights of Time the
 source
 Of a HOLY RIVER, on whose banks are
 found

Sweet pastoral flowers, and laurels that
have crowned
Full oft the unworthy brow of lawless force;
And, for delight of him who tracks its
course,
Immortal amaranth and palms abound.

II

CONJECTURES

If there be prophets on whose spirits rest
Past things, revealed like future, they can
tell
What Powers, presiding o'er the sacred
well
Of Christian Faith, this savage Island
blessed
With its first bounty. Wandering through
the west,
Did holy Paul¹ a while in Britain dwell,
And call the Fountain forth by miracle,
And with dread signs the nascent Stream
invest?
Or He, whose bonds dropped off, whose
prison doors
Flew open, by an Angel's voice unbarred?
Or some of humbler name, to these wild
shores
Storm-driven; who, having seen the cup of
woe
Pass from their Master, sojourned here to
guard
The precious Current they had taught to
flow?

III

TREPIDATION OF THE DRUIDS

SCREAMS round the Arch-druid's brow the
seamew²—white
As Menai's foam; and toward the mystic
ring
Where Augurs stand, the Future question-
ing,
Slowly the cormorant aims her heavy flight,
Portending ruin to each baleful rite,

¹ See Note.

² This water-fowl was, among the Druids, an emblem of those traditions connected with the Deluge that made an important part of their mysteries. The Cormorant was a bird of bad omen.

That, in the lapse of ages, hath crept o'er
Diluvian truths, and patriarchal lore.
Haughty the Bard: can these meek doctrines
blight
His transports? wither his heroic strains?
But all shall be fulfilled;—the Julian spear
A way first opened; and, with Roman
chains,
The tidings come of Jesus crucified;
They come—they spread—the weak, the
suffering, hear;
Receive the faith, and in the hope abide.

IV

DRUIDICAL EXCOMMUNICATION

MERCY and Love have met thee on thy
road,
Thou wretched Outcast, from the gift of
fire
And food cut off by sacerdotal ire,
From every sympathy that Man bestowed!
Yet shall it claim our reverence, that to
God,
Ancient of days! that to the eternal Sire,
These jealous Ministers of law aspire,
As to the one sole fount whence wisdom
flowed,
Justice, and order. Tremblingly escaped,
As if with prescience of the coming storm,
That intimation when the stars were
shaped;
And still, 'mid yon thick woods, the primal
truth
Glimmers through many a superstitious
form
That fills the Soul with unavailing ruth.

V

UNCERTAINTY

DARKNESS surrounds us; seeking, we are
lost
On Snowden's wilds, amid Brigantian
coves,
Or where the solitary shepherd roves
Along the plain of Sarum, by the ghost
Of Time and shadows of Tradition, crost;
And where the boatman of the Western
Isles
Slackens his course—to mark those holy
piles

Which yet survive on bleak Iona's coast.
 Nor these, nor monuments of eldest name,
 Nor Taliesin's unforgotten lays,
 Nor characters of Greek or Roman fame,
 To an unquestionable Source have led;
 Enough—if eyes, that sought the fountain-
 head
 In vain, upon the growing Rill may gaze.

VI

PERSECUTION

LAMENT! for Diocletian's fiery sword
 Works busy as the lightning; but instinct
 With malice ne'er to deadliest weapon
 linked

Which God's ethereal store-houses afford:
 Against the Followers of the incarnate Lord
 It rages; some are smitten in the field—
 Some pierced to the heart through the in-
 effectual shield

Of sacred home;—with pomp are others
 gored

And dreadful respite. Thus was Alban
 tried,

England's first Martyr, whom no threats
 could shake;

Self-offered victim, for his friend he died,
 And for the faith; nor shall his name for-
 sake

That Hill, whose flowery platform seems
 to rise

By Nature decked for holiest sacrifice.¹

VII

RECOVERY

As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds
 regain

Their cheerfulness, and busily retrim
 Their nests, or chant a gratulating hymn
 To the blue ether and bespangled plain;
 Even so, in many a re-constructed fane,
 Have the survivors of this Storm renewed
 Their holy rites with vocal gratitude:
 And solemn ceremonies they ordain
 To celebrate their great deliverance;
 Most feelingly instructed 'mid their fear—
 That persecution, blind with rage extreme,

¹ See Note.

May not the less, through Heaven's mild
 countenance,
 Even in her own despite, both feed and
 cheer;
 For all things are less dreadful than they
 seem.

VIII

TEMPTATIONS FROM ROMAN REFINEMENTS

WATCH, and be firm! for, soul-subduing
 vice,

Heart-killing luxury, on your steps await.
 Fair houses, baths, and banquets delicate,
 And temples flashing, bright as polar ice,
 Their radiance through the woods—may
 yet suffice

To sap your hardy virtue, and abate
 Your love of Him upon whose forehead sate
 The crown of thorns; whose life-blood
 flowed, the price

Of your redemption. Shun the insidious
 arts

That Rome provides, less dreading from
 her frown

Than from her wily praise, her peaceful
 gown,

Language, and letters;—these, though
 fondly viewed

As humanising graces, are but parts
 And instruments of deadliest servitude!

IX

DISSENSIONS

THAT heresies should strike (if truth be
 scanned

Presumptuously) their roots both wide and
 deep,

Is natural as dreams to feverish sleep.

Lo! Discord at the altar dares to stand
 Uplifting toward high Heaven her fiery
 brand,

A cherished Priestess of the new-baptized!
 But chastisement shall follow peace de-
 spised.

The Pictish cloud darkens the enervate
 land

By Rome abandoned; vain are suppliant
 cries,

And prayers that would undo her forced
 farewell;

For she returns not.—Awed by her own
knell,
She casts the Britons upon strange Allies
Soon to become more dreaded enemies
Than heartless misery called them to repel.

X

STRUGGLE OF THE BRITONS AGAINST THE
BARBARIANS

RISE !—they *have* risen : of brave Aneurin
ask
How they have scourged old foes, perfidious
friends :
The Spirit of Caractacus descends
Upon the Patriots, animates their task ;—
Amazement runs before the towering casque
Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy field
The virgin sculptured on his Christian
shield :—
Stretched in the sunny light of victory bask
The Host that followed Urien as he strode
O'er heaps of slain ;—from Cambrian wood
and moss
Druids descend, auxiliars of the Cross ;
Bards, nursed on blue Plinlimmon's still
abode,
Rush on the fight, to harps preferring
swords,
And everlasting deeds to burning words !

XI

SAXON CONQUEST

NOR wants the cause the panic-striking aid
Of hallelujahs¹ tost from hill to hill—
For instant victory. But Heaven's high
will
Permits a second and a darker shade
Of Pagan night. Afflicted and dismayed,
The Relics of the sword flee to the moun-
tains :
O wretched Land ! whose tears have flowed
like fountains ;
Whose arts and honours in the dust are laid
By men yet scarcely conscious of a care
For other monuments than those of Earth ;¹
Who, as the fields and woods have given
them birth,

¹ See Note.

Will build their savage fortunes only there ;
Content, if foss, and barrow, and the girth
Of long-drawn rampart, witness what they
were.

XII

MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR²

*THE oppression of the tumult—wrath and
scorn—
The tribulation—and the gleaming blades—*
Such is the impetuous spirit that pervades
The song of Taliesin ;—Ours shall mourn
The *unarmed* Host who by their prayers
would turn
The sword from Bangor's walls, and guard
the store
Of Aboriginal and Roman lore,
And Christian monuments, that now must
burn
To senseless ashes. Mark ! how all things
swerve
From their known course, or vanish like a
dream ;
Another language spreads from coast to
coast ;
Only perchance some melancholy Stream
And some indignant Hills old names pre-
serve,
When laws, and creeds, and people all are
lost !

XIII

CASUAL INCITEMENT

A BRIGHT-HAIRED company of youthful
slaves,
Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
Where Tiber's stream the immortal City
laves :
ANGLI by name ; and not an ANGEL waves
His wing who could seem lovelier to man's
eye
Than they appear to holy Gregory ;
Who, having learnt that name, salvation
craves
For Them, and for their Land. The
earnest Sire,
His questions urging, feels, in slender ties
Of chiming sound, commanding sympathies ;

² See Note.

DE-IRIANS—he would save them from
God's IRE;
Subjects of Saxon ÆLLA—they shall sing
Glad HALLE-lujahs to the eternal King!

XIV

GLAD TIDINGS

FOR ever hallowed be this morning fair,
Blest be the unconscious shore on which
ye tread,
And blest the silver Cross, which ye, instead
Of martial banner, in procession bear;
The Cross preceding Him who floats in air,
The pictured Saviour!—By Augustin led,
They come—and onward travel without
dread,
Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful
prayer—
Sung for themselves, and those whom they
would free!
Rich conquest waits them:—the tempestu-
ous sea
Of Ignorance, that ran so rough and high
And heeded not the voice of clashing
swords,
These good men humble by a few bare
words,
And calm with fear of God's divinity.

XV

PAULINUS¹

BUT, to remote Northumbria's royal Hall,
Where thoughtful Edwin, tutored in the
school
Of sorrow, still maintains a heathen rule,
Who comes with functions apostolical?
Mark him, of shoulders curved, and stature
tall,
Black hair, and vivid eye, and meagre
cheek,
His prominent feature like an eagle's beak;
A Man whose aspect doth at once appal
And strike with reverence. The Monarch
leans
Toward the pure truths this Delegate pro-
pounds
Repeatedly his own deep mind he sounds
With careful hesitation,—then convenes
A synod of his Councillors:—give ear,
And what a pensive Sage doth utter, hear!

¹ See Note.

XVI

PERSUASION

"MAN's life is like a Sparrow, mighty
King!
"That—while at banquet with your Chiefs
you sit
"Housed near a blazing fire—is seen to
flit
"Safe from the wintry tempest. Fluttering,
"Here did it enter; there, on hasty wing,
"Flies out, and passes on from cold to
cold;
"But whence it came we know not, nor
behold
"Whither it goes. Even such, that
transient Thing,
"The human Soul; not utterly unknown
"While in the Body lodged, her warm
abode;
"But from what world She came, what
woe or weal
"On her departure waits, no tongue hath
shown;
"This mystery if the Stranger can reveal,
"His be a welcome cordially bestowed!"²

XVII

CONVERSION

PROMPT transformation works the novel
Lore;
The Council closed, the Priest in full career
Rides forth, an armed man, and hurls a
spear
To desecrate the Fane which heretofore
He served in folly. Woden falls, and
Thor
Is overturned; the mace, in battle heaved
(So might they dream) till victory was
achieved,
Drops, and the God himself is seen no
more.
Temple and Altar sink, to hide their shame
Amid oblivious weeds. "*O come to me,
Ye heavy laden!*" such the inviting voice
Heard near fresh streams;² and thousands,
who rejoice
In the new Rite, the pledge of sanctity,
Shall, by regenerate life, the promise claim.

² See Note.

XVIII

APOLOGY

NOR scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth
 lend
 The Soul's eternal interests to promote:
 Death, darkness, danger, are our natural
 lot;
 And evil Spirits *may* our walk attend
 For aught the wisest know or comprehend;
 Then be *good* Spirits free to breathe a note
 Of elevation; let their odours float
 Around these Converts; and their glories
 blend,
 The midnight stars outshining, or the blaze
 Of the noon-day. Nor doubt that golden
 cords
 Of good works, mingling with the visions,
 raise
 The Soul to purer worlds: and *who* the
 line
 Shall draw, the limits of the power define,
 That even imperfect faith to man affords?

XIX

PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY¹

How beautiful your presence, how benign,
 Servants of God! who not a thought will
 share
 With the vain world; who, outwardly as
 bare
 As winter trees, yield no fallacious sign
 That the firm soul is clothed with fruit
 divine!
 Such Priest, when service worthy of his
 care
 Has called him forth to breathe the
 common air,
 Might seem a saintly Image from its shrine
 Descended;—happy are the eyes that meet
 The Apparition; evil thoughts are stayed
 At his approach, and low-bowed necks
 entreat
 A benediction from his voice or hand;
 Whence grace, through which the heart
 can understand,
 And vows, that bind the will, in silence
 made.

¹ See Note.

XX

OTHER INFLUENCES

AH, when the Body, round which in love
 we clung,
 Is chilled by death, does mutual service fail?
 Is tender pity then of no avail?
 Are intercessions of the fervent tongue
 A waste of hope?—From this sad source
 have sprung
 Rites that console the Spirit, under grief
 Which ill can brook more rational relief:
 Hence, prayers are shaped amiss, and dirges
 sung
 For Souls whose doom is fixed! The way
 is smooth
 For Power that travels with the human heart:
 Confession ministers the pang to soothe
 In him who at the ghost of guilt doth start.
 Ye holy Men, so earnest in your care,
 Of your own mighty instruments beware!

XXI

SECLUSION

LANCE, shield, and sword relinquished, at
 his side
 A bead-roll, in his hand a clasped book,
 Or staff more harmless than a shepherd's
 crook,
 The war-worn Chieftain quits the world—
 to hide
 His thin autumnal locks where Monks abide
 In cloistered privacy. But not to dwell
 In soft repose he comes: within his cell,
 Round the decaying trunk of human pride,
 At morn, and eve, and midnight's silent hour,
 Do penitential cogitations cling;
 Like ivy, round some ancient elm, they
 twine
 In grisly folds and strictures serpentine;
 Yet, while they strangle, a fair growth they
 bring,
 For recompence—their own perennial
 bower.

XXII

CONTINUED

METHINKS that to some vacant hermitage
My feet would rather turn—to some dry
 nook

Scooped out of living rock, and near a brook
Hurled down a mountain-cove from stage
to stage,

Yet tempering, for my sight, its bustling
rage

In the soft heaven of a translucent pool;
Thence creeping under sylvan arches cool,
Fit haunt of shapes whose glorious equipage
Would elevate my dreams. A beechen bowl,
A maple dish, my furniture should be;
Crisp, yellow leaves my bed; the hooting
owl

My night-watch: nor should e'er the crested
fowl

From thorp or vill his matins sound for me,
Tired of the world and all its industry.

XXIII

REPROOF

BUT what if One, through grove or flowery
mead,

Indulging thus at will the creeping feet
Of a voluptuous indolence, should meet
Thy hovering Shade, O venerable Bede!
The saint, the scholar, from a circle freed
Of toil stupendous, in a hallowed seat
Of learning, where thou heard'st the billows
beat

On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed
Perpetual industry. Sublime Recluse!
The recreant soul, that dares to shun the
debt

Imposed on human kind, must first forget
Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use
Of a long life; and, in the hour of death,
The last dear service of thy passing breath!¹

XXIV

SAXON MONASTERIES, AND LIGHTS AND
SHADES OF THE RELIGION

By such examples moved to unbought pains,
The people work like congregated bees;²
Eager to build the quiet Fortresses
Where Piety, as they believe, obtains
From Heaven a *general* blessing; timely
rains

¹ He expired dictating the last words of a translation of St. John's Gospel.

² See Note.

Or needful sunshine; prosperous enterprise,
Justice and peace:—bold faith! yet also rise
The sacred Structures for less doubtful gains.
The Sensual think with reverence of the
palms

Which the chaste Votaries seek, beyond the
grave

If penance be redeemable, thence alms
Flow to the poor, and freedom to the slave;
And if full oft the Sanctuary save
Lives black with guilt, ferocity it calms.

XXV

MISSIONS AND TRAVELS

NOT sedentary all: there are who roam
To scatter seeds of life on barbarous shores;
Or quit with zealous step their knee-worn
floors

To seek the general mart of Christendom;
Whence they, like richly-laden merchants,
come

To their beloved cells:—or shall we say
That, like the Red-cross Knight, they urge
their way,

To lead in memorable triumph home
Truth, their immortal Una? Babylon,
Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,
Nor leaves her Speech one word to aid the
sigh

That would lament her;—Memphis, Tyre,
are gone

With all their Arts,—but classic lore glides on
By these Religious saved for all posterity.

XXVI

ALFRED

BEHOLD a pupil of the monkish gown,
The pious ALFRED, King to Justice dear!
Lord of the harp and liberating spear;
Mirror of Princes! Indigent Renown
Might range the starry ether for a crown
Equal to *his* deserts, who, like the year,
Pours forth his bounty, like the day doth
cheer,
And awes like night with mercy-tempered
frown.

Ease from this noble miser of his time
No moment steals; pain narrows not his
cares.³

³ See Note.

Though small his kingdom as a spark or
gem,
Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem,
And Christian India, through her wide-
spread clime,
In sacred converse gifts with Alfred shares.

XXVII

HIS DESCENDANTS

WHEN thy great soul was freed from mortal
chains,
Darling of England! many a bitter shower
Fell on thy tomb; but emulative power
Flowed in thy line through undegenerate
veins.
The Race of Alfred covet glorious pains
When dangers threaten, dangers ever new!
Black tempests bursting, blacker still in
view!
But manly sovereignty its hold retains;
The root sincere, the branches bold to strive
With the fierce tempest, while, within the
round
Of their protection, gentle virtues thrive;
As oft, 'mid some green plot of open ground,
Wide as the oak extends its dewy gloom,
The fostered hyacinths spread their purple
bloom.

XXVIII

INFLUENCE ABUSED

URGED by Ambition, who with subtlest
skill
Changes her means, the Enthusiast as a
dupe
Shall soar, and as a hypocrite can stoop,
And turn the instruments of good to ill,
Moulding the credulous people to his will.
Such DUNSTAN:—from its Benedictine coop
Issues the master Mind, at whose fell swoop
The chaste affections tremble to fulfil
Their purposes. Behold, pre-signified,
The Might of spiritual sway! his thoughts,
his dreams,
Do in the supernatural world abide:
So vaunt a throng of Followers, filled with
pride
In what they see of virtues pushed to
extremes,
And sorceries of talent misapplied.

XXIX

DANISH CONQUESTS

WOE to the Crown that doth the Cowl
obey!¹
Dissension, checking arms that would re-
strain
The incessant Rovers of the northern main,
Helps to restore and spread a Pagan sway:
But Gospel-truth is potent to allay
Fierceness and rage; and soon the cruel
Dane
Feels, through the influence of her gentle
reign,
His native superstitions melt away.
Thus, often, when thick gloom the east
o'ershrouds,
The full-orbed Moon, slow-climbing, doth
appear
Silently to consume the heavy clouds;
How no one can resolve; but every eye
Around her sees, while air is hushed, a
clear
And widening circuit of ethereal sky.

XXX

CANUTE

A PLEASANT music floats along the Mere,
From Monks in Ely chanting service high,
While-as Canute the King is rowing by:
"My Oarsmen," quoth the mighty King,
"draw near,
"That we the sweet song of the Monks may
hear!"
He listens (all past conquests, and all
schemes
Of future, vanishing like empty dreams)
Heart-touched, and haply not without a
tear.
The Royal Minstrel, ere the choir is still,
While his free Barge skims the smooth
flood along,
Gives to that rapture an accordant Rhyme.²
O suffering Earth! be thankful: sternest
clime
And rudest age are subject to the thrill
Of heaven-descended Piety and Song.

¹ See Note.² Which is still extant.

XXXI

THE NORMAN CONQUEST

THE woman-hearted Confessor prepares
 The evanescence of the Saxon line,
 Hark! 'tis the tolling Curfew!—the stars
 shine;
 But of the lights that cherish household
 cares
 And festive gladness, burns not one that
 dares
 To twinkle after that dull stroke of thine,
 Emblem and instrument, from Thames to
 Tyne,
 Of force that daunts, and cunning that
 ensnares!
 Yet as the terrors of the lordly bell,
 That quench, from hut to palace, lamps
 and fires,
 Touch not the tapers of the sacred quires;
 Even so a thralldom, studious to expel
 Old laws, and ancient customs to de-
 range,
 To Creed or Ritual brings no fatal change.

XXXII

COLDLY we spake. The Saxons, over-
 powered
 By wrong triumphant through its own
 excess,
 From fields laid waste, from house and
 home devoured
 By flames, look up to heaven and crave
 redress
 From God's eternal justice. Pitiless
 Though men be, there are angels that can
 feel
 For wounds that death alone has power to
 heal,
 For penitent guilt, and innocent distress.
 And has a Champion risen in arms to try
 His Country's virtue, fought, and breathes
 no more;
 Him in their hearts the people canonize;
 And far above the mine's most precious
 ore
 The least small pittance of bare mould they
 prize
 Scooped from the sacred earth where his
 dear relics lie.

XXXIII

THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT

"AND shall," the Pontiff asks, "profane-
 ness flow
 "From Nazareth—source of Christian piety,
 "From Bethlehem, from the Mounts of
 Agony
 "And glorified Ascension? Warriors, go,
 "With prayers and blessings we your path
 will sow;
 "Like Moses hold our hands erect, till ye
 "Have chased far off by righteous victory
 "These sons of Amalek, or laid them
 low!"—
 "GOD WILLETH IT," the whole assembly
 cry;
 Shout which the enraptured multitude
 astounds!
 The Council-roof and Clermont's towers
 reply;—
 "God willeth it," from hill to hill rebounds,
 And, in awe-stricken Countries far and nigh,
 Through "Nature's hollow arch" that voice
 resounds.¹

XXXIV

CRUSADES

THE turbaned Race are poured in thicken-
 ing swarms
 Along the west; though driven from Aquit-
 taine,
 The Crescent glitters on the towers of Spain;
 And soft Italia feels renewed alarms;
 The scimitar, that yields not to the charms
 Of ease, the narrow Bosphorus will disdain;
 Nor long (that crossed) would Grecian hills
 detain
 Their tents, and check the current of their
 arms.
 Then blame not those who, by the mightiest
 lever
 Known to the moral world, Imagination,
 Upheave, so seems it, from her natural
 station
 All Christendom:—they sweep along (was
 never
 So huge a host!)—to tear from the Un-
 believer
 The precious Tomb, their haven of salvation.

¹ The decision of this council was believed to be instantly known in remote parts of Europe.

XXXV

RICHARD I

REDOUBTED King, of courage leonine,
I mark thee, Richard ! urgent to equip
Thy warlike person with the staff and scrip;
I watch thee sailing o'er the midland brine;
In conquered Cyprus see thy Bride decline
Her blushing cheek, love-vows upon her lip,
And see love-emblems streaming from thy
ship,

As thence she holds her way to Palestine.
My Song, a fearless homager, would attend
Thy thundering battle-axe as it cleaves the
press

Of war, but duty summons her away
To tell—how, finding in the rash distress
Of those Enthusiasts a subservient friend,
To giddier heights hath clomb the Papal
sway.

XXXVI

AN INTERDICT

REALMS quake by turns: proud Arbitress
of grace,
The Church, by mandate shadowing forth
the power

She arrogates o'er heaven's eternal door,
Closes the gates of every sacred place.
Straight from the sun and tainted air's
embrace

All sacred things are covered: cheerful
morn
Grows sad as night—no seemly garb is
worn,

Nor is a face allowed to meet a face
With natural smiles of greeting. Bells are
dumb;

Ditches are graves—funereal rites denied;
And in the churchyard he must take his
bride

Who dares be wedded ! Fancies thickly
come

Into the pensive heart ill fortified,
And comfortless despairs the soul benumb.

XXXVII

PAPAL ABUSES

As with the Stream our voyage we pursue,
The gross materials of this world present

A marvellous study of wild accident;
Uncouth proximities of old and new;
And bold transfigurations, more untrue
(As might be deemed) to disciplined intent
Than aught the sky's fantastic element,
When most fantastic, offers to the view.
Saw we not Henry scourged at Becket's
shrine?

Lo ! John self-stripped of his insignia :—
crown,

Sceptre and mantle, sword and ring, laid
down

At a proud Legate's feet ! The spears that
line

Baronial halls, the opprobrious insult feel;
And angry Ocean roars a vain appeal.

XXXVIII

SCENE IN VENICE

BLACK Demons hovering o'er his mitred
head,

To Cæsar's Successor the Pontiff spake;
" Ere I absolve thee, stoop ! that on thy
neck

" Levelled with earth this foot of mine may
tread."

Then he, who to the altar had been led,
He, whose strong arm the Orient could not
check,

He, who had held the Soldan at his beck,
Stooped, of all glory disinherited,
And even the common dignity of man !—
Amazement strikes the crowd : while many
turn

Their eyes away in sorrow, others burn
With scorn, invoking a vindictive ban
From outraged Nature; but the sense of
most

In abject sympathy with power is lost.

XXXIX

PAPAL DOMINION

UNLESS to Peter's Chair the viewless wind
Must come and ask permission when to
blow,

What further empire would it have? for
now

A ghostly Domination, unconfined
As that by dreaming Bards to Love assigned,

Sits there in sober truth—to raise the low,
 Perplex the wise, the strong to overthrow;
 Through earth and heaven to bind and to
 unbind!—
 Resist—the thunder quails thee!—crouch
 —rebuff
 Shall be thy recompence! from land to land
 The ancient thrones of Christendom are stuff
 For occupation of a magic wand,
 And 'tis the Pope that wields it:—whether
 rough
 Or smooth his front, our world is in his
 hand!

PART II

TO THE CLOSE OF THE TROUBLES IN THE
REIGN OF CHARLES I

I

How soon—alas! did Man, created pure—
 By Angels guarded, deviate from the line
 Prescribed to duty:—woeful forfeiture
 He made by wilful breach of law divine.
 With like perverseness did the Church
 abjure

Obedience to her Lord, and haste to twine,
 'Mid Heaven-born flowers that shall for aye
 endure,

Weeds on whose front the world had fixed
 her sign.

O Man,—if with thy trials thus it fares,
 If good can smooth the way to evil choice,
 From all rash censure be the mind kept
 free;

He only judges right who weighs, compares,
 And in the sternest sentence which his voice
 Pronounces, ne'er abandons Charity.

II

FROM false assumption rose, and, fondly
 hailed

By superstition, spread the Papal power;
 Yet do not deem the Autocracy prevailed
 Thus only, even in error's darkest hour.

She daunts, forth-thundering from her
 spiritual tower,

Brute rapine, or with gentle lure she tames.
 Justice and Peace through Her uphold their
 claims;

And Chastity finds many a sheltering bower.

Realm there is none that if controlled or
 swayed

By her commands partakes not, in degree,
 Of good, o'er manners arts and arms,
 diffused:

Yes, to thy domination, Roman See,
 Tho' miserably, oft monstrously, abused
 By blind ambition, be this tribute paid.

III

CISTERTIAN MONASTERY

"*HERE Man more purely lives, less oft
 doth fall,*

"*More promptly rises, walks with stricter
 heed,*

"*More safely rests, dies happier, is freed
 Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains
 withal*

"*A brighter crown.*"¹—On yon Cistercian
 wall

That confident assurance may be read;
 And, to like shelter, from the world have
 fled

Increasing multitudes. The potent call
 Doubtless shall cheat full oft the heart's
 desires;

Yet, while the rugged Age on pliant knee
 Vows to rapt Fancy humble fealty,
 A gentler life spreads round the holy spires;
 Where'er they rise, the sylvan waste retires,
 And æry harvests crown the fertile lea.

IV

DEPLORABLE his lot who tills the ground,
 His whole life long tills it, with heartless toil
 Of villain-service, passing with the soil
 To each new Master, like a steer or hound,
 Or like a rooted tree, or stone earth-bound;
 But mark how gladly, through their own
 domains,

The Monks relax or break these iron chains;
 While Mercy, uttering, through their voice,
 a sound

Echoed in Heaven, cries out, "Ye Chiefs,
 abate

These legalized oppressions! Man—whose
 name

And nature God disdained not; Man—
 whose soul

¹ See Note.

Christ died for—cannot forfeit his high
claim
To live and move exempt from all control
Which fellow-feeling doth not mitigate!"

V

MONKS AND SCHOOLMEN

RECORD we too, with just and faithful pen,
That many hooded Cenobites there are,
Who in their private cells have yet a care
Of public quiet; unambitious Men,
Counsellors for the world, of piercing ken;
Whose fervent exhortations from afar
Move Princes to their duty, peace or war;
And oft-times in the most forbidding den
Of solitude, with love of science strong,
How patiently the yoke of thought they bear
How subtly glide its finest threads along!
Spirits that crowd the intellectual sphere
With mazy boundaries, as the astronomer
With orb and cycle girds the starry throng.

VI

OTHER BENEFITS

AND, not in vain embodied to the sight,
Religion finds even in the stern retreat
Of feudal sway her own appropriate seat;
From the collegiate pomps on Windsor's
height
Down to the humbler altar, which the
Knight
And his retainers of the embattled hall
Seek in domestic oratory small,
For prayer in stillness, or the chanted rite;
Then chiefly dear, when foes are planted
round,
Who teach the intrepid guardians of the
place—
Hourly exposed to death, with famine worn,
And suffering under many a perilous
wound—
How sad would be their durance, if forlorn
Of offices dispensing heavenly grace!

VII

CONTINUED

AND what melodious sounds at times pre-
vail!

And, ever and anon, how bright a gleam
Pours on the surface of the turbid Stream!
What heartfelt fragrance mingles with the
gale

That swells the bosom of our passing sail!
For where, but on *this* River's margin, blow
Those flowers of chivalry, to bind the brow
Of hardihood with wreaths that shall not
fail?—

Fair Court of Edward! wonder of the
world!

I see a matchless blazonry unfurled
Of wisdom, magnanimity, and love;
And meekness tempering honourable pride;
The lamb is couching by the lion's side,
And near the flame-eyed eagle sits the dove.

VIII

CRUSADERS

FURL we the sails, and pass with tardy oars
Through these bright regions, casting many
a glance

Upon the dream-like issues—the romance
Of many-coloured life that Fortune pours
Round the Crusaders, till on distant shores
Their labours end; or they return to lie,
The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy,
Devoutly stretched upon their chancel floors.
Am I deceived? Or is their requiem
chanted

By voices never mute when Heaven unties
Her inmost, softest, tenderest harmonies;
Requiem which Earth takes up with voice
undaunted,
When she would tell how Brave, and Good,
and Wise,
For their high guerdon not in vain have
panted!

IX

As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest
While from the Papal Unity there came,
What feebler means had failed to give, one
aim

Diffused thro' all the regions of the West;
So does her Unity its power attest
By works of Art, that shed, on the outward
frame

Of worship, glory and grace, which who
shall blame

That ever looked to heaven for final rest?

Hail countless Temples ! that so well befit
Your ministry ; that, as ye rise and take
Form spirit and character from holy writ,
Give to devotion, wheresoe'er awake,
Pinions of high and higher sweep, and make
The unconverted soul with awe submit.

X

WHERE long and deeply hath been fixed
the root

In the blest soil of gospel truth, the Tree,
(Blighted or scathed tho' many branches be,
Put forth to wither, many a hopeful shoot)
Can never cease to bear celestial fruit.
Witness the Church that oft-times, with
effect

Dear to the saints, strives earnestly to eject
Her bane, her vital energies recruit.
Lamenting, do not hopelessly repine,
When such good work is doomed to be
undone,

The conquests lost that were so hardly
won :—

All promises vouchsafed by Heaven will
shine

In light confirmed while years their course
shall run,

Confirmed alike in progress and decline.

XI

TRANSUBSTANTIATION

ENOUGH ! for see, with dim association
The tapers burn ; the odorous incense feeds
A greedy flame ; the pompous mass pro-
ceeds ;

The Priest bestows the appointed consecra-
tion ;

And, while the Host is raised, its elevation
An awe and supernatural horror breeds ;
And all the people bow their heads, like
reeds

To a soft breeze, in lowly adoration.

This Valdo brooks not. On the banks of
Rhône

He taught, till persecution chased him
thence,

To adore the Invisible, and Him alone.

Nor are his Followers loth to seek defence,
'Mid woods and wilds, on Nature's craggy
throne,

From rites that trample upon soul and sense.

XII

THE VAUDOIS

BUT whence came they who for the Saviour
Lord

Have long borne witness as the Scriptures
teach ?—

Ages ere Valdo raised his voice to preach
In Gallic ears the unadulterate Word,
Their fugitive Progenitors explored
Subalpine vales, in quest of safe retreats
Where that pure Church survives, though
summer heats

Open a passage to the Romish sword,
Far as it dares to follow. Herbs self-sown,
And fruitage gathered from the chestnut
wood,

Nourish the sufferers then ; and mists, that
brood

O'er chasms with new-fallen obstacles be-
strown,

Protect them ; and the eternal snow that
daunts

Aliens, is God's good winter for their haunts.

XIII

PRAISED be the Rivers, from their moun-
tain springs

Shouting to Freedom, " Plant thy banners
here ! "

To harassed Piety, " Dismiss thy fear,
And in our caverns smooth thy ruffled
wings ! "

Nor be unthanked their final lingerings—
Silent, but not to high-souled Passion's
ear—

'Mid reedy fens wide-spread and marshes
dear,

Their own creation. Such glad welcom-
ings

As Po was heard to give where Venice
rose

Hailed from aloft those Heirs of truth divine
Who near his fountains sought obscure
repose,

Yet came prepared as glorious lights to
shine,

Should that be needed for their sacred
Charge ;

Blest Prisoners They, whose spirits were at
large !

XIV

WALDENSES

THOSE had given earliest notice, as the
lark
Springs from the ground the morn to gratu-
late;
Or rather rose the day to antedate,
By striking out a solitary spark,
When all the world with midnight gloom
was dark.—
Then followed the Waldensian bands, whom
Hate
In vain endeavours to exterminate,
Whom Obloquy pursues with hideous
bark:¹
But they desist not;—and the sacred fire,
Rekindled thus, from dens and savage
woods
Moves, handed on with never-ceasing care,
Through courts, through camps, o'er limit-
ary floods;
Nor lacks this sea-girt Isle a timely share
Of the new Flame, not suffered to expire.

XV

ARCHBISHOP CHICHELY TO HENRY V

“WHAT beast in wilderness or cultured
field
“The lively beauty of the leopard shows?
“What flower in meadow-ground or garden
grows
“That to the towering lily doth not yield?
“Let both meet only on thy royal shield!
“Go forth, great King! claim what thy
birth bestows;
“Conquer the Gallic lily which thy foes
“Dare to usurp;—thou hast a sword to
wield,
“And Heaven will crown the right.”—The
mitred Sire
Thus spake—and lo! a Fleet, for Gaul
address,
Ploughs her bold course across the wonder-
ing seas;
For, sooth to say, ambition, in the breast
Of youthful heroes, is no sullen fire,
But one that leaps to meet the fanning
breeze.

¹ See Note.

XVI

WARS OF YORK AND LANCASTER

THUS is the storm abated by the craft
Of a shrewd Counsellor, eager to protect
The Church, whose power hath recently
been checked,
Whose monstrous riches threatened. So
the shaft
Of victory mounts high, and blood is quaffed
In fields that rival Cressy and Poitiers—
Pride to be washed away by bitter tears!
For deep as Hell itself, the avenging draught
Of civil slaughter. Yet, while temporal
power
Is by these shocks exhausted, spiritual truth
Maintains the else endangered gift of life;
Proceeds from infancy to lusty youth;
And, under cover of this woeful strife,
Gathers unblighted strength from hour to
hour.

XVII

WICLIFFE

ONCE more the Church is seized with sudden
fear,
And at her call is Wicliffe disinhumed:
Yea, his dry bones to ashes are consumed
And flung into the brook that travels near;
Forthwith, that ancient Voice which Streams
can hear
Thus speaks (that Voice which walks upon
the wind,
Though seldom heard by busy human
kind)—
“As thou these ashes, little Brook! wilt
bear
“Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
“Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
“Into main Ocean they, this deed accurst
“An emblem yields to friends and enemies
“How the bold Teacher's Doctrine, sanc-
tified
“By truth, shall spread, throughout the
world dispersed.”

XVIII

CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY

“WOE to you, Prelates! rioting in ease
“And cumbrous wealth—the shame of
your estate;

"You, on whose progress dazzling trains
await
"Of pompous horses; whom vain titles
please;
"Who will be served by others on their
knees,
"Yet will yourselves to God no service pay;
"Pastors who neither take nor point the
way
"To Heaven; for, either lost in vanities
"Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye know
"And speak the word—" Alas! of
fearful things
'Tis the most fearful when the people's eye
Abuse hath cleared from vain imaginings;
And taught the general voice to prophesy
Of Justice armed, and Pride to be laid low.

XIX

ABUSE OF MONASTIC POWER

AND what is Penance with her knotted
thong;
Mortification with the shirt of hair,
Wan cheek, and knees indurated with
prayer,
Vigils, and fastings rigorous as long;
If cloistered Avarice scruple not to wrong
The pious, humble, useful Secular,
And rob the people of his daily care,
Scorning that world whose blindness makes
her strong?
Inversion strange! that, unto One who
lives
For self, and struggles with himself alone,
The amplest share of heavenly favour
gives;
That to a Monk allots, both in the esteem
Of God and man, place higher than to him
Who on the good of others builds his own!

XX

MONASTIC VOLUPTUOUSNESS

YET more, round many a Convent's blaz-
ing fire
Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun;
There Venus sits disguised like a Nun,—
While Bacchus, clothed in semblance of a
Friar,
Pours out his choicest beverage high and
higher

Sparkling, until it cannot choose but run
Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath won
An instant kiss of masterful desire—
To stay the precious waste. Through
every brain
The domination of the sprightly juice
Spreads high conceits to madding Fancy
dear,
Till the arched roof, with resolute abuse
Of its grave echoes, swells a choral strain,
Whose votive burthen is—"OUR KING-
DOM'S HERE!"

XXI

DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES

THREATS come which no submission may
assuage,
No sacrifice avert, no power dispute;
The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries
mute,
And, 'mid their choirs unroofed by selfish
rage,
The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage;
The gadding bramble hang her purple
fruit;
And the green lizard and the gilded newt
Lead unmolested lives, and die of age.¹
The owl of evening and the woodland fox
For their abode the shrines of Waltham
choose:
Proud Glastonbury can no more refuse
To stoop her head before these desperate
shocks—
She whose high pomp displaced, as story
tells,
Arimathean Joseph's wattled cells.

XXII

THE SAME SUBJECT

THE lovely Nun (submissive, but more
meek
Through saintly habit than from effort due
To unrelenting mandates that pursue
With equal wrath the steps of strong and
weak)
Goes forth—unveiling timidly a cheek
Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,
While through the Convent's gate to open
view

¹ See Note.

Softly she glides, another home to seek.
 Not Iris, issuing from her cloudy shrine,
 An Apparition more divinely bright!
 Not more attractive to the dazzled sight
 Those watery glories, on the stormy brine
 Poured forth, while summer suns at distance shine,
 And the green vales lie hushed in sober light!

XXIII

CONTINUED

YET many a Novice of the cloistral shade,
 And many chained by vows, with eager glee
 The warrant hail, exulting to be free;
 Like ships before whose keels, full long embayed
 In polar ice, propitious winds have made
 Unlooked-for outlet to an open sea,
 Their liquid world, for bold discovery,
 In all her quarters temptingly displayed!
 Hope guides the young; but when the old must pass
 The threshold, whither shall they turn to find
 The hospitality—the alms (alas!
 Alms may be needed) which that House bestowed?
 Can they, in faith and worship, train the mind
 To keep this new and questionable road?

XXIV

SAINTS

YE, too, must fly before a chasing hand,
 Angels and Saints, in every hamlet mourned!
 Ah! if the old idolatry be spurned,
 Let not your radiant Shapes desert the Land:
 Her adoration was not your demand,
 The fond heart proffered it—the servile heart;
 And therefore are ye summoned to depart,
 Michael, and thou, St. George, whose flaming brand
 The Dragon quelled; and valiant Margaret
 Whose rival sword a like Opponent slew:

And rapt Cecilia seraph-haunted Queen
 Of harmony; and weeping Magdalene,
 Who in the penitential desert met
 Gales sweet as those that over Eden blew!

XXV

THE VIRGIN

MOTHER! whose virgin bosom was uncrest
 With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
 Woman! above all women glorified,
 Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
 Purer than foam on central ocean tost;
 Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
 With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
 Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;
 Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
 Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,
 As to a visible Power, in which did blend
 All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee
 Of mother's love with maiden purity,
 Of high with low, celestial with terrene!

XXVI

APOLOGY

NOT utterly unworthy to endure
 Was the supremacy of crafty Rome;
 Age after age to the arch of Christendom
 Aërial keystone haughtily secure;
 Supremacy from Heaven transmitted pure;
 As many hold; and, therefore, to the tomb
 Pass, some through fire—and by the scaffold some—
 Like saintly Fisher, and unbending More.
 "Lightly for both the bosom's lord did sit
 "Upon his throne;" unsoftened, undismayed
 By aught that mingled with the tragic scene
 Of pity or fear: and More's gay genius played
 With the inoffensive sword of native wit,
 Than the bare axe more luminous and keen.

XXVII

IMAGINATIVE REGRETS

DEEP is the lamentation ! Not alone
 From Sages justly honoured by mankind ;
 But from the ghostly tenants of the wind,
 Demons and Spirits, many a dolorous groan
 Issues for that dominion overthrown :
 Proud Tiber grieves, and far-off Ganges,
 blind

As his own worshippers : and Nile, reclined
 Upon his monstrous urn, the farewell moan
 Renews. Through every forest, cave, and
 den,

Where frauds were hatched of old, hath
 sorrow past—

Hangs o'er the Arabian Prophet's native
 Waste,

Where once his airy helpers schemed and
 planned

'Mid spectral lakes bemoeking thirsty men,
 And stalking pillars built of fiery sand.

XXVIII

REFLECTIONS

GRANT, that by this unsparing hurricane
 Green leaves with yellow mixed are torn
 away,

And goodly fruitage with the mother spray ;
 'Twere madness—wished we, therefore, to
 detain,

With hands stretched forth in mollified
 disdain,

The "trumpery" that ascends in bare dis-
 play—

Bulls, pardons, relics, cowls black, white,
 and grey—

Upwhirled, and flying o'er the ethereal plain
 Fast bound for Limbo Lake. And yet not
 choice

But habit rules the unreflecting herd,
 And airy bonds are hardest to disown ;
 Hence, with the spiritual sovereignty trans-
 ferred

Unto itself, the Crown assumes a voice
 Of reckless mastery, hitherto unknown.

XXIX

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE

BUT, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book,
 In dusty sequestration wrapt too long,

Assumes the accents of our native tongue ;
 And he who guides the plough, or wields
 the crook,

With understanding spirit now may look
 Upon her records, listen to her song,
 And sift her laws—much wondering that the
 wrong,

Which Faith has suffered, Heaven could
 calmly brook.

Transcendent boon ! noblest that earthly
 King

Ever bestowed to equalize and bless
 Under the weight of mortal wretchedness !
 But passions spread like plagues, and
 thousands wild

With bigotry shall tread the Offering
 Beneath their feet, detested and defiled.

XXX

THE POINT AT ISSUE

FOR what contend the wise?—for nothing
 less

Than that the Soul, freed from the bonds
 of Sense,

And to her God restored by evidence
 Of things not seen, drawn forth from their
 recess,

Root there, and not in forms, her holiness ;—
 For Faith, which to the Patriarchs did dis-
 pense

Sure guidance, ere a ceremonial fence
 Was needful round men thirsting to trans-
 gress ;—

For Faith, more perfect still, with which
 the Lord

Of all, himself a Spirit, in the youth
 Of Christian aspiration, deigned to fill
 The temples of their hearts who, with his
 word

Informed, were resolute to do his will,
 And worship him in spirit and in truth.

XXXI

EDWARD VI

"SWEET is the holiness of Youth"—so felt
 Time-honoured Chaucer speaking through
 that Lay

By which the Prioress beguiled the way,
 And many a Pilgrim's rugged heart did
 melt.

Hadst thou, loved Bard! whose spirit
often dwelt
In the clear land of vision, but foreseen
King, child, and seraph, blended in the
mien
Of pious Edward kneeling as he knelt
In meek and simple infancy, what joy
For universal Christendom had thrilled
Thy heart! what hopes inspired thy genius,
skilled
(O great Precursor, genuine morning Star)
The lucid shafts of reason to employ,
Piercing the Papal darkness from afar!

XXXII

EDWARD SIGNING THE WARRANT FOR
THE EXECUTION OF JOAN OF KENT

THE tears of man in various measure gush
From various sources; gently overflow
From blissful transport some—from clefts
of woe
Some with ungovernable impulse rush;
And some, coëval with the earliest blush
Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show
Their pearly lustre—coming but to go;
And some break forth when others' sorrows
crush
The sympathising heart. Nor these, nor
yet
The noblest drops to admiration known,
To gratitude, to injuries forgiven—
Claim Heaven's regard like waters that
have wet
The innocent eyes of youthful Monarchs
driven
To pen the mandates, nature doth disown.

XXXIII

REVIVAL OF POPERY

THE saintly Youth has ceased to rule, dis-
crowned
By unrelenting Death. O People keen
For change, to whom the new looks always
green!
Rejoicing did they cast upon the ground
Their Gods of wood and stone; and, at the
sound
Of counter-proclamation, now are seen,
(Proud triumph is it for a sullen Queen!)

Lifting them up, the worship to confound
Of the Most High. Again do they invoke
The Creature, to the Creature glory give;
Again with frankincense the altars smoke
Like those the Heathen served; and mass
is sung;
And prayer, man's rational prerogative,
Runs through blind channels of an unknown
tongue.

XXXIV

LATIMER AND RIDLEY

How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled!
See Latimer and Ridley in the night
Of Faith stand coupled for a common flight!
One (like those prophets whom God sent
of old)
Transfigured,¹ from this kindling hath fore-
told
A torch of inextinguishable light;
The Other gains a confidence as bold;
And thus they foil their enemy's despite.
The penal instruments, the shows of crime,
Are glorified while this once-mitred pair
Of saintly Friends the "murderer's chain
partake,
Corded, and burning at the social stake:"
Earth never witnessed object more sublime
In constancy, in fellowship more fair!

XXXV

CRANMER

OUTSTRETCHING flameward his upbraided
hand
(O God of mercy, may no earthly Seat
Of judgment such presumptuous doom re-
peat!)
Amid the shuddering throng doth Cranmer
stand;
Firm as the stake to which with iron band
His frame is tied; firm from the naked
feet
To the bare head. The victory is complete;
The shrouded Body to the Soul's command
Answers with more than Indian fortitude,
Through all her nerves with finer sense
endued,
Till breath departs in blissful aspiration:

¹ See Note.

Then, 'mid the ghastly ruins of the fire,
Behold the unalterable heart entire,
Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous
attestation!¹

XXXVI

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TROUBLES OF
THE REFORMATION

AID, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of
light,
Our mortal ken! Inspire a perfect trust
(While we look round) that Heaven's de-
crees are just:
Which few can hold committed to a fight
That shows, ev'n on its better side, the might
Of proud Self-will, Rapacity, and Lust,
'Mid clouds enveloped of polemic dust,
Which showers of blood seem rather to
incite
Than to allay. Anathemas are hurled
From both sides; veteran thunders (the
brute test
Of truth) are met by fulminations new—
Tartarean flags are caught at, and unfurled—
Friends strike at friends—the flying shall
pursue—
And Victory sickens, ignorant where to
rest!

XXXVII

ENGLISH REFORMERS IN EXILE

SCATTERING, like birds escaped the fowler's
net,
Some seek with timely flight a foreign
strand;
Most happy, re-assembled in a land
By dauntless Luther freed, could they forget
Their Country's woes. But scarcely have
they met,
Partners in faith, and brothers in distress,
Free to pour forth their common thank-
fulness,
Ere hope declines:—their union is beset
With speculative notions rashly sown,
Whence thickly-sprouting growth of poison-
ous weeds;
Their forms are broken staves; their pas-
sions, steeds

¹ For the belief in this fact, see the contem-
porary Historians.

That master them. How enviably blest
Is he who can, by help of grace, enthrone
The peace of God within his single breast!

XXXVIII

ELIZABETH

HAIL, Virgin Queen! o'er many an envious
bar
Triumphant, snatched from many a
treacherous wife!
All hail, sage Lady, whom a grateful Isle
Hath blest, respiring from that dismal war
Stilled by thy voice! But quickly from
afar
Defiance breathes with more malignant
aim;
And alien storms with home-bred ferments
claim
Portentous fellowship. Her silver car,
By sleepless prudence ruled, glides slowly
on;
Unhurt by violence, from menaced taint
Emerging pure, and seemingly more bright:
Ah! wherefore yields it to a foul constraint
Black as the clouds its beams dispersed,
while shone,
By men and angels blest, the glorious light?

XXXIX

EMINENT REFORMERS

METHINKS that I could trip o'er heaviest
soil,
Light as a buoyant bark from wave to wave,
Were mine the trusty staff that JEWEL
gave
To youthful HOOKER, in familiar style
The gift exalting, and with playful smile:²
For thus equipped, and bearing on his head
The Donor's farewell blessing, can he dread
Tempest, or length of way, or weight of
toil?—
More sweet than odours caught by him
who sails
Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,
A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,
The freight of holy feeling which we meet,
In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales
From fields where good men walk, or
bowers wherein they rest.

² See Note.

XL

THE SAME

HOLY and heavenly Spirits as they are,
Spotless in life, and eloquent as wise,
With what entire affection do they prize
Their Church reformed ! labouring with
earnest care

To baffle all that may her strength impair ;
That Church, the unperverted Gospel's
seat ;

In their afflictions a divine retreat ;
Source of their liveliest hope, and tenderest
prayer !—

The truth exploring with an equal mind,
In doctrine and communion they have
sought

Firmly between the two extremes to steer ;
But theirs the wise man's ordinary lot—

To trace right courses for the stubborn
blind,

And prophesy to ears that will not hear.

XLI

DISTRACTIONS

MEN, who have ceased to reverence, soon
defy,

Their forefathers ; lo ! sects are formed,
and split

With morbid restlessness ;—the ecstatic fit
Spreads wide ; though special mysteries
multiply,

The Saints must govern, is their common cry ;
And so they labour, deeming Holy Writ
Disgraced by aught that seems content to sit
Beneath the roof of settled Modesty.

The Romanist exults ; fresh hope he draws
From the confusion, craftily incites

The overweening, personates the mad—¹

To heap disgust upon the worthier Cause :
Totters the Throne ; the new-born Church
is sad,

For every wave against her peace unites.

XLII

GUNPOWDER PLOT

FEAR hath a hundred eyes that all agree
To plague her beating heart ; and there is
one

¹ See Note.

(Nor idlest that !) which holds communion
With things that were not, yet were *meant*
to be.

Aghast within its gloomy cavity
That eye (which sees as if fulfilled and done
Crimes that might stop the motion of the
sun)

Beholds the horrible catastrophe
Of an assembled Senate unredeemed
From subterraneous Treason's darkling
power :

Merciless act of sorrow infinite !
Worse than the product of that dismal
night,

When gushing, copious as a thunder-
shower,

The blood of Huguenots through Paris
streamed.

XLIII

ILLUSTRATION

THE JUNG-FRAU AND THE FALL OF THE
RHINE NEAR SCHAFFHAUSEN

THE Virgin Mountain,² wearing like a
Queen

A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,
Sheds ruin from her sides ; and men below
Wonder that aught of aspect so serene
Can link with desolation. Smooth and
green,

And seeming, at a little distance, slow,
The waters of the Rhine ; but on they go
Fretting and whitening, keener and more
keen ;

Till madness seizes on the whole wide Flood,
Turned to a fearful Thing whose nostrils
breathe

Blasts of tempestuous smoke—wherewith
he tries

To hide himself, but only magnifies ;
And doth in more conspicuous torment
writhe,

Deafening the region in his ireful mood.

XLIV

TROUBLES OF CHARLES THE FIRST

EVEN such the contrast that, where'er we
move,

² The Jung-frau.

To the mind's eye Religion doth present ;
Now with her own deep quietness content ;
Then, like the mountain, thundering from
above

Against the ancient pine-trees of the grove
And the Land's humblest comforts. Now
her mood

Recalls the transformation of the flood,
Whose rage the gentle skies in vain reprove ;
Earth cannot check. O terrible excess
Of headstrong will ! Can this be Piety ?
No—some fierce Maniac hath usurped her
name ;

And scourges England struggling to be
free :

Her peace destroyed ! her hopes a wilder-
ness !

Her blessings cursed—her glory turned to
shame !

XLV

LAUD¹

PREJUDGED by foes determined not to spare,
An old weak Man for vengeance thrown
aside,

Laud, "in the painful art of dying" tried,
(Like a poor bird entangled in a snare
Whose heart still flutters, though his wings
forbear

To stir in useless struggle) hath relied
On hope that conscious innocence supplied,
And in his prison breathes celestial air.
Why tarries then thy chariot ? Wherefore
stay,

O Death ! the ensanguined yet triumphant
wheels,

Which thou prepar'st, full often, to convey
(What time a State with madding faction
reels)

The Saint or Patriot to the world that heals
All wounds, all perturbations doth allay ?

XLVI

AFFLICTIONS OF ENGLAND

HARP ! could'st thou venture, on thy boldest
string,

The faintest note to echo which the blast
Caught from the hand of Moses as it passed

¹ See Note.

O'er Sinai's top, or from the Shepherd-king,
Early awake, by Siloa's brook, to sing
Of dread Jehovah ; then, should wood and
waste

Hear also of that name, and mercy cast
Off to the mountains, like a covering
Of which the Lord was weary. Weep, oh !
weep,

Weep with the good, beholding King and
Priest

Despised by that stern God to whom they
raise

Their suppliant hands ; but holy is the
feast

He keepeth ; like the firmament his ways :
His statutes like the chambers of the deep.

PART III

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRESENT
TIMES

When I came to this part of the series I had
the dream described in this Sonnet. The figure
was that of my daughter, and the whole passed
exactly as here represented. The Sonnet was
composed on the middle road leading from Gras-
mere to Ambleside : it was begun as I left the
last house of the vale, and finished, word for word
as it now stands, before I came in view of Rydal.
I wish I could say the same of the five or six
hundred I have written : most of them were fre-
quently retouched in the course of composition,
and, not a few, laboriously.

I have only further to observe that the intended
Church which prompted these Sonnets was erected
on Coleorton Moor towards the centre of a very
populous parish between three and four miles
from Ashby-de-la-Zouch, on the road to Lough-
borough, and has proved, I believe, a great benefit
to the neighbourhood.

I

I SAW the figure of a lovely Maid
Seated alone beneath a darksome tree,
Whose fondly-overhanging canopy
Set off her brightness with a pleasing shade.
No Spirit was she ; *that* my heart betrayed,
For she was one I loved exceedingly ;
But while I gazed in tender reverie
(Or was it sleep that with my Fancy played ?)
The bright corporeal presence—form and
face—

Remaining still distinct grew thin and rare,
Like sunny mist;—at length the golden
hair,
Shape, limbs, and heavenly features, keep-
ing pace
Each with the other in a lingering race
Of dissolution, melted into air.

II

PATRIOTIC SYMPATHIES

LAST night, without a voice, that Vision
spake
Fear to my Soul, and sadness which might
seem
Wholly dis severed from our present theme;
Yet, my beloved Country ! I partake
Of kindred agitations for thy sake;
Thou, too, dost visit oft my midnight
dream;
Thy glory meets me with the earliest beam
Of light, which tells that Morning is awake.
If aught impair thy beauty or destroy,
Or but forebode destruction, I deplore
With filial love the sad vicissitude;
If thou hast fallen, and righteous Heaven
restore
The prostrate, then my spring-time is
renewed,
And sorrow bartered for exceeding joy.

III

CHARLES THE SECOND

WHO comes—with rapture greeted, and
caressed
With frantic love—his kingdom to regain?
Him Virtue's Nurse, Adversity, in vain
Received; and fostered in her iron breast:
For all she taught of hardest and of best,
Or would have taught, by discipline of pain
And long privation, now dissolves amain,
Or is remembered only to give zest
To wantonness.—Away, Circean revels !
But for what gain? If England soon must
sink
Into a gulf which all distinction levels—
That bigotry may swallow the good name,
And, with that draught, the life-blood:
misery, shame,
By Poets loathed; from which Historians
shrink !

IV

LATITUDINARIANISM

YET Truth is keenly sought for, and the
wind
Charged with rich words poured out in
thought's defence;
Whether the Church inspire that eloquence,
Or a Platonic Piety confined
To the sole temple of the inward mind;
And One there is who builds immortal lays,
Though doomed to tread in solitary ways,
Darkness before and danger's voice behind;
Yet not alone, nor helpless to repel
Sad thoughts; for from above the starry
sphere
Come secrets, whispered nightly to his ear;
And the pure spirit of celestial light
Shines through his soul—"that he may see
and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

V

WALTON'S BOOK OF LIVES

THERE are no colours in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather, whence the
pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these
good men,
Dropped from an Angel's wing. With
moistened eye
We read of faith and purest charity
In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen:
Oh could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die !
Methinks their very names shine still and
bright;
Apart—like glow-worms on a summer
night;
Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
A guiding ray; or seen—like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

VI

CLERICAL INTEGRITY

NOR shall the eternal roll of praise reject
Those Unconforming; whom one rigorous
day

Drives from their Cures, a voluntary prey
 To poverty, and grief, and disrespect.
 And some to want—as if by tempests
 wrecked
 On a wild coast how destitute! did They
 Feel not that Conscience never can betray,
 That peace of mind is Virtue's sure effect.
 Their altars they forego, their homes they
 quit,
 Fields which they love, and paths they
 daily trod,
 And cast the future upon Providence;
 As men the dictate of whose inward sense
 Outweighs the world; whom self-deceiving
 wit
 Lures not from what they deem the cause
 of God.

VII

PERSECUTION OF THE SCOTTISH
COVENANTERS

WHEN Alpine Vales threw forth a suppliant
 cry,
 The Majesty of England interposed
 And the sword stopped; the bleeding
 wounds were closed;
 And Faith preserved her ancient purity.
 How little boots that precedent of good,
 Scorned or forgotten, Thou canst testify,
 For England's shame, O Sister Realm!
 from wood,
 Mountain, and moor, and crowded street,
 where lie
 The headless martyrs of the Covenant,
 Slain by Compatriot-protestants that draw
 From councils senseless as intolerant
 Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword-
 law;
 But who would force the Soul, tilts with a
 straw
 Against a Champion cased in adamant.

VIII

ACQUITTAL OF THE BISHOPS

A VOICE, from long-expecting thousands
 sent,
 Shatters the air, and troubles tower and
 spire;
 For Justice hath absolved the innocent,

And Tyranny is balked of her desire:
 Up, down, the busy Thames—rapid as
 fire
 Coursing a train of gunpowder—it went,
 And transport finds in every street a vent,
 Till the whole City rings like one vast
 quiere.
 The Fathers urge the People to be still,
 With outstretched hands and earnest speech
 —in vain!
 Yea, many, haply wont to entertain
 Small reverence for the mitre's offices,
 And to Religion's self no friendly will,
 A Prelate's blessing ask on bended knees.

IX

WILLIAM THE THIRD

CALM as an under-current, strong to draw
 Millions of waves into itself, and run,
 From sea to sea, impervious to the sun
 And ploughing storm, the spirit of Nassau
 Swerves not, (how blest if by religious awe
 Swayed, and thereby enabled to contend
 With the wide world's commotions) from
 its end
 Swerves not—diverted by a casual law.
 Had mortal action e'er a nobler scope?
 The Hero comes to liberate, not defy;
 And, while he marches on with steadfast
 hope,
 Conqueror beloved! expected anxiously!
 The vacillating Bondman of the Pope
 Shrinks from the verdict of his steadfast
 eye.

X

OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS
LIBERTY

UNGRATEFUL Country, if thou e'er forget
 The sons who for thy civil rights have bled!
 How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his
 head,
 And Russel's milder blood the scaffold wet;
 But these had fallen for profitless regret
 Had not thy holy Church her champions
 bred,
 And claims from other worlds inspirited
 The star of Liberty to rise. Nor yet
 (Grave this within thy heart!) if spiritual
 things

Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or fear,
 Shalt thou thy humbler franchises support,
 However hardly won or justly dear:
 What came from heaven to heaven by
 nature clings,
 And, if dissevered thence, its course is
 short.

XI

SACHEVEREL

A SUDDEN conflict rises from the swell
 Of a proud slavery met by tenets strained
 In Liberty's behalf. Fears, true or feigned,
 Spread through all ranks; and lo! the
 Sentinel
 Who loudest rang his pulpit 'larum bell,
 Stands at the Bar, absolved by female
 eyes
 Mingling their glances with grave flatteries
 Lavished on *Him*—that England may rebel
 Against her ancient virtue. HIGH and
 Low,
 Watchwords of Party, on all tongues are
 rife;
 As if a Church, though sprung from heaven,
 must owe
 To opposites and fierce extremes her life,—
 Not to the golden mean, and quiet flow
 Of truths that soften hatred, temper strife.

XII

DOWN a swift Stream, thus far, a bold
 design
 Have we pursued, with livelier stir of heart
 Than his who sees, borne forward by the
 Rhine,
 The living landscapes greet him, and
 depart;
 Sees spires fast sinking—up again to start!
 And strives the towers to number, that
 recline
 O'er the dark steeps, or on the horizon
 line
 Striding with shattered crests his eye
 athwart,
 So have we hurried on with troubled plea-
 sure:
 Henceforth, as on the bosom of a stream
 That slackens, and spreads wide a watery
 gleam,

We, nothing loth a lingering course to
 measure,
 May gather up our thoughts, and mark at
 leisure
 How widely spread the interests of our
 theme.

XIII

ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY IN
AMERICAI. THE PILGRIM FATHERS¹

WELL worthy to be magnified are they
 Who, with sad hearts, of friends and
 country took
 A last farewell, their loved abodes forsook,
 And hallowed ground in which their fathers
 lay;
 Then to the new-found World explored
 their way,
 That so a Church, unforced, uncalled to
 brook
 Ritual restraints, within some sheltering
 nook
 Her Lord might worship and his word obey
 In freedom. Men they were who could not
 bend;
 Blest Pilgrims, surely, as they took for
 guide
 A will by sovereign Conscience sanctified;
 Blest while their Spirits from the woods
 ascend
 Along a Galaxy that knows no end,
 But in His glory who for Sinners died.

XIV

II. CONTINUED

FROM Rite and Ordinance abused they fled
 To Wilds where both were utterly unknown;
 But not to them had Providence foreshown
 What benefits are missed, what evils bred,
 In worship neither raised nor limited
 Save by Self-will. Lo! from that distant
 shore,
 For Rite and Ordinance, Piety is led
 Back to the Land those Pilgrims left of
 yore,
 Led by her own free choice. So Truth
 and Love
 By Conscience governed do their steps
 retrace.—

¹ This and the two following were added in
 1842. See Note.

Fathers ! your Virtues, such the power of
 grace,
 Their spirit, in your Children, thus approve.
 Transcendent over time, unbound by place,
 Concord and Charity in circles move.

XV

 III. CONCLUDED.—AMERICAN
 EPISCOPACY

PATRIOTS informed with Apostolic light
 Were they, who, when their Country had
 been freed,
 Bowing with reverence to the ancient creed,
 Fixed on the frame of England's Church
 their sight,
 And strove in filial love to reunite
 What force had severed. Thence they
 fetched the seed
 Of Christian unity, and won a meed
 Of praise from Heaven. To Thee, O
 saintly WHITE,
 Patriarch of a wide-spreading family,
 Remotest lands and unborn times shall
 turn,
 Whether they would restore or build—to
 Thee,
 As one who rightly taught how zeal should
 burn,
 As one who drew from out Faith's holiest
 urn
 The purest stream of patient Energy.

XVI

BISHOPS and Priests, blessed are ye, if
 deep
 (As yours above all offices is high)
 Deep in your hearts the sense of duty lie ;
 Charged as ye are by Christ to feed and
 keep
 From wolves your portion of his chosen
 sheep :
 Labouring as ever in your Master's sight,
 Making your hardest task your best delight,
 What perfect glory ye in Heaven shall
 reap !—
 But, in the solemn Office which ye sought
 And undertook premonished, if unsound
 Your practice prove, faithless though but
 in thought,

Bishops and Priests, think what a gulf
 profound
 Awaits you then, if they were rightly taught
 Who framed the Ordinance by your lives
 disowned !

XVII

PLACES OF WORSHIP

As star that shines dependent upon star
 Is to the sky while we look up and love ;
 As to the deep fair ships which though they
 move
 Seem fixed, to eyes that watch them from
 afar ;
 As to the sandy desert fountains are,
 With palm-groves shaded at wide intervals,
 Whose fruit around the sun-burnt Native
 falls
 Of roving tired or desultory war—
 Such to this British Isle her christian Fanes,
 Each linked to each for kindred services ;
 Her Spires, her Steeple-towers with glitter-
 ing vanes
 Far-kenned, her Chapels lurking among
 trees,
 Where a few villagers on bended knees
 Find solace which a busy world disdains.

XVIII

PASTORAL CHARACTER

A GENIAL hearth, a hospitable board,
 And a refined rusticity, belong
 To the neat mansion,¹ where, his flock
 among,
 The learned Pastor dwells, their watchful
 Lord.
 Though meek and patient as a sheathed
 sword ;
 Though pride's least lurking thought ap-
 pear a wrong
 To human kind ; though peace be on his
 tongue,
 Gentleness in his heart—can earth afford
 Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,
 As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,
 He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand ;
 Conjures, implores, and labours all he can
 For re-subjecting to divine command
 'The stubborn spirit of rebellious man ?

¹ See Note.

XIX

THE LITURGY

YES, if the intensities of hope and fear
 Attract us still, and passionate exercise
 Of lofty thoughts, the way before us lies
 Distinct with signs, through which in set
 career,

As through a zodiac, moves the ritual year
 Of England's Church; stupendous mys-
 teries !

Which whoso travels in her bosom eyes,
 As he approaches them, with solemn cheer.
 Upon that circle traced from sacred story
 We only dare to cast a transient glance,
 Trusting in hope that Others may advance
 With mind intent upon the King of Glory,
 From his mild advent till his countenance
 Shall dissipate the seas and mountains
 hoary.

XX

BAPTISM

DEAR be the Church, that, watching o'er
 the needs

Of Infancy, provides a timely shower
 Whose virtue changes to a christian Flower
 A Growth from sinful Nature's bed of
 weeds !—

Fitliest beneath the sacred roof proceeds
 The ministration; while parental Love
 Looks on, and Grace descendeth from
 above

As the high service pledges now, now
 pleads.

There, should vain thoughts outspread
 their wings and fly

To meet the coming hours of festal mirth,
 The tombs—which hear and answer that
 brief cry,

The Infant's notice of his second birth—
 Recall the wandering Soul to sympathy
 With what man hopes from Heaven, yet
 fears from Earth.

XXI

SPONSORS

FATHER !—to God himself we cannot give
 A holier name ! then lightly do not bear

Both names conjoined, but of thy spiritual
 care

Be duly mindful : still more sensitive
 Do Thou, in truth a second Mother, strive
 Against disheartening custom, that by Thee
 Watched, and with love and pious industry
 Tended at need, the adopted Plant may
 thrive

For everlasting bloom. Benign and pure
 This Ordinance, whether, loss it would
 supply,

Prevent omission, help deficiency,
 Or seek to make assurance doubly sure.
 Shame if the consecrated Vow be found
 An idle form, the Word an empty sound !

XXII

CATECHISING

FROM Little down to Least, in due degree,
 Around the Pastor, each in new-wrought
 vest,

Each with a vernal posy at his breast,
 We stood, a trembling, earnest Company !
 With low soft murmur, like a distant bee,
 Some spake, by thought-perplexing fears
 betrayed ;

And some a bold unerring answer made :
 How fluttered then thy anxious heart for
 me,

Belovéd Mother ! Thou whose happy hand
 Had bound the flowers I wore, with faithful
 tie :

Sweet flowers ! at whose inaudible command
 Her countenance, phantom-like, doth re-
 appear :

O lost too early for the frequent tear,
 And ill requited by this heartfelt sigh !

XXIII

CONFIRMATION

THE Young-ones gathered in from hill and
 dale,

With holiday delight on every brow :
 'Tis passed away ; far other thoughts pre-
 vail ;

For they are taking the baptismal Vow
 Upon their conscious selves ; their own lips
 speak

The solemn promise. Strongest sinews fail,

And many a blooming, many a lovely, cheek
Under the holy fear of God turns pale;
While on each head his lawn-robed Servant
lays
An apostolic hand, and with prayer seals
The Covenant. The Omnipotent will raise
Their feeble Souls; and bear with *his*
regrets,
Who, looking round the fair assemblage,
feels
That ere the Sun goes down their childhood
sets.

XXIV

CONFIRMATION CONTINUED

I SAW a Mother's eye intensely bent
Upon a Maiden trembling as she knelt;
In and for whom the pious Mother felt
Things that we judge of by a light too
faint:
Tell, if ye may, some star-crowned Muse,
or Saint!
Tell what rushed in, from what she was
relieved—
Then, when her Child the hallowing touch
received,
And such vibration through the Mother
went
That tears burst forth amain. Did gleams
appear?
Opened a vision of that blissful place
Where dwells a Sister-child? And was
power given
Part of her lost One's glory back to trace
Even to this Rite? For thus *She* knelt,
and, ere
The summer-leaf had faded, passed to
Heaven.

XXV

SACRAMENT

By chain yet stronger must the Soul be
tied:
One duty more, last stage of this ascent,
Brings to thy food, mysterious Sacrament!
The Offspring, haply, at the Parent's side;
But not till They, with all that do abide
In Heaven, have lifted up their hearts to
laud
And magnify the glorious name of God,

Fountain of grace, whose Son for sinners
died.
Ye, who have duly weighed the summons,
pause
No longer; ye, whom to the saving rite
The Altar calls, come early under laws
That can secure for you a path of light
Through gloomiest shade; put on (nor
dread its weight)
Armour divine, and conquer in your cause!

XXVI

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY

THE Vested Priest before the Altar stands;
Approach, come gladly, ye prepared, in
sight
Of God and chosen friends, your troth to
plight
With the symbolic ring, and willing hands
Solemnly joined. Now sanctify the bands
O Father!—to the Espoused thy blessing
give,
That mutually assisted they may live
Obedient, as here taught, to thy commands.
So prays the Church, to consecrate a Vow
"The which would endless matrimony
make;"
Union that shadows forth and doth partake
A mystery potent human love to endow
With heavenly, each more prized for the
other's sake;
Weep not, meek Bride! uplift thy timid
brow.

XXVII

THANKSGIVING AFTER CHILDBIRTH

WOMAN! the Power who left his throne
on high,
And deigned to wear the robe of flesh we
wear,
The Power that thro' the straits of Infancy
Did pass dependent on maternal care,
His own humanity with Thee will share,
Pleased with the thanks that in his People's
eye
Thou offerest up for safe Delivery
From Childbirth's perilous throes. And
should the Heir
Of thy fond hopes hereafter walk inclined
To courses fit to make a mother rue

That ever he was born, a glance of mind
Cast upon this observance may renew
A better will; and, in the imagined view
Of thee thus kneeling, safety he may find.

XXVIII

VISITATION OF THE SICK

THE Sabbath bells renew the inviting peal;
Glad music! yet there be that, worn with
 pain
And sickness, listen where they long have
 lain,
In sadness listen. With maternal zeal
Inspired, the Church sends ministers to
 kneel
Beside the afflicted; to sustain with prayer,
And soothe the heart confession hath laid
 bare—
That pardon, from God's throne, may set
 its seal
On a true Penitent. When breath departs
From one disburthened so, so comforted,
His Spirit Angels greet; and ours be hope
That, if the Sufferer rise from his sick-bed,
Hence he will gain a firmer mind, to cope
With a bad world, and foil the Tempter's
 arts.

XXIX

THE COMMINATION SERVICE

SHUN not this Rite, neglected, yea abhorred,
By some of unreflecting mind, as calling
Man to curse man, (thought monstrous and
 appalling.)
Go thou and hear the threatenings of the
 LORD;
Listening within his Temple see his sword
Unsheathed in wrath to strike the offender's
 head,
Thy own, if sorrow for thy sin be dead,
Guilt unrepented, pardon unimplored.
Two aspects bears Truth needful for salva-
 tion;
Who knows not *that*?—yet would this
 delicate age
Look only on the Gospel's brighter page:
Let light and dark duly our thoughts em-
 ploy;
So shall the fearful words of Commination
Yield timely fruit of peace and love and joy.

XXX

FORMS OF PRAYER AT SEA

To kneeling Worshippers no earthly floor
Gives holier invitation than the deck
Of a storm-shattered Vessel saved from
 Wreck
(When all that Man could do availed no
 more)
By him who raised the Tempest and
 restrains:
Happy the crew who this have felt, and pour
Forth for his mercy, as the Church ordains,
Solemn thanksgiving. Nor will *they* im-
 plore
In vain who, for a rightful cause, give
 breath
To words the Church prescribes aiding the
 lip
For the heart's sake, ere ship with hostile
 ship
Encounters, armed for work of pain and
 death.
Suppliants! the God to whom your cause
 ye trust
Will listen, and ye know that He is just.

XXXI

FUNERAL SERVICE

FROM the Baptismal hour, thro' weal and
 woe,
The Church extends her care to thought
 and deed;
Nor quits the Body when the Soul is freed,
The mortal weight cast off to be laid low.
Blest Rite for him who hears in faith, "I
 know
That my Redeemer liveth,"—hears each
 word
That follows—striking on some kindred
 chord
Deep in the thankful heart;—yet tears will
 flow,
Man is as grass that springeth up at morn,
Grows green, and is cut down and withereth
Ere nightfall—truth that well may claim a
 sigh,
Its natural echo; but hope comes reborn
At Jesu's bidding. We rejoice, "O Death,
Where is thy Sting?—O Grave, where is
 thy Victory?"

XXXII

RURAL CEREMONY¹

CLOSING the sacred Book which long has
fed
Our meditations, give we to a day
Of annual joy one tributary lay;
This day, when, forth by rustic music led,
The village Children, while the sky is red
With evening lights, advance in long
array
Through the still churchyard, each with
garland gay,
That, carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the
head
Of the proud Bearer. To the wide church-
door,
Charged with these offerings which their
fathers bore
For decoration in the Papal time,
The innocent procession softly moves :—
The spirit of Laud is pleased in heaven's
pure clime,
And Hooker's voice the spectacle approves !

XXXIII

REGRETS

WOULD that our scrupulous Sires had dared
to leave
Less scanty measure of those graceful rites
And usages, whose due return invites
A stir of mind too natural to deceive;
Giving to Memory help when she would
weave
A crown for Hope !—I dread the boasted
lights
That all too often are but fiery blights,
Killing the bud o'er which in vain we grieve.
Go, seek, when Christmas snows discomfort
bring,
The counter Spirit found in some gay
church
Green with fresh holly, every pew a perch
In which the linnet or the thrush might
sing,
Merry and loud and safe from prying
search,
Strains offered only to the genial Spring.

¹ See Note.

XXXIV

MUTABILITY

FROM low to high doth dissolution climb,
And sink from high to low, along a scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not
fail;
A musical but melancholy chime,
Which they can hear who meddle not with
crime,
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
Truth fails not; but her outward forms that
bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more; drop like the tower sub-
lime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even
sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

XXXV

OLD ABBEYS

MONASTIC Domes ! following my down-
ward way,
Untouched by due regret I marked your
fall !
Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all
Dispose to judgments temperate as we lay
On our past selves in life's declining day :
For as, by discipline of Time made wise,
We learn to tolerate the infirmities
And faults of others—gently as he may,
So with our own the mild Instructor deals,
Teaching us to forget them or forgive.¹
Perversely curious, then, for hidden ill
Why should we break Time's charitable
seals ?
Once ye were holy, ye are holy still ;
Your spirit freely let me drink, and live !

XXXVI

EMIGRANT FRENCH CLERGY

EVEN while I speak, the sacred roofs of
France
Are shattered into dust ; and self-exiled

¹ See Note.

From altars threatened, levelled, or defiled,
Wander the Ministers of God, as chance
Opens a way for life, or consonance
Of faith invites. More welcome to no land
The fugitives than to the British strand,
Where priest and layman with the vigilance
Of true compassion greet them. Creed and
test

Vanish before the unreserved embrace
Of catholic humanity:—distrest
They came,—and, while the moral tempest
roars

Throughout the Country they have left, our
shores

Give to their Faith a fearless resting-place.

XXXVII

CONGRATULATION

THUS all things lead to Charity secured
By THEM who blessed the soft and happy
gale

That landward urged the great Deliverer's
sail,

Till in the sunny bay his fleet was moored !
Propitious hour !—had we, like them, en-
dured

Sore stress of apprehension,¹ with a mind
Sickened by injuries, dreading worse
designed,

From month to month trembling and
unassured,

How had we then rejoiced ! But we have
felt,

As a loved substance, their futurity:
Good, which they dared not hope for, we
have seen ;

A State whose generous will through earth
is dealt ;

A State—which, balancing herself between
Licence and slavish order, dares be free.

XXXVIII

NEW CHURCHES

BUT liberty, and triumphs on the Main,
And laurelled armies, not to be withstood—
What serve they ? if, on transitory good
Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,
The State (ah, surely not preserved in vain !)

¹ See Note.

Forbear to shape due channels which the
Flood

Of sacred truth may enter—till it brood
O'er the wide realm, as o'er the Egyptian
plain

The all-sustaining Nile. No more—the
time

Is conscious of her want ; through England's
bounds,

In rival haste, the wished-for Temples rise !
I hear their sabbath bells' harmonious
chime

Float on the breeze—the heavenliest of all
sounds

That vale or hill prolongs or multiplies !

XXXIX

CHURCH TO BE ERECTED

BE this the chosen site ; the virgin sod,
Moistened from age to age by dewy eve,
Shall disappear, and grateful earth receive
The corner-stone from hands that build to
God.

Yon reverend hawthorns, hardened to the
rod

Of winter storms, yet budding cheerfully ;
Those forest oaks of Druid memory,
Shall long survive, to shelter the Abode
Of genuine Faith. Where, haply, 'mid
this band

Of daisies, shepherds sate of yore and wove
May-garlands, there let the holy altar stand
For kneeling adoration ;—while—above,
Broods, visibly portrayed, the mystic Dove,
That shall protect from blasphemy the
Land.

XL

CONTINUED

MINE ear has rung, my spirit sunk sub-
dued,

Sharing the strong emotion of the crowd,
When each pale brow to dread hosannas
bowed

While clouds of incense mounting veiled
the rood,

That glimmered like a pine-tree dimly
viewed

Through Alpine vapours. Such appalling
rite

Our Church prepares not, trusting to the
 night
 Of simple truth with grace divine imbued ;
 Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross,
 Like men ashamed ;¹ the Sun with his first
 smile
 Shall greet that symbol crowning the low
 Pile ;
 And the fresh air of incense-breathing morn
 Shall wooingly embrace it ; and green moss
 Creep round its arms through centuries un-
 born.

XL I

NEW CHURCHYARD

THE encircling ground, in native turf ar-
 rayed,
 Is now by solemn consecration given
 To social interests, and to favouring Heaven ;
 And where the rugged colts their gambols
 played,
 And wild deer bounded through the forest
 glade,
 Unchecked as when by merry Outlaw driven,
 Shall hymns of praise resound at morn and
 even ;
 And soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's spade
 Shall wound the tender sod. Encincture
 small,
 But infinite its grasp of weal and woe !
 Hopes, fears, in never-ending ebb and flow ;—
 The spousal trembling, and the "dust to
 dust,"
 The prayers, the contrite struggle, and the
 trust
 That to the Almighty Father looks through
 all.

XL II

CATHEDRALS, & ETC.

OPEN your gates, ye everlasting Piles !
 Types of the spiritual Church which God
 hath reared ;
 Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed sward
 And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous
 aisles
 To kneel, or thrud your intricate defiles,
 Or down the nave to pace in motion slow ;
 Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower
 grow

¹ See Note.

And mount, at every step, with living wiles
 Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead the
 will
 By a bright ladder to the world above.
 Open your gates, ye Monuments of love
 Divine ! thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign
 hill !
 Thou, stately York ! and Ye, whose splen-
 dours cheer
 Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear !

XL III

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL,
 CAMBRIDGE

TAX not the royal Saint with vain expense,
 With ill-matched aims the Architect who
 planned—
 Albeit labouring for a scanty band
 Of white robed Scholars only—this immense
 And glorious Work of fine intelligence !
 Give all thou canst ; high Heaven rejects
 the lore
 Of nicely-calculated less or more ;
 So deemed the man who fashioned for the
 sense
 These lofty pillars, spread that branching
 roof
 Self-poised, and-scooped into ten thousand
 cells,
 Where light and shade repose, where music
 dwells
 Lingering—and wandering on as loth to
 die ;
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth
 proof
 That they were born for immortality.

XL IV

THE SAME

WHAT awful perspective ! while from our
 sight
 With gradual stealth the lateral windows
 hide
 Their Portraits, their stone-work glim-
 mers, dyed
 In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light.
 Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremité,
 Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves unseen,
 Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,

Shine on, until yefade with coming Night!—
 But, from the arms of silence—list! O list!
 The music bursteth into second life;
 The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
 By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;
 Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the
 eye
 Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

XLV

CONTINUED

THEY dreamt not of a perishable home
 Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours
 of fear
 Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge
 here;
 Or through the aisles of Westminster to
 roam:
 Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing
 foam
 Melts, if it cross the threshold; where the
 wreath
 Of awe-struck wisdom droops: or let my
 path
 Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-like
 dome
 Hath typified by reach of daring art
 Infinity's embrace; whose guardian crest,
 The silent Cross, among the stars shall
 spread
 As now, when She hath also seen her
 breast
 Filled with mementos, satiate with its part
 Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.

XLVI

EJACULATION

GLORY to God! and to the Power who
 came
 In filial duty, clothed with love divine,
 That made his human tabernacle shine
 Like Ocean burning with purpureal flame;
 Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its
 name
 From roseate hues, far kenned at morn and
 even
 In hours of peace, or when the storm is
 driven
 Along the nether region's rugged frame!¹

¹ See Note.

Earth prompts—Heaven urges; let us seek
 the light,
 Studious of that pure intercourse begun
 When first our infant brows their lustre
 won;
 So, like the Mountain, may we grow more
 bright
 From unimpeded commerce with the Sun,
 At the approach of all-involving night.

XLVII

CONCLUSION

WHY sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled,
 Coil within coil, at noon-tide? For the
 WORD
 Yields, if with unpresumptuous faith ex-
 plored,
 Power at whose touch the sluggard shall
 unfold
 His drowsy rings. Look forth!—that
 Stream behold,
 THAT STREAM upon whose bosom we have
 passed
 Floating at ease while nations have effaced
 Nations, and Death has gathered to his fold
 Long lines of mighty Kings—look forth,
 my Soul!
 (Nor in this vision be thou slow to trust)
 The living Waters, less and less by guilt
 Stained and polluted, brighten as they roll,
 Till they have reached the eternal City—
 built
 For the perfected Spirit of the just!

MEMORY

A PEN—to register; a key—
 That winds through secret wards
 Are well assigned to Memory
 By allegoric Bards.

As aptly, also, might be given
 A Pencil to her hand;
 That, softening objects, sometimes even
 Outstrips the heart's demand;

That smooths foregone distress, the lines
 Of lingering care subdues,
 Long-vanished happiness refines,
 And clothes in brighter hues;

Yet, like a tool of Fancy, works
Those Spectres to dilate
That startle Conscience, as she lurks
Within her lonely seat.

Oh! that our lives, which flee so fast,
In purity were such,
That not an image of the past
Should fear that pencil's touch!

Retirement then might hourly look
Upon a soothing scene,
Age steal to his allotted nook
Contented and serene;

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,
In frosty moonlight glistening;
Or mountain rivers, where they creep
Along a channel smooth and deep,
To their own far-off murmurs listening.

1823.

TO THE LADY FLEMING

ON SEEING THE FOUNDATION PREPARING
FOR THE ERECTION OF RYDAL CHAPEL,
WESTMORELAND

After thanking Lady Fleming in prose for the service she had done to her neighbourhood by erecting this Chapel, I have nothing to say beyond the expression of regret that the architect did not furnish an elevation better suited to the site in a narrow mountain-pass, and, what is of more consequence, better constructed in the interior for the purposes of worship. It has no chancel; the altar is unbecomingly confined; the pews are so narrow as to preclude the possibility of kneeling with comfort; there is no vestry; and what ought to have been first mentioned, the font, instead of standing at its proper place at the entrance, is thrust into the farther end of a pew. When these defects shall be pointed out to the munificent Patroness, they will, it is hoped, be corrected.

I

BLEST is this Isle—our native Land;
Where battlement and moated gate
Are objects only for the hand
Of hoary Time to decorate;
Where shady hamlet, town that breathes
Its busy smoke in social wreaths,
No rampart's stern defence require,
Nought but the heaven-directed spire,
And steeple tower (with pealing bells
Far-heard)—our only citadels.

II

O Lady! from a noble line
Of chieftains sprung, who stoutly bore
The spear, yet gave to works divine
A bounteous help in days of yore,
(As records mouldering in the Dell
Of Nightshade¹ haply yet may tell;)
Thee kindred aspirations moved
To build, within a vale beloved,
For Him upon whose high behests
All peace depends, all safety rests.

III

How fondly will the woods embrace
This daughter of thy pious care,
Lifting her front with modest grace
To make a fair recess more fair;
And to exalt the passing hour;
Or soothe it with a healing power
Drawn from the Sacrifice fulfilled,
Before this rugged soil was tilled,
Or human habitation rose
To interrupt the deep repose!

IV

Well may the villagers rejoice!
Nor heat, nor cold, nor weary ways,
Will be a hindrance to the voice
That would unite in prayer and praise;
More duly shall wild wandering Youth
Receive the curb of sacred truth,
Shall tottering Age, bent earthward, hear
The Promise, with uplifted ear;
And all shall welcome the new ray
Imparted to their sabbath-day.

V

Nor deem the Poet's hope misplaced,
His fancy cheated—that can see
A shade upon the future cast,
Of time's pathetic sanctity;
Can hear the monitory clock
Sound o'er the lake with gentle shock
At evening, when the ground beneath
Is ruffled o'er with cells of death;
Where happy generations lie,
Here tutored for eternity.

¹ Bekangs Ghyll—or the dell of Nightshade—in which stands St. Mary's Abbey in Low Furness.

VI

Lives there a man whose sole delights
Are trivial pomp and city noise,
Hardening a heart that loathes or slights
What every natural heart enjoys?
Who never caught a noon-tide dream
From murmur of a running stream;
Could strip, for aught the prospect yields
To him, their verdure from the fields;
And take the radiance from the clouds
In which the sun his setting shrouds.

VII

A soul so pitifully forlorn,
If such do on this earth abide,
May season apathy with scorn,
May turn indifference to pride;
And still be not unblest—compared
With him who grovels, self-debarred
From all that lies within the scope
Of holy faith and christian hope;
Or, shipwrecked, kindles on the coast
False fires, that others may be lost.

VIII

Alas! that such perverted zeal
Should spread on Britain's favoured
ground!
That public order, private weal,
Should e'er have felt or feared a wound
From champions of the desperate law
Which from their own blind hearts they
draw;
Who tempt their reason to deny
God, whom their passions dare defy,
And boast that they alone are free
Who reach this dire extremity!

IX

But turn we from these "bold bad" men;
The way, mild Lady! that hath led
Down to their "dark opprobrious den,"
Is all too rough for Thee to tread.
Softly as morning vapours glide
Down Rydal-cove from Fairfield's side,
Should move the tenor of *his* song
Who means to charity no wrong;
Whose offering gladly would accord
With this day's work, in thought and word.

X

Heaven prosper it! may peace, and love,
And hope, and consolation, fall,
Through its meek influence, from above,
And penetrate the hearts of all;
All who, around the hallowed Fane,
Shall sojourn in this fair domain;
Grateful to Thee, while service pure,
And ancient ordinance, shall endure,
For opportunity bestowed
To kneel together, and adore their God!
1823.

ON THE SAME OCCASION

Oh! gather whencesoe'er ye safely may
The help which slackening Piety requires;
Nor deem that he perforce must go astray
Who treads upon the footmarks of his sires.

Our churches, invariably perhaps, stand east and west, but *why* is by few persons *exactly* known; nor, that the degree of deviation from *due* east often noticeable in the ancient ones was determined, in each particular case, by the point in the horizon, at which the sun rose upon the day of the saint to whom the church was dedicated. These observances of our ancestors, and the causes of them, are the subject of the following stanzas.

WHEN in the antique age of bow and spear
And feudal rapine clothed with iron mail,
Came ministers of peace, intent to rear
The Mother Church in yon sequestered
vale;

Then, to her Patron Saint a previous rite
Resounded with deep swell and solemn
close,
Through unremitting vigils of the night,
Till from his couch the wished-for Sun up-
rose.

He rose, and straight—as by divine com-
mand,
They, who had waited for that sign to trace
Their work's foundation, gave with careful
hand
To the high altar its determined place;

Mindful of Him who in the Orient born
There lived, and on the cross his life re-
signed,

DECAY OF PIETY

Attendance at church on prayer-days, Wednesdays and Fridays and Holidays, received a shock at the Revolution. It is now, however, happily reviving. The ancient people described in this Sonnet were among the last of that pious class. May we hope that the practice, now in some degree renewed, will continue to spread.

OfT have I seen, ere Time had ploughed
my cheek,

Matrons and Sires—who, punctual to the call
Of their loved Church, on fast or festival
Through the long year the house of Prayer
would seek :

By Christmas snows, by visitation bleak
Of Easter winds, unscared, from hut or hall
They came to lowly bench or sculptured stall,
But with one fervour of devotion meek.

I see the places where they once were known,
And ask, surrounded even by kneeling
crowds,

Is ancient Piety for ever flown ?

Alas ! even then they seemed like fleecy
clouds

That, struggling through the western sky,
have won

Their pensive light from a departed sun !

1827.

"SCORN NOT THE SONNET"

Composed, almost extempore, in a short walk
on the western side of Rydal Lake.

SCORN not the Sonnet; Critic, you have
frowned,

Mindless of its just honours ; with this key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart ; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's
wound ;

A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ;
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief ;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow : a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-
land

To struggle through dark ways ; and, when
a damp

Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet ; whence he
blew

Soul-animating strains—alas, too few !

1827.

"FAIR PRIME OF LIFE! WERE IT
ENOUGH TO GILD"

Suggested by observation of the way in which
a young friend, whom I do not choose to name,
misspent his time and misapplied his talents. He
took afterwards a better course, and became a
useful member of society, respected, I believe,
wherever he has been known.

FAIR Prime of life ! were it enough to gild
With ready sunbeams every straggling
shower ;

And, if an unexpected cloud should lower,
Swiftly thereon a rainbow arch to build
For Fancy's errands,—then, from fields
half-tilled

Gathering green weeds to mix with poppy
flower,

Thee might thy Minions crown, and chant
thy power,

Unpitied by the wise, all censure stilled.

Ah ! show that worthier honours are thy
due ;

Fair Prime of life ! arouse the deeper heart ;

Confirm the Spirit glorying to pursue

Some path of steep ascent and lofty aim ;

And, if there be a joy that slights the claim
Of grateful memory, bid that joy depart.

1827.

RETIREMENT

If the whole weight of what we think and
feel,

Save only far as thought and feeling blend
With action, were as nothing, patriot Friend !
From thy remonstrance would be no appeal ;
But to promote and fortify the weal

Of our own Being is her paramount end ;
A truth which they alone shall comprehend
Who shun the mischief which they cannot
heal.

Peace in these feverish times is sovereign
bliss :

Here, with no thirst but what the stream
can slake,

And startled only by the rustling brake,
Cool air I breathe ; while the unincum-
bered Mind

By some weak aims at services assigned
To gentle Natures, thanks not Heaven amiss.

1827.

"THERE IS A PLEASURE IN
POETIC PAINS"

*THERE is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only Poets know;—'twas rightly
said;*

Whom could the Muses else allure to tread
Their smoothest paths, to wear their light-
est chains?

When happiest Fancy has inspired the
strains,

How oft the malice of one luckless word
Pursues the Enthusiast to the social board,
Haunts him belated on the silent plains!

Yet he repines not, if his thought stand
clear,

At last, of hindrance and obscurity,
Fresh as the star that crowns the brow of
morn;

Bright, speckless, as a softly-moulded tear
The moment it has left the virgin's eye,
Or rain-drop lingering on the pointed
thorn. 1827.

RECOLLECTION OF THE POR-
TRAIT OF KING HENRY
EIGHTH, TRINITY LODGE,
CAMBRIDGE

THE imperial Stature, the colossal stride,
Are yet before me; yet do I behold
The broad full visage, chest of amplest
mould,

The vestments 'broidered with barbaric
pride:

And lo! a poniard, at the Monarch's side,
Hangs ready to be grasped in sympathy
With the keen threatenings of that fulgent
eye,

Below the white-rimmed bonnet, far-des-
cried.

Who trembles now at thy capricious mood?
'Mid those surrounding Worthies, haughty
King,

We rather think, with grateful mind sedate,
How Providence educeth, from the spring
Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of
good,

Which neither force shall check nor time
abate! 1827.

"WHEN PHILOCTETES IN THE
LEMNIAN ISLE"

WHEN Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle
Like a form sculptured on a monument
Lay couched; on him or his dread bow
unbent

Some wild Bird oft might settle and beguile
The rigid features of a transient smile,
Disperse the tear, or to the sigh give vent,
Slackening the pains of ruthless banishment
From his loved home, and from heroic toil.
And trust that spiritual Creatures round us
move,

Griefs to allay which Reason cannot heal;
Yea, veriest reptiles have sufficed to prove
To fettered wretchedness, that no Bastile
Is deep enough to exclude the light of love,
Though man for brother man has ceased to
feel. 1827.

"WHILE ANNA'S PEERS AND
EARLY PLAYMATES TREAD"

This is taken from the account given by Miss
Jewsbury of the pleasure she derived, when long
confined to her bed by sickness, from the in-
animate object on which this Sonnet turns.

WHILE Anna's peers and early playmates
tread,

In freedom, mountain-turf and river's
marge;

Or float with music in the festal barge;
Rein the proud steed, or through the dance
are led;

Her doom it is to press a weary bed—
Till oft her guardian Angel, to some charge
More urgent called, will stretch his wings
at large,

And friends too rarely prop the languid head.
Yet, helped by Genius—untired comforter,
The presence even of a stuffed Owl for her
Can cheat the time; sending her fancy out
To ivied castles and to moonlight skies,
Though he can neither stir a plume, nor
shout;

Nor veil, with restless film, his staring eyes.
1827.

TO THE CUCKOO

NOR the whole warbling grove in concert
heard

When sunshine follows shower, the breast
 can thrill
 Like the first summons, Cuckoo ! of thy bill,
 With its twin notes inseparably paired.
 The captive 'mid damp vaults unsunned,
 unaired,
 Measuring the periods of his lonely doom,
 That cry can reach ; and to the sick man's
 room
 Sends gladness, by no languid smile de-
 clared.
 The lordly eagle-race through hostile search
 May perish ; time may come when never more
 The wilderness shall hear the lion roar ;
 But, long as cock shall crow from house-
 hold perch
 To rouse the dawn, soft gales shall speed
 thy wing,
 And thy erratic voice be faithful to the
 Spring ! 1827.

THE INFANT M—— M——

The infant was Mary Monkhouse, the only
 daughter of my friend and cousin Thomas Monk-
 house.

UNQUIET Childhood here by special grace
 Forgets her nature, opening like a flower
 That neither feeds nor wastes its vital power
 In painful struggles. Months each other
 chase,
 And nought untunes that Infant's voice ; no
 trace
 Of fretful temper sullies her pure cheek ;
 Prompt, lively, self-sufficing, yet so meek
 That one enrapt with gazing on her face
 (Which even the placid innocence of death
 Could scarcely make more placid, heaven
 more bright)
 Might learn to picture, for the eye of faith,
 The Virgin, as she shone with kindred light ;
 A nursling couched upon her mother's knee,
 Beneath some shady palm of Galilee.
 1827.

TO ROTH A Q——

Rotha, the daughter of my son-in-law Mr.
 Q——.

ROTHA, my Spiritual Child ! this head was
 When at the sacred font for thee I stood ;

Pledged till thou reach the verge of woman-
 hood,
 And shalt become thy own sufficient stay :
 Too late, I feel, sweet Orphan ! was the day
 For steadfast hope the contract to fulfil ;
 Yet shall my blessing hover o'er thee still,
 Embodied in the music of this Lay,
 Breathed forth beside the peaceful mountain
 Stream¹
 Whose murmur soothed thy languid
 Mother's ear
 After her throes, this Stream of name more
 dear
 Since thou dost bear it,—a memorial theme
 For others ; for thy future self, a spell
 To summon fancies out of Time's dark cell.
 1827.

TO ———, IN HER SEVENTIETH
YEAR

Lady Fitzgerald, as described to me by Lady
 Beaumont.

SUCH age how beautiful ! O Lady bright,
 Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined
 By favouring Nature and a saintly Mind
 To something purer and more exquisite
 Than flesh and blood ; whene'er thou
 meet'st my sight,
 When I behold thy blanched unwithered
 cheek,
 Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming
 white,
 And head that droops because the soul is
 meek,
 Theewith the welcome Snowdrop I compare ;
 That child of winter, prompting thoughts
 that climb
 From desolation toward the genial prime ;
 Or with the Moon conquering earth's misty
 air,
 And filling more and more with crystal light
 As pensive Evening deepens into night.
 1827.

" IN MY MIND'S EYE A TEMPLE,
LIKE A CLOUD "

IN my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud
 Slowly surmounting some invidious hill,

¹ The river Rotha, that flows into Windermere
 from the lakes of Grasmere and Rydal.

Rose out of darkness : the bright Work
stood still :
And might of its own beauty have been
proud,
But it was fashioned and to God was vowed
By Virtues that diffused, in every part,
Spirit divine through forms of human art :
Faith had her arch—her arch, when winds
blow loud,
Into the consciousness of safety thrilled ;
And Love her towers of dread foundation
laid
Under the grave of things ; Hope had her
spire
Star-high, and pointing still to something
higher
Trembling I gazed, but heard a voice—it
said,
“ Hell-gates are powerless Phantoms when
we build.” 1827.

“GO BACK TO ANTIQUE AGES, IF THINE EYES”

Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes
The genuine mien and character would trace
Of the rash Spirit that still holds her place,
Prompting the world's audacious vanities !
Go back, and see the Tower of Babel rise ;
The pyramid extend its monstrous base,
For some Aspirant of our short-lived race,
Anxious an aery name to immortalize.
There, too, ere wiles and politic dispute
Gave specious colouring to aim and act,
See the first mighty Hunter leave the brute—
To chase mankind, with men in armies
packed
For his field-pastime high and absolute,
While, to dislodge his game, cities are
sacked ! 1827.

IN THE WOODS OF RYDAL

WILD Redbreast ! hadst thou at Jemima's
lip
Pecked, as at mine, thus boldly, Love
might say,
A half-blown rose had tempted thee to sip
Its glistening dew ; but hallowed is the clay
Which the Muse warms ; and I, whose head
is grey,
Am not unworthy of thy fellowship ;

Nor could I let one thought—one notion—
slip
That might thy sylvan confidence betray.
For are we not all His without whose care
Vouchsafed no sparrow falleth to the
ground ?
Who gives his Angels wings to speed
through air,
And rolls the planets through the blue
profound ;
Then peck or perch, fond Flutterer ! nor
forbear
To trust a Poet in still musings bound.¹
1827.

CONCLUSION

TO —

IF these brief Records, by the Muses' art
Produced as lonely Nature or the strife
That animates the scenes of public life²
Inspired, may in thy leisure claim a part ;
And if these Transcripts of the private heart
Have gained a sanction from thy falling
tears ;
Then I repent not. But my soul hath fears
Breathed from eternity ; for, as a dart
Cleaves the blank air, Life flies : now every
day
Is but a glimmering spoke in the swift wheel
Of the revolving week. Away, away,
All fitful cares, all transitory zeal !
So timely Grace the immortal wing may
heal,
And honour rest upon the senseless clay.
1827.

A MORNING EXERCISE

Written at Rydal Mount. I could wish the
last five stanzas of this to be read with the poem
addressed to the skylark.

FANCY, who leads the pastimes of the glad,
Full oft is pleased a wayward dart to throw ;
Sending sad shadows after things not sad,
Peopling the harmless fields with signs of
woe :

Beneath her sway, a simple forest cry
Becomes an echo of man's misery.

¹ See Note.

² This line alludes to Sonnets which will be
found in another Class.

Blithe ravens croak of death; and when
the owl
Tries his two voices for a favourite strain—
Tu-whit—Tu-who! the unsuspecting fowl
Forebodes mishap or seems but to complain;
Fancy, intent to harass and annoy,
Can thus pervert the evidence of joy.

Through border wilds where naked Indians stray,
Myriads of notes attest her subtle skill;
A feathered task-master cries, "WORK
AWAY!"
And, in thy iteration, "WHIP POOR
WILL!"¹

Is heard the spirit of a toil-worn slave,
Lashed out of life, not quiet in the grave.

What wonder? at her bidding, ancient lays
Steeped in dire grief the voice of Philomel;
And that fleet messenger of summer days,
The Swallow, twittered subject to like spell;
But ne'er could Fancy bend the buoyant Lark
To melancholy service—hark! O hark!

The daisy sleeps upon the dewy lawn,
Not lifting yet the head that evening bowed;
But *He* is risen, a later star of dawn,
Glittering and twinkling near yon rosy cloud;
Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark;
The happiest bird that sprang out of the
Ark!

Hail, blest above all kinds!—Supremely
skilled
Restless with fixed to balance, high with low,
Thou leav'st the halcyon free her hopes to
build
On such forbearance as the deep may show;
Perpetual flight, unchecked by earthly ties,
Leav'st to the wandering bird of paradise.

Faithful, though swift as lightning, the
meek dove;
Yet more hath Nature reconciled in thee;
So constant with thy downward eye of love,
Yet, in aerial singleness, so free;
So humble, yet so ready to rejoice
In power of wing and never-wearied voice.

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted
strain,

¹ See Waterton's *Wanderings in South America*.

("Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege!
to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

How would it please old Ocean to partake,
With sailors longing for a breeze in vain,
The harmony thy notes most gladly make
Where earth resembles most his own
domain!
Urania's self might welcome with pleased ear
These matins mounting towards her native
sphere.

Chanter by heaven attracted, whom no bars
To day-light known deter from that pursuit,
'Tis well that some sage instinct, when the
stars
Come forth at evening, keeps Thee still and
mute;
For not an eyelid could to sleep incline
Wert thou among them, singing as they
shine!
1828.

THE TRIAD

Written at Rydal Mount. The Girls, Edith
Southey, my daughter Dora, and Sara Coleridge.

SHOW me the noblest Youth of present
time,
Whose trembling fancy would to love give
birth;
Some God or Hero, from the Olympian
clime
Returned, to seek a Consort upon earth;
Or, in no doubtful prospect, let me see
The brightest star of ages yet to be,
And I will mate and match him blissfully.
I will not fetch a Naiad from a flood
Pure as herself—(song lacks not mightier
power)
Nor leaf-crowned Dryad from a pathless
wood,
Nor Sea-nymph glistening from her coral
bower;
Mere Mortals bodied forth in vision still,
Shall with Mount Ida's triple lustre fill
The chaster coverts of a British hill.
"Appear!—obey my lyre's command!
Come, like the Graces, hand in hand!
For ye, though not by birth allied,
Are Sisters in the bond of love;

Nor shall the tongue of envious pride
Presume those interweavings to reprove
In you, which that fair progeny of Jove,
Learned from the tuneful spheres that glide
In endless union, earth and sea above."
—I sing in vain;—the pines have hushed
their waving:

A peerless Youth expectant at my side,
Breathless as they, with unabated craving
Looks to the earth, and to the vacant air;
And, with a wandering eye that seems to
chide,

Asks of the clouds what occupants they
hide:—

But why solicit more than sight could bear,
By casting on a moment all we dare?
Invoke we those bright Beings one by one;
And what was boldly promised, truly shall
be done.

"Fear not a constraining measure!
—Yielding to this gentle spell,
Lucida! from domes of pleasure,
Or from cottage-sprinkled dell,
Come to regions solitary,
Where the eagle builds her aery,
Above the hermit's long-forsaken cell!"
—She comes!—behold
That Figure, like a ship with snow-white
sail!

Nearer she draws; a breeze uplifts her veil;
Upon her coming wait
As pure a sunshine and as soft a gale
As e'er, on herbage covering earthly mould,
Tempted the bird of Juno to unfold
His richest splendour—when his veering
gait

And every motion of his starry train
Seem governed by a strain
Of music, audible to him alone.

"O Lady, worthy of earth's proudest
throne!

Nor less, by excellence of nature, fit
Beside an unambitious hearth to sit
Domestic queen, where grandeur is un-
known;

What living man could fear
The worst of Fortune's malice, wert Thou
near,

Humbling that lily-stem, thy sceptre meek,
That its fair flowers may from his cheek
Brush the too happy tear?

—Queen, and handmaid lowly!
Whose skill can speed the day with lively
cares,

And banish melancholy
By all that mind invents or hand prepares;
O Thou, against whose lip, without its
smile

And in its silence even, no heart is proof;
Whose goodness, sinking deep, would
reconcile

The softest Nursling of a gorgeous palace
To the bare life beneath the hawthorn-roof
Of Sherwood's Archer, or in caves of
Wallace—

Who that hath seen thy beauty could con-
tent

His soul with but a *glimpse* of heavenly
day?

Who that hath loved thee, but would lay
His strong hand on the wind, if it were
bent

To take thee in thy majesty away?
Pass onward (even the glancing deer
Till we depart intrude not here;)
That mossy slope, o'er which the woodbine
throws

A canopy, is smoothed for thy repose!"
—Glad moment is it when the throng
Of warblers in full concert strong
Strive, and not vainly strive, to rout
The lagging shower, and force coy Phœbus
out,

Met by the rainbow's form divine,
Issuing from her cloudy shrine;—
So may the thrillings of the lyre
Prevail to further our desire,
While to these shades a sister Nymph I
call.

"Come, if the notes thine ear may
pierce,

Come, youngest of the lovely Three,
Submissive to the might of verse
And the dear voice of harmony,
By none more deeply felt than Thee!"

—I sang; and lo! from pastimes virginal
She hastens to the tents
Of nature, and the lonely elements.
Air sparkles round her with a dazzling
sheen;

But mark her glowing cheek, her vesture
green!

And, as if wishful to disarm
Or to repay the potent Charm,
She bears the stringèd lute of old romance,
That cheered the trellised arbour's privacy,
And soothed war-wearied knights in raf-
tered hall.

How vivid, yet how delicate, her glee !
So tripped the Muse, inventress of the
dance;

So, truant in waste woods, the blithe
Euphrosyne !

But the ringlets of that head
Why are they ungarlanded ?
Why bedeck her temples less
Than the simplest shepherdess ?

Is it not a brow inviting
Choicest flowers that ever breathed,
Which the myrtle would delight in
With Idalian rose enwreathed ?
But her humility is well content
With *one* wild floweret (call it not forlorn)
FLOWER OF THE WINDS, beneath her
bosom worn—

Yet more for love than ornament.
Open, ye thickets ! let her fly,
Swift as a Thracian Nymph o'er field and
height !

For She, to all but those who love her,
shy,
Would gladly vanish from a Stranger's
sight ;

Though where she is beloved and loves,
Light as the wheeling butterfly she moves ;
Her happy spirit as a bird is free,
That rifles blossoms on a tree,
Turning them inside out with arch audacity.
Alas ! how little can a moment show
Of an eye where feeling plays
In ten thousand dewy rays ;
A face o'er which a thousand shadows go !
—She stops—is fastened to that rivulet's
side ;

And there (while, with sedater mien,
O'er timid waters that have scarcely left
Their birthplace in the rocky cleft
She bends) at leisure may be seen
Features to old ideal grace allied,
Amid their smiles and dimples dignified—
Fit countenance for the soul of primal
truth ;

The bland composure of eternal youth !
What more changeful than the sea ?
But over his great tides
Fidelity presides ;
And this light-hearted Maiden constant is
as he.

High is her aim as heaven above,
And wide as ether her good-will ;
And, like the lowly reed, her love
Can drink its nurture from the scantiest rill :

Insight as keen as frosty star
Is to *her* charity no bar,
Nor interrupts her frolic graces
When she is, far from these wild places,
Encircled by familiar faces.
O the charm that manners draw,
Nature, from thy genuine law !
If from what her hand would do,
Her voice would utter, aught ensue
Untoward or unfit ;
She, in benign affections pure,
In self-forgetfulness secure,
Sheds round the transient harm or vague
mischance

A light unknown to tutored elegance :
Her's is not a cheek shame-stricken,
But her blushes are joy-flushes ;
And the fault (if fault it be)
Only ministers to quicken
Laughter-loving gaiety,
And kindle sportive wit—
Leaving this Daughter of the mountains free
As if she knew that Oberon king of Faery
Had crossed her purpose with some quaint
vagary,

And heard his viewless bands
Over their mirthful triumph clapping hands.

" Last of the Three, though eldest born,
Reveal thyself, like pensive Morn
Touched by the skylark's earliest note,
Ere humbler gladness be afloat.
But whether in the semblance drest
Of Dawn—or Eve, fair vision of the west,
Come with each anxious hope subdued
By woman's gentle fortitude,
Each grief, through meekness, settling into
rest.

—Or I would hail thee when some high-
wrought page

Of a closed volume lingering in thy hand
Has raised thy spirit to a peaceful stand
Among the glories of a happier age."
Her brow hath opened on me—see it there,
Brightening the umbrage of her hair ;
So gleams the crescent moon, that loves
To be descried through shady groves.
Tenderest bloom is on her cheek ;
Wish not for a richer streak ;
Nor dread the depth of meditative eye ;
But let thy love, upon that azure field
Of thoughtfulness and beauty, yield
Its homage offered up in purity.
What would'st thou more ? In sunny
glade,

Or under leaves of thickest shade,
Was such a stillness e'er diffused
Since earth grew calm while angels mused?
Softly she treads, as if her foot were loth
To crush the mountain dew-drops—soon
to melt

On the flower's breast; as if she felt
That flowers themselves, whate'er their hue,
With all their fragrance, all their glistening,
Call to the heart for inward listening—
And though for bridal wreaths and tokens
true

Welcomed wisely; though a growth
Which the careless shepherd sleeps on,
As fitly spring from turf the mourner weeps
on—

And without wrong are cropped the marble
tomb to strew.

The Charm is over; the mute Phantoms
gone,

Nor will return—but droop not, favoured
Youth;

The apparition that before thee shone
Obeyed a summons covetous of truth.

From these wild rocks thy footsteps I will
guide

To bowers in which thy fortune may be
tried,

And one of the bright Three become thy
happy Bride. 1828.

THE WISHING-GATE

Written at Rydal Mount. See also "Wishing-gate Destroyed."

In the vale of Grasmere, by the side of the old high-way leading to Ambleside, is a gate, which, time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-gate, from a belief that wishes formed or indulged there have a favourable issue.

HOPE rules a land for ever green:
All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen
Are confident and gay;
Clouds at her bidding disappear;
Points she to aught?—the bliss draws near,
And Fancy smooths the way.

Not such the land of Wishes—there
Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,
And thoughts with things at strife;
Yet how forlorn, should ye depart
Ye superstitions of the heart,
How poor, were human life!

When magic lore abjured its might,
Ye did not forfeit one dear right,
One tender claim abate;
Witness this symbol of your sway,
Surviving near the public way,
The rustic Wishing-gate!

Inquire not if the faery race
Shed kindly influence on the place,
Ere northward they retired;
If here a warrior left a spell,
Panting for glory as he fell;
Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all around is fair,
Composed with Nature's finest care,
And in her fondest love—
Peace to embosom and content—
To overawe the turbulent,
The selfish to reprove.

Yea! even the Stranger from afar,
Reclining on this moss-grown bar,
Unknowing, and unknown,
The infection of the ground partakes,
Longing for his Beloved—who makes
All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious Spirits fear
The mystic stirrings that are here,
The ancient faith disclaim?
The local Genius ne'er befriends
Desires whose course in folly ends,
Whose just reward is shame.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,
If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,
Here crave an easier lot;
If some have thirsted to renew
A broken vow, or bind a true,
With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast
Upon the irrevocable past,
Some Penitent sincere
May for a worthier future sigh,
While trickles from his downcast eye
No unavailing tear.

The Worldling, pining to be freed
From turmoil, who would turn or speed
The current of his fate,
Might stop before this favoured scene,
At Nature's call, nor blush to lean
Upon the Wishing-gate.

The Sage, who feels how blind, how weak
Is man, though loth such help to *seek*,

Yet, passing, here might pause,
And thirst for insight to allay
Misgiving, while the crimson day
In quietness withdraws;

Or when the church-clock's knell profound
To Time's first step across the bound
Of midnight makes reply;
Time pressing on with starry crest,
To filial sleep upon the breast
Of dread eternity. 1828.

THE WISHING-GATE DESTROYED

'Tis gone—with old belief and dream
That round it clung, and tempting scheme
Released from fear and doubt;
And the bright landscape too must lie,
By this blank wall, from every eye,
Relentlessly shut out.

Bear witness ye who seldom passed
That opening—but a look ye cast
Upon the lake below,
What spirit-stirring power it gained
From faith which here was entertained,
Though reason might say no.

Blest is that ground, where, o'er the springs
Of history, Glory claps her wings,
Fame sheds the exulting tear;
Yet earth is wide, and many a nook
Unheard of is, like this, a book
For modest meanings dear.

It was in sooth a happy thought
That grafted, on so fair a spot,
So confident a token
Of coming good;—the charm is fled,
Indulgent centuries spun a thread,
Which one harsh day has broken.

Alas! for him who gave the word;
Could he no sympathy afford,
Derived from earth or heaven,
To hearts so oft by hope betrayed;
Their very wishes wanted aid
Which here was freely given?

Where, for the love-lorn maiden's wound,
Will now so readily be found
A balm of expectation?

Anxious for far-off children, where
Shall mothers breathe a like sweet air
Of home-felt consolation?

And not unfelt will prove the loss
'Mid trivial care and petty cross
And each day's shallow grief;
Though the most easily beguiled
Were oft among the first that smiled
At their own fond belief.

If still the reckless change we mourn,
A reconciling thought may turn
To harm that might lurk here,
Ere judgment prompted from within
Fit aims, with courage to begin,
And strength to persevere.

Not Fortune's slave is Man: our state
Enjoins, while firm resolves await
On wishes just and wise.
That strenuous action follow both,
And life be one perpetual growth
Of heaven-ward enterprise.

So taught, so trained, we boldly face
All accidents of time and place;
Whatever props may fail,
Trust in that sovereign law can spread
New glory o'er the mountain's head,
Fresh beauty through the vale.

That truth informing mind and heart,
The simplest cottager may part,
Ungrieved, with charm and spell;
And yet, lost Wishing-gate, to thee
The voice of grateful memory
Shall bid a kind farewell! ¹ 1828.

A JEWISH FAMILY

IN A SMALL VALLEY OPPOSITE ST. GOAR,
UPON THE RHINE

Coleridge, my daughter, and I, in 1828, passed a fortnight upon the banks of the Rhine, principally under the hospitable roof of Mr. Aders of Gotesburg, but two days of the time we spent at St. Goar in rambles among the neighbouring valleys. It was at St. Goar that I saw the Jewish family here described. Though exceedingly poor, and in rags, they were not less beautiful than I have endeavoured to make them appear. We

¹ See Note.

had taken a little dinner with us in a basket, and invited them to partake of it, which the mother refused to do, both for herself and children, saying it was with them a fast-day; adding diffidently, that whether such observances were right or wrong, she felt it her duty to keep them strictly. The Jews, who are numerous on this part of the Rhine, greatly surpass the German peasantry in the beauty of their features and in the intelligence of their countenances. But the lower classes of the German peasantry have, here at least, the air of people grievously oppressed. Nursing mothers, at the age of seven or eight and twenty often look haggard and far more decayed and withered than women of Cumberland and Westmoreland twice their age. This comes from being underfed and overworked in their vineyards in a hot and glaring sun.

GENIUS of Raphael! if thy wings
Might bear thee to this glen,
With faithful memory left of things
To pencil dear and pen,
Thou would'st forego the neighbouring
Rhine,
And all his majesty—
A studious forehead to incline
O'er this poor family.

The Mother—her thou must have seen,
In spirit, ere she came
To dwell between rifted rocks between,
Or found on earth a name;
An image, too, of that sweet Boy,
Thy inspirations give—
Of playfulness, and love, and joy,
Predestined here to live.

Downcast, or shooting glances far,
How beautiful his eyes,
That blend the nature of the star
With that of summer skies!
I speak as if of sense beguiled;
Uncounted months are gone,
Yet am I with the Jewish Child,
That exquisite Saint John.

I see the dark-brown curls, the brow,
The smooth transparent skin,
Refined, as with intent to show
The holiness within;
The grace of parting Infancy
By blushes yet untamed;
Age faithful to the mother's kneec,
Nor of her arms ashamed.

Two lovely Sisters, still and sweet
As flowers, stand side by side;
Their soul-subduing looks might cheat
The Christian of his pride:
Such beauty hath the Eternal poured
Upon them not forlorn,
Though of a lineage once abhorred,
Nor yet redeemed from scorn.

Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite
Of poverty and wrong,
Doth here preserve a living light,
From Hebrew fountains sprung;
That gives this ragged group to cast
Around the dell a gleam
Of Palestine, of glory past,
And proud Jerusalem! 1828.

THE GLEANER

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE

This poem was first printed in the Annual called the *Keepsake*. The painter's name I am not sure of, but I think it was Holmes.

THAT happy gleam of vernal eyes,
Those locks from summer's golden skies,
That o'er thy brow are shed;
That cheek—a kindling of the morn,
That lip—a rose-bud from the thorn,
I saw; and Fancy sped
To scenes Arcadian, whispering, through
soft air,
Of bliss that grows without a care,
And happiness that never flies—
(How can it where love never dies?)
Whispering of promise, where no blight
Can reach the innocent delight;
Where pity, to the mind conveyed
In pleasure, is the darkest shade
That Time, unwrinkled grandsire, flings
From his smoothly gliding wings.
What mortal form, what earthly face
Inspired the pencil, lines to trace,
And mingle colours, that should breed
Such rapture, nor want power to feed;
For had thy charge been idle flowers,
Fair Damsel! o'er my captive mind,
To truth and sober reason blind,
'Mid that soft air, those long-lost bowers,
The sweet illusion might have hung, for
hours.

Thanks to this tell-tale sheaf of corn,
That touchingly bespeaks thee born

Life's daily tasks with them to share
 Who, whether from their lowly bed
 They rise, or rest the weary head,
 Ponder the blessing they entreat
 From Heaven, and *feel* what they repeat,
 While they give utterance to the prayer
 That asks for daily bread. 1828.

ON THE POWER OF SOUND

Written at Rydal Mount. I have often regretted that my tour in Ireland, chiefly performed in the short days of October in a Carriage-and-four (I was with Mr. Marshall), supplied my memory with so few images that were new, and with so little motive to write. The lines however in this poem, "Thou too be heard, lone eagle!" were suggested near the Giant's Causeway, or rather at the promontory of Fairhead, where a pair of eagles wheeled above our heads and darted off as if to hide themselves in a blaze of sky made by the setting sun.

ARGUMENT

The Ear addressed, as occupied by a spiritual functionary, in communion with sounds, individual, or combined in studied harmony—Sources and effects of those sounds (to the close of 6th Stanza)—The power of music, whence proceeding, exemplified in the idiot—Origin of music, and its effect in early ages—How produced (to the middle of 10th Stanza)—The mind recalled to sounds acting casually and severally—Wish uttered (11th Stanza) that these could be united into a scheme or system for moral interests and intellectual contemplation—(Stanza 12th) The Pythagorean theory of numbers and music, with their supposed power over the motions of the universe—Imaginations consonant with such a theory—Wish expressed (in 11th Stanza) realised, in some degree, by the representation of all sounds under the form of thanksgiving to the Creator—(Last Stanza) the destruction of earth and the planetary system—The survival of audible harmony, and its support in the Divine Nature, as revealed in Holy Writ.

THEY functions are ethereal,
 As if within thee dwelt a glancing mind,
 Organ of vision! And a Spirit aerial
 Informs the cell of Hearing, dark and blind;
 Intricate labyrinth, more dread for thought

To enter than oracular cave;
 Strict passage, through which sighs are
 brought,
 And whispers for the heart, their slave;
 And shrieks, that revel in abuse
 Of shivering flesh; and warbled air,
 Whose piercing sweetness can unloose
 The chains of frenzy, or entice a smile
 Into the ambush of despair;
 Hosannas peeling down the long-drawn
 aisle,
 And requiems answered by the pulse that
 beats
 Devoutly, in life's last retreats!

II

The headlong streams and fountains
 Serve Thee, invisible Spirit, with untired
 powers;
 Cheering the wakeful tent on Syrian mount-
 ains,
 They lull perchance ten thousand thousand
 flowers.
That roar, the prowling lion's *Here I am*,
 How fearful to the desert wide!
 That bleat, how tender! of the dam
 Calling a straggler to her side.
 Shout, cuckoo!—let the vernal soul
 Go with thee to the frozen zone;
 Toll from thy loftiest perch, lone bell-bird,
 toll!
 At the still hour to Mercy dear,
 Mercy from her twilight throne
 Listening to nun's faint throb of holy fear,
 To sailor's prayer breathed from a darken-
 ing sea,
 Or widow's cottage-lullaby.

III

Ye Voices, and ye Shadows
 And Images of voice—to hound and horn
 From rocky steep and rock-bestudded
 meadows
 Flung back, and, in the sky's blue caves,
 reborn—
 On with your pastime! till the church-tower
 bells
 A greeting give of measured glee;
 And milder echoes from their cells
 Repeat the bridal symphony.
 Then, or far earlier, let us rove
 Where mists are breaking up or gone,
 And from aloft look down into a cove

Besprinkled with a careless quire,
Happy milk-maids, one by one
Scattering a ditty each to her desire,
A liquid concert matchless by nice Art,
A stream as if from one full heart.

IV

Blest be the song that brightens
The blind man's gloom, exalts the veteran's
mirth;
Unscorned the peasant's whistling breath,
that lightens
His duteous toil of furrowing the green
earth.
For the tired slave, Song lifts the languid
oar,
And bids it aptly fall, with chime
That beautifies the fairest shore,
And mitigates the harshest clime.
Yon pilgrims see—in lagging file
They move; but soon the appointed way
A choral *Ave Marie* shall beguile,
And to their hope the distant shrine
Glisten with a livelier ray:
Nor friendless he, the prisoner of the mine,
Who from the well-spring of his own clear
breast
Can draw, and sing his griefs to rest.

V

When civic renovation
Dawns on a kingdom, and for needful haste
Best eloquence avails not, Inspiration
Mounts with a tune, that travels like a blast
Piping through cave and battlemented tower;
Then starts the sluggard, pleased to meet
That voice of Freedom, in its power
Of promises, shrill, wild, and sweet!
Who, from a martial *pageant*, spreads
Incitements of a battle-day,
Thrilling the unweaponed crowd with
plumeless heads?—
Even She whose Lydian airs inspire
Peaceful striving, gentle play
Of timid hope and innocent desire
Shot from the dancing Graces, as they move
Fanned by the plausible wings of Love.

VI

How oft along thy mazes,
Regent of sound, have dangerous Passions
trod!

O Thou, through whom the temple rings
with praises,
And blackening clouds in thunder speak of
God,

Betray not by the cozenage of sense
Thy votaries, wooingly resigned
To a voluptuous influence
That taints the purer, better, mind;
But lead sick Fancy to a harp
That hath in noble tasks been tried;
And, if the virtuous feel a pang too sharp,
Soothe it into patience,—stay
The uplifted arm of Suicide;
And let some mood of thine in firm array
Knit every thought the impending issue
needs,
Ere martyr burns, or patriot bleeds!

VII

As Conscience, to the centre
Of being, smites with irresistible pain
So shall a solemn cadence, if it enter
The mouldy vaults of the dull idiot's brain,
Transmute him to a wretch from quiet
hurled—
Convulsed as by a jarring din;
And then aghast, as at the world
Of reason partially let in
By concords winding with a sway
Terrible for sense and soul!
Or, awed he weeps, struggling to quell
dismay.
Point not these mysteries to an Art
Lodged above the starry pole;
Pure modulations flowing from the heart
Of divine Love, where Wisdom, Beauty,
Truth
With Order dwell, in endless youth?

VIII

Oblivion may not cover
All treasures hoarded by the miser, Time,
Orphean Insight! truth's undaunted lover,
To the first leagues of tutored passion climb,
When Music deigned within this grosser
sphere
Her subtle essence to enfold,
And voice and shell drew forth a tear
Softer than Nature's self could mould.
Yet *strenuous* was the infant Age:
Art, daring because souls could feel,
Stirred nowhere but an urgent equipage
Of rapt imagination sped her march

Through the realms of woe and weal;
 Hell to the lyre bowed low; the upper arch
 Rejoiced that clamorous spell and magic
 verse
 Her wan disasters could disperse.

IX

The GIFT to king Amphion
 That walled a city with its melody
 Was for belief no dream:—thy skill, Arion!
 Could humanise the creatures of the sea,
 Where men were monsters. A last grace
 he craves,
 Leave for one chant;—the dulcet sound
 Steals from the deck o'er willing waves,
 And listening dolphins gather round.
 Self-cast, as with a desperate course,
 'Mid that strange audience, he bestrides
 A proud One docile as a managed horse;
 And singing, while the accordant hand
 Sweeps his harp, the Master rides;
 So shall he touch at length a friendly strand,
 And he, with his preserver, shine star-bright
 In memory, through silent night.

X

The pipe of Pan, to shepherds
 Couched in the shadow of Mænalian pines,
 Was passing sweet; the eyeballs of the
 leopards,
 That in high triumph drew the Lord of
 vines,
 How did they sparkle to the cymbal's clang!
 While Fauns and Satyrs beat the ground
 In cadence,—and Silenus swang
 This way and that, with wild-flowers
 crowned.
 To life, to *life* give back thine ear:
 Ye who are longing to be rid
 Of fable, though to truth subservient, hear
 The little sprinkling of cold earth that fell
 Echoed from the coffin-lid;
 The convict's summons in the steeple's
 knell;
 "The vain distress-gun," from a leeward
 shore,
 Repeated—heard, and heard no more!

XI

For terror, joy, or pity,
 Vast is the compass and the swell of notes:

From the babe's first cry to voice of regal
 city,
 Rolling a solemn sea-like bass, that floats
 Far as the woodlands—with the trill to blend
 Of that shy songstress, whose love-tale
 Might tempt an angel to descend,
 While hovering o'er the moonlight vale.
 Ye wandering Utterances, has earth no
 scheme,
 No scale of moral music—to unite
 Powers that survive but in the faintest
 dream
 Of memory?—O that ye might stoop to
 bear
 Chains, such precious chains of sight
 As laboured minstrelsies through ages wear!
 O for a balance fit the truth to tell
 Of the Unsubstantial, pondered well!

XII

By one pervading spirit
 Of tones and numbers all things are con-
 trolled,
 As sages taught, where faith was found to
 merit
 Initiation in that mystery old.
 The heavens, whose aspect makes our minds
 as still
 As they themselves appear to be,
 Innumerable voices fill
 With everlasting harmony;
 The towering headlands, crowned with
 mist,
 Their feet among the billows, know
 That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;
 Thy pinions, universal Air,
 Ever waving to and fro,
 Are delegates of harmony, and bear
 Strains that support the Seasons in their
 round;
 Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.

XIII

Break forth into thanksgiving,
 Ye banded instruments of wind and chords
 Unite, to magnify the Ever-living,
 Your inarticulate notes with the voice of
 words!
 Nor hushed be service from the lowing
 mead,
 Nor mute the forest hum of noon;
 Thou too be heard, lone eagle! freed

From snowy peak and cloud, attune
 Thy hungry barkings to the hymn
 Of joy, that from her utmost walls
 The six-days' Work, by flaming Seraphim
 Transmits to Heaven! As Deep to Deep
 Shouting through one valley calls,
 All worlds, all natures, mood and measure
 keep
 For praise and ceaseless grâ-tulation, poured
 Into the ear of God, their Lord!

XIV

A Voice to Light gave Being;
 To Time, and Man, his earth-born
 chronicler;
 A Voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,
 And sweep away life's visionary stir;
 The trumpet (we, intoxicate with pride,
 Arm at its blast for deadly wars)
 To archangelic lips applied,
 The grave shall open, quench the stars.
 O Silence! are Man's noisy years
 No more than moments of thy life?
 Is Harmony, blest queen of smiles and tears,
 With her smooth tones and discords just,
 Tempered into rapturous strife,
 Thy destined bond-slave? No! though
 earth be dust
 And vanish, though the heavens dissolve,
 her stay
 Is in the WORD, that shall not pass away.
 1828.

INCIDENT AT BRUGÈS

This occurred at Brugès in 1828. Mr. Cole-ridge, my Daughter, and I made a tour together in Flanders, upon the Rhine, and returned by Holland. Dora and I, while taking a walk along a retired part of the town, heard the voice as here described, and were afterwards informed it was a Convent in which were many English. We were both much touched, I might say affected, and Dora moved as appears in the verses.

IN Brugès town is many a street
 Whence busy life hath fled;
 Where, without hurry, noiseless feet
 The grass-grown pavement tread.
 There heard we, halting in the shade
 Flung from a Convent-tower,
 A harp that tuneful prelude made
 To a voice of thrilling power.

The measure, simple truth to tell,
 Was fit for some gay throng;
 Though from the same grim turret fell
 The shadow and the song.
 When silent were both voice and chords,
 The strain seemed doubly dear,
 Yet sad as sweet,—for *English* words
 Had fallen upon the ear.

It was a breezy hour of eve;
 And pinnacle and spire
 Quivered and seemed almost to heave,
 Clothed with innocuous fire;
 But, where we stood, the setting sun
 Showed little of his state;
 And, if the glory reached the Nun,
 'Twas through an iron grate.

Not always is the heart unwise,
 Nor pity idly born,
 If even a passing Stranger sighs
 For them who do not mourn.
 Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,
 Captive, whoe'er thou be!
 Oh! what is beauty, what is love,
 And opening life to thee?

Such feeling pressed upon my soul,
 A feeling sanctified
 By one soft trickling tear that stole
 From the Maiden at my side;
 Less tribute could she pay than this,
 Borne gaily o'er the sea,
 Fresh from the beauty and the bliss
 Of English liberty? 1828.

GOLD AND SILVER FISHES IN
A VASE

They were a present from Miss Jewsbury, of whom mention is made in the note at the end of the next poem. The fish were healthy to all appearance in their confinement for a long time, but at last, for some cause we could not make out, they languished, and, one of them being all but dead, they were taken to the pool under the old Pollard-oak. The apparently dying one lay on its side unable to move. I used to watch it, and about the tenth day it began to right itself, and in a few days more was able to swim about with its companions. For many months they continued to prosper in their new place of abode; but one night by an unusually great flood they

were swept out of the pool, and perished to our great regret.

THE soaring lark is blest as proud
When at heaven's gate she sings;
The roving bee proclaims aloud
Her flight by vocal wings;
While Ye, in lasting durance pent,
Your silent lives employ
For something more than dull content,
Though haply less than joy.

Yet might your glassy prison seem
A place where joy is known,
Where golden flash and silver gleam
Have meanings of their own;
While, high and low, and all about,
Your motions, glittering Elves!
Ye weave—no danger from without,
And peace among yourselves.

Type of a sunny human breast
Is your transparent cell;
Where Fear is but a transient guest,
No sullen Humours dwell;
Where, sensitive of every ray
That smites this tiny sea,
Your scaly panoplies repay
The loan with usury.

How beautiful!—Yet none knows why
This ever-graceful change,
Renewed—renewed incessantly—
Within your quiet range.
Is it that ye with conscious skill
For mutual pleasure glide;
And sometimes, not without your will,
Are dwarfed, or magnified?

Fays, Genii of gigantic size!
And now, in twilight dim,
Clustering like constellated eyes,
In wings of Cherubim,
When the fierce orbs abate their glare;—
Whate'er your forms express,
Whate'er ye seem, whate'er ye are—
All leads to gentleness.

Cold though your nature be, 'tis pure;
Your birthright is a fence
From all that haughtier kinds endure
Through tyranny of sense.
Ah! not alone by colours bright
Are Ye to heaven allied,

When, like essential Forms of light,
Ye mingle, or divide.

For day-dreams soft as e'er beguiled
Day-thoughts while limbs repose;
For moonlight fascinations mild,
Your gift, ere shutters close—
Accept, mute Captives! thanks and praise;
And may this tribute prove
That gentle admirations raise
Delight resembling love. 1829.

LIBERTY

(SEQUEL TO THE ABOVE)

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND; THE GOLD AND SILVER
FISHES HAVING BEEN REMOVED TO A POOL IN
THE PLEASURE-GROUND OF RYDAL MOUNT.

"The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made for themselves, under whatever form it be of government. The liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his country. Of this latter we are here to discourse."
—COWLEY.

THOSE breathing Tokens of your kind
regard,

(Suspect not, Anna, that their fate is hard;
Not soon does aught to which mild fancies
cling

In lonely spots, become a slighted thing;) Those silent Inmates now no longer share,
Nor do they need, our hospitable care,
Removed in kindness from their glassy Cell
To the fresh waters of a living Well—

An elfin pool so sheltered that its rest
No winds disturb; the mirror of whose
breast

Is smooth as clear, save where with dimples
small

A fly may settle, or a blossom fall.
— *There* swims, of blazing sun and beating
shower

Fearless (but how obscured!) the golden
Power,

That from his bauble prison used to cast
Gleams by the richest jewel unsurpast;
And near him, darkling like a sullen Gnome,
The silver Tenant of the crystal dome;
Dissevered both from all the mysteries

Of hue and altering shape that charmed all eyes.

Alas ! they pined, they languished while they shone ;

And, if not so, what matters beauty gone
And admiration lost, by change of place
That brings to the inward creature no dis-
grace ?

But if the change restore his birthright,
then,

Whate'er the difference, boundless is the
gain.

Who can divine what impulses from God
Reach the caged lark, within a town-abode,
From his poor inch or two of daisied sod ?
O yield him back his privilege !—No sea
Swell like the bosom of a man set free ;
A wilderness is rich with liberty.

Roll on, ye spouting whales, who die or
keep

Your independence in the fathomless Deep !
Spread, tiny nautilus, the living sail ;
Dive, at thy choice, or brave the freshening
gale !

If unproved the ambitious eagle mount
Sunward to seek the daylight in its fount,
Bays, gulfs, and ocean's Indian width, shall
be,

Till the world perishes, a field for thee !

While musing here I sit in shadow cool,
And watch these mute Companions, in the
pool,

(Among reflected boughs of leafy trees)
By glimpses caught—disporting at their
ease,

Enlivened, braced, by hardy luxuries,
I ask what warrant fixed them (like a spell
Of witchcraft fixed them) in the crystal cell ;
To wheel with languid motion round and
round,

Beautiful, yet in mournful durance bound.
Their peace, perhaps, our lightest footfall
marred ;

On their quick sense our sweetest music
jarred ;

And whither could they dart, if seized with
fear ?

No sheltering stone, no tangled root was
near.

When fire or taper ceased to cheer the room,
They wore away the night in starless gloom ;
And, when the sun first dawned upon the
streams,

How faint their portion of his vital beams !

Thus, and unable to complain, they fared,
While not one joy of ours by them was
shared.

Is there a cherished bird (I venture now
To snatch a sprig from Chaucer's reverend
brow)—

Is there a brilliant fondling of the cage,
Though sure of plaudits on his costly stage,
Though fed with dainties from the snow-
white hand

Of a kind mistress, fairest of the land,
But gladly would escape ; and, if need were,
Scatter the colours from the plumes that
bear

The emancipated captive through blithe air
Into strange woods, where he at large may
live

On best or worst which they and Nature
give ?

The beetle loves his unpretending track,
The snail the house he carries on his back ;
The far-fetched worm with pleasure would
disown

The bed we give him, though of softest
down ;

A noble instinct ; in all kinds the same,
All ranks ! What Sovereign, worthy of the
name,

If doomed to breathe against his lawful will
An element that flatters him—to kill,
But would rejoice to barter outward show
For the least boon that freedom can bestow ?

But most the Bard is true to inborn right,
Lark of the dawn, and Philomel of night,
Exults in freedom, can with rapture vouch
For the dear blessings of a lowly couch,
A natural meal—days, months, from
Nature's hand ;

Time, place, and business, all at his com-
mand !—

Who bends to happier duties, who more
wise

Than the industrious Poet, taught to prize,
Above all grandeur, a pure life uncrossed
By cares in which simplicity is lost ?

That life—the flowery path that winds by
stealth—

Which Horace needed for his spirit's health ;
Sighed for, in heart and genius, overcome
By noise and strife, and questions wearisome,
And the vain splendours of Imperial
Rome ?—

Let easy mirth his social hours inspire,
And fiction animate his sportive lyre,

Attuned to verse that, crowning light Dis-
tress

With garlands, cheats her into happiness ;
Give *me* the humblest note of those sad
strains

Drawn forth by pressure of his gilded chains,
As a chance-sunbeam from his memory
fell

Upon the Sabine farm he loved so well ;
Or when the prattle of Blandusia's spring
Haunted his ear—he only listening—
He, proud to please, above all rivals, fit
To win the palm of gaiety and wit ;
He, doubt not, with involuntary dread,
Shrinking from each new favour to be
shed,

By the world's Ruler, on his honoured head !

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,
Such earnest longings and regrets as keen
Depressed the melancholy Cowley, laid
Under a fancied yew-tree's luckless shade ;
A doleful bower for penitential song,
Where Man and Muse complained of
mutual wrong ;

While Cam's ideal current glided by,
And antique towers nodded their foreheads
high,

Citadels dear to studious privacy.
But Fortune, who had long been used to
sport

With this tried Servant of a thankless Court,
Relenting met his wishes ; and to you
The remnant of his days at least was true ;
You, whom, though long deserted, he loved
best ;

You, Muses, books, fields, liberty, and rest !
Far happier they who, fixing hope and
aim

On the humanities of peaceful fame,
Enter betimes with more than martial fire
The generous course, aspire, and still aspire ;
Upheld by warnings heeded not too late
Stifle the contradictions of their fate,
And to one purpose cleave, their Being's
godlike mate !

Thus, gifted Friend, but with the placid
brow

That woman ne'er should forfeit, keep *thy*
vow ;

With modest scorn reject whate'er would
blind

The ethereal eyesight, cramp the winged
mind !

Then, with a blessing granted from above

To every act, word, thought, and look of
love,

Life's book for Thee may lie unclosed, till
age

Shall with a thankful tear bedrop its latest
page.¹ 1829.

HUMANITY

These verses and those entitled "Liberty"
were composed as one piece, which Mrs. Words-
worth complained of as unwieldy and ill-propor-
tioned ; and accordingly it was divided into two
on her judicious recommendation.

The Rocking-stones, alluded to in the beginning
of the following verses, are supposed to have been
used, by our British ancestors, both for judicial
and religious purposes. Such stones are not
uncommonly found, at this day, both in Great
Britain and in Ireland.

WHAT though the Accused, upon his own
appeal

To righteous Gods when man has ceased to
feel,

Or at a doubting Judge's stern command,
Before the STONE OF POWER no longer
stand—

To take his sentence from the balanced
Block,

As, at his touch, it rocks, or seems to rock ;
Though, in the depths of sunless groves,
no more

¹ There is now, alas ! no possibility of the
anticipation, with which the above Epistle con-
cludes, being realised : nor were the verses ever
seen by the Individual for whom they were in-
tended. She accompanied her husband, the Rev.
Wm. Fletcher, to India, and died of cholera, at
the age of thirty-two or thirty-three years, on her
way from Shalapore to Bombay, deeply lamented
by all who knew her.

Her enthusiasm was ardent, her piety stead-
fast ; and her great talents would have enabled
her to be eminently useful in the difficult path of
life to which she had been called. The opinion
she entertained of her own performances, given
to the world under her maiden name, Jewsbury,
was modest and humble, and, indeed, far below
their merits ; as is often the case with those who
are making trial of their powers, with a hope to
discover what they are best fitted for. In one
quality, viz. quickness in the motions of her mind,
she had, within the range of the Author's acquaint-
ance, no equal.

The Druid-priest the hallowed Oak adore ;
Yet, for the Initiate, rocks and whispering
trees

Do still perform mysterious offices !
And functions dwell in beast and bird that
sway

The reasoning mind, or with the fancy play,
Inviting, at all seasons, ears and eyes

To watch for undelusive auguries :—
Not uninspired appear their simplest ways ;
Their voices mount symbolical of praise—
To mix with hymns that Spirits make and
hear ;

And to fallen man their innocence is dear.
Enraptured Art draws from those sacred
springs

Streams that reflect the poetry of things !
Where christian Martyrs stand in hues
portrayed,

That, might a wish avail, would never fade ;
Borne in their hands the lily and the palm
Shed round the altar a celestial calm ;
There, too, behold the lamb and guileless
dove

Prest in the tenderness of virgin love
To saintly bosoms !—Glorious is the blend-
ing

Of right affections climbing or descending
Along a scale of light and life, with cares
Alternate ; carrying holy thoughts and
prayers

Up to the sovereign seat of the Most High ;
Descending to the worm in charity ;¹
Like those good Angels whom a dream of
night

Gave, in the field of Luz, to Jacob's sight
All, while *he* slept, treading the pendent
stairs

Earthward or heavenward, radiant mes-
sengers,

That, with a perfect will in one accord
Of strict obedience, serve the Almighty
Lord ;

And with untired humility forbore
To speed their errand by the wings they
wore.

What a fair world were ours for verse to
paint,

If Power could live at ease with self-re-
straint !

Opinion bow before the naked sense
Of the great Vision,—faith in Providence ;
Merciful over all his creatures, just

¹ See Note.

To the least particle of sentient dust :
But, fixing by immutable decrees,
Seedtime and harvest for his purposes !
Then would be closed the restless oblique
eye

That looks for evil like a treacherous spy ;
Disputes would then relax, like stormy
winds

That into breezes sink ; impetuous minds
By discipline endeavour to grow meek
As Truth herself, whom they profess to seek.
Then Genius, shunning fellowship with
Pride,

Would braid his golden locks at Wisdom's
side ;

Love ebb and flow untroubled by caprice ;
And not alone *harsh* tyranny would cease,
But unoffending creatures find release
From qualified oppression, whose defence
Rests on a hollow plea of recompence ;
Thought-tempered wrongs, for each
humane respect

Oft worse to bear, or deadlier in effect,
Witness those glances of indignant scorn
From some high-minded Slave, impelled to
spurn

The kindness that would make him less
forlorn ;

Or, if the soul to bondage be subdued,
His look of pitiable gratitude !

Alas for thee, bright Galaxy of Isles,
Whose day departs in pomp, returns with
smiles—

To greet the flowers and fruitage of a land,
As the sun mounts, by sea-born breezes
fanned ;

A land whose azure mountain-tops are seats
For Gods in council, whose green vales,
retreats

Fit for the shades of heroes, mingling there
To breathe Elysian peace in upper air.

Though cold as winter, gloomy as the
grave,
Stone-walls a prisoner make, but not a
slave.

Shall man assume a property in man ?
Lay on the moral will a withering ban ?
Shame that our laws at distance still protect
Enormities, which they at home reject !
“Slaves cannot breathe in England”—yet
that boast

Is but a mockery ! when from coast to coast,
Though *fettered* slave be none, her floors
and soil

Groan underneath a weight of slavish toil,
For the poor Many, measured out by rules
Fetched with cupidity from heartless
schools,

That to an Idol, falsely called "the Wealth
Of Nations," sacrifice a People's health,
Body and mind and soul; a thirst so keen
Is ever urging on the vast machine
Of sleepless Labour, 'mid whose dizzy wheels
The Power least prized is that which thinks
and feels.

Then, for the pastimes of this delicate age,
And all the heavy or light vassalage
Which for their sakes we fasten, as may suit
Our varying moods, on human kind or
brute,

'Twere well in little, as in great, to pause,
Lest Fancy trifle with eternal laws.
Not from his fellows only man may learn
Rights to compare and duties to discern!
All creatures and all objects, in degree,
Are friends and patrons of humanity.
There are to whom the garden, grove, and
field,

Perpetual lessons of forbearance yield;
Who would not lightly violate the grace
The lowliest flower possesses in its place;
Nor shorten the sweet life, too fugitive,
Which nothing less than Infinite Power
could give. 1829.

"THIS LAWN, A CARPET ALI- ALIVE"

This Lawn is the sloping one approaching the kitchen-garden, and was made out of it. Hundred of times have I watched the dancing of shadows amid a press of sunshine, and other beautiful appearances of light and shade, flowers and shrubs. What a contrast between this and the cabbages and onions and carrots that used to grow there on a piece of ugly-shaped unsightly ground! No reflection, however, either upon cabbages or onions; the latter we know were worshipped by the Egyptians, and he must have a poor eye for beauty who has not observed how much of it there is in the form and colour which cabbages and plants of that genus exhibit through the various stages of their growth and decay. A richer display of colour in vegetable nature can scarcely be imagined than Coleridge, my Sister, and I saw in a bed of potato-plants in blossom near a bar upon the moor between Inverneyd and Loch Katrine. These blossoms were of such extraordinary beauty and richness that no one

could have passed them without notice. But the sense must be cultivated through the mind before we can perceive these inexhaustible treasures of Nature, for such they really are, without the least necessary reference to the utility of her productions, or even to the laws whereupon, as we learn by research, they are dependent. Some are of opinion that the habit of analysing, decomposing, and anatomising is inevitably unfavourable to the perception of beauty. People are led into this mistake by overlooking the fact that such processes being to a certain extent within the reach of a limited intellect, we are apt to ascribe to them that insensibility of which they are in truth the effect and not the cause. Admiration and love, to which all knowledge truly vital must tend, are felt by men of real genius in proportion as their discoveries in natural Philosophy are enlarged; and the beauty in form of a plant or an animal is not made less but more apparent as a whole by more accurate insight into its constituent properties and powers. A *Savant* who is not also a poet in soul and a religionist in heart is a feeble and unhappy creature.

THIS LAWN, a carpet all alive
With shadows flung from leaves—to strive
In dance, amid a press
Of sunshine, an apt emblem yields
Of Worldlings revelling in the fields
Of strenuous idleness;

Less quick the stir when tide and breeze
Encounter, and to narrow seas
Forbid a moment's rest;
The medley less when boreal Lights
Glance to and fro, like airy Sprites
To feats of arms address!

Yet, spite of all this eager strife,
This ceaseless play, the genuine life
That serves the steadfast hours,
Is in the grass beneath, that grows
Unheeded, and the mute repose
Of sweetly-breathing flowers. 1829.

THOUGHT ON THE SEASONS

Written at Rydal Mount.

FLATTERED with promise of escape
From every hurtful blast,
Spring tides, O sprightly May! thy shape,
Her lovehest and her last.

Less fair is summer riding high
 In fierce solstitial power,
 Less fair than when a lenient sky
 Brings on her parting hour.

When earth repays with golden sheaves
 The labours of the plough,
 And ripening fruits and forest leaves
 All brighten on the bough;

What pensive beauty autumn shows,
 Before she hears the sound
 Of winter rushing in, to close
 The emblematic round!

Such be our Spring, our Summer such;
 So may our Autumn blend
 With hoary Winter, and Life touch,
 Through heaven-born hope, her end!
 1829.

A GRAVESTONE UPON THE FLOOR IN THE CLOISTERS OF WOR- CESTER CATHEDRAL

"Miserrimus." Many conjectures have been formed as to the person who lies under this stone. Nothing appears to be known for a certainty. Query—The Rev. Mr. Morris, a nonconformist, a sufferer for conscience-sake; a worthy man who, having been deprived of his benefice after the accession of William III., lived to an old age in extreme destitution, on the alms of charitable Jacobites.

"*MISERRIMUS*," and neither name nor date,
 Prayer, text, or symbol, graven upon the
 stone;

Nought but that word assigned to the un-
 known,

That solitary word—to separate
 From all, and cast a cloud around the fate
 Of him who lies beneath. Most wretched
 one,

Who chose his epitaph?—Himself alone
 Could thus have dared the grave to agitate,
 And claim, among the dead, this awful
 crown;

Nor doubt that He marked also for his own
 Close to these cloistral steps a burial-place,
 That every foot might fall with heavier tread,
 Trampling upon his vileness. Stranger, pass
 Softly!—To save the contrite, Jesus bled.

1829.

A TRADITION OF OKER HILL IN DARLEY DALE, DERBYSHIRE

This pleasing tradition was told me by the coachman at whose side I sate while he drove down the dale, he pointing to the trees on the hill as he related the story.

'Tis said that to the brow of yon fair hill
 Two Brothers clomb, and, turning face
 from face,

Nor one look more exchanging, grief to still
 Or feed, each planted on that lofty place
 A chosen Tree; then, eager to fulfil

Their courses, like two new-born rivers,
 they

In opposite directions urged their way
 Down from the far-seen mount. No blast
 might kill

Or blight that fond memorial;—the trees
 grew,

And now entwine their arms; but ne'er
 again

Embraced those Brothers upon earth's wide
 plain;

Nor aught of mutual joy or sorrow knew
 Until their spirits mingled in the sea

That to itself takes all, Eternity. 1829.

THE ARMENIAN LADY'S LOVE

Written at Rydal Mount.

The subject of the following poem is from the *Orlandus* of the author's friend, Kenelm Henry Digby: and the liberty is taken of inscribing it to him as an acknowledgment, however unworthy, of pleasure and instruction derived from his numerous and valuable writings, illustrative of the piety and chivalry of the olden time.

1

You have heard "a Spanish Lady
 How she wooed an English man;"¹
 Hear now of a fair Armenian,
 Daughter of the proud Soldân;
 How she loved a Christian slave, and told
 her pain
 By word, look, deed, with hope that he
 might love again.

¹ See, in Percy's *Reliques*, that fine old ballad, "The Spanish Lady's Love;" from which Poem the form of stanza, as suitable to dialogue, is adopted.

II

"Pluck that rose, it moves my liking,"
Said she, lifting up her veil;
"Pluck it for me, gentle gardener,
Ere it wither and grow pale."
"Princess fair, I till the ground, but may
not take
From twig or bed an humbler flower, even
for your sake!"

III

"Grieved am I, submissive Christian!
To behold thy captive state;
Women, in your land, may pity
(May they not?) the unfortunate."
"Yes, kind Lady! otherwise man could
not bear
Life, which to every one that breathes is
full of care."

IV

"Worse than idle is compassion
If it end in tears and sighs;
Thee from bondage would I rescue
And from vile indignities;
Nurtured, as thy mien bespeaks, in high
degree,
Look up—and help a hand that longs to
set thee free."

V

"Lady! dread the wish, nor venture
In such peril to engage;
Think how it would stir against you
Your most loving father's rage:
Sad deliverance would it be, and yoked
with shame,
Should troubles overflow on her from whom
it came."

VI

"Generous Frank! the just in effort
Are of inward peace secure:
Hardships for the brave encountered,
Even the feeblest may endure:
If almighty grace through me thy chains
unbind
My father for slave's work may seek a slave
in mind."

VII

"Princess, at this burst of goodness,
My long-frozen heart grows warm!"
"Yet you make all courage fruitless,
Me to save from chance of harm:
Leading such companion I that gilded dome,
Yon minarets, would gladly leave for his
worst home."

VIII

"Feeling tunes your voice, fair Princess,
And your brow is free from scorn,
Else these words would come like
mockery,
Sharper than the pointed thorn."
"Whence the undeserved mistrust? Too
wide apart
Our faith hath been,—O would that eyes
could see the heart!"

IX

"Tempt me not, I pray; my doom is
These base implements to wield;
Rusty lance, I ne'er shall grasp thee,
Ne'er assail my cobwebbed shield!
Never see my native land, nor castle towers,
Nor Her who thinking of me there counts
widowed hours."

X

"Prisoner! pardon youthful fancies;
Wedded? If you *can*, say no!
Blessed is and be your consort;
Hopes I cherished—let them go!
Handmaid's privilege would leave my
purpose free,
Without another link to my felicity."

XI

"Wedded love with loyal Christians,
Lady, is a mystery rare;
Body, heart, and soul in union,
Make one being of a pair."
"Humble love in me would look for no
return,
Soft as a guiding star that cheers, but can-
not burn."

XII

"Gracious Allah! by such title
Do I dare to thank the God,

Him who thus exalts thy spirit,
 Flower of an unchristian sod !
 Or hast thou put off wings which thou in
 heaven dost wear ?
 What have I seen, and heard, or dreamt ?
 where am I ? where ?"

XIII

Here broke off the dangerous converse :
 Less impassioned words might tell
 How the pair escaped together,
 Tears not wanting, nor a knell
 Of sorrow in her heart while through her
 father's door,
 And from her narrow world, she passed for
 evermore.

XIV

But affections higher, holier,
 Urged her steps ; she shrunk from
 trust
 In a sensual creed that trampled
 Woman's birthright into dust.
 Little be the wonder then, the blame be
 none,
 If she, a timid Maid, hath put such bold-
 ness on.

XV

Judge both Fugitives with knowledge :
 In those old romantic days
 Mighty were the soul's commandments
 To support, restrain, or raise.
 Foes might hang upon their path, snakes
 rustle near,
 But nothing from their inward selves had
 they to fear.

XVI

Thought infirm ne'er came between
 them,
 Whether printing desert sands
 With accordant steps, or gathering
 Forest-fruit with social hands ;
 Or whispering like two reeds that in the
 cold moonbeam
 Bend with the breeze their heads, beside a
 crystal stream.

XVII

On a friendly deck reposing
 They at length for Venice steer ;

There, when they had closed their
 voyage
 One, who daily on the pier
 Watched for tidings from the East, beheld
 his Lord,
 Fell down and clasped his knees for joy,
 not uttering word.

XVIII

Mutual was the sudden transport ;
 Breathless questions followed fast,
 Years contracting to a moment,
 Each word greedier than the last :
 " Hie thee to the Countess, friend ! return
 with speed,
 And of this Stranger speak by whom her
 lord was freed.

XIX

Say that I, who might have languished,
 Drooped and pined till life was spent,
 Now before the gates of Stolberg
 My Deliverer would present
 For a crowning recompence, the precious
 grace
 Of her who in my heart still holds her
 ancient place.

XX

Make it known that my Companion
 Is of royal eastern blood,
 Thirsting after all perfection,
 Innocent, and meek, and good,
 Though with misbelievers bred ; but that
 dark night
 Will holy Church disperse by means of
 gospel-light."

XXI

Swiftly went that grey-haired Servant,
 Soon returned a trusty Page
 Charged with greetings, benedictions,
 Thanks and praises, each a gage
 For a sunny thought to cheer the Stranger's
 way,
 Her virtuous scruples to remove, her fears
 allay.

XXII

And how blest the Reunited,
 While beneath their castle-walls,
 Runs a deafening noise of welcome !—
 Blest, though every tear that falls

Doth in its silence of past sorrow tell,
And makes a meeting seem most like a
dear farewell.

XXIII

Through a haze of human nature,
Glorified by heavenly light,
Looked the beautiful Deliverer
On that overpowering sight,
While across her virgin cheek pure blushes
strayed,
For every tender sacrifice her heart had
made.

XXIV

On the ground the weeping Countess
Knelt, and kissed the Stranger's hand;
Act of soul-devoted homage,
Pledge of an eternal band:
Nor did aught of future days that kiss belie,
Which, with a generous shout, the crowd
did ratify.

XXV

Constant to the fair Armenian,
Gentle pleasures round her moved,
Like a tutelary spirit
Reverenced, like a sister, loved,
Christian meekness smoothed for all the
path of life,
Who, loving most, should wiseliest love,
their only strife.

XXVI

Mute memento of that union
In a Saxon church survives,
Where a cross-legged Knight lies
sculptured
As between two wedded wives—
Figures with armorial signs of race and birth,
And the vain rank the pilgrims bore while
yet on earth. 1830.

THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE¹

Early in life this story had interested me, and
I often thought it would make a pleasing subject
for an opera or musical drama.

PART I

ENOUGH of rose-bud lips, and eyes
Like harebells bathed in dew,

¹ See Note.

Of cheek that with carnation vies,
And veins of violet hue;
Earth wants not beauty that may scorn
A likening to frail flowers;
Yea, to the stars, if they were born
For seasons and for hours.

Through Moscow's gates, with gold un-
barred,
Stepped One at dead of night,
Whom such high beauty could not guard
From meditated blight;
By stealth she passed, and fled as fast
As doth the hunted fawn,
Nor stopped, till in the dappling east
Appeared unwelcome dawn.

Seven days she lurked in brake and field,
Seven nights her course renewed,
Sustained by what her scrip might yield,
Or berries of the wood;
At length, in darkness travelling on,
When lowly doors were shut,
The haven of her hope she won,
Her Foster-mother's hut.

"To put your love to dangerous proof
I come," said she, "from far;
For I have left my Father's roof,
In terror of the Czar."
No answer did the Matron give,
No second look she cast,
But hung upon the Fugitive,
Embracing and embraced.

She led the Lady to a seat
Beside the glimmering fire,
Bathed duteously her wayworn feet,
Prevented each desire :—
The cricket chirped, the house-dog dozed,
And on that simple bed,
Where she in childhood had reposed,
Now rests her weary head.

When she, whose couch had been the sod,
Whose curtain, pine or thorn,
Had breathed a sigh of thanks to God,
Who comforts the forlorn;
While over her the Matron bent
Sleep sealed her eyes, and stole
Feeling from limbs with travel spent,
And trouble from the soul.

Refreshed, the Wanderer rose at morn,
 And soon again was dight
 In those unworthy vestments worn
 Through long and perilous flight;
 And "O beloved Nurse," she said,
 "My thanks with silent tears
 Have unto Heaven and You been paid:
 Now listen to my fears!

"Have you forgot"—and here she smiled—
 "The babbling flatteries
 You lavished on me when a child
 Disporting round your knees?
 I was your lambkin, and your bird,
 Your star, your gem, your flower;
 Light words, that were more lightly heard
 In many a cloudless hour!

The blossom you so fondly praised
 Is come to bitter fruit;
 A mighty One upon me gazed;
 I spurned his lawless suit,
 And must be hidden from his wrath:
 You, Foster-father dear,
 Will guide me in my forward path;
 I may not tarry here!

I cannot bring to utter woe
 Your proved fidelity."—
 "Dear Child, sweet Mistress, say not so!
 For you we both would die."
 "Nay, nay, I come with semblance feigned
 And cheek embrowned by art;
 Yet, being inwardly unstained,
 With courage will depart."

"But whither would you, could you, flee?
 A poor Man's counsel take;
 The Holy Virgin gives to me
 A thought for your dear sake;
 Rest, shielded by our Lady's grace,
 And soon shall you be led
 Forth to a safe abiding-place,
 Where never foot doth tread."

PART II

THE dwelling of this faithful pair
 In a straggling village stood,
 For One who breathed unquiet air
 A dangerous neighbourhood;
 But wide around lay forest ground
 With thickets rough and blind;
 And pine-trees made a heavy shade
 Impervious to the wind.

And there, sequestered from the sight,
 Was spread a treacherous swamp,
 On which the noonday sun shed light
 As from a lonely lamp;
 And midway in the unsafe morass,
 A single Island rose
 Of firm dry ground, with healthful grass
 Adorned, and shady boughs.

The Woodman knew, for such the craft
 This Russian vassal plied,
 That never fowler's gun, nor shaft
 Of archer, there was tried;
 A sanctuary seemed the spot
 From all intrusion free;
 And there he planned an artful Cot
 For perfect secrecy.

With earnest pains unchecked by dread
 Of Power's far-stretching hand,
 The bold good Man his labour sped
 At nature's pure command;
 Heart-soothed, and busy as a wren,
 While, in a hollow nook,
 She moulds her sight-eluding den
 Above a murmuring brook.

His task accomplished to his mind,
 The twain ere break of day
 Creep forth, and through the forest wind
 Their solitary way;
 Few words they speak, nor dare to slack
 Their pace from mile to mile,
 Till they have crossed the quaking marsh
 And reached the lonely Isle.

The sun above the pine-trees showed
 A bright and cheerful face;
 And Ina looked for her abode,
 The promised hiding-place;
 She sought in vain, the Woodman smiled;
 No threshold could be seen,
 Nor roof, nor window;—all seemed wild
 As it had ever been.

Advancing, you might guess an hour,
 The front with such nice care
 Is masked, "if house it be or bower,"
 But in they entered are;
 As shaggy as were wall and roof
 With branches intertwined,
 So smooth was all within, air-proof,
 And delicately lined:

And hearth was there, and maple dish,
 And cups in seemly rows,
 And couch—all ready to a wish
 For nurture or repose;
 And Heaven doth to her virtue grant
 That here she may abide
 In solitude, with every want
 By cautious love supplied.

No queen, before a shouting crowd,
 Led on in bridal state,
 E'er struggled with a heart so proud,
 Entering her palace gate:
 Rejoiced to bid the world farewell,
 No saintly anchoress
 E'er took possession of her cell
 With deeper thankfulness.

"Father of all, upon thy care
 And mercy am I thrown;
 Be thou my safeguard!"—such her prayer
 When she was left alone,
 Kneeling amid the wilderness
 When joy had passed away,
 And smiles, fond efforts of distress
 To hide what they betray!

The prayer is heard, the Saints have seen,
 Diffused through form and face
 Resolves devotedly serene;
 That monumental grace
 Of Faith, which doth all passions tame
 That Reason *should* control;
 And shows in the untremling frame
 A statue of the soul.

PART III

'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy
 That Phœbus wont to wear
 The leaves of any pleasant tree
 Around his golden hair;
 Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
 Of his imperious love,
 At her own prayer transformed, took root,
 A laurel in the grove.

Then did the Penitent adorn
 His brow with laurel green;
 And 'mid his bright locks never shorn
 No meaner leaf was seen;
 And poets sage, through every age,
 About their temples wound

The bay; and conquerors thanked the
 Gods,
 With laurel chaplets crowned.

Into the mists of fabling Time
 So far runs back the praise
 Of Beauty, that disdains to climb
 Along forbidden ways;
 That scorns temptation; power defies
 Where mutual love is not;
 And to the tomb for rescue flies
 When life would be a blot.

To this fair Votaress, a fate
 More mild doth Heaven ordain
 Upon her Island desolate;
 And words, not breathed in vain,
 Might tell what intercourse she found,
 Her silence to endear;
 What birds she tamed, what flowers the
 ground
 Sent forth her peace to cheer.

To one mute Presence, above all,
 Her soothed affections clung,
 A picture on the cabin wall
 By Russian usage hung—
 The Mother - maid, whose countenance
 bright
 With love abridged the day;
 And, communed with by taper light,
 Chased spectral fears away.

And oft, as either Guardian came,
 The joy in that retreat
 Might any common friendship shame,
 So high their hearts would beat;
 And to the lone Recluse, whate'er
 They brought, each visiting
 Was like the crowding of the year
 With a new burst of spring.

But, when she of her Parents thought,
 The pang was hard to bear;
 And, if with all things not enwrought,
 That trouble still is near.
 Before her flight she had not dared
 Their constancy to prove,
 Too much the heroic Daughter feared
 The weakness of their love.

Dark is the past to them, and dark
 The future still must be,

Till pitying Saints conduct her bark
 Into a safer sea—
 Or gentle Nature close her eyes,
 And set her Spirit free
 From the altar of this sacrifice,
 In vestal purity.

Yet, when above the forest-glooms
 The white swans southward passed,
 High as the pitch of their swift plumes
 Her fancy rode the blast;
 And bore her toward the fields of France
 Her Father's native land,
 To mingle in the rustic dance,
 The happiest of the band!

Of those beloved fields she oft
 Had heard her Father tell
 In phrase that now with echoes soft
 Haunted her lonely cell;
 She saw the hereditary bowers,
 She heard the ancestral stream;
 The Kremlin and its haughty towers
 Forgotten like a dream!

PART IV

THE ever-changing Moon had traced
 Twelve times her monthly round,
 When through the unfrequented Waste
 Was heard a startling sound;
 A shout thrice sent from one who chased
 At speed a wounded deer,
 Bounding through branches interlaced,
 And where the wood was clear.

The fainting creature took the marsh,
 And toward the Island fled,
 While plovers screamed with tumult harsh
 Above his antlered head;
 This, Ina saw; and, pale with fear,
 Shrunk to her citadel;
 The desperate deer rushed on, and near
 The tangled covert fell.

Across the marsh, the game in view,
 The Hunter followed fast,
 Nor paused, till o'er the stag he blew
 A death-proclaiming blast;
 Then, resting on her upright mind,
 Came forth the Maid—"In me
 Behold," she said, "a stricken Hind
 Pursued by destiny!

From your deportment, Sir! I deem
 That you have worn a sword,
 And will not hold in light esteem
 A suffering woman's word;
 There is my covert, there perchance
 I might have lain concealed,
 My fortunes hid, my countenance
 Not even to you revealed.

Tears might be shed, and I might pray,
 Crouching and terrified,
 That what has been unveiled to day,
 You would in mystery hide;
 But I will not defile with dust
 The knee that bends to adore
 The God in heaven;—attend, be just;
 This ask I, and no more!

I speak not of the winter's cold,
 For summer's heat exchanged,
 While I have lodged in this rough hold,
 From social life estranged;
 Nor yet of trouble and alarms:
 High Heaven is my defence;
 And every season has soft arms
 For injured Innocence.

From Moscow to the Wilderness
 It was my choice to come,
 Lest virtue should be harbourless,
 And honour want a home;
 And happy were I, if the Czar
 Retain his lawless will,
 To end life here like this poor deer,
 Or a lamb on a green hill."

"Are you the Maid," the Stranger cried,
 "From Gallic parents sprung,
 Whose vanishing was rumoured wide,
 Sad theme for every tongue;
 Who foiled an Emperor's eager quest?
 You, Lady, forced to wear
 These rude habiliments, and rest
 Your head in this dark lair!"

But wonder, pity, soon were quelled;
 And in her face and mien
 The soul's pure brightness he beheld
 Without a veil between:
 He loved, he hoped,—a holy flame
 Kindled 'mid rapturous tears;
 The passion of a moment came
 As on the wings of years.

"Such bounty is no gift of chance,"
 Exclaimed he; "righteous Heaven,
 Preparing your deliverance,
 To me the charge hath given.
 The Czar full oft in words and deeds
 Is stormy and self-willed;
 But, when the Lady Catherine pleads,
 His violence is stilled.

Leave open to my wish the course,
 And I to her will go;
 From that humane and heavenly source,
 Good, only good, can flow."
 Faint sanction given, the Cavalier
 Was eager to depart,
 Though question followed question, dear,
 To the Maiden's filial heart.

Light was his step,—his hopes, more light,
 Kept pace with his desires;
 And the fifth morning gave him sight
 Of Moscow's glittering spires.
 He sued:—heart-smitten by the wrong,
 To the lorn Fugitive
 The Emperor sent a pledge as strong
 As sovereign power could give.

O more than mighty change! If e'er
 Amazement rose to pain,
 And joy's excess produced a fear
 Of something void and vain;
 'Twas when the Parents, who had
 mourned
 So long the lost as dead,
 Beheld their only Child returned,
 The household floor to tread.

Soon gratitude gave way to love
 Within the Maiden's breast;
 Delivered and Deliverer move
 In bridal garments drest;
 Meek Catherine had her own reward;
 The Czar bestowed a dower;
 And universal Moscow shared
 The triumph of that hour.

Flowers strewed the ground; the nuptial
 feast
 Was held with costly state;
 And there, 'mid many a noble guest,
 The Foster-parents sate;
 Encouraged by the imperial eye,
 They shrank not into shade;
 Great was their bliss, the honour high
 To them and nature paid 1830.

THE EGYPTIAN MAID

OR,

THE ROMANCE OF THE WATER LILY

For the names and persons in the following poem, see the "History of the renowned Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table;" for the rest the Author is answerable; only it may be proper to add, that the Lotus, with the bust of the Goddess appearing to rise out of the full-blown flower, was suggested by the beautiful work of ancient art, once included among the Townley Marbles, and now in the British Museum.

In addition to the short notice prefixed to this poem it may be worth while here to say that it rose out of a few words casually used in conversation by my nephew Henry Hutchinson. He was describing with great spirit the appearance and movement of a vessel which he seemed to admire more than any other he had ever seen, and said her name was the *Water Lily*. This plant has been my delight from my boyhood, as I have seen it floating on the lake; and that conversation put me upon constructing and composing the poem. Had I not heard those words it would never have been written. The form of the stanza is new, and is nothing but a repetition of the first five lines as they were thrown off, and is not perhaps well suited to narrative, and certainly would not have been trusted to had I thought at the beginning that the poem would have gone to such a length.

WHILE Merlin paced the Cornish sands,
 Forth-looking toward the rocks of Seilly,
 The pleased Enchanter was aware
 Of a bright Ship that seemed to hang in
 air,
 Yet was she work of mortal hands,
 And took from men her name—THE
 WATER LILY.

Soft was the wind, that landward blew;
 And, as the Moon, o'er some dark hill
 ascendant,
 Grows from a little edge of light
 To a full orb, this Pinnacle bright
 Became, as nearer to the coast she drew,
 More glorious, with spread sail and stream-
 ing pendant.

Upon this winged Shape so fair
 Sage Merlin gazed with admiration:

Her lineaments, thought he, surpass
Aught that was ever shown in magic
glass;
Was ever built with patient care;
Or, at a touch, produced by happiest trans-
formation.

Now, though a Mechanist, whose skill
Shames the degenerate grasp of modern
science,
Grave Merlin (and belike the more
For practising occult and perilous lore)
Was subject to a freakish will
That sapped good thoughts, or scared them
with defiance.

Provoked to envious spleen, he cast
An altered look upon the advancing
Stranger
Whom he had hailed with joy, and
cried,
"My Art shall help to tame her pride—"
Anon the breeze became a blast,
And the waves rose, and sky portended
danger.

With thrilling word, and potent sign
Traced on the beach, his work the Sor-
cerer urges;
The clouds in blacker clouds are lost,
Like spiteful Fiends that vanish, crossed
By Fiends of aspect more malign;
And the winds roused the Deep with fiercer
scourges.

But worthy of the name she bore
Was this Sea-flower, this buoyant
Galley;
Supreme in loveliness and grace
Of motion, whether in the embrace
Of trusty anchorage, or scudding o'er
The main flood roughened into hill and
valley.

Behold, how wantonly she laves
Her sides, the Wizard's craft confound-
ing;
Like something out of Ocean sprung
To be for ever fresh and young,
Breasts the sea-flashes, and huge waves
Top-gallant high, rebounding and rebound-
ing!

But Ocean under magic heaves,
And cannot spare the Thing he cher-
ished:

Ah! what avails that she was fair,
Luminous, blithe, and debonair?
The storm has stripped her of her
leaves;

The Lily floats no longer!—She hath
perished.

Grieve for her,—she deserves no less;
So like, yet so unlike, a living Creature!
No heart had she, no busy brain;
Though loved, she could not love again;
Though pitied, *feel* her own distress;
Nor aught that troubles us, the fools of
Nature.

Yet is there cause for gushing tears;
So richly was this Galley laden,
A fairer than herself she bore,
And, in her struggles, cast ashore;
A lovely One, who nothing hears
Of wind or wave—a meek and guileless
Maiden.

Into a cave had Merlin fled
From mischief, caused by spells himself
had muttered;
And while, repentant all too late,
In moody posture there he sate,
He heard a voice, and saw, with half-
raised head,
A Visitant by whom these words were
uttered;

"On Christian service this frail Bark
Sailed" (hear me, Merlin!) "under
high protection,
Though on her prow a sign of heathen
power
Was carved—a Goddess with a Lily
flower,
The old Egyptian's emblematic mark
Of joy immortal and of pure affection.

Her course was for the British strand;
Her freight, it was a Damsel peerless;
God reigns above, and Spirits strong
May gather to avenge this wrong
Done to the Princess, and her Land
Which she in duty left, sad but not cheer-
less.

And to Caerleon's loftiest tower
 Soon will the Knights of Arthur's Table
 A cry of lamentation send;
 And all will weep who there attend,
 To grace that Stranger's bridal hour,
 For whom the sea was made unnavigable.

Shame! should a Child of royal line
 Die through the blindness of thy
 malice?"

Thus to the Necromancer spake
 Nina, the Lady of the Lake,
 A gentle Sorceress, and benign,
 Who ne'er embittered any good man's
 chalice.

"What boots," continued she, "to
 mourn?"

To expiate thy sin endeavour:
 From the bleak isle where she is laid,
 Fetched by our art, the Egyptian Maid
 May yet to Arthur's court be borne
 Cold as she is, ere life be fled for ever.

My pearly Boat, a shining Light,
 That brought me down that sunless river,
 Will bear me on from wave to wave,
 And back with her to this sea-cave;—
 Then Merlin! for a rapid flight
 Through air, to thee my Charge will I
 deliver.

The very swiftest of thy cars
 Must, when my part is done, be ready;
 Meanwhile, for further guidance, look
 Into thy own prophetic book;
 And, if that fail, consult the Stars
 To learn thy course; farewell! be prompt
 and steady."

This scarcely spoken, she again
 Was seated in her gleaming shallop,
 That, o'er the yet-distempered Deep,
 Pursued its way with bird-like sweep,
 Or like a steed, without a rein,
 Urged o'er the wilderness in sportive
 gallop.

Soon did the gentle Nina reach
 That Isle without a house or haven;
 Landing, she found not what she sought,
 Nor saw of wreck or ruin aught
 But a carved Lotus cast upon the beach
 By the fierce waves, a flower in marble
 graven.

Sad relique, but how fair the while!
 For gently each from each retreating
 With backward curve, the leaves revealed
 The bosom half, and half concealed,
 Of a Divinity, that seemed to smile
 On Nina, as she passed, with hopeful
 greeting.

No quest was hers of vague desire,
 Of tortured hope and purpose shaken;
 Following the margin of a bay,
 She spied the lonely Castaway,
 Unmarred, unstripped of her attire,
 But with closed eyes,—of breath and bloom
 forsaken.

Then Nina, stooping down, embraced,
 With tenderness and mild emotion,
 The Damsel, in that trance embound;
 And, while she raised her from the
 ground,
 And in the pearly shallop placed,
 Sleep fell upon the air, and stilled the ocean.

The turmoil hushed, celestial springs
 Of music opened, and there came a
 blending
 Of fragrance, underived from earth,
 With gleams that owed not to the sun
 their birth,
 And that soft rustling of invisible wings
 Which Angels make, on works of love
 descending.

And Nina heard a sweeter voice
 Than if the Goddess of the flower had
 spoken:
 "Thou hast achieved, fair Dame! what
 none
 Less pure in spirit could have done;
 Go, in thy enterprise rejoice!
 Air, earth, sea, sky, and heaven, success
 betoken."

So cheered, she left that Island bleak,
 A bare rock of the Scilly cluster;
 And, as they traversed the smooth brine,
 The self-illuminated Brigantine
 Shed, on the Slumberer's cold wan cheek
 And pallid brow, a melancholy lustre.

Fleet was their course, and when they
 came
 To the dim cavern, whence the river

Issued into the salt-sea flood,
Merlin, as fixed in thought he stood,
Was thus accosted by the Dame ;
"Behold to thee my Charge I now deliver !

But where attends thy chariot—where?"—
Quoth Merlin, "Even as I was bidden,
So have I done; as trusty as thy barge
My vehicle shall prove—O precious
Charge !

If this be sleep, how soft ! if death, how
fair !
Much have my books disclosed, but the
end is hidden."

He spake; and gliding into view
Forth from the grotto's dimmest chamber
Came two mute Swans, whose plumes of
dusky white

Changed, as the pair approached the
light,

Drawing an ebon car, their hue
(Like clouds of sunset) into lucid amber.

Once more did gentle Nina lift
The Princess, passive to all changes:
The car received her:—then up-went
Into the ethereal element

The Birds with progress smooth and swift
As thought, when through bright regions
memory ranges.

Sage Merlin, at the Slumberer's side,
Instructs the Swans their way to measure;
And soon Caerleon's towers appeared,
And notes of minstrelsy were heard
From rich pavilions spreading wide,
For some high day of long-expected pleasure.

Awe-stricken stood both Knights and
Dames

Ere on firm ground the car alighted;
Eftsoons astonishment was past,
For in that face they saw the last
Last lingering look of clay, that tames
All pride; by which all happiness is
blighted.

Said Merlin, "Mighty King, fair Lords,
Away with feast and tilt and tourney!
Ye saw, throughout this royal House,
Ye heard, a rocking marvellous
Of turrets, and a clash of swords
Self-shaken, as I closed my airy journey.

Lo ! by a destiny well known
To mortals, joy is turned to sorrow;
This is the wished-for Bride, the Maid
Of Egypt, from a rock conveyed
Where she by shipwreck had been
thrown,
Ill sight ! but grief may vanish ere the
morrow,"

"Though vast thy power, thy words are
weak,"

Exclaimed the King, "a mockery hate-
ful;

Dutiful Child, her lot how hard !

Is this her piety's reward ?

Those watery locks, that bloodless cheek !
O winds without remorse ! O shore un-
grateful !

Rich robes are fretted by the moth ;
Towers, temples, fall by stroke of
thunder ;

Will that, or deeper thoughts, abate
A Father's sorrow for her fate ?

He will repent him of his troth ;
His brain will burn, his stout heart split
asunder.

Alas ! and I have caused this woe ;
For, when my prowess from invading
Neighbours

Had freed his Realm, he plighted word
That he would turn to Christ our Lord,
And his dear Daughter on a Knight
bestow

Whom I should choose for love and match-
less labours.

Her birth was heathen ; but a fence
Of holy Angels round her hovered :
A Lady added to my court
So fair, of such divine report
And worship, seemed a recompence
For fifty kingdoms by my sword recovered.

Ask not for whom, O Champions true !
She was reserved by me her life's be-
trayer ;

She who was meant to be a bride

Is now a corse : then put aside

Vain thoughts, and speed ye, with obser-
vance due

Of Christian rites, in Christian ground to
lay her."

"The tomb," said Merlin, "may not close
Upon her yet, earth hide her beauty;
Not froward to thy sovereign will
Esteem me, Liege! if I, whose skill
Wafted her hither, interpose
To check this pious haste of erring duty.

My books command me to lay bare
The secret thou art bent on keeping:
Here must a high attest be given,
What Bridegroom was for her ordained
by Heaven.
And in my glass significant there are
Of things that may to gladness turn this
weeping.

For this, approaching, One by One,
Thy Knights must touch the cold hand
of the Virgin;
So, for the favoured One, the Flower
may bloom
Once more: but, if unchangeable her
doom,
If life departed be for ever gone,
Some blest assurance, from this cloud
emerging,

May teach him to bewail his loss;
Not with a grief that, like a vapour, rises
And melts; but grief devout that shall
endure,
And a perpetual growth secure
Of purposes which no false thought shall
cross,
A harvest of high hopes and noble enter-
prises."

"So be it," said the King;—"anon,
Here, where the Princess lies, begin the
trial;
Knights each in order as ye stand
Step forth."—To touch the pallid hand
Sir Agravaire advanced; no sign he won
From Heaven or earth;—Sir Kaye had like
denial.

Abashed, Sir Dinas turned away;
Even for Sir Percival was no disclosure;
Though he, devoutest of all Champions,
ere
He reached that ebony car, the bier
Whereon diffused like snow the Damsel
lay,
Full thrice had crossed himself in meek
composure.

Imagine (but ye Saints! who can?)
How in still air the balance trembled—
The wishes, peradventure the despites
That overcame some not ungenerous
Knights;
And all the thoughts that lengthened out
a span
Of time to Lords and Ladies thus assembled.

What patient confidence was here!
And there how many bosoms panted!
While drawing toward the car Sir
Gawaine, mailed
For tournament, his heaver veiled,
And softly touched; but, to his princely
cheer
And high expectancy, no sign was granted.

Next, disencumbered of his harp,
Sir Tristram, dear to thousands as a
brother,
Came to the proof, nor grieved that there
ensued
No change;—the fair Izonda he had
wooded
With love too true, a love with pangs too
sharp,
From hope too distant, not to dread another.

Not so Sir Launcelot;—from Heaven's
grace
A sign he craved, tired slave of vain
contrition;
The royal Guinever looked passing glad
When his touch failed.—Next came Sir
Galahad;
He paused, and stood entranced by that
still face
Whose features he had seen in noontide
vision.

For late, as near a murmuring stream
He rested 'mid an arbour green and
shady.
Nina, the good Enchantress, shed
A light around his mossy bed;
And, at her call, a waking dream
Prefigured to his sense the Egyptian Lady.

Now, while his bright-haired front he
bowed,
And stood, far-kenned by mantle furred
with ermine,
As o'er the insensate Body hung
The enrapt, the beautiful, the young.

Belief sank deep into the crowd
That he the solemn issue would determine.

Nor deem it strange; the Youth had
worn

That very mantle on a day of glory,
The day when he achieved that match-
less feat,

The marvel of the PERILOUS SEAT,
Which whosoe'er approached of strength
was shorn,

Though King or Knight the most renowned
in story.

He touched with hesitating hand—
And lo! those Birds, far-famed through
Love's dominions,

The Swans, in triumph clap their wings;
And their necks play, involved in rings,
Like sinless snakes in Eden's happy
land;—

"Mine is she," cried the Knight;—again
they clapped their pinions.

"Mine was she—mine she is, though
dead,
And to her name my soul shall cleave in
sorrow;"

Whereat, a tender twilight streak
Of colour dawned upon the Damsel's
cheek;

And her lips, quickening with uncertain
red,

Seemed from each other a faint warmth to
borrow.

Deep was the awe, the rapture high,
Of love emboldened, hope with dread
entwining,

When, to the mouth, relenting Death
Allowed a soft and flower-like breath,
Precursor to a timid sigh,

To lifted eyelids, and a doubtful shining.

In silence did King Arthur gaze
Upon the signs that pass away or tarry;
In silence watched the gentle strife
Of Nature leading back to life;
Then eased his soul at length by praise
Of God, and Heaven's pure Queen—the
blissful Mary.

Then said he, "Take her to thy heart,
Sir Galahad! a treasure, that God giveth,

Bound by indissoluble ties to thee'
Through mortal change and immortality;
Be happy and unenvied, thou who art
A goodly Knight that hath no peer that
liveth!"

Not long the Nuptials were delayed;
And sage tradition still rehearses
The pomp, the glory of that hour
When toward the altar from her bower
King Arthur led the Egyptian Maid,
And Angels carolled these far-echoed
verses;—

Who shrinks not from alliance
Of evil with good Powers,
To God proclaims defiance,
And mocks whom he adores.

A Ship to Christ devoted
From the Land of Nile did go;
Alas! the bright Ship floated,
An Idol at her prow.

By magic domination,
The Heaven-permitted vent
Of purblind mortal passion,
Was wrought her punishment.

The Flower the Form within it,
What served they in her need?
Her port she could not win it,
Nor from mishap be freed.

The tempest overcame her,
And she was seen no more;
But gently, gently blame her—
She cast a Pearl ashore.

The Maid to Jesu hearkened,
And kept to him her faith,
Till sense in death was darkened,
Or sleep akin to death.

But Angels round her pillow
Kept watch, a viewless band;
And, billow favouring billow,
She reached the destined strand.

Blest Pair! whate'er befall you,
Your faith in Him approve
Who from frail earth can call you
To bowers of endless love!

THE POET AND THE CAGED TURTLEDOVE

Written at Rydal Mount. This dove was one of a pair that had been given to my daughter by our excellent friend, Miss Jewsbury, who went to India with her husband, Mr. Fletcher, where she died of cholera. The dove survived its mate many years, and was killed, to our great sorrow, by a neighbour's cat that got in at the window and dragged it partly out of the cage. These verses were composed extempore, to the letter, in the Terrace Summer-house before spoken of. It was the habit of the bird to begin cooing and murmuring whenever it heard me making my verses.

As often as I murmur here
My half-formed melodies,
Straight from her osier mansion near,
The Turtle dove replies:
Though silent as a leaf before,
The captive promptly coos;
Is it to teach her own soft lore,
Or second my weak Muse?

I rather think, the gentle Dove
Is murmuring a reproof,
Displeased that I from lays of love
Have dared to keep aloof;
That I, a Bard of hill and dale,
Have carolled, fancy free,
As if nor dove nor nightingale,
Had heart or voice for me.

If such thy meaning, O forbear,
Sweet Bird! to do me wrong;
Love, blessed Love, is everywhere
The spirit of my song:
'Mid grove, and by the calm fireside,
Love animates my lyre—
That coo again!—'tis not to chide,
I feel, but to inspire. 1830.

PRESENTIMENTS

Written at Rydal Mount.

PRESENTIMENTS! they judge not right
Who deem that ye from open light
Retire in fear of shame;

All *heaven-born* Instincts shun the touch
Of vulgar sense,—and, being such,
Such privilege ye claim.

The tear whose source I could not guess,
The deep sigh that seemed fatherless,
Were mine in early days;
And now, unforced by time to part
With fancy, I obey my heart,
And venture on your praise.

What though some busy foes to good,
Too potent over nerve and blood,
Lurk near you—and combine
To taint the health which ye infuse;
This hides not from the moral Muse
Your origin divine.

How oft from you, derided Powers!
Comes Faith that in auspicious hours
Builds castles, not of air:
Bodings unsanctioned by the will
Flow from your visionary skill,
And teach us to beware.

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,
That no philosophy can lift,
Shall vanish, if ye please,
Like morning mist: and, where it lay,
The spirits at your bidding play
In gaiety and ease.

Star-guided contemplations move
Through space, though calm, not raised
above
Prognostics that ye rule;
The naked Indian of the wild,
And haply, too, the cradled Child,
Are pupils of your school.

But who can fathom your intents,
Number their signs or instruments?
A rainbow, a sunbeam,
A subtle smell that Spring unbinds,
Dead pause abrupt of midnight winds,
An echo, or a dream.

The laughter of the Christmas hearth
With sighs of self-exhausted mirth
Ye feelingly reprove;
And daily, in the conscious breast,
Your visitations are a test
And exercise of love.

When some great change gives boundless
scope

To an exulting Nation's hope,
Oft, startled and made wise
By your low-breathed interpretations,
The simply-meek foretaste the springs
Of bitter contraries.

Ye daunt the proud array of war,
Pervade the lonely ocean far
As sail hath been unfurled ;
For dancers in the festive hall
What ghastly partners hath your call
Fetched from the shadowy world.

'Tis said, that warnings ye dispense,
Emboldened by a keener sense ;
That men have lived for whom,
With dread precision, ye made clear
The hour that in a distant year
Should knell them to the tomb.

Unwelcome insight ! Yet there are,
Blest times when mystery is laid bare,
Truth shows a glorious face,
While on that isthmus which commands
The councils of both worlds, she stands,
Sage Spirits ! by your grace.

God, who instructs the brutes to scent
All changes of the element,
Whose wisdom fixed the scale
Of natures, for our wants provides
By higher, sometimes humbler, guides,
When lights of reason fail. 1830.

"IN THESE FAIR VALES HATH MANY A TREE"

Engraven, during my absence in Italy, upon a
brass plate inserted in the Stone.

In these fair vales hath many a Tree
At Wordsworth's suit been spared ;
And from the builder's hand this Stone,
For some rude beauty of its own,
Was rescued by the Bard :
So let it rest ; and time will come
When here the tender-hearted
May heave a gentle sigh for him,
As one of the departed, 1830.

ELEGIAC MUSINGS

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON HALL,
THE SEAT OF THE LATE SIR G. H.
BEAUMONT, BART.

These verses were in part composed on horse-
back during a storm, while I was on my way from
Coleorton to Cambridge: they are alluded to
elsewhere.

In these grounds stands the Parish Church,
wherein is a mural monument bearing an Inscrip-
tion which, in deference to the earnest request of
the deceased, is confined to name, dates, and
these words :—"Enter not into judgment with thy
servant, O LORD !"

WITH copious eulogy in prose or rhyme
Graven on the tomb we struggle against
Time,

Alas, how feebly ! but our feelings rise
And still we struggle when a good man
dies :

Such offering BEAUMONT dreaded and for-
bade,

A spirit meek in self-abasement clad.

Yet *here* at least—though few have num-
bered days

That shunned so modestly the light of
praise—

His graceful manners, and the temperate ray
Of that arch fancy which would round him
play,

Brightening a converse never known to
swerve

From courtesy and delicate reserve ;
That sense, the bland philosophy of life,
Which checked discussion ere it warmed to
strife—

Those rare accomplishments, and varied
powers,

Might have their record among sylvan
bowers.

Oh, fled for ever ! vanished like a blast
That shook the leaves in myriads as it
passed ;—

Gone from this world of earth, air, sea, and
sky,

From all its spirit-moving imagery,
Intensely studied with a painter's eye,
A poet's heart ; and, for congenial view,
Portrayed with happiest pencil, not untrue
To common recognitions while the line
Flowed in a course of sympathy divine ;—

Oh! severed, too abruptly, from delights
That all the seasons shared with equal
rights;—

Rapt in the grace of undismantled age,
From soul-felt music, and the treasured
page

Lit by that evening lamp which loved to
shed

Its mellow lustre round thy honoured head;
While Friends beheld thee give with eye,
voice, mien,

More than theatric force to Shakspeare's
scene;—

If thou hast heard me—if thy Spirit know
Aught of these bowers and whence their
pleasures flow;

If things in our remembrance held so
dear,

And thoughts and projects fondly cherished
here,

To thy exalted nature only seem
Time's vanities, light fragments of earth's
dream—

Rebuke us not!—The mandate is obeyed
That said, "Let praise be mute where I
am laid;"

The holier deprecation, given in trust
To the cold marble, waits upon thy dust;
Yet have we found how slowly genuine
grief

From *silent* admiration wins relief.
Too long abashed thy Name is like a rose
That doth "within itself its sweetness
close;"

A drooping daisy changed into a cup
In which her bright-eyed beauty is shut
up.

Within these groves, where still are flitting
by

Shades of the Past, oft noticed with a
sigh,

Shall stand a votive Tablet, haply free,
When towers and temples fall, to speak of
Thee!

If sculptured emblems of our mortal doom
Recall not there the wisdom of the Tomb,
Green ivy risen from out the cheerful earth,
Will fringe the lettered stone; and herbs
spring forth,

Whose fragrance, by soft dews and rain
unbound,

Shall penetrate the heart without a wound;
While truth and love their purposes fulfil,
Commemorating genius, talent, skill,

That could not lie concealed where Thou
wert known;

Thy virtues *He* must judge, and *He* alone,
The God upon whose mercy they are
thrown. Nov. 1830.

"CHATSWORTH! THY STATELY MANSION, AND THE PRIDE"

I have reason to remember the day that gave
rise to this Sonnet, the 6th of November 1830.
Having undertaken, a great feat for me, to ride
my daughter's pony from Westmoreland to Cam-
bridge, that she might have the use of it while on
a visit to her uncle at Trinity Lodge, on my way
from Bakewell to Matlock I turned aside to
Chatsworth, and had scarcely gratified my
curiosity by the sight of that celebrated place
before there came on a severe storm of wind and
rain which continued till I reached Derby, both
man and pony in a pitiable plight. For myself,
I went to bed at noon-day. In the course of that
journey I had to encounter a storm, worse if
possible, in which the pony could (or would) only
make his way slantwise. I mention this merely
to add that notwithstanding this battering I
composed, on horseback, the lines to the memory
of Sir George Beaumont, suggested during my
recent visit to Coleorton.

CHATSWORTH! thy stately mansion, and
the pride

Of thy domain, strange contrast do present
To house and home in many a craggy rent
Of the wild Peak; where new-born waters
glide

Through fields whose thrifty occupants
abide

As in a dear and chosen banishment,
With every semblance of entire content;
So kind is simple Nature, fairly tried!
Yet He whose heart in childhood gave her
troth

To pastoral dales, thin-set with modest
farms,

May learn, if judgment strengthen with his
growth,

That, not for Fancy only, pomp hath
charms;

And, strenuous to protect from lawless
harms

The extremes of favoured life, may honour
both. 1830.

TO THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT

Painted at Rydal Mount, by W. Pickersgill,
Esq., for St. John's College, Cambridge.

The six last lines of this Sonnet are not written for poetical effect, but as a matter of fact, which, in more than one instance, could not escape my notice in the servants of the house.

GO, faithful Portrait ! and where long hath
knelt

Margaret, the Sainly Foundress, take thy
place ;

And, if Time spare the colours for the grace
Which to the work surpassing skill hath
dealt,

Thou, on thy rock reclined, though king-
doms melt

And states be torn up by the roots, wilt seem
To breathe in rural peace, to hear the
stream,

And think and feel as once the Poet felt.
Whate'er thy fate, those features have not
grown

Unrecognised through many a household
tear

More prompt, more glad, to fall than drops
of dew

By morning shed around a flower half-
blown ;

Tears of delight, that testified how true
To life thou art, and, in thy truth, how
dear !

1830.

THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK

Written at Rydal Mount. The Rock stands on the right hand a little way leading up the middle road from Rydal to Grasmere. We have been in the habit of calling it the glow-worm rock from the number of glow-worms we have often seen hanging on it as described. The tuft of primrose has, I fear, been washed away by the heavy rains.

A ROCK there is whose homely front
The passing traveller slights ;
Yet there the glow-worms hang their lamps,
Like stars, at various heights ;
And one coy Primrose to that Rock
The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged,
What kingdoms overthrown,
Since first I spied that Primrose-tuft

And marked it for my own ;
A lasting link in Nature's chain
From highest heaven let down !

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,
Their fellowship renew ;
The stems are faithful to the root,
That worketh out of view ;
And to the rock the root adheres
In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,
Though threatening still to fall ;
The earth is constant to her sphere ;
And God upholds them all :
So blooms this lonely Plant, nor dreads
Her annual funeral.

* * * *

Here closed the meditative strain ;
But air breathed soft that day,
The hoary mountain-heights were cheered,
The sunny vale looked gay ;
And to the Primrose of the Rock
I gave this after-lay.

I sang—Let myriads of bright flowers,
Like Thee, in field and grove
Revive unenvied ;—mightier far,
Than tremblings that reprove
Our vernal tendencies to hope,
Is God's redeeming love ;

That love which changed—for wan disease,
For sorrow that had bent
O'er hopeless dust, for withered age—
Their moral element,
And turned the thistles of a curse
To types beneficent.

Sin-blighted though we are, we too,
The reasoning Sons of Men,
From one oblivious winter called
Shall rise, and breathe again ;
And in eternal summer lose
Our threescore years and ten.

To humbleness of heart descends
This prescience from on high,
The faith that elevates the just,
Before and when they die ;
And makes each soul a separate heaven,
A court for Deity.

1831.

YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS

COMPOSED (TWO EXCEPTED) DURING A
TOUR IN SCOTLAND AND ON THE
ENGLISH BORDER, IN THE AUTUMN OF
1831.

In the autumn of 1831, my daughter and I set off from Rydal to visit Sir Walter Scott before his departure for Italy. This journey had been delayed by an inflammation in my eyes till we found that the time appointed for his leaving home would be too near for him to receive us without considerable inconvenience. Nevertheless we proceeded and reached Abbotsford on Monday. I was then scarcely able to lift up my eyes to the light. How sadly changed did I find him from the man I had seen so healthy, gay, and hopeful, a few years before, when he said at the inn at Paterdale, in my presence, his daughter Anne also being there, with Mr. Lockhart, my own wife and daughter, and Mr. Quillinan,—“I mean to live till I am *eighty*, and shall write as long as I live.” But to return to Abbotsford, the inmates and guests we found there were Sir Walter, Major Scott, Anne Scott, and Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart, Mr. Liddell, his Lady and Brother, and Mr. Allan the painter, and Mr. Laidlow, a very old friend of Sir Walter’s. One of Burns’s sons, an officer in the Indian service, had left the house a day or two before, and had kindly expressed his regret that he could not await my arrival, a regret that I may truly say was mutual. In the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Liddell sang, and Mrs. Lockhart chanted old ballads to her harp; and Mr. Allan, hanging over the back of a chair, told and acted odd stories in a humorous way. With this exhibition and his daughter’s singing, Sir Walter was much amused, as indeed were we all as far as circumstances would allow. But what is most worthy of mention is the admirable demeanour of Major Scott during the following evening, when the Liddells were gone and only ourselves and Mr. Allan were present. He had much to suffer from the sight of his father’s infirmities and from the great change that was about to take place at the residence he had built, and where he had long lived in so much prosperity and happiness. But what struck me most was the patient kindness with which he supported himself under the many fretful expressions that his sister Anne addressed to him or uttered in his hearing. She, poor thing, as mistress of that house, had been subject, after her mother’s death, to a heavier load of care and responsibility and greater sacri-

fices of time than one of such a constitution of body and mind was able to bear. Of this, Dora and I were made so sensible, that, as soon as we had crossed the Tweed on our departure, we gave vent at the same moment to our apprehensions that her brain would fail and she would go out of her mind, or that she would sink under the trials she had passed and those which awaited her. On Tuesday morning Sir Walter Scott accompanied us and most of the party to Newark Castle on the Yarrow. When we alighted from the carriages he walked pretty stoutly, and had great pleasure in revisiting those his favourite haunts. Of that excursion the verses “Yarrow revisited” are a memorial. Notwithstanding the romance that pervades Sir Walter’s works and attaches to many of his habits, there is too much pressure of fact for these verses to harmonise as much as I could wish with other poems. On our return in the afternoon we had to cross the Tweed directly opposite Abbotsford. The wheels of our carriage grated upon the pebbles in the bed of the stream, that there flows somewhat rapidly; a rich but sad light of rather a purple than a golden hue was spread over the Eildon hills at that moment; and, thinking it probable that it might be the last time Sir Walter would cross the stream, I was not a little moved, and expressed some of my feelings in the sonnet beginning—“A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain.” At noon on Thursday we left Abbotsford, and in the morning of that day Sir Walter and I had a serious conversation *tête-à-tête*, when he spoke with gratitude of the happy life which upon the whole he had led. He had written in my daughter’s Album, before he came into the breakfast-room that morning, a few stanzas addressed to her, and, while putting the book into her hand, in his own study, standing by his desk, he said to her in my presence—“I should not have done anything of this kind but for your father’s sake: they are probably the last verses I shall ever write.” They show how much his mind was impaired, not by the strain of thought but by the execution, some of the lines being imperfect, and one stanza wanting corresponding rhymes: one letter, the initial S, had been omitted in the spelling of his own name. In this interview also it was that, upon my expressing a hope of his health being benefited by the climate of the country to which he was going, and by the interest he would take in the classic remembrances of Italy, he made use of the quotation from “Yarrow unvisited” as recorded by me in the “Musings at Aquapendente” six years afterwards. Mr. Lockhart has mentioned in his Life of him what I heard from several quarters while abroad, both at Rome and elsewhere, that little seemed to interest him but what he could collect

or heard of the fugitive Stuarts and their adherents who had followed them into exile. Both the "Yarrow revisited" and the "Sonnet" were sent him before his departure from England. Some further particulars of the conversations which occurred during this visit I should have set down had they not been already accurately recorded by Mr. Lockhart. I first became acquainted with this great and amiable man—Sir Walter Scott—in the year 1803, when my sister and I, making a tour in Scotland, were hospitably received by him in Lasswade upon the banks of the Esk, where he was then living. We saw a good deal of him in the course of the following week: the particulars are given in my sister's Journal of that tour.

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.,

AS A TESTIMONY OF FRIENDSHIP, AND
ACKNOWLEDGMENT
OF INTELLECTUAL OBLIGATIONS,
THESE MEMORIALS ARE AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED

RYDAL MOUNT, Dec. 11, 1834.

I

The following Stanzas are a memorial of a day passed with Sir Walter Scott and other Friends visiting the Banks of the Yarrow under his guidance, immediately before his departure from Abbotsford, for Naples.

The title *Yarrow Revisited* will stand in no need of explanation for Readers acquainted with the Author's previous poems suggested by that celebrated Stream.

THE gallant Youth, who may have gained,
Or seeks, a "winsome Marrow,"
Was but an Infant in the lap
When first I looked on Yarrow;
Once more, by Newark's Castle-gate
Long left without a warder,
I stood, looked, listened, and with Thee,
Great Minstrel of the Border!

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet
day,
Their dignity installing
In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves
Were on the bough, or falling;
But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed—
The forest to embolden;
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot
Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the Stream flowed on
In foamy agitation;
And slept in many a crystal pool
For quiet contemplation:
No public and no private care
The freeborn mind entralling,
We made a day of happy hours,
Our happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appeared, the Morn of youth,
With freaks of graceful folly,—
Life's temperate Noon, her sober Eve,
Her Night not melancholy;
Past, present, future, all appeared
In harmony united,
Like guests that meet, and some from far,
By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
And down the meadow ranging,
Did meet us with unaltered face,
Though we were changed and changing;
If, *then*, some natural shadows spread
Our inward prospect over,
The soul's deep valley was not slow
Its brightness to recover.

Eternal blessings on the Muse,
And her divine employment!
The blameless Muse, who trains her Sons
For hope and calm enjoyment;
Albeit sickness, lingering yet,
Has o'er their pillow brooded;
And Care waylays their steps—a Sprite
Not easily eluded.

For thee, O SCOTT! compelled to change
Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot
For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes;
And leave thy Tweed and Tiviot
For mild Sorento's breezy waves;
May classic Fancy, linking
With native Fancy her fresh aid,
Preserve thy heart from sinking!

Oh! while they minister to thee,
Each vying with the other,
May Health return to mellow Age
With Strength, her venturous brother;
And Tiber, and each brook and rill
Renowned in song and story,
With unimagined beauty shine,
Nor lose one ray of glory!

For Thou, upon a hundred streams,
 By tales of love and sorrow,
 Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
 Hast shed the power of Yarrow;
 And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
 Wherever they invite Thee,
 At parent Nature's grateful call,
 With gladness must requite Thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine,
 Such looks of love and honour
 As thy own Yarrow gave to me
 When first I gazed upon her;
 Beheld what I had feared to see,
 Unwilling to surrender
 Dreams treasured up from early days,
 The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world, were all
 That mortals do or suffer,
 Did no responsive harp, no pen,
 Memorial tribute offer?
 Yea, what were mighty Nature's self?
 Her features, could they win us,
 Unhelped by the poetic voice
 That hourly speaks within us?

Nor deem that localised Romance
 Plays false with our affections;
 Unsanctifies our tears—made sport
 For fanciful dejections:
 Ah, no! the visions of the past
 Sustain the heart in feeling
 Life as she is—our changeful Life,
 With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that day
 In Yarrow's groves were centred;
 Who through the silent portal arch
 Of mouldering Newark entered;
 And clomb the winding stair that once
 Too timidly was mounted
 By the "last Minstrel," (not the last!)
 Ere he his Tale recounted.

Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream!
 Fulfil thy pensive duty,
 Well pleased that future Bards should chant
 For simple hearts thy beauty;
 To dream-light dear while yet unseen,
 Dear to the common sunshine,
 And dearer still, as now I feel,
 To memory's shadowy moonshine!

II

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT
 FROM ABBOTSFORD, FOR NAPLES

A TROUBLE, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
 Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
 Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple
 height:
 Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain
 For kindred Power departing from their
 sight;
 While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a
 blithe strain,
 Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
 Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the
 might
 Of the whole world's good wishes with him
 goes;
 Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
 Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror
 knows
 Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
 Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
 Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope!

III

A PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH OF
 SCOTLAND

Similar places for burial are not unfrequent in Scotland. The one that suggested this Sonnet lies on the banks of a small stream called the Wauchope that flows into the Esk near Langholme. Mickle, who, as it appears from his poem on Sir Martin, was not without genuine poetic feelings, was born and passed his boyhood in this neighbourhood, under his father, who was a minister of the Scotch Kirk. The Esk, both above and below Langholme, flows through a beautiful country, and the two streams of the Wauchope and the Ewes, which join it near that place, are such as a pastoral poet would delight in.

PART fenced by man, part by a rugged
 steep
 That curbs a foaming brook, a Grave-yard
 lies;
 The hare's best couching-place for fearless
 sleep;
 Which moonlit elves, far seen by credulous
 eyes,
 Enter in dance. Of church, or sabbath ties,

No vestige now remains; yet thither creep
 Bereft Ones, and in lowly anguish weep
 Their prayers out to the wind and naked
 skies.
 Proud tomb is none; but rudely-sculptured
 knights,
 By humble choice of plain old times, are
 seen
 Level with earth, among the hillocks green:
 Union not sad, when sunny daybreak
 smites
 The spangled turf, and neighbouring
 thickets ring
 With *jubilate* from the choirs of spring!

IV

ON THE SIGHT OF A MANSE IN THE SOUTH
OF SCOTLAND

The manses in Scotland and the gardens and grounds about them have seldom that attractive appearance which is common about our English parsonages, even when the clergyman's income falls below the average of the Scotch minister's. This is not merely owing to the one country being poor in comparison with the other, but arises rather out of the equality of their benefices, so that no one has enough to spare for decorations that might serve as an example for others; whereas, with us, the taste of the richer incumbent extends its influence more or less to the poorest. After all, in these observations the surface only of the matter is touched. I once heard a conversation in which the Roman Catholic Religion was decried on account of its abuses. "You cannot deny, however," said a lady of the party, repeating an expression used by Charles II., "that it is the religion of a gentleman." It may be left to the Scotch themselves to determine how far this observation applies to their Kirk, while it cannot be denied, if it is wanting in that characteristic quality, the aspect of common life, so far as concerns its beauty, must suffer. Sincere christian piety may be thought not to stand in need of refinement or studied ornament; but assuredly it is ever ready to adopt them, when they fall within its notice, as means allow; and this observation applies not only to manners, but to everything a christian (truly so in spirit) cultivates and gathers round him, however humble his social condition.

SAY, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing
 hills—
 Among the happiest-looking homes of men

Scattered all Britain over, through deep
 glen,
 On airy upland, and by forest rills,
 And o'er wide plains cheered by the lark
 that trills
 His sky-born warblings—does aught meet
 your ken
 More fit to animate the Poet's pen,
 Aught that more surely by its aspect fills
 Pure minds with sinless envy, than the
 Abode
 Of the good Priest: who, faithful through
 all hours
 To his high charge, and truly serving God,
 Has yet a heart and hand for trees and
 flowers,
 Enjoys the walks his predecessors trod,
 Nor covets lineal rights in lands and towers.

V

COMPOSED IN ROSLIN CHAPEL DURING A
STORM

We were detained by incessant rain and storm at the small inn near Roslin Chapel, and I passed a great part of the day pacing to and fro in this beautiful structure, which, though not used for public service, is not allowed to go to ruin. Here this Sonnet was composed. If it has at all done justice to the feeling which the place and the storm raging without inspired, I was as a prisoner. A painter delineating the interior of the chapel and its minute features under such circumstances would have, no doubt, found his time agreeably shortened. But the movements of the mind must be more free while dealing with words than with lines and colours; such at least was then and has been on many other occasions my belief, and, as it is allotted to few to follow both arts with success, I am grateful to my own calling for this and a thousand other recommendations which are denied to that of the painter.

THE wind is now thy organist;—a clank
 (We know not whence) ministers for a bell
 To mark some change of service. As the
 swell
 Of music reached its height, and even when
 sank
 The notes, in prelude, ROSLIN! to a blank
 Of silence, how it thrilled thy sumptuous
 roof,
 Pillars, and arches,—not in vain time-
 proof,

Though Christian rites be wanting! From
 what bank
 Came those live herbs? by what hand were
 they sown
 Where dew falls not, where rain-drops seem
 unknown?
 Yet in the Temple they a friendly niche
 Share with their sculptured fellows, that,
 green-grown,
 Copy their beauty more and more, and
 preach,
 Though mute, of all things blending into
 one.

VI

THE TROSACHS

As recorded in my sister's Journal, I had first
 seen the Trosachs in her and Coleridge's company.
 The sentiment that runs through this
 Sonnet was natural to the season in which I
 again saw this beautiful spot; but this and some
 other sonnets that follow were coloured by the
 remembrance of my recent visit to Sir Walter
 Scott, and the melancholy errand on which he
 was going.

THERE'S not a nook within this solemn
 Pass,
 But were an apt confessional for One
 Taught by his summer spent, his autumn
 gone,
 That Life is but a tale of morning grass
 Withered at eve. From scenes of art which
 chase
 That thought away, turn, and with watchful
 eyes
 Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
 Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear
 than glass
 Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice
 happy quest,
 If from a golden perch of aspen spray
 (October's workmanship to rival May)
 The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
 That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught
 lay,
 Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest!

VII

THE pibroch's note, discountenanced or
 mute;
 The Roman kilt, degraded to a toy
 Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt boy;

The target mouldering like ungathered fruit;
 The smoking steam-boat eager in pursuit,
 As eagerly pursued; the umbrella spread
 To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's
 head—

All speak of manners withering to the root,
 And of old honours, too, and passions high:
 Then may we ask, though pleased that
 thought should range
 Among the conquests of civility,
 Survives imagination—to the change
 Superior? Help to virtue does she give?
 If not, O Mortals, better cease to live!

VIII

COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOCH ETIVE

"That make the Patriot-spirit." It was mor-
 tifying to have frequent occasions to observe the
 bitter hatred of the lower orders of the High-
 landers to their superiors; love of country seemed
 to have passed into its opposite. Emigration was
 the only relief looked to with hope.

"THIS Land of Rainbows spanning glens
 whose walls,
 Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-coloured
 mists—
 Of far-stretched Meres whose salt flood
 never rests—
 Of tuneful Caves and playful Waterfalls—
 Of Mountains varying momentarily their
 crests—
 Proud be this Land! whose poorest huts
 are halls
 Where Fancy entertains becoming guests;
 While native song the heroic Past recalls,"
 Thus, in the net of her own wishes caught,
 The Muse exclaimed; but Story now must
 hide
 Her trophies, Fancy crouch; the course of
 pride
 Has been diverted, other lessons taught,
 That make the Patriot-spirit bow her head
 Where the all-conquering Roman feared to
 tread.

IX

EAGLES

COMPOSED AT DUNOLLIE CASTLE IN THE
 BAY OF ORAN

"The last I saw was on the wing," off the pro-
 montory of Fairhead, county of Antrim. I men-

tion this because, though my tour in Ireland with Mr. Marshall and his son was made many years ago, this allusion to the eagle is the only image supplied by it to the poetry I have since written. We travelled through that country in October, and to the shortness of the days and the speed with which we travelled (in a carriage and four) may be ascribed this want of notices, in my verse, of a country so interesting. The deficiency I am somewhat ashamed of, and it is the more remarkable as contrasted with my Scotch and Continental tours, of which are to be found in this volume so many memorials.

DISHONOUR'D Rock and Ruin! that, by
law

Tyrannic, keep the Bird of Jove embarred
Like a lone criminal whose life is spared.
Vexed is he, and screams loud. The last
I saw

Was on the wing; stooping, he struck with
awe

Man, bird, and beast; then, with a consort
paired,

From a bold headland, their loved aery's
guard,

Flew high above Atlantic waves, to draw
Light from the fountain of the setting sun.
Such was this Prisoner once; and, when
his plumes

The sea-blast ruffles as the storm comes on,
Then, for a moment, he, in spirit, resumes
His rank 'mong freeborn creatures that live
free,

His power, his beauty, and his majesty.

X

IN THE SOUND OF MULL

Touring late in the season in Scotland is an uncertain speculation. We were detained a week by rain at Bunaw on Loch Etive in a vain hope that the weather would clear up and allow me to show my daughter the beauties of Glencoe. Two days we were at the isle of Mull, on a visit to Major Campbell; but it rained incessantly, and we were obliged to give up our intention of going to Staffa. The rain pursued us to Tyndrum, where the Eleventh Sonnet was composed in a storm.

TRADITION, be thou mute! Oblivion, throw
Thy veil in mercy o'er the records, hung
Round strath and mountain, stamped by
the ancient tongue

On rock and ruin darkening as we go,—
Spots where a word, ghostlike, survives to
show

What crimes from hate, or desperate love,
have sprung;

From honour misconceived, or fancied
wrong,

What feuds, not quenched but fed by
mutual woe.

Yet, though a wild vindictive Race, un-
tamed

By civil arts and labours of the pen,
Could gentleness be scorned by those fierce
Men,

Who, to spread wide the reverence they
claimed

For patriarchal occupations, named
Yon towering Peaks, "Shepherds of Etive
Glen?"¹

XI

SUGGESTED AT TYNDRUM IN A STORM

ENOUGH of garlands, of the Arcadian
crook,

And all that Greece and Italy have sung
Of Swains reposing myrtle groves among!
Ours couch on naked rocks,—will cross a
brook

Sworn with chill rains, nor ever cast a look
This way or that, or give it even a thought
More than by smoothest pathway may be
brought

Into a vacant mind. Can written book
Teach what *they* learn? Up, hardy
Mountaineer!

And guide the Bard, ambitious to be One
Of Nature's privy council, as thou art,
On cloud-sequestered heights, that see and
hear

To what dread Powers He delegates his part
On earth, who works in the heaven of
heavens, alone.

XII

THE EARL OF BREADALBANE'S RUINED
MANSION AND FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE,
NEAR KILLIN

WELL sang the Bard who called the grave,
in strains

¹ In Gaelic, *Buachail Etive*.

Thoughtful and sad, the "narrow house."
No style

Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile
Grief of her sting; nor cheat, where he
detains

The sleeping dust, stern Death. How
reconcile

With truth, or with each other, decked
remains

Of a once warm Abode, and that *new*
Pile,

For the departed, built with curious pains
And mausolean pomp? Yet here they
stand

Together,—'mid trim walks and artful
bowers,

To be looked down upon by ancient hills,
That, for the living and the dead, demand
And prompt a harmony of genuine powers;
Concord that elevates the mind, and stills.

XIII

REST AND BE THANKFUL!

AT THE HEAD OF GLENCROE

DOUBLING and doubling with laborious
walk,

Who, that has gained at length the wished-
for Height,

This brief this simple wayside Call can
slight,

And rests not thankful? Whether cheered
by talk

With some loved friend, or by the unseen
hawk

Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams
that shine,

At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,
Ere they descend to nourish root and
stalk

Of valley flowers. Nor, while the limbs
repose,

Will we forget that, as the fowl can
keep

Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,
And fishes front, unmoved, the torrent's
sweep,—

So may the Soul, through powers that
Faith bestows,

Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss
that Angels share.

XIV

HIGHLAND HUT

SEE what gay wild flowers deck this earth-
built Cot,

Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence and
how it may,

Shines in the greeting of the sun's first ray
Like wreaths of vapour without stain or
blot.

The limpid mountain rill avoids it not;
And why shouldst thou?—If rightly trained
and bred,

Humanity is humble, finds no spot
Which her Heaven-guided feet refuse to
tread.

The walls are cracked, sunk is the flowery
roof,

Undressed the pathway leading to the door;
But love, as Nature loves, the lonely Poor;
Search, for their worth, some gentle heart
wrong-proof,

Meek, patient, kind, and, were its trials
fewer,

Belike less happy.—Stand no more aloof!¹

XV

THE BROWNIE

Upon a small island, not far from the head of
Loch Lomond, are some remains of an ancient
building, which was for several years the abode
of a solitary Individual, one of the last survivors
of the clan of Macfarlane, once powerful in that
neighbourhood. Passing along the shore opposite
this island in the year 1814, the Author learned
these particulars, and that this person then living
there had acquired the appellation of "The
Brownie." See "The Brownie's Cell," p. 534, to
which the following is a sequel.

"How disappeared he?" Ask the newt
and toad;

Ask of his fellow-men, and they will tell
How he was found, cold as an icicle,
Under an arch of that forlorn abode;
Where he, unpropped, and by the gathering
flood

Of years hemmed round, had dwelt, pre-
pared to try

Privation's worst extremities, and die
With no one near save the omnipresent God.

¹ See Note.

Verily so to live was an awful choice—
 A choice that wears the aspect of a doom ;
 But in the mould of mercy all is cast
 For Souls familiar with the eternal Voice ;
 And this forgotten Taper to the last
 Drove from itself, we trust, all frightful
 gloom.

XVI

TO THE PLANET VENUS, AN EVENING STAR
 COMPOSED AT LOCH LOMOND

THOUGH joy attend Thee orient at the
 birth
 Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit most
 To watch thy course when Day-light, fled
 from earth,
 In the grey sky hath left his lingering
 Ghost,
 Perplexed as if between a splendour lost
 And splendour slowly mustering. Since
 the Sun,
 The absolute, the world-absorbing One,
 Relinquished half his empire to the host
 Emboldened by thy guidance, holy Star,
 Holy as princely—who that looks on thee,
 Touching, as now, in thy humility
 The mountain borders of this seat of care,
 Can question that thy countenance is bright,
 Celestial Power, as much with love as
 light ?

XVII

BOTHWELL CASTLE

PASSED UNSEEN, ON ACCOUNT OF STORMY
 WEATHER

In my Sister's Journal is an account of Bothwell
 Castle as it appeared to us at that time.

IMMURED in Bothwell's towers, at times
 the Brave
 (So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn
 The liberty they lost at Bannockburn.
 Once on those steeps I roamed¹ at large,
 and have

In mind the landscape, as if still in sight ;
 The river glides, the woods before me wave ;
 Then why repine that now in vain I crave
 Needless renewal of an old delight ?
 Better to thank a dear and long-past day
 For joy its sunny hours were free to give

¹ See Note.

Than blame the present, that our wish
 hath crost.

Memory, like sleep, hath powers which
 dreams obey,

Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not fugitive :
 How little that she cherishes is lost !

XVIII

PICTURE OF DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN,
 AT HAMILTON PALACE

AMID a fertile region green with wood
 And fresh with rivers, well did it become
 The ducal Owner, in his palace-home
 To naturalise this tawny Lion brood ;
 Children of Art, that claim strange brother-
 hood

(Couched in their den) with those that
 roam at large

Over the burning wilderness, and charge
 The wind with terror while they roar for
 food.

Satiate are *these*; and stilled to eye and
 ear ;

Hence, while we gaze, a more enduring
 fear !

Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the
 cave

Daunt him—if his Companions, now be-
 drowsed

Outstretched and listless, were by hunger
 roused :

Man placed him here, and God, he knows,
 can save.

XIX

THE AVON

A FEEDER OF THE ANNAN

"Yet is it one that other rivulets bear." There
 is the Shakspeare Avon, the Bristol Avon ; the
 one that flows by Salisbury, and a small river in
 Wales, I believe, bear the name ; Avon being in
 the ancient tongue the general name for river.

AVON—a precious, an immortal name !
 Yet is it one that other rivulets bear
 Like this unheard-of, and their channels
 wear

Like this contented, though unknown to
 Fame :

For great and sacred is the modest claim

Of Streams to Nature's love, where'er they
 flow;
 And ne'er did Genius slight them, as they
 go,
 Tree, flower, and green herb, feeding with-
 out blame.
 But Praise can waste her voice on work of
 tears,
 Anguish, and death: full oft where inno-
 cent blood
 Has mixed its current with the limpid flood,
 Her heaven-offending trophies Glory rears:
 Never for like distinction may the good
 Shrink from *thy* name, pure Rill, with un-
 pleased ears.

XX

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE
IN INGLEWOOD FOREST

The extensive forest of Inglewood has been enclosed within my memory. I was well acquainted with it in its ancient state. The Hart's-horn tree mentioned in the next Sonnet was one of its remarkable objects, as well as another tree that grew upon an eminence not far from Penrith: it was single and conspicuous; and being of a round shape, though it was universally known to be a Sycamore, it was always called the "*Round Thorn*," so difficult is it to chain fancy down to fact.

THE forest huge of ancient Caledon
 Is but a name, no more is Inglewood,
 That swept from hill to hill, from flood to
 flood:
 On her last thorn the nightly moon has
 shone;
 Yet still, though inappropriate Wild be
 none,
 Fair parks spread wide where Adam Bell
 might deign
 With Clym o' the Clough, were they alive
 again,
 To kill for merry feast their venison.
 Nor wants the holy Abbot's gliding Shade
 His church with monumental wreck be-
 strown;
 The feudal Warrior-chief, a Ghost un-
 laid,
 Hath still his castle, though a skeleton,
 That he may watch by night, and lessons
 con
 Of power that perishes, and rights that fade,

XXI

HART'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH

HERE stood an Oak, that long had borne
 affixed
 To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle art,
 Among its withering topmost branches
 mixed,
 The palmy antlers of a hunted Hart,
 Whom the Dog Hercules pursued—his part
 Each desperately sustaining, till at last
 Both sank and died, the life-veins of the
 chased
 And chaser bursting here with one dire
 smart.
 Mutual the victory, mutual the defeat!
 High was the trophy hung with pitiless
 pride;
 Say, rather, with that generous sympathy
 That wants not, even in rudest breasts, a
 seat;
 And, for this feeling's sake, let no one chide
 Verse that would guard thy memory,
 HART'S-HORN TREE!¹

XXII

FANCY AND TRADITION

THE Lovers took within this ancient grove
 Their last embrace; beside those crystal
 springs
 The Hermit saw the Angel spread his wings
 For instant flight; the Sage in yon alcove
 Sate musing; on that hill the Bard would
 rove,
 Not mute, where now the linnet only sings:
 Thus everywhere to truth Tradition clings,
 Or Fancy localises Powers we love.
 Were only History licensed to take note
 Of things gone by, her meagre monuments
 Would ill suffice for persons and events:
 There is an ampler page for man to quote,
 A readier book of manifold contents,
 Studied alike in palace and in cot.

XXIII

COUNTESS'S PILLAR

Suggested by the recollection of Julian's Bower
 and other traditions connected with this ancient
 forest.

¹ See Note.

On the roadside between Penrith and Appleby, there stands a pillar with the following inscription:—

"This Pillar was erected, in the year 1656, by Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c., for a memorial of her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by. *Laus Deo!*"

WHILE the Poor gather round, till the end of time

May this bright flower of Charity display
Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed day;
Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime
Lovelier—transplanted from heaven's purest
clime!

"Charity never faileth:" on that creed,
More than on written testament or deed,
The pious Lady built with hope sublime.
Alms on this stone to be dealt out, *for ever!*
"LAUS DEO." Many a Stranger passing
by

Has with that Parting mixed a filial sigh,
Blest its humane Memorial's fond endeavour;
And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-
glazed,

Has ended, though no Clerk, with "God
be praised!"

XXIV

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES

FROM THE ROMAN STATION AT OLD
PENRITH

How profitless the relics that we cull,
Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,
Unless they chasten fancies that presume
Too high, or idle agitations lull!
Of the world's flatteries if the brain be full,
To have no seat for thought were better
doom,

Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull
Of him who gloried in its nodding plume.
Heaven out of view, our wishes what are
they?

Our fond regrets tenacious in their grasp?
The Sage's theory? the Poet's lay?
Mere Fibulæ without a robe to clasp;
Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls;
Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals!

XXV

APOLOGY FOR THE FOREGOING POEMS

No more: the end is sudden and abrupt,
Abrupt—as without preconceived design
Was the beginning; yet the several Lays
Have moved in order, to each other bound
By a continuous and acknowledged tie
Though unapparent—like those Shapes
distinct

That yet survive ensulptured on the walls
Of palaces, or temples, 'mid the wreck
Of famed Persepolis; each following each,
As might be seem a stately embassy,
In set array; these bearing in their hands
Ensign of civil power, weapon of war,
Or gift to be presented at the throne
Of the Great King; and others, as they go
In priestly vest, with holy offerings charged,
Or leading victims drest for sacrifice.
Nor will the Power we serve, that sacred
Power,

The Spirit of humanity, disdain
A ministration humble but sincere,
That from a threshold loved by every Muse
Its impulse took—that sorrow-stricken door,
Whence, as a current from its fountain-head,
Our thoughts have issued, and our feelings
flowed,

Receiving, willingly or not, fresh strength
From kindred sources; while around us
sighed

(Life's three first seasons having passed
away)

Leaf-scattering winds; and hoar-frost
sprinklings fell

(Foretaste of winter) on the moorland
heights;

And every day brought with it tidings new
Of rash change, ominous for the public weal.
Hence, if dejection has too oft encroached
Upon that sweet and tender melancholy
Which may itself be cherished and caressed
More than enough; a fault so natural
(Even with the young, the hopeful, or the
gay)

For prompt forgiveness will not sue in vain.

XXVI

THE HIGHLAND BROACH

On ascending a hill that leads from Loch Awe
towards Inverary, I fell into conversation with a

woman of the humbler class who wore one of those Highland Broaches. I talked with her about it; and upon parting with her, when I said with a kindness I truly felt—"May that Broach continue in your family through many generations to come, as you have already possessed it"—she thanked me most becomingly, and seemed not a little moved.

The exact resemblance which the old Broach (still in use, though rarely met with, among the Highlanders) bears to the Roman Fibula must strike every one, and concurs, with the plaid and kilt, to recall to mind the communication which the ancient Romans had with this remote country.

If to Tradition faith be due,
And echoes from old verse speak true,
Ere the meek Saint, Columba, bore
Glad tidings to Iona's shore,
No common light of nature blessed
The mountain region of the west,
A land where gentle manners ruled
O'er men in dauntless virtues schooled,
That raised, for centuries, a bar
Impervious to the tide of war:
Yet peaceful Arts did entrance gain
Where haughty Force had striven in vain;
And, 'mid the works of skilful hands,
By wanderers brought from foreign lands
And various climes, was not unknown
The clasp that fixed the Roman Gown;
The Fibula, whose shape, I ween,
Still in the Highland Broach is seen,
The silver Broach of massy frame,
Worn at the breast of some grave Dame
On road or path, or at the door
Of fern-thatched hut on heathy moor:
But delicate of yore its mould,
And the material finest gold;
As might beseem the fairest Fair,
Whether she graced a royal chair,
Or shed, within a vaulted hall,
No fancied lustre on the wall
Where shields of mighty heroes hung,
While Fingal heard what Ossian sung.

The heroic Age expired—it slept
Deep in its tomb:—the bramble crept
O'er Fingal's hearth; the grassy sod
Grew on the floors his sons had trod:
Malvina! where art thou? Their state
The noblest-born must abdicate;
The fairest, while with fire and sword
Come Spoilers—horde impelling horde,
Must walk the sorrowing mountains, drest
By ruder hands in homelier vest.

Yet still the female bosom lent,
And loved to borrow, ornament;
Still was its inner world a place
Reached by the dews of heavenly grace;
Still pity to this last retreat
Clove fondly; to his favourite seat
Love wound his way by soft approach,
Beneath a massier Highland Broach.

When alternations came of rage
Yet fiercer, in a darker age;
And feuds, where, clan encountering clan,
The weaker perished to a man;
For maid and mother, when despair
Might else have triumphed, baffling prayer,
One small possession lacked not power,
Provided in a calmer hour,
To meet such need as might befall—
Roof, raiment, bread, or burial:
For woman, even of tears bereft,
The hidden silver Broach was left.

As generations come and go
Their arts, their customs, ebb and flow;
Fate, fortune, sweep strong powers away,
And feeble, of themselves, decay;
What poor abodes the heir-loom hide,
In which the castle once took pride!
Tokens, once kept as boasted wealth,
If saved at all, are saved by stealth.
Lo! ships, from seas by nature barred,
Mount along ways by man prepared;
And in far-stretching vales, whose streams
Seek other seas, their canvas gleams.
Lo! busy towns spring up, on coasts
Thronged yesterday by airy ghosts;
Soon, like a lingering star forlorn
Among the novelties of morn,
While young delights on old encroach,
Will vanish the last Highland Broach.

But when, from out their viewless bed,
Like vapours, years have rolled and spread;
And this poor verse, and worthier lays,
Shall yield no light of love or praise;
Then, by the spade, or cleaving plough,
Or torrent from the mountain's brow,
Or whirlwind, reckless what his might
Entombs, or forces into light;
Blind Chance, a volunteer ally,
That oft befriends Antiquity,
And clears Oblivion from reproach,
May render back the Highland Broach.¹

¹ How much the Broach is sometimes prized by persons in humble stations may be gathered from an occurrence mentioned to me by a female friend. She had had an opportunity of benefiting

DEVOTIONAL INCITEMENTS

Written at Rydal Mount.

"Not to the earth confined,
Ascend to heaven."

WHERE will they stop, those breathing
Powers,
The Spirits of the new-born flowers?
They wander with the breeze, they wind
Where'er the streams a passage find;
Up from their native ground they rise
In mute ærial harmonies;
From humble violet—modest thyme—
Exhaled, the essential odours climb,
As if no space below the sky
Their subtle flight could satisfy:
Heaven will not tax our thoughts with pride
If like ambition be *their* guide.

Roused by this kindest of May-showers,
The spirit-quickener of the flowers,
That with moist virtue softly cleaves
The buds, and freshens the young leaves,
The birds pour forth their souls in notes
Of rapture from a thousand throats—
Here checked by too impetuous haste,
While there the music runs to waste,
With bounty more and more enlarged,
Till the whole air is overcharged;
Give ear, O Man! to their appeal
And thirst for no inferior zeal,
Thou, who canst *think*, as well as feel.

Mount from the earth; aspire! aspire!
So pleads the town's cathedral quire,
In strains that from their solemn height
Sink, to attain a loftier flight;
While incense from the altar breathes
Rich fragrance in embodied wreaths;
Or, flung from swinging censer, shrouds
The taper-lights, and curls in clouds
Around angelic Forms, the still
Creation of the painter's skill,
That on the service wait concealed
One moment, and the next revealed
—Cast off your bonds, awake, arise,

a poor old woman in her own hut, who, wishing to make a return, said to her daughter, in Erse, in a tone of plaintive earnestness, "I would give anything I have, but I *hope* she does not wish for my Broach!" and, uttering these words, she put her hand upon the Broach which fastened her kerchief, and which, she imagined, had attracted the eye of her benefactress.

And for no transient ecstasies!
What else can mean the visual plea
Of still or moving imagery—
The iterated summons loud,
Not wasted on the attendant crowd,
Nor wholly lost upon the throng
Hurrying the busy streets along?
Alas! the sanctities combined
By art to unsensualise the mind,
Decay and languish; or, as creeds
And humours change, are spurned like
weeds:

The priests are from their altars thrust;
Temples are levelled with the dust;
And solemn rites and awful forms
Founder amid fanatic storms.
Yet evermore, through years renewed
In undisturbed vicissitude
Of seasons balancing their flight
On the swift wings of day and night,
Kind Nature keeps a heavenly door
Wide open for the scattered Poor.
Where flower-breathed incense to the skies
Is wafted in mute harmonies;
And ground fresh-cloven by the plough
Is fragrant with a humbler vow;
Where birds and brooks from leafy dells
Chime forth unwearied canticles,
And vapours magnify and spread
The glory of the sun's bright head—
Still constant in her worship, still
Conforming to the eternal Will,
Whether men sow or reap the fields,
Divine monition Nature yields,
That not by bread alone we live,
Or what a hand of flesh can give;
That every day should leave some part
Free for a sabbath of the heart:
So shall the seventh be truly blest,
From morn to eve, with hallowed rest.

1832.

"CALM IS THE FRAGRANT AIR"

CALM is the fragrant air, and loth to lose
Day's grateful warmth, tho' moist with falling
dews.

Look for the stars, you'll say that there are
none;

Look up a second time, and, one by one,
You mark them twinkling out with silvery
light,

And wonder how they could elude the sight!

The birds, of late so noisy in their bowers,
Warbled a while with faint and fainter
powers,

But now are silent as the dim-seen flowers :
Nor does the village Church-clock's iron
tone

The time's and season's influence disown ;
Nine beats distinctly to each other bound
In drowsy sequence—how unlike the sound
That, in rough winter, oft inflicts a fear
On fireside listeners, doubting what they
hear !

The shepherd, bent on rising with the sun,
Had closed his door before the day was
done,

And now with thankful heart to bed doth
creep,

And joins his little children in their sleep.
The bat, lured forth where trees the lane
o'ershade,

Flits and reflits along the close arcade ;
The busy dor-hawk chases the white moth
With burring note, which Industry and
Sloth

Might both be pleased with, for it suits
them both.

A stream is heard—I see it not, but know
By its soft music whence the waters flow :
Wheels and the tread of hoofs are heard no
more ;

One boat there was, but it will touch the
shore

With the next dipping of its slackened oar ;
Faint sound, that, for the gayest of the gay,
Might give to serious thought a moment's
sway,

As a last token of man's toilsome day !
1832.

RURAL ILLUSIONS

Written at Rydal Mount. Observed a hundred
times in the grounds there.

SYLPH was it ? or a Bird more bright
Than those of fabulous stock ?

A second darted by ;—and lo !

Another of the flock,
Through sunshine flitting from the bough
To nestle in the rock.

Transient deception ! a gay freak
Of April's mimicries !

Those brilliant strangers, hailed with joy
Among the budding trees,

Proved last year's leaves, pushed from the
spray

To frolic on the breeze.

Maternal Flora ! show thy face,
And let thy hand be seen,
Thy hand here sprinkling tiny flowers,
That, as they touch the green,
Take root (so seems it) and look up
In honour of their Queen.

Yet, sooth, those little starry specks,
That not in vain aspired
To be confounded with live growths,
Most dainty, most admired,
Were only blossoms dropt from twigs
Of their own offspring tired.

Not such the World's illusive shows ;
Her wingless flutterings,
Her blossoms which, though shed, outbrave
The floweret as it springs,
For the undeceived, smile as they may,
Are melancholy things :
But gentle Nature plays her part
With ever-varying wiles,
And transient feignings with plain truth
So well she reconciles,
That those fond Idlers most are pleased
Whom oftenest she beguiles. 1832.

LOVING AND LIKING

IRREGULAR VERSES

ADDRESSED TO A CHILD

(BY MY SISTER)

Written at Rydal Mount. It arose, I believe,
out of a casual expression of one of Mr. Swin-
burne's children.

THERE'S more in words than I can teach :
Yet listen, Child !—I would not preach ;
But only give some plain directions
To guide your speech and your affections.
Say not you *love* a roasted fowl,
But you may love a screaming owl.
And, if you can, the unwieldy toad
That crawls from his secure abode
Within the mossy garden wall
When evening dews begin to fall.
Oh mark the beauty of his eye :
What wonders in that circle lie !
So clear, so bright, our fathers said
He wears a jewel in his head !

And when, upon some showery day,
 Into a path or public way
 A frog leaps out from bordering grass,
 Startling the timid as they pass,
 Do you observe him, and endeavour
 To take the intruder into favour;
 Learning from him to find a reason
 For a light heart in a dull season.
 And you may love him in the pool,
 That is for him a happy school,
 In which he swims as taught by nature,
 Fit pattern for a human creature,
 Glancing amid the water bright,
 And sending upward sparkling light.

Nor blush if o'er your heart be stealing
 A love for things that have no feeling:
 The spring's first rose by you espied,
 May fill your breast with joyful pride;
 And you may love the strawberry-flower,
 And love the strawberry in its bower;
 But when the fruit, so often praised
 For beauty, to your lip is raised,
 Say not you *love* the delicate treat,
 But *like* it, enjoy it, and thankfully eat.

Long may you love your pensioner mouse,
 Though one of a tribe that torment the
 house:

Nor dislike for her cruel sport the cat,
 Deadly foe both of mouse and rat;
 Remember she follows the law of her kind,
 And Instinct is neither wayward nor blind.
 Then think of her beautiful gliding form,
 Her tread that would scarcely crush a
 worm,

And her soothing song by the winter fire,
 Soft as the dying throb of the lyre.

I would not circumscribe your love:
 It may soar with the eagle and brood with
 the dove,

May pierce the earth with the patient mole,
 Or track the hedgehog to his hole.
 Loving and liking are the solace of life,
 Rock the cradle of joy, smooth the death-
 bed of strife.

You love your father and your mother,
 Your grown-up and your baby brother;
 You love your sister, and your friends,
 And countless blessings which God sends:
 And while these right affections play,
 You *live* each moment of your day;
 They lead you on to full content,
 And likings fresh and innocent,
 That store the mind, the memory feed,
 And prompt to many a gentle deed:

But *likings* come, and pass away;
 'Tis *love* that remains till our latest day:
 Our heavenward guide is holy love,
 And will be our bliss with saints above.

1832.

UPON THE LATE GENERAL FAST

MARCH 1832

RELUCTANT call it was; the rite delayed;
 And in the Senate some there were who
 doffed

The last of their humanity, and scoffed
 At providential judgments, undismayed
 By their own daring. But the People
 prayed

As with one voice; their flinty heart grew
 soft

With penitential sorrow, and aloft
 Their spirit mounted, crying, "God us
 aid!"

Oh that with aspirations more intense,
 Chastised by self-abasement more pro-
 found,

This People, once so happy, so renowned
 For liberty, would seek from God defence
 Against far heavier ill, the pestilence
 Of revolution, impiously unbound!

FILIAL PIETY

ON THE WAYSIDE BETWEEN PRESTON
AND LIVERPOOL

This was communicated to me by a coachman
 at whose side I sat while he was driving. In
 the course of my many coach rambles and
 journeys, which, during the daytime always and
 often in the night, were taken on the outside of
 the coach, I had good and frequent opportunities
 of learning the characteristics of this class of
 men. One remark I made that is worth record-
 ing; that whenever I had occasion especially to
 notice their well-ordered, respectful, and kind be-
 haviour to women, of whatever age, I found them,
 I may say almost always, to be married men.

UNTOUCHED through all severity of cold;
 Inviolatè, whate'er the cottage hearth
 Might need for comfort, or for festal mirth;
 That Pile of Turf is half a century old:
 Yes, Traveller! fifty winters have been
 told

Since suddenly the dart of death went forth
'Gainst him who raised it,—his last work
on earth:

Thence has it, with the Son, so strong a
hold

Upon his Father's memory, that his hands,
Through reverence, touch it only to repair
Its waste.—Though crumbling with each
breath of air,

In annual renovation thus it stands—
Rude Mausoleum! but wrens nestle there,
And red-breasts warble when sweet sounds
are rare. 1832.

TO B. R. HAYDON, ON SEEING HIS
PICTURE OF NAPOLEON BUONA-
PARTE ON THE ISLAND OF ST.
HELENA

This Sonnet, though said to be written on see-
ing the Portrait of Napoleon, was, in fact, com-
posed some time after, extempore, in the wood at
Rydal Mount.

HAYDON! let worthier judges praise the
skill

Here by thy pencil shown in truth of lines
And charm of colours; / I applaud those
signs

Of thought, that give the true poetic thrill;
That unencumbered whole of blank and
still

Sky without cloud—ocean without a wave;
And the one Man that laboured to enslave
The World, sole-standing high on the bare
hill—

Back turned, arms folded, the unapparent
face

Tinged, we may fancy, in this dreary
place,

With light reflected from the invisible sun
Set, like his fortunes; but not set for aye
Like them. The unguilty Power pursues
his way,

And before *him* doth dawn perpetual run.
1832.

"IF THOU INDEED DERIVE THY
LIGHT FROM HEAVEN"

These verses were written some time after we
had become residents at Rydal Mount, and I

will take occasion from them to observe upon the
beauty of that situation, as being backed and
flanked by lofty fells, which bring the heavenly
bodies to touch, as it were, the earth upon the
mountain-tops, while the prospect in front lies
open to a length of level valley, the extended
lake, and a terminating ridge of low hills; so that
it gives an opportunity to the inhabitants of the
place of noticing the stars in both the positions
here alluded to, namely, on the tops of the moun-
tains, and as winter-lamps at a distance among
the leafless trees.

IF thou indeed derive thy light from
Heaven,

Then, to the measure of that heaven-born
light,

Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be con-
tent:—

The stars pre-eminent in magnitude,
And they that from the zenith dart their
beams,

(Visible though they be to half the earth,
Though half a sphere be conscious of their
brightness)

Are yet of no diviner origin,
No purer essence, than the one that burns,
Like an untended watch-fire on the ridge
Of some dark mountain; or than those
which seem

Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter
lamps,

Among the branches of the leafless trees.
All are the undying offspring of one Sire:
Then, to the measure of the light vouch-
safed,

Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content.
1832.

A WREN'S NEST

Written at Rydal Mount. This nest was
built, as described, in a tree that grows near the
pool in Dora's field next the Rydal Mount
garden.

AMONG the dwellings framed by birds
In field or forest with nice care,
Is none that with the little Wren's
In snugness may compare.

No door the tenement requires,
And seldom needs a laboured roof:
Yet is it to the fiercest sun
Impervious, and storm-proof.

So warm, so beautiful withal,
 In perfect fitness for its aim,
 That to the Kind by special grace
 Their instinct surely came.

And when for their abodes they seek
 An opportune recess,
 The hermit has no finer eye
 For shadowy quietness.

These find, 'mid ivied abbey-walls,
 A canopy in some still nook;
 Others are pent-housed by a brae
 That overhangs a brook.

There to the brooding bird her mate
 Warbles by fits his low clear song;
 And by the busy streamlet both
 Are sung to all day long.

Or in sequestered lanes they build,
 Where, till the flitting bird's return,
 Her eggs within the nest repose,
 Like relics in an urn.

But still, where general choice is good,
 There is a better and a best;
 And, among fairest objects, some
 Are fairer than the rest;

This, one of those small builders proved
 In a green covert, where, from out
 The forehead of a pollard oak,
 The leafy antlers sprout;

For She who planned the mossy lodge,
 Mistrusting her evasive skill,
 Had to a Primrose looked for aid
 Her wishes to fulfil.

High on the trunk's projecting brow,
 And fixed an infant's span above
 The budding flowers, peeped forth the nest
 The prettiest of the grove!

The treasure proudly did I show
 To some whose minds without disdain
 Can turn to little things; but once
 Looked up for it in vain:

'Tis gone—a ruthless spoiler's prey,
 Who heeds not beauty, love, or song,
 'Tis gone! (so seemed it) and we grieved
 Indignant at the wrong.

Just three days after, passing by
 In clearer light the moss-built cell
 I saw, espied its shaded mouth;
 And felt that all was well.

The Primrose for a veil had spread
 The largest of her upright leaves;
 And thus, for purposes benign,
 A simple flower deceives.

Concealed from friends who might disturb
 Thy quiet with no ill intent,
 Secure from evil eyes and hands
 On barbarous plunder bent,

Rest, Mother-bird! and when thy young
 Take flight, and thou art free to roam,
 When withered is the guardian Flower,
 And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prospered, thou and thine,
 Amid the unviolated grove
 Housed near the growing Primrose-tuft
 In foresight, or in love. 1833.

TO ———

UPON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BORN
 CHILD, MARCH 1833

Written at Moresby near Whitehaven, when I
 was on a visit to my son, then Incumbent of that
 small living. While I am dictating these notes
 to my friend, Miss Fenwick, January 24, 1843, the
 child upon whose birth these verses were written
 is under my roof, and is of a disposition so pro-
 mising that the wishes and prayers and prophecies
 which I then breathed forth in verse are, through
 God's mercy, likely to be realised.

"Tum porro puer, ut sævis projectus ab undis
 Navita, nudus humi jacet, etc."—LUCRETIVS.

LIKE a shipwrecked Sailor tost
 By rough waves on a perilous coast,
 Lies the Babe, in helplessness
 And in tenderest nakedness,
 Flung by labouring nature forth
 Upon the mercies of the earth.
 Can its eyes beseech?—no more
 Than the hands are free to implore:
 Voice but serves for one brief cry;
 Plaint was it? or prophecy
 Of sorrow that will surely come?
 Omen of man's grievous doom!

But, O Mother ! by the close
Duly granted to thy throes ;
By the silent thanks, now tending
Incense-like to Heaven, descending
Now to mingle and to move
With the gush of earthly love,
As a debt to that frail Creature,
Instrument of struggling Nature
For the blissful calm, the peace
Known but to this *one* release—
Can the pitying spirit doubt
That for human-kind springs out
From the penalty a sense
Of more than mortal recompense ?

As a floating summer cloud,
Though of gorgeous drapery proud,
To the sun-burnt traveller,
Or the stooping labourer,
Oft-times makes its bounty known
By its shadow round him thrown ;
So, by chequerings of sad cheer,
Heavenly Guardians, brooding near,
Of their presence tell—too bright
Haply for corporeal sight !
Ministers of grace divine
Feelingly their brows incline
O'er this seeming Castaway
Breathing, in the light of day,
Something like the faintest breath
That has power to baffle death—
Beautiful, while very weakness
Captivates like passive meekness.

And, sweet Mother ! under warrant
Of the universal Parent,
Who repays in season due
Them who have, like thee, been true
To the filial chain let down
From his everlasting throne,
Angels hovering round thy couch,
With their softest whispers vouch,
That—whatever griefs may fret,
Cares entangle, sins beset,
This thy First-born, and with tears
Stain her cheek in future years—
Heavenly succour, not denied
To the babe, whate'er betide,
Will to the woman be supplied !

Mother ! blest be thy calm ease ;
Blest the starry promises,—
And the firmament benign
Hallowed be it, where they shine !
Yes, for them whose souls have scope
Ample for a winged hope,
And can earthward bend an ear

For needful listening, pledge is here,
That, if thy new-born Charge shall tread
In thy footsteps, and be led
By that other Guide, whose light
Of manly virtues, mildly bright,
Gave him first the wished-for part
In thy gentle virgin heart ;
Then, amid the storms of life
Presignified by that dread strife
Whence ye have escaped together,
She may look for serene weather ;
In all trials sure to find
Comfort for a faithful mind ;
Kindlier issues, holier rest,
Than even now await her prest,
Conscious Nursling, to thy breast !

THE WARNING

A SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING

These lines were composed during the fever spread through the Nation by the Reform Bill. As the motives which led to this measure, and the good or evil which has attended or has risen from it, will be duly appreciated by future historians, there is no call for dwelling on the subject in this place. I will content myself with saying that the then condition of the people's mind is not, in these verses, exaggerated.

LIST, the winds of March are blowing ;
Her ground-flowers shrink, afraid of show-
ing

Their meek heads to the nipping air,
Which ye feel not, happy pair !
Sunk into a kindly sleep.
We, meanwhile, our hope will keep ;
And if Time leagued with adverse Change
(Too busy fear !) shall cross its range,
Whatsoever check they bring,
Anxious duty hindering,
To like hope our prayers will cling.

Thus, while the ruminating spirit feeds
Upon the events of home as life proceeds,
Affections pure and holy in their source
Gain a fresh impulse, run a livelier course ;
Hopes that within the Father's heart pre-
vail,
Are in the experienced Grandsire's slow to
fail ;
And if the harp pleased his gay youth, it
rings
To his grave touch with no unready strings,

While thoughts press on, and feelings
overflow,
And quick words round him fall like flakes
of snow.

Thanks to the Powers that yet maintain
their sway,

And have renewed the tributary Lay.
Truths of the heart flock in with eager pace,
And FANCY greets them with a fond embrace;

Swift as the rising sun his beams extends
She shoots the tidings forth to distant
friends;

Their gifts she hails (deemed precious, as
they prove

For the unconscious Babe so prompt a
love!)—

But from this peaceful centre of delight
Vague sympathies have urged her to take
flight:

Rapt into upper regions, like the bee
That sucks from mountain heath her honey
fee;

Or, like the warbling lark intent to shroud
His head in sunbeams or a bowery cloud,
She soars—and here and there her pinions
rest

On proud towers, like this humble cottage,
blest

With a new visitant, an infant guest—
Towers where red streamers flout the breezy
sky

In pomp foreseen by her creative eye,
When feasts shall crowd the hall, and
steeples bells

Glad proclamation make, and heights and
dells

Catch the blithe music as it sinks and
swells,

And harboured ships, whose pride is on the
sea,

Shall hoist their topmost flags in sign of
glee,

Honouring the hope of noble ancestry.

But who (though neither reckoning ills
assigned

By Nature, nor reviewing in the mind
The track that was, and is, and must be,
worn

With weary feet by all of woman born)—
Shall *now* by such a gift with joy be moved,
Nor feel the fulness of that joy reproved?

Not He, whose last faint memory will
command

The truth that Britain was his native land;
Whose infant soul was tutored to confide
In the cleansed faith for which her martyrs
died;

Whose boyish ear the voice of her renown
With rapture thrilled; whose Youth re-
vered the crown

Of Saxon liberty that Alfred wore,
Alfred, dear Babe, thy great Progenitor!
—Not He, who from her mellowed practice
drew

His social sense of just, and fair, and true;
And saw, thereafter, on the soil of France
Rash Polity begin her maniac dance,
Foundations broken up, the deeps run wild,
Nor grieved to see (himself not unbe-
guiled)—

Woke from the dream, the dreamer to
upbraid,

And learn how sanguine expectations fade
When novel trusts by folly are betrayed,—
To see Presumption, turning pale, refrain
From further havoc, but repent in vain,—
Good aims lie down, and perish in the road
Where guilt had urged them on with
ceaseless goad,

Proofs thickening round her that on public
ends

Domestic virtue vitally depends,
That civic strife can turn the happiest
hearth

Into a grievous sore of self-tormenting
earth.

Can such a One, dear Babe! though
glad and proud

To welcome thee, repel the fears that crowd
Into his English breast, and spare to quake
Less for his own than for thy innocent
sake?

Too late—or, should the providence of God
Lead, through dark ways by sin and sorrow
trod,

Justice and peace to a secure abode,
Too soon—thou com'st into this breathing
world;

Ensigns of mimic outrage are unfurled.
Who shall preserve or prop the tottering
Realm?

What hand suffice to govern the state-helm?
If, in the aims of men, the surest test
Of good or bad (whate'er be sought for or
profest)

Lie in the means required, or ways ordained,
For compassing the end, else never gained;

Yet governors and governed both are blind
To this plain truth, or fling it to the wind;
If to expedience principle must bow;
Past, future, shrinking up beneath the
incumbent Now;

If cowardly concession still must feed
The thirst for power in men who ne'er
concede;

Nor turn aside, unless to shape a way
For domination at some riper day;
If generous Loyalty must stand in awe
Of subtle Treason, in his mask of law,
Or with bravado insolent and hard,
Provoking punishment, to win reward;
If office help the factious to conspire,
And they who *should* extinguish, fan the
fire—

Then, will the sceptre be a straw, the
crown

Sit loosely, like the thistle's crest of down;
To be blown off at will, by Power that
spares it

In cunning patience, from the head that
wears it.

Lost people, trained to theoretic feud!
Lost above all, ye labouring multitude!
Bewildered whether ye, by slanderous
tongues

Deceived, mistake calamities for wrongs;
And over fancied usurpations brood,
Oft snapping at revenge in sullen mood;
Or, from long stress of real injuries, fly
To desperation for a remedy;

In bursts of outrage spread your judg-
ments wide,

And to your wrath cry out, "Be thou our
guide;"

Or, bound by oaths, come forth to tread
earth's floor

In marshalled thousands, darkening street
and moor

With the worst shape mock-patience ever
wore;

Or, to the giddy top of self-esteem
By Flatterers carried, mount into a dream
Of boundless suffrage, at whose sage behest
Justice shall rule, disorder be suppress,
And every man sit down as Plenty's Guest!
—Oh for a bridle bitted with remorse
To stop your Leaders in their headstrong
course!

Oh may the Almighty scatter with his grace
These mists, and lead you to a safer place,
By paths no human wisdom can foretrace!

May He pour round you, from worlds far
above

Man's feverish passions, his pure light of
love,

That quietly restores the natural mien
To hope, and makes truth willing to be seen!

Else shall your blood-stained hands in
frenzy reap

Fields gaily sown when promises were
cheap.—

Why is the Past belied with wicked art,
The Future made to play so false a part,
Among a people famed for strength of mind,
Foremost in freedom, noblest of mankind?
We act as if we joyed in the sad tune
Storms make in rising, valued in the moon
Nought but her changes. Thus, ungrateful
Nation!

If thou persist, and scorning moderation,
Spread for thyself the snares of tribulation,
Whom, then, shall meekness guard? What
saving skill

Lie in forbearance, strength in standing
still?

—Soon shall the widow (for the speed of
Time

Nought equals when the hours are winged
with crime)

Widow, or wife, implore on tremulous knee,
From him who judged her lord, a like
decree;

The skies will weep o'er old men desolate:
Ye little-ones! Earth shudders at your fate,
Outcasts and homeless orphans—

But turn, my Soul, and from the sleeping
pair

Learn thou the beauty of omniscient care!
Be strong in faith, bid anxious thoughts
lie still;

Seek for the good and cherish it—the ill
Oppose, or bear with a submissive will.

1833.

"IF THIS GREAT WORLD OF JOY
AND PAIN"

If this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track;

If freedom, set, will rise again,
And virtue, flown, come back;

Woe to the purblind crew who fill
The heart with each day's care;

Nor gain, from past or future, skill
To bear, and to forbear!

1833.

ON A HIGH PART OF THE COAST
OF CUMBERLAND

Easter Sunday, April 7

THE AUTHOR'S SIXTH-THIRD BIRTHDAY

The lines were composed on the road between Moresby and Whitehaven while I was on a visit to my son, then rector of the former place. This and some other Voluntaries originated in the concluding lines of the last paragraph of this poem. With this coast I have been familiar from my earliest childhood, and remember being struck for the first time by the town and port of Whitehaven, and the white waves breaking against its quays and piers, as the whole came into view from the top of the high ground down which the road (it has since been altered) then descended abruptly. My sister, when she first heard the voice of the sea from this point, and beheld the scene spread before her, burst into tears. Our family then lived at Cockermouth, and this fact was often mentioned among us as indicating the sensibility for which she was so remarkable.

THE Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire,
Flung back from distant climes a streaming
fire,
Whose blaze is now subdued to tender
gleams,
Prelude of night's approach with soothing
dreams.
Look round;—of all the clouds not one is
moving;
'Tis the still hour of thinking, feeling,
loving.
Silent, and steadfast as the vaulted sky,
The boundless plain of waters seems to
lie:—
Comes that low sound from breezes rustling
o'er
The grass-crowned headland that conceals
the shore?
No; 'tis the earth-voice of the mighty sea,
Whispering how meek and gentle he *can* be!
Thou Power supreme! who, arming to
rebuke
Offenders, dost put off the gracious look,
And clothe thyself with terrors like the
flood
Of ocean roused into its fiercest mood,
Whatever discipline thy Will ordain
For the brief course that must for me
remain;

Teach me with quick-eared spirit to rejoice
In admonitions of thy softest voice!
Whate'er the path these mortal feet may
trace,
Breathe through my soul the blessing of
thy grace,
Glad, through a perfect love, a faith sincere
Drawn from the wisdom that begins with
fear,
Glad to expand; and, for a season, free
From finite cares, to rest absorbed in Thee!
1833.

(BY THE SEASIDE)

THE sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to
rest,
And the wild storm hath somewhere found
a nest;
Air slumbers—wave with wave no longer
strives,
Only a heaving of the deep survives,
A tell-tale motion! soon will it be laid,
And by the tide alone the water swayed.
Stealthy withdrawals, interminglings mild
Of light with shade in beauty reconciled—
Such is the prospect far as sight can range,
The soothing recompence, the welcome
change.
Where, now, the ships that drove before
the blast,
Threatened by angry breakers as they
passed;
And by a train of flying clouds bemocked;
Or, in the hollow surge, at anchor rocked
As on a bed of death? Some lodge in
peace,
Saved by His care who bade the tempest
cease;
And some, too heedless of past danger,
court
Fresh gales to waft them to the far-off port
But near, or hanging sea and sky between,
Not one of all those winged powers is seen,
Seen in her course, nor 'mid this quiet
heard;
Yet oh! how gladly would the air be stirred
By some acknowledgment of thanks and
praise,
Soft in its temper as those vesper lays
Sung to the Virgin while accordant oars
Urge the slow bark along Calabrian shores;
A sea-born service through the mountains felt

Till into one loved vision all things melt :
Or like those hymns that soothe with graver
sound

The gulfy coast of Norway iron-bound ;
And, from the wide and open Baltic, rise
With punctual care, Lutheran harmonies.
Hush, not a voice is here ! but why repine,
Now when the star of eve comes forth to
shine

On British waters with that look benign ?
Ye mariners, that plough your onward way,
Or in the haven rest, or sheltering bay,
May silent thanks at least to God be given
With a full heart ; " our thoughts are *heard*
in heaven." 1833.

POEMS

COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR IN THE SUMMER OF 1833

My companions were H. C. Robinson and my
son John.

Having been prevented by the lateness of the
season, in 1831, from visiting Staffa and Iona, the
author made these the principal objects of a short
tour in the summer of 1833, of which the follow-
ing series of poems is a Memorial. The course
pursued was down the Cumberland river Derwent,
and to Whitehaven ; thence (by the Isle of Man,
where a few days were passed) up the Frith of
Clyde to Greenock, then to Oban, Staffa, Iona ;
and back towards England, by Loch Awe, Inver-
ary, Loch Goil-head, Greenock, and through
parts of Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, and Dumfries-
shire to Carlisle, and thence up the river Eden,
and homewards by Ullswater.

I

ADIEU, Rydalian Laurels ! that have grown
And spread as if ye knew that days might
come

When ye would shelter in a happy home,
On this fair Mount, a Poet of your own,
One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic crown
To sue the God ; but, haunting your green
shade

All seasons through, is humbly pleased to
braid

Ground-flowers, beneath your guardianship,
self-sown.

Farewell ! no Minstrels now with harp new-
strung

For summer wandering quit their household
bowers ;

Yet not for this wants Poesy a tongue
To cheer the Itinerant on whom she pours
Her spirit, while he crosses lonely moors,
Or musing sits forsaken halls among.

II

WHY should the Enthusiast, journeying
through this Isle

Repine as if his hour were come too late ?
Not unprotected in her mouldering state,
Antiquity salutes him with a smile,
'Mid fruitful fields that ring with jocund toil,
And pleasure-grounds where Taste, refined
Co-mate

Of Truth and Beauty, strives to imitate,
Far as she may, primeval Nature's style.
Fair land ! by Time's parental love made
free,

By Social Order's watchful arms embraced ;
With unexampled union meet in thee,
For eye and mind, the present and the
past ;

With golden prospect for futurity,
If that be revered which ought to last.

III

THEY called Thee MERRY ENGLAND, in
old time ;

A happy people won for thee that name
With envy heard in many a distant clime ;
And, spite of change, for me thou keep'st
the same

Endearing title, a responsive chime
To the heart's fond belief ; though some
there are

Whose sterner judgments deem that word
a snare

For inattentive Fancy, like the lime
Which foolish birds are caught with. Can,
I ask,

This face of rural beauty be a mask
For discontent, and poverty, and crime ;
These spreading towns a cloak for lawless
will ?

Forbid it, Heaven !—and MERRY ENGLAND
still

Shall be thy rightful name, in prose and
rhyme !

IV

TO THE RIVER GRETA, NEAR KESWICK

GRETA, what fearful listening! when huge
stones

Rumble along thy bed, block after block:
Or, whirling with reiterated shock,
Combat, while darkness aggravates the
groans:

But if thou (like Cocytus from the moans
Heard on his rueful margin) thence wert
named

The Mourner, thy true nature was defamed,
And the habitual murmur that atones
For thy worst rage, forgotten,¹ Oft as
Spring

Decks, on thy sinuous banks, her thousand
thrones

Seats of glad instinct and love's carolling,
The concert, for the happy, then may vie
With liveliest peals of birth-day harmony:
To a grieved heart, the notes are benisons.

V

TO THE RIVER DERWENT

AMONG the mountains were we nursed,
loved Stream

Thou near the eagle's nest—within brief sail,
I, of his bold wing floating on the gale,
Where thy deep voice could lull me! Faint
the beam

Of human life when first allowed to gleam
On mortal notice.—Glory of the vale,
Such thy meek outset, with a crown, though
frail,

Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam
Of thy soft breath!—Less vivid wreath en-
twined

Nemæan victor's brow; less bright was worn,
Meed of some Roman chief—in triumph
borne

With captives chained; and shedding from
his car

The sunset splendours of a finished war
Upon the proud enslavers of mankind!

1819.

VI

IN SIGHT OF THE TOWN OF COCKERMOUTH

Where the Author was born, and his Father's
remains are laid.

A POINT of life between my Parent's dust,
And yours, my buried Little-ones! am I;

¹ See Note.

And to those graves looking habitually
In kindred quiet I repose my trust.
Death to the innocent is more than just,
And, to the sinner, mercifully bent;
So may I hope, if truly I repent
And meekly bear the ills which bear I must:
And You, my Offspring! that do still remain,
Yet may outstrip me in the appointed race,
If e'er, through fault of mine, in mutual
pain
We breathed together for a moment's space,
The wrong, by love provoked, let love
arraign,
And only love keep in your hearts a place.

VII

ADDRESS FROM THE SPIRIT OF COCKER-
MOUTH CASTLE

"THOU look'st upon me, and dost fondly
think,

Poet! that, stricken as both are by years,
We, differing once so much, are now Com-
peers,

Prepared, when each has stood his time, to
sink

Into the dust. Erewhile a sterner link
United us; when thou, in boyish play,
Entering my dungeon, didst become a prey
To soul-appalling darkness. Not a blink
Of light was there;—and thus did I, thy
Tutor,

Make thy young thoughts acquainted with
the grave;

While thou wert chasing the winged butter-
fly

Through my green courts; or climbing, a
bold suitor,

Up to the flowers whose golden progeny
Still round my shattered brow in beauty
wave."

VIII

NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM

So named from the religious House which
stood close by. I have rather an odd anecdote
to relate of the Nun's Well. One day the land-
lady of a public-house, a field's length from the
well, on the road side, said to me—"You have
been to see the Nun's Well, Sir?"—"The Nun's
Well! what is that?" said the Postman, who in
his royal livery stooped his mail-car at the door.

The landlady and I explained to him what the name meant, and what sort of people the nuns were. A countryman who was standing by, rather tipsy, stammered out—"Aye, those nuns were good people; they are gone; but we shall soon have them back again." The Reform mania was just then at its height.

THE cattle crowding round this beverage
clear

To slake their thirst, with reckless hoofs
have trod

The encircling turf into a barren clod;
Through which the waters creep, then disappear,

Born to be lost in Derwent flowing near;
Yet, o'er the brink, and round the lime-
stone cell

Of the pure spring (they call it the "Nun's
Well,"

Name that first struck by chance my startled
ear)

A tender Spirit broods—the pensive Shade
Of ritual honours to this Fountain paid
By hooded Votaresses with saintly cheer;
Albeit oft the Virgin-mother mild
Looked down with pity upon eyes beguiled
Into the shedding of "too soft a tear."¹

IX

TO A FRIEND

ON THE BANKS OF THE DERWENT

My son John, who was then building a parson-
age on his small living at Brigham.

PASTOR and Patriot!—at whose bidding
rise

These modest walls, amid a flock that need,
For one who comes to watch them and to
feed,

A fixed Abode—keep down presageful sighs.
Threats, which the unthinking only can
despise,

Perplex the Church; but be thou firm,—be
true

To thy first hope, and this good work pur-
sue,

Poor as thou art. A welcome sacrifice
Dost Thou prepare, whose sign will be the
smoke

Of thy new hearth: and sooner shall its
wreaths,

¹ See Note.

Mounting while earth her morning incense
breathes,

From wandering fiends of air receive a yoke,
And straightway cease to aspire, than God
disdain

This humble tribute as ill-timed or vain.

X

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

LANDING AT THE MOUTH OF THE DERWENT,
WORKINGTON

I will mention for the sake of the friend who is
writing down these notes, that it was among the
fine Scotch firs near Ambleside, and particularly
those near Green Bank, that I have over and over
again paused at the sight of this image. Long
may they stand to afford a like gratification to
others!—This wish is not uncalled for, several of
their brethren having already disappeared.

DEAR to the Loves, and to the Graces
vowed,

The Queen drew back the wimple that she
wore;

And to the throng, that on the Cumbrian
shore

Her landing hailed, how touchingly she
bowed!

And like a Star (that, from a heavy cloud
Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,
When a soft summer gale at evening parts
The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)
She smiled; but Time, the old Saturnian
seer,

Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the
strand,

With step prelude to a long array
Of woes and degradations hand in hand—
Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear
Stilled by the ensanguined block of
Fotheringay!²

XI

STANZAS SUGGESTED IN A STEAMBOAT
OFF SAINT BEES' HEADS, ON THE
COAST OF CUMBERLAND²

IF Life were slumber on a bed of down,
Toil unimposed, vicissitude unknown,
Sad were our lot: no hunter of the hare
Exults like him whose javelin from the lair

² See Note.

Has roused the lion ; no one plucks the rose,
Whose proffered beauty in safe shelter blows
'Mid a trim garden's summer luxuries,
With joy like his who climbs, on hands
and knees,
For some rare plant, yon Headland of St.
Bees.

This independence upon oar and sail,
This new indifference to breeze or gale,
This straight-lined progress, furrowing a
flat lea,
And regular as if locked in certainty—
Depress the hours. Up, Spirit of the
storm !

That Courage may find something to per-
form ;
That Fortitude, whose blood disdains to
freeze
At Danger's bidding, may confront the seas,
Firm as the towering Headlands of St. Bees.

Dread cliff of Baruth ! *that* wild wish may
sleep,
Bold as if men and creatures of the Deep
Breathed the same element ; too many
wrecks
Have struck thy sides, too many ghastly
decks
Hast thou looked down upon, that such a
thought
Should here be welcome, and in verse en-
wrought :
With thy stern aspect better far agrees
Utterance of thanks that we have past with
ease,
As millions thus shall do, the Headlands of
St. Bees.

Yet, while each useful Art augments her
store,
What boots the gain if Nature should lose
more ?

And Wisdom, as she holds a Christian place
In man's intelligence sublimed by grace ?
When Bega sought of yore the Cumbrian
coast,
Tempestuous winds her holy errand crossed :
She knelt in prayer—the waves their wrath
appease ;

And, from her vow well weighed in Heaven's
decrees,
Rose, where she touched the strand, the
Chantry of St. Bees.

"Cruel of heart were they, bloody of hand,"
Who in these Wilds then struggled for
command ;

The strong were merciless, without hope
the weak ;

Till this bright Stranger came, fair as day-
break,

And as a cresset true that darts its length
Of beamy lustre from a tower of strength ;
Guiding the mariner through troubled
seas,

And cheering oft his peaceful reveries,
Like the fixed Light that crowns yon Head-
land of St. Bees.

To aid the Votaress, miracles believed
Wrought in men's minds, like miracles
achieved ;

So piety took root ; and Song might tell
What humanizing virtues near her cell
Sprang up, and spread their fragrance wide
around ;

How savage bosoms melted at the sound
Of gospel-truth enchained in harmonies
Wafted o'er waves, or creeping through
close trees,

From her religious Mansion of St. Bees.

When her sweet Voice, that instrument of
love,

Was glorified, and took its place, above
The silent stars, among the angelic quire,
Her chantry blazed with sacrilegious fire,
And perished utterly ; but her good deeds
Had sown the spot, that witnessed them,
with seeds

Which lay in earth expectant, till a breeze
With quickening impulse answered their
mute pleas,

And lo ! a *statelier* pile, the Abbey of St.
Bees.

There are the naked clothed, the hungry
fed ;

And Charity extendeth to the dead
Her intercessions made for the soul's rest
Of tardy penitents ; or for the best
Among the good (when love might else have
slept,

Sickened, or died) in pious memory kept.
Thanks to the austere and simple Devotees,
Who, to that service bound by venial fees,
Keep watch before the altars of St. Bees.

Are not, in sooth, their Requiem's sacred
ties¹

Woven out of passion's sharpest agonies,
Subdued, composed, and formalized by
art,

To fix a wiser sorrow in the heart?

The prayer for them whose hour is past
away

Says to the Living, profit while ye may!

A little part, and that the worst, he sees

Who thinks that priestly cunning holds the
keys

That best unlock the secrets of St. Bees.

Conscience, the timid being's inmost light,
Hope of the dawn and solace of the night,
Cheers these Recluses with a steady ray
In many an hour when judgment goes
astray.

Ah! scorn not hastily their rule who try
Earth to despise, and flesh to mortify;
Consume with zeal, in winged ecstasies
Of prayer and praise forget their rosaries,
Nor hear the loudest surges of St. Bees.

Yet none so prompt to succour and protect
The forlorn traveller, or sailor wrecked
On the bare coast; nor do they grudge the
boon

Which staff and cockle hat and sandal
shoon

Claim for the pilgrim: and, though chid-
ings sharp

May sometimes greet the strolling minstrel's
harp,

It is not then when, swept with sportive
ease,

It charms a feast-day throng of all degrees,
Brightening the archway of revered St.
Bees.

How did the cliffs and echoing hills rejoice
What time the Benedictine Brethren's voice,
Imploring, or commanding with meet pride,
Summoned the Chiefs to lay their feuds
aside,

And under one blest ensign serve the Lord
In Palestine. Advance, indignant Sword!
Flaming till thou from Panym hands release
That Tomb, dread centre of all sanctities
Nursed in the quiet Abbey of St. Bees.

But look we now to them whose minds
from far

¹ See Note.

Follow the fortunes which they may not
share.

While in Judea Fancy loves to roam,

She helps to make a Holy-land at home:

The Star of Bethlehem from its sphere
invites

To sound the crystal depth of maiden
rights;

And wedded Life, through scriptural mys-
teries,

Heavenward ascends with all her charities,

Taught by the hooded Celibates of St. Bees.

Nor be it e'er forgotten how, by skill

Of cloistered Architects, free their souls to
fill

With love of God, throughout the Land
were raised

Churches, on whose symbolic beauty gazed
Peasant and mail-clad Chief with pious awe;
As at this day men seeing what they saw,
Or the bare wreck of faith's solemnities,
Aspire to more than earthly destinies;
Witness yon Pile that greets us from St.
Bees.

Yet more; around those Churches, gathered
Towns

Safe from the feudal Castle's haughty
frowns;

Peaceful abodes, where Justice might up-
hold

Her scales with even hand, and culture
mould

The heart to pity, train the mind in care
For rules of life, sound as the Time could
bear.

Nor dost thou fail, thro' abject love of ease,
Or hindrance raised by sordid purposes,
To bear thy part in this good work, St.
Bees.

Who with the ploughshare clove the barren
moors,

And to green meadows changed the swampy
shores?

Thinned the rank woods; and for the cheer-
ful grange

Made room, where wolf and boar were
used to range?

Who taught, and showed by deeds, that
gentler chains

Should bind the vassal to his lord's
domains?—

The thoughtful Monks, intent their God to
 please,
 For Christ's dear sake, by human sym-
 pathies
 Poured from the bosom of thy Church, St.
 Bees !

But all availed not ; by a mandate given
 Through lawless will the Brotherhood was
 driven

Forth from their cells ; their ancient House
 laid low

In Reformation's sweeping overthrow,
 But now once more the local Heart revives,
 The inextinguishable Spirit strives.

Oh may that Power who hushed the stormy
 seas,

And cleared a way for the first Votaries,
 Prosper the new-born College of St. Bees !

Alas ! the Genius of our age, from Schools
 Less humble, draws her lessons, aims, and
 rules.

To Prowess guided by her insight keen
 Matter and Spirit are as one Machine ;
 Boastful Idolatress of formal skill
 She in her own would merge the eternal
 will :

Better, if Reason's triumphs match with
 these,

Her flight before the bold credulities
 That furthered the first teaching of St. Bees.¹

XII

IN THE CHANNEL, BETWEEN THE COAST OF
 CUMBERLAND AND THE ISLE OF MAN

RANGING the heights of Scawfell or Black-
 comb,

In his lone course the Shepherd oft will
 pause,

And strive to fathom the mysterious laws
 By which the clouds, arrayed in light or
 gloom,

On Mona settle, and the shapes assume
 Of all her peaks and ridges. What he
 draws

From sense, faith, reason, fancy, of the
 cause,

¹ See "Excursion," seventh part ; and "Ec-
 clestiasical Sketches," second part, near the be-
 ginning.

He will take with him to the silent tomb.
 Or, by his fire, a child upon his knee,
 Haply the untaught Philosopher may speak
 Of the strange sight, nor hide his theory
 That satisfies the simple and the meek,
 Blest in their pious ignorance, though
 weak

To cope with Sages undevoutly free.

XIII

AT SEA OFF THE ISLE OF MAN

BOLD words affirmed, in days when faith
 was strong

And doubts and scruples seldom teased the
 brain,

That no adventurer's bark had power to gain
 These shores if he approached them bent
 on wrong ;

For, suddenly up-conjured from the Main,
 Mists rose to hide the Land—that search,
 though long

And eager, might be still pursued in vain.
 O Fancy, what an age was *that* for song !

That age, when not by *laws* inanimate,
 As men believed, the waters were impelled
 The air controlled, the stars their courses
 held ;

But element and orb on *acts* did wait
 Of *Powers* endued with visible form, in-
 stinct

With will, and to their work by passion
 linked.

XIV

DESIRE we past illusions to recall ?

To reinstate wild Fancy, would we hide
 Truths whose thick veil Science has drawn
 aside ?

No,—let this Age, high as she may, instal
 In her esteem the thirst that wrought man's
 fall,

The universe is infinitely wide ;
 And conquering Reason, if self-glorified,
 Can nowhere move uncrossed by some new
 wall

Or gulf of mystery, which thou alone,
 Imaginative Faith ! canst overleap,
 In progress toward the fount of Love,—
 the throne

Of Power whose ministers the records
 keep

Of periods fixed, and laws established,
less
Flesh to exalt than prove its nothingness.

XV

ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY, ISLE OF
MAN

"Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori."

THE feudal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn,
Even when they rose to check or to repel
Tides of aggressive war, oft served as well
Greedy ambition, armed to treat with scorn
Just limits; but yon Tower, whose smiles
adorn

This perilous bay, stands clear of all offence;
Blest work it is of love and innocence,
A Tower of refuge built for the else forlorn.
Spare it, ye waves, and lift the mariner,
Struggling for life, into its saving arms!
Spare, too, the human helpers! Do they
stir

'Mid your fierce shock like men afraid to
die?

No; their dread service nerves the heart it
warms,

And they are led by noble HILLARY.¹

XVI

BY THE SEASHORE, ISLE OF MAN

WHY stand we gazing on the sparkling
Brine,

With wonder smit by its transparency,
And all-enraptured with its purity?—
Because the unstained, the clear, the
crystalline,

Have ever in them something of benign;
Whether in gem, in water, or in sky,
A sleeping infant's brow, or wakeful eye
Of a young maiden, only not divine.
Scarcely the hand forbears to dip its palm
For beverage drawn as from a mountain-
well;

Temptation centres in the liquid Calm;
Our daily raiment seems no obstacle
To instantaneous plunging in, deep Sea!
And revelling in long embrace with thee.²

¹ See Note.

² The sea-water on the coast of the Isle of Man
is singularly pure and beautiful.

XVII

ISLE OF MAN

My son William is here the person alluded to
as saving the life of the youth, and the circum-
stances were as mentioned in the Sonnet.

A YOUTH too certain of his power to wade
On the smooth bottom of this clear bright
sea,

To sight so shallow, with a bather's glee
Leapt from this rock, and but for timely aid
He, by the alluring element betrayed,
Had perished. Then might Sea-nymphs
(and with sighs

Of self-reproach) have chanted elegies
Bewailing his sad fate, when he was laid
In peaceful earth: for, doubtless, he was
frank,

Utterly in himself devoid of guile;
Knew not the double-dealing of a smile;
Nor aught that makes men's promises a
blank,

Or deadly snare: and He survives to bless
The Power that saved him in his strange
distress.

XVIII

ISLE OF MAN

DID pangs of grief for lenient time too keen,
Grief that devouring waves had caused, or
guilt

Which they had witnessed—sway the man
who built

This Homestead, placed where nothing
could be seen,

Nought heard, of ocean troubled or serene?
A tired Ship-soldier on paternal land,
That o'er the channel holds august com-
mand,

The dwelling raised,—a veteran Marine.
He, in disgust, turned from the neighbour-
ing sea

To shun the memory of a listless life
That hung between two callings. May no
strife

More hurtful here beset him, doomed
though free,

Self-doomed, to worse inaction, till his eye
Shrink from the daily sight of earth and
sky!

XIX

BY A RETIRED MARINER, H. H.

Mrs. Wordsworth's Brother Henry.

FROM early youth I ploughed the restless
Main,

My mind as restless and as apt to change;
Through every clime and ocean did I range,
In hope at length a competence to gain;
For poor to Sea I went, and poor I still
remain.

Year after year I strove, but strove in vain,
And hardships manifold did I endure,
For Fortune on me never deigned to smile;
Yet I at last a resting-place have found,
With just enough life's comforts to procure,
In a snug Cove on this our favoured Isle,
A peaceful spot where Nature's gifts
abound;

Then sure I have no reason to complain,
Though poor to Sea I went, and poor I
still remain.¹

XX

AT BALA-SALA, ISLE OF MAN

Supposed to be written by a friend (Mr.
Cookson) who died there a few years after.

BROKEN in fortune, but in mind entire
And sound in principle, I seek repose
Where ancient trees this convent-pile en-
close,²

In ruin beautiful. When vain desire
Intrudes on peace, I pray the eternal Sire
To cast a soul-subduing shade on me,
A grey-haired, pensive, thankful Refugee;
A shade—but with some sparks of heavenly
fire

Once to these cells vouchsafed. And when
I note

The old Tower's brow yellowed as with the
beams

Of sunset ever there, albeit streams
Of stormy weather-stains that semblance
wrought,

I thank the silent Monitor, and say
"Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours of
the day!"

¹ See Note.² Rushen Abbey.

XXI

TYNWALD HILL

Mr. Robinson and I walked the greater part of
the way from Castle-town to Piel, and stopped
some time at Tynwald Hill. One of my com-
panions was an elderly man, who in a muddy way
(for he was tipsy) explained and answered, as far
as he could, my enquiries about this place and the
ceremonies held here. I found more agreeable
company in some little children; one of whom,
upon my request, recited the Lord's Prayer to
me, and I helped her to a clearer understanding
of it as well as I could; but I was not at all satis-
fied with my own part; hers was much better
done, and I am persuaded that, like other children,
she knew more about it than she was able to ex-
press, especially to a stranger.

ONCE on the top of Tynwald's formal
mound

(Still marked with green turf circles nar-
rowing

Stage above stage) would sit this Island's
King,

The laws to promulgate, enrobed and
crowned:

While, compassing the little mount around,
Degrees and Orders stood, each under each:

Now, like to things within fate's easiest
reach

The power is merged, the pomp a grave
has found.

Off with yon cloud, old Snafell!³ that thine
eye

Over three Realms may take its widest
range;

And let, for them, thy fountains utter
strange

Voices, thy winds break forth in prophecy,
If the whole State must suffer mortal change

Like Mona's miniature of sovereignty.

XXII

DESPOND who will—I heard a voice exclaim,
"Though fierce the assault, and shattered
the defence,

It cannot be that Britain's social frame,
The glorious work of time and providence,

Before a flying season's rash pretence,
Should fall; that She, whose virtue put to
shame,

³ See Note.

When Europe prostrate lay, the Con-
queror's aim,
Should perish, self-subverted. Black and
dense
The cloud is; but brings *that* a day of
doom.
To Liberty? Her sun is up the while,
That orb whose beams round Saxon Alfred
shone:
Then laugh, ye innocent Vales! ye Streams,
sweep on,
Nor let one billow of our heaven-blest Isle
Toss in the fanning wind a humbler plume."

XXIII

IN THE FRITH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG

DURING AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, JULY 17

The morning of the eclipse was exquisitely
beautiful while we passed the Crag as described
in the Sonnet. On the deck of the steamboat
were several persons of the poor and labouring
class, and I could not but be struck by their
cheerful talk with each other, while not one of
them seemed to notice the magnificent objects
with which we were surrounded; and even the
phenomenon of the eclipse attracted but little of
their attention. Was it right not to regret this?
They appeared to me, however, so much alive in
their own minds to their own concerns that I
could not look upon it as a misfortune that they
had little perception for such pleasures as cannot
be cultivated without ease and leisure. Yet if
one surveys life in all its duties and relations,
such ease and leisure will not be found so enviable
a privilege as it may at first appear. Natural
Philosophy, Painting, and Poetry, and refined
taste, are no doubt great acquisitions to society;
but among those who dedicate themselves to
such pursuits it is to be feared that few are as
happy, and as consistent in the management of
their lives, as the class of persons who at that
time led me into this course of reflection. I do
not mean by this to be understood to derogate
from intellectual pursuits, for that would be
monstrous: I say it in deep gratitude for this
compensation to those whose cares are limited to
the necessities of daily life. Among them, self-
tormentors so numerous in the higher classes of
society, are rare.

SINCE risen from ocean, ocean to defy,
Appeared the crag of Ailsa, ne'er did morn
With gleaming lights more gracefully adorn

His sides, or wreath with mist his forehead
high:
Now, faintly darkening with the sun's
eclipse,
Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,
Towering above the sea and little ships;
For dwarfs the tallest seem while sailing by,
Each for her haven; with her freight of Care,
Pleasure, or Grief, and Toil that seldom
looks
Into the secret of to-morrow's fare;
Though poor, yet rich, without the wealth
of books,
Or aught that watchful Love to Nature owes
For her mute Powers, fixed Forms, or
transient Shows.

XXIV

ON THE FRITH OF CLYDE

IN A STEAMBOAT

The mountain outline on the north of this
island, as seen from the Frith of Clyde, is much
the finest I have ever noticed in Scotland or
elsewhere.

ARRAN! a single-crested Teneriffe,
A St. Helena next—in shape and hue,
Varying her crowded peaks and ridges blue;
Who but must covet a cloud-seat, or skiff
Built for the air, or winged Hippogriff?
That he might fly, where no one could
pursue,
From this dull Monster and her sooty crew;
And, as a God, light on thy topmost cliff.
Impotent wish! which reason would despise
If the mind knew no union of extremes,
No natural bond between the boldest
schemes,
Ambition frames, and heart-humilities.
Beneath stern mountains many a soft vale
lies,
And lofty springs give birth to lowly
streams.

XXV

ON REVISITING DUNOLLY CASTLE¹

See former series, "Yarrow Revisited," etc.,
p. 691.

THE captive Bird was gone;—to cliff or
moor

¹ See Note.

Perchance had flown, delivered by the storm;
 Or he had pined, and sunk to feed the worm:
 Him found we not: but, climbing, a tall tower,
 There saw, impaved with rude fidelity
 Of art mosaic, in a roofless floor,
 An Eagle with stretched wings, but beamless eye—
 An Eagle that could neither wail nor soar.
 Effigy of the Vanished—(shall I dare
 To call thee so?) or symbol of fierce deeds
 And of the towering courage which past times
 Rejoiced in—take, whate'er thou be, a share,
 Not undeserved, of the memorial rhymes
 That animate my way where'er it leads!

XXVI

THE DUNOLLY EAGLE

NOT to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew;
 But when a storm, on sea or mountain bred,
 Came and delivered him, alone he sped
 Into the castle-dungeon's darkest mew.
 Now, near his master's house in open view
 He dwells, and hears indignant tempests howl,
 Kennelled and chained. Ye tame domestic fowl,
 Beware of him! Thou, saucy cockatoo,
 Look to thy plumage and thy life!—The roe,
 Fleet as the west wind, is for *him* no quarry;
 Balanced in ether he will never tarry,
 Eyeing the sea's blue depths. Poor Bird!
 even so
 Doth man of brother man a creature make
 That clings to slavery for its own sad sake.

XXVII

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF MAC-
PHERSON'S OSSIAN

The verses—

“Or strayed
 From hope and promise, self-betrayed,”
 were, I am sorry to say, suggested from apprehen-
 sions of the fate of my friend, H. C., the subject

of the verses addressed to “H. C. when six years old.” The piece to “Memory” arose out of similar feelings.

ORT have I caught, upon a fitful breeze,
 Fragments of far-off melodies,
 With ear not coveting the whole,
 A part so charmed the pensive soul.
 While a dark storm before my sight
 Was yielding, on a mountain height
 Loose vapours have I watched, that won
 Prismatic colours from the sun;
 Nor felt a wish that heaven would show
 The image of its perfect bow.
 What need, then, of these finished Strains?
 Away with counterfeit Remains!
 An abbey in its lone recess,
 A temple of the wilderness,
 Wrecks though they be, announce with
 feeling

The majesty of honest dealing.
 Spirit of Ossian! if imbound
 In language thou may'st yet be found,
 If aught (intrusted to the pen
 Or floating on the tongues of men,
 Albeit shattered and impaired)
 Subsist thy dignity to guard,
 In concert with memorial claim
 Of old grey stone, and high-born name
 That cleaves to rock or pillared cave
 Where moans the blast, or beats the wave,
 Let Truth, stern arbitress of all,
 Interpret that Original,
 And for presumptuous wrongs atone;—
 Authentic words be given, or none!
 Time is not blind;—yet He, who spares
 Pyramid pointing to the stars,
 Hath preyed with ruthless appetite
 On all that marked the primal flight
 Of the poetic ecstasy
 Into the land of mystery.
 No tongue is able to rehearse
 One measure, Orpheus! of thy verse;
 Musæus, stationed with his lyre
 Supreme among the Elysian quire,
 Is, for the dwellers upon earth,
 Mute as a lark ere morning's birth.
 Why grieve for these, though past away
 The music, and extinct the lay?
 When thousands, by severer doom,
 Full early to the silent tomb
 Have sunk, at Nature's call; or strayed
 From hope and promise, self-betrayed;
 The garland withering on their brows;
 Stung with remorse for broken vows;

Frantic—else how might they rejoice?
And friendless, by their own sad choice!
Hail, Bards of mightier grasp! on you
I chiefly call, the chosen Few,
Who cast not off the acknowledged guide,
Who faltered not, nor turned aside;
Whose lofty genius could survive
Privation, under sorrow thrive;
In whom the fiery Muse revered
The symbol of a snow-white beard,
Bedewed with meditative tears
Dropped from the lenient cloud of years.

Brothers in soul! though distant times
Produced you nursed in various climes,
Ye, when the orb of life had waned,
A plenitude of love retained:
Hence, while in you each sad regret
By corresponding hope was met,
Ye lingered among human kind,
Sweet voices for the passing wind,
Departing sunbeams, loth to stop,
Though smiling on the last hill top!
Such to the tender-hearted maid
Even ere her joys begin to fade;
Such, haply, to the rugged chief
By fortune crushed, or tamed by grief;
Appears, on Morven's lonely shore,
Dim-gleaming through imperfect lore,
The Son of Fingal; such was blind
Mæonides of ampler mind;
Such Milton, to the fountain head
Of glory by Urania led!

1827.

XXVIII

CAVE OF STAFFA¹

WE saw, but surely, in the motley crowd,
Not One of us has felt the far-famed sight;
How could we feel it? each the other's blight,
Hurried and hurrying, volatile and loud.
O for those motions only that invite
The Ghost of Fingal to his tuneful Cave
By the breeze entered, and wave after wave
Softly embosoming the timid light!
And by one Votary who at will might stand
Gazing and take into his mind and heart,
With undistracted reverence, the effect
Of those proportions where the almighty
hand
That made the worlds, the sovereign
Architect,
Has deigned to work as if with human Art!

¹ See Note.

XXIX

CAVE OF STAFFA

AFTER THE CROWD HAD DEPARTED

THANKS for the lessons of this Spot—fit
school
For the presumptuous thoughts that would
assign
Mechanic laws to agency divine;
And, measuring heaven by earth, would
overrule
Infinite Power. The pillared vestibule,
Expanding yet precise, the roof embowed,
Might seem designed to humble man, when
proud
Of his best workmanship by plan and tool.
Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic
weight
Of tide and tempest on the Structure's base,
And flashing to that Structure's topmost
height,
Ocean has proved its strength, and of its
grace
In calms is conscious, finding for his
freight
Of softest music some reponsive place.

XXX

CAVE OF STAFFA

YE shadowy Beings, that have rights and
claims
In every cell of Fingal's mystic Grot,
Where are ye? Driven or venturing to the
spot,
Our fathers glimpses caught of your thin
Frames,
And, by your mien and bearing knew your
names;
And they could hear *his* ghostly song who
trod
Earth, till the flesh lay on him like a load,
While he struck his desolate harp without
hopes or aims.
Vanished ye are, but subject to recall;
Why keep *we* else the instincts whose dread
law
Ruled here of yore, till what men felt they
saw,

Not by black arts but magic natural!
 If eyes be still sworn vassals of belief,
 Yon light shapes forth a Bard, that shade
 a Chief.

XXXI

FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS AT
 THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE

HOPE smiled when your nativity was cast,
 Children of Summer! Ye fresh Flowers
 that brave

What Summer here escapes not, the fierce
 wave,

And whole artillery of the western blast,
 Battering the Temple's front, its long-drawn
 nave

Smiting, as if each moment were their last.
 But ye, bright Flowers on frieze and archi-
 trave

Survive, and once again the Pile stands
 fast:

Calm as the Universe, from specular towers
 Of heaven contemplated by Spirits pure
 With mute astonishment, it stands sus-
 tained

Through every part in symmetry, to endure,
 Unhurt, the assault of Time with all his
 hours,

As the supreme Artificer ordained.¹

XXXII

IONA

ON to Iona!—What can she afford
 To *us* save matter for a thoughtful sigh,
 Heaved over ruin with stability
 In urgent contrast? To diffuse the WORD
 (Thy Paramount, mighty Nature! and
 Time's Lord)

Her Temples rose, 'mid pagan gloom; but
 why,

Even for a moment, has our verse deplored
 Their wrongs, since they fulfilled their
 destiny?

And when, subjected to a common doom
 Of mutability, those far-famed Piles
 Shall disappear from both the sister Isles,
 Iona's Saints, forgetting not past days,
 Garlands shall wear of amaranthine bloom,
 While heaven's vast sea of voices chants
 their praise.¹

¹ See Note.

XXXIII

IONA

UPON LANDING

How sad a welcome! To each voyager
 Some ragged child holds up for sale a store
 Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the
 shore

Where once came monk and nun with
 gentle stir,

Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer.
 Yet is yon neat trim church a grateful speck
 Of novelty amid the sacred wreck
 Strewn far and wide. Think, proud Philo-
 sopher!

Fallen though she be, this Glory of the
 west,

Still on her sons, the beams of mercy shine;
 And "hopes, perhaps more heavenly bright
 than thine,

A grace by thee unsought and unpossest,
 A faith more fixed, a rapture more divine,
 Shall gild their passage to eternal rest."

XXXIV

THE BLACK STONES OF IONA

See Martin's *Voyage among the Western Isles*.

HERE on their knees men swore: the stones
 were black,

Black in the people's minds and words
 yet they

Were at that time, as now, in colour grey
 But what is colour, if upon the rack

Of conscience souls are placed by deed
 that lack

Concord with oaths? What differ night
 and day

Then, when before the Perjured on his way
 Hell opens, and the heavens in vengeance
 crack

Above his head uplifted in vain prayer
 To Saint, or Fiend, or to the Godhead
 whom

He had insulted—Peasant, King, or Thane
 Fly where the culprit may, guilt meets
 doom;

And, from invisible worlds at need laid
 bare,

Come links for social order's awful chain.

XXXV

HOMEWARD we turn. Isle of Columba's
Cell,
Where Christian piety's soul-cheering
spark
(Kindled from Heaven between the light
and dark
Of time) shone like the morning-star, fare-
well!—
And fare thee well, to Fancy visible,
Remote St. Kilda, lone and loved sea-mark
For many a voyage made in her swift bark,
When with more hues than in the rainbow
dwell
Thou a mysterious intercourse dost hold,
Extracting from clear skies and air serene,
And out of sun-bright waves, a lucid veil,
That thickens, spreads, and, mingling fold
with fold,
Makes known, when thou no longer canst
be seen,
Thy whereabouts, to warn the approaching
sail.

XXXVI

GREENOCK

Per me si va nella Città dolente.

I *VE* have not passed into a doleful City,
We who were led to-day down a grim dell,
By some too boldly named "the Jaws of
Hell:"
Where be the wretched ones, the sights for
pity?
These crowded streets resound no plaintive
ditty:—
As from the hive where bees in summer
dwell,
Sorrow seems here excluded; and that
knell,
It neither damps the gay, nor checks the
witty.
Alas! too busy Rival of old Tyre,
Whose merchants Princes were, whose
decks were thrones;
Soon may the punctual sea in vain respire
To serve thy need, in union with that Clyde
Whose nursing current brawls o'er mossy
stones,
The poor, the lonely, herdsman's joy and
pride.

XXXVII

Mosgiel was thus pointed out to me by a young man on the top of the coach on my way from Glasgow to Kilmarnock. It is remarkable that, though Burns lived some time here, and during much the most productive period of his poetical life, he nowhere adverts to the splendid prospects stretching towards the sea and bounded by the peaks of Arran on one part, which in clear weather he must have had daily before his eyes. In one of his poetical effusions he speaks of describing "fair Nature's face" as a privilege on which he sets a high value; nevertheless, natural appearances rarely take a lead in his poetry. It is as a human being, eminently sensitive and intelligent, and not as a poet, clad in his priestly robes and carrying the ensigns of sacerdotal office, that he interests and affects us. Whether he speaks of rivers, hills, and woods, it is not so much on account of the properties with which they are absolutely endowed, as relatively to local patriotic remembrances and associations, or as they ministered to personal feelings, especially those of love, whether happy or otherwise;—yet it is not always so. Soon after we had passed Mosgiel Farm we crossed the Ayr, murmuring and winding through a narrow woody hollow. His line—"Auld hermit Ayr strays through his woods"—came at once to my mind with Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, and Doon,—Ayrshire streams over which he breathes a sigh as being unnamed in song; and surely his own attempts to make them known were as successful as his heart could desire.

"THERE!" said a Stripling, pointing with
meet pride
Towards a low roof with green trees half
concealed,
"Is Mosgiel Farm; and that's the very field
Where Burns ploughed up the Daisy."
Far and wide
A plain below stretched seaward, while,
descried
Above sea-clouds, the Peaks of Arran rose;
And, by that simple notice, the repose
Of earth, sky, sea, and air, was vivified.
Beneath "the random *bield* of clod or
stone"
Myriads of daisies have shone forth in
flower
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural
hour
I have passed away; less happy than the One
That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died
to prove
The tender charm of poetry and love.

XXXVIII

THE RIVER EDEN, CUMBERLAND

"Nature gives thee flowers that have no rivals among British bowers." This can scarcely be true to the letter; but, without stretching the point at all, I can say that the soil and air appear more congenial with many upon the banks of this river than I have observed in any other parts of Great Britain.

EDEN! till now thy beauty had I viewed
By glimpses only, and confess with shame
That verse of mine, whate'er its varying
mood,

Repeats but once the sound of thy sweet
name:

Yet fetched from Paradise¹ that honour
came,

Rightfully borne; for Nature gives thee
flowers

That have no rivals among British bowers;
And thy bold rocks are worthy of their
fame.

Measuring thy course, fair Stream! at
length I pay

To my life's neighbour dues of neighbour-
hood;

But I have traced thee on thy winding way
With pleasure sometimes by this thought
restrained—

For things far off we toil, while many a
good

Not sought, because too near, is never
gained.

XXXIX

MONUMENT OF MRS. HOWARD

by Nollekens

IN WETHERAL CHURCH, NEAR CORBY, ON THE
BANKS OF THE EDEN

Before this monument was put up in the Church at Wetheral, I saw it in the sculptor's studio. Nollekens, who, by the bye, was a strange and grotesque figure that interfered much with one's admiration of his works, showed me at the same time the various models in clay which he had made, one after another, of the Mother and her Infant: the improvement on each was surprising; and how so much grace, beauty, and tenderness had come out of such a head I was sadly puzzled to conceive. Upon a window-seat in his parlour

¹ See Note.

lay two casts of faces, one of the Duchess of Devonshire, so noted in her day; and the other of Mr. Pitt, taken after his death, a ghastly resemblance, as these things always are, even when taken from the living subject, and more ghastly in this instance from the peculiarity of the features. The heedless and apparently neglectful manner in which the faces of these two persons were left—the one so distinguished in London Society, and the other upon whose counsels and public conduct, during a most momentous period, depended the fate of this great Empire and perhaps of all Europe—afforded a lesson to which the duller of casual visitors could scarcely be insensible. It touched me the more because I had so often seen Mr. Pitt upon his own ground at Cambridge and upon the floor of the House of Commons.

STRETCHED on the dying Mother's lap
lies dead

Her new-born Babe; dire ending of bright
hope!

But Sculpture here, with the divinest scope
Of luminous faith, heavenward hath raised
that head

So patiently; and through one hand hath
spread

A touch so tender for the insensate Child
(Earth's lingering love to parting recom-
mended,

Brief parting, for the spirit is all but fled)—
That we, who contemplate the turns of life
Through this still medium, are consoled
and cheered;

Feel with her Mother, think the severe
Wife

Is less to be lamented than revered;
And own that Art, triumphant over strife
And pain, hath powers to Eternity en-
deared.

XL

SUGGESTED BY THE FOREGOING

TRANQUILLITY! the sovereign aim we
thou

In heathen schools of philosophic lore;
Heart-stricken by stern destiny of yore
The Tragic Muse thee served with thought-
ful vow;

And what of hope Elysium could allow
Was fondly seized by Sculpture, to restore
Peace to the Mourner. But when He who
wore

The crown of thorns around his bleeding
- brow

Warmed our sad being with celestial light,
Then Arts which still had drawn a softening grace

From shadowy fountains of the Infinite,
Communed with that Idea face to face:
And move around it now as planets run,
Each in its orbit round the central Sun.

XLI

NUNNERY

I became acquainted with the walks of Nunnery when a boy: they are within easy reach of a day's pleasant excursion from the town of Penrith, where I used to pass my summer holidays under the roof of my maternal Grandfather. The place is well worth visiting; though, within these few years, its privacy, and therefore the pleasure which the scene is so well fitted to give, has been injuriously affected by walks cut in the rocks on that side the stream which had been left in its natural state.

THE floods are roused, and will not soon
be weary;

Down from the Pennine Alps¹ how fiercely
sweeps

CROGLIN, the stately Eden's tributary!

He raves, or through some moody passage
creeps

Plotting new mischief—out again he leaps
Into broad light, and sends, through
regions airy,

That voice which soothed the Nuns while
on the steep

They knelt in prayer, or sang to blissful
Mary.

That union ceased: then, cleaving easy
walks

Through crags, and smoothing paths beset
with danger,

Came studious Taste; and many a pensive
stranger

Dreams on the banks, and to the river
talks.

What change shall happen next to Nun-
nery Dell?

Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell!²

¹ The chain of Crossfell.

² See Note.

XLII

STEAMBOATS, VIADUCTS, AND RAILWAYS

MOTIONS and Means, on land and sea at
war

With old poetic feeling, not for this,
Shall ye, by Poets even, be judged amiss!
Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it mar
The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar
To the Mind's gaining that prophetic sense
Of future change, that point of vision,
whence

May be discovered what in soul ye are.
In spite of all that beauty may disown
In your harsh features, Nature doth em-
brace

Her lawful offspring in Man's art; and
Time,

Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother
Space,

Accepts from your bold hands the proffered
crown

Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer
sublime.

XLIII

THE MONUMENT COMMONLY CALLED LONG
MEG AND HER DAUGHTERS, NEAR THE
RIVER EDEN

A WEIGHT of awe, not easy to be borne,
Fell suddenly upon my Spirit—cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown
past,

When first I saw that family forlorn.
Speak Thou, whose massy strength and
stature scorn

The power of years—pre-eminent, and
placed

Apart, to overlook the circle vast—
Speak, Giant-mother! tell it to the Morn
While she dispels the cumbrous shades of
Night;

Let the Moon hear, emerging from a cloud;
At whose behest arose on British ground
That Sisterhood, in hieroglyphic round
Forth-shadowing, some have deemed, the
infinite

The inviolable God, that tames the proud!³

³ See Note.

XLIV

LOWTHER

"Cathedral pomp." It may be questioned whether this union was in the contemplation of the artist when he planned the edifice. However this might be, a poet may be excused for taking the view of the subject presented in this Sonnet.

LOWTHER ! in thy majestic Pile are seen
Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord
With the baronial castle's sterner mien ;
Union significant of God adored,
And charters won and guarded by the
sword

Of ancient honour ; whence that goodly
state

Of polity which wise men venerate,
And will maintain, if God his help afford.
Hourly the democratic torrent swells ;
For airy promises and hopes suborned
The strength of backward-looking thoughts
is scorned.

Fall if ye must, ye Towers and Pinnacles,
With what ye symbolise ; authentic Story
Will say, Ye disappeared with England's
Glory !

XLV

TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE

"Magistratus indicat virum"

LONSDALE ! it were unworthy of a Guest,
Whose heart with gratitude to thee inclines,
If he should speak, by fancy touched, of
signs

On thy Abode harmoniously imprest,
Yet be unmoved with wishes to attest
How in thy mind and moral frame agree
Fortitude, and that Christian Charity
Which, filling, consecrates the human
breast.

And if the Motto on thy 'scutcheon teach
With truth, "THE MAGISTRACY SHOWS
THE MAN ;"

That searching test thy public course has
stood ;

As will be owned alike by bad and good,
Soon as the measuring of life's little span
Shall place thy virtues out of Envy's reach.¹

¹ See Note.

XLVI

THE SOMNAMBULIST

This poem might be dedicated to my friends Sir G. Beaumont and Mr. Rogers, jointly. While we were making an excursion together in this part of the Lake District we heard that Mr. Glover the artist, while lodging at Lyulph's Tower, had been disturbed by a loud shriek, and upon rising he had learnt that it had come from a young woman in the house who was in the habit of walking in her sleep. In that state she had gone downstairs, and, while attempting to open the outer door, either from some difficulty or the effect of the cold stone upon her feet, had uttered the cry which alarmed him. It seemed to us that this might serve as a hint for a poem, and the story here told was constructed and soon afterwards put into verse by me as it now stands.

LIST, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower²

At eve ; how softly then
Doth Aira-force, that torrent hoarse,
Speak from the woody glen !
Fit music for a solemn vale !

And holier seems the ground
To him who catches on the gale
The spirit of a mournful tale,
Embodied in the sound.

Not far from that fair site whereon

The Pleasure-house is reared,
As story says, in antique days
A stern-browed house appeared ;
Foil to a Jewel rich in light
There set, and guarded well ;
Cage for a Bird of plumage bright,
Sweet-voiced, nor wishing for a flight
Beyond her native dell.

To win this bright Bird from her cage,
To make this Gem their own,
Came Barons bold, with store of gold,
And Knights of high renown ;
But one She prized, and only one ;
Sir Eglamore was he ;
Full happy season, when was known,
Ye Dales and Hills ! to you alone
Their mutual loyalty—

² A pleasure-house built by the late Duke of Norfolk upon the banks of Ullswater. FORCE is the word used in the Lake District for Waterfall.

Known chiefly, Aira! to thy glen,
 Thy brook, and bowers of holly;
 Where Passion caught what Nature taught,
 That all but love is folly;
 Where Fact with Fancy stooped to play;
 Doubt came not, nor regret—
 To trouble hours that winged their way,
 As if through an immortal day
 Whose sun could never set.

But in old times Love dwelt not long
 Sequestered with repose;
 Best throve the fire of chaste desire,
 Fanned by the breath of foes.
 "A conquering lance is beauty's test,
 "And proves the Lover true;"
 So spake Sir Eglamore, and pressed
 The drooping Emma to his breast,
 And looked a blind adieu.

They parted.—Well with him it fared
 Through wide-spread regions errant;
 A knight of proof in love's behoof,
 The thirst of fame his warrant:
 And She her happiness can build
 On woman's quiet hours;
 Though faint, compared with spear and
 shield,
 The solace beads and masses yield,
 And needlework and flowers.

Yet blest was Emma when she heard
 Her Champion's praise recounted;
 Though brain would swim, and eyes grow
 dim,
 And high her blushes mounted;
 Or when a bold heroic lay
 She warbled from full heart;
 Delightful blossoms for the *May*
 Of absence! but they will not stay,
 Born only to depart.

Hope wanes with her, while lustre fills
 Whatever path he chooses;
 As if his orb, that owns no curb,
 Received the light hers loses.
 He comes not back; an ampler space
 Requires for nobler deeds;
 He ranges on from place to place,
 Till of his doings is no trace,
 But what her fancy breeds.

His fame may spread, but in the past
 Her spirit finds its centre;

Clear sight She has of what he was,
 And that would now content her.
 "Still is he my devoted Knight?"
 The tear in answer flows;
 Month falls on month with heavier weight;
 Day sickens round her, and the night
 Is empty of repose.

In sleep She sometimes walked abroad,
 Deep sighs with quick words blending,
 Like that pale Queen whose hands are seen
 With fancied spots contending;
 But *she* is innocent of blood,—
 The moon is not more pure
 That shines aloft, while through the wood
 She thrids her way, the sounding Flood
 Her melancholy lure!

While 'mid the fern-brake sleeps the doe,
 And owls alone are waking,
 In white arrayed, glides on the Maid
 The downward pathway taking,
 That leads her to the torrent's side
 And to a holly bower;
 By whom on this still night descried?
 By whom in that lone place espied?
 By thee, Sir Eglamore!

A wandering Ghost, so thinks the Knight,
 His coming step has thwarted,
 Beneath the boughs that heard their vows,
 Within whose shade they parted.
 Hush, hush, the busy Sleeper see!
 Perplexed her fingers seem,
 As if they from the holly tree
 Green twigs would pluck, as rapidly
 Flung from her to the stream.

What means the Spectre? Why intent
 To violate the Tree,
 Thought Eglamore, by which I swore,
 Unfading constancy?
 Here am I, and to-morrow's sun,
 To her I left, shall prove
 That bliss is ne'er so surely won
 As when a circuit has been run
 Of valour, truth, and love.

So from the spot whercon he stood,
 He moved with stealthy pace;
 And, drawing nigh, with his living eye,
 He recognised the face;
 And whispers caught, and speeches small,
 Some to the green-leaved tree,

Some muttered to the torrent-fall;—
 "Roar on, and bring him with thy call;
 "I heard, and so may He!"

Soul-shattered was the Knight, nor knew
 If Emma's Ghost it were,
 Or boding Shade, or if the Maid
 Her very self stood there.
 He touched; what followed who shall tell?
 The soft touch snapped the thread
 Of slumber—shrieking back she fell,
 And the Stream whirled her down the dell
 Along its foaming bed.

In plunged the Knight!—when on firm
 ground
 The rescued Maiden lay,
 Her eyes grew bright with blissful light,
 Confusion passed away;
 She heard, ere to the throne of grace
 Her faithful Spirit flew,
 His voice—beheld his speaking face;
 And, dying, from his own embrace,
 She felt that he was true.

So was he reconciled to life:
 Brief words may speak the rest;
 Within the dell he built a cell,
 And there was Sorrow's guest;
 In hermits' weeds repose he found,
 From vain temptations free;
 Beside the torrent dwelling—bound
 By one deep heart-controlling sound,
 And awed to piety.

Wild stream of Aira, hold thy course,
 Nor fear memorial lays,
 Where clouds that spread in solemn shade,
 Are edged with golden rays!
 Dear art thou to the light of heaven,
 Though minister of sorrow;
 Sweet is thy voice at pensive even;
 And thou, in lovers' hearts forgiven,
 Shalt take thy place with Yarrow!

XLVII

TO CORDELIA M——

HALLSTEADS, ULLSWATER

NOT in the mines beyond the western main,
 You say, Cordelia, was the metal sought,

Which a fine skill, of Indian growth, has
 wrought
 Into this flexible yet faithful Chain;
 Nor is it silver of romantic Spain
 But from our loved Helvellyn's depths was
 brought,
 Our own domestic mountain. Thing and
 thought
 Mix strangely; trifles light, and partly vain,
 Can prop, as you have learnt, our nobler
 being:
 Yes, Lady, while about your neck is wound
 (Your casual glance oft meeting) this bright
 cord,
 What witchery, for pure gifts of inward
 seeing,
 Lurks in it, Memory's Helper, Fancy's
 Lord,
 For precious tremblings in your bosom
 found!

XLVIII

MOST sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
 To pace the ground, if path be there or
 none,
 While a fair region round the traveller lies
 Which he forbears again to look upon;
 Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
 The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
 Of meditation, slipping in between
 The beauty coming and the beauty gone.
 If Thought and Love desert us, from that
 day
 Let us break off all commerce with the
 Muse:
 With Thought and Love companions of
 our way,
 Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
 The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her
 dews
 Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

COMPOSED BY THE SEASHORE

These lines were suggested during my residence under my Son's roof at Moresby, on the coast near Whitehaven, at the time when I was composing those verses among the "Evening Voluntaries" that have reference to the sea. It was in that neighbourhood I first became acquainted with the ocean and its appearances and movements. My infancy and early childhood were passed at Cockermouth, about eight miles

from the coast, and I well remember that mysterious awe with which I used to listen to anything said about storms and shipwrecks. Sea-shells of many descriptions were common in the town; and I was not a little surprised when I heard that Mr. Lander had denounced me as a plagiarist from himself for having described a boy applying a sea-shell to his ear and listening to it for intimations of what was going on in its native element. This I had done myself scores of times, and it was a belief among us that we could know from the sound whether the tide was ebbing or flowing.

WHAT mischief cleaves to unsubdued regret,

How fancy sickens by vague hopes beset;
How baffled projects on the spirit prey,
And fruitless wishes eat the heart away,
The Sailor knows; he best, whose lot is cast

On the relentless sea that holds him fast
On chance dependent, and the fickle star
Of power, through long and melancholy war.

O sad it is, in sight of foreign shores,
Daily to think on old familiar doors,
Hearths loved in childhood, and ancestral floors;

Or, tossed about along a waste of foam,
To ruminate on that delightful home
Which with the dear Betrothed *was* to come;

Or came and was and is, yet meets the eye

Never but in the world of memory;
Or in a dream recalled, whose smoothest range

Is crossed by knowledge, or by dread, of change,

And if not so, whose perfect joy makes sleep

A thing too bright for breathing man to keep.

Hail to the virtues which that perilous life
Extracts from Nature's elemental strife;

And welcome glory won in battles fought
As bravely as the foe was keenly sought.

But to each gallant Captain and his crew
A less imperious sympathy is due,

Such as my verse now yields, while moon-beams play

On the mute sea in this unruffled bay;

Such as will promptly flow from every breast,

Where good men, disappointed in the quest

Of wealth and power and honours, long for rest;

Or, having known the splendours of success,
Sigh for the obscurities of happiness.

1833.

"NOT IN THE LUCID INTERVALS OF LIFE"

The lines following "nor do words" were written with Lord Byron's character, as a poet, before me, and that of others, his contemporaries, who wrote under like influences.

NOT in the lucid intervals of life
That come but as a curse to party-strife;
Not in some hour when Pleasure with a sigh
Of languor puts his rosy garland by;
Not in the breathing-times of that poor slave

Who daily piles up wealth in Mammon's cave—

Is Nature felt, or can be; nor do words,
Which practised talent readily affords,
Prove that her hand has touched responsive chords;

Nor has her gentle beauty power to move
With genuine rapture and with fervent love
The soul of Genius, if he dare to take
Life's rule from passion craved for passion's sake;

Untaught that meekness is the cherished bent

Of all the truly great and all the innocent.

But who is innocent? By grace divine,
Not otherwise, O Nature! we are thine,
Through good and evil thine, in just degree
Of rational and manly sympathy.

To all that Earth from pensive hearts is stealing,

And Heaven is now to gladdened eyes revealing,

Add every charm the Universe can show
Through every change its aspects undergo—
Care may be respited, but not repealed;
No perfect cure grows on that bounded field.

Vain is the pleasure, a false calm the peace,

If He, through whom alone our conflicts cease,

Our virtuous hopes without relapse advance,
Come not to speed the Soul's deliverance;
To the distempered Intellect refuse
His gracious help, or give what we abuse.

1834.

BY THE SIDE OF RYDAL MERE

THE linnet's warble, sinking towards a
close,

Hints to the thrush 'tis time for their
repose;

The shrill-voiced thrush is heedless, and
again

The monitor revives his own sweet strain;
But both will soon be mastered, and the
copse

Be left as silent as the mountain-tops,
Ere some commanding star dismiss to rest
The throng of rooks, that now, from twig
or nest,

(After a steady flight on home-bound
wings,

And a last game of mazy hoverings
Around their ancient grove) with cawing
noise

Disturb the liquid music's equipoise.

O Nightingale! Who ever heard thy
song

Might here be moved, till Fancy grows so
strong

That listening sense is pardonably cheated
Where wood or stream by thee was never
greeted.

Surely, from fairest spots of favoured lands,
Were not some gifts withheld by jealous
hands,

This hour of deepening darkness here
would be

As a fresh morning for new harmony;
And lays as prompt would hail the dawn
of Night:

A dawn she has both beautiful and bright,
When the East kindles with the full moon's
light;

Not like the rising sun's impatient glow
Dazzling the mountains, but an overflow
Of solemn splendour, in mutation slow.

Wanderer by spring with gradual pro-
gress led,

For sway profoundly felt as widely spread;
To king, to peasant, to rough sailor, dear,
And to the soldier's trumpet-wearied ear;

How welcome wouldst thou be to this
green Vale

Fairer than Tempe! Yet, sweet Nightin-
gale!

From the warm breeze that bears thee on,
alight

At will, and stay thy migratory flight;
Build, at thy choice, or sing, by pool or
fount,

Who shall complain, or call thee to
account?

The wisest, happiest, of our kind are they
That ever walk content with Nature's way,
God's goodness—measuring bounty as it
may;

For whom the gravest thought of what
they miss,

Chastening the fulness of a present bliss,
Is with that wholesome office satisfied,
While unrepining sadness is allied

In thankful bosoms to a modest pride.

1834.

“SOFT AS A CLOUD IS YON
BLUE RIDGE”

SOFT as a cloud is yon blue Ridge—the
Mere

Seems firm as solid crystal, breathless,
clear,

And motionless; and, to the gazer's eye,
Deeper than ocean, in the immensity
Of its vague mountains and unreal sky!
But, from the process in that still retreat,
Turn to minuter changes at our feet;
Observe how dewy Twilight has withdrawn
The crowd of daisies from the shaven lawn,
And has restored to view its tender green,
That, while the sun rode high, was lost
beneath their dazzling sheen.

—An emblem this of what the sober Hour
Can do for minds disposed to feel its power!
Thus oft, when we in vain have wished
away

The petty pleasures of the garish day,
Meek eve shuts up the whole usurping
host

(Unbashful dwarfs each glittering at his
post)

And leaves the disencumbered spirit free
To reassume a staid simplicity.

'Tis well—but what are helps of time
and place,

When wisdom stands in need of nature's
grace;
Why do good thoughts, invoked or not,
descend,
Like Angels from their bowers, our virtues
to befriending;
If yet To-morrow, unbelied, may say,
"I come to open out, for fresh display,
The elastic vanities of yesterday?"

1834.

"THE LEAVES THAT RUSTLED ON THIS OAK-CROWNED HILL"

Composed by the side of Grasmere lake. The mountains that enclose the vale, especially towards Easdale, are most favourable to the reverberation of sound. There is a passage in the "Excursion," towards the close of the fourth book, where the voice of the raven in flight is traced through the modifications it undergoes, as I have often heard it in that vale and others of this district.

"Often, at the hour

When issue forth the first pale stars, is heard,
Within the circuit of this fabric huge,
One voice—the solitary raven."

THE leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned
hill,

And sky that danced among those leaves,
are still;

Rest smooths the way for sleep; in field
and bower

Soft shades and dews have shed their
blended power

On drooping eyelid and the closing flower;
Sound is there none at which the faintest
heart

Might leap, the weakest nerve of supersti-
tion start;

Save when the Owllet's unexpected scream
Pierces the ethereal vault; and 'mid the
gleam

Of unsubstantial imagery, the dream,
From the hushed vale's realities, transferred
To the still lake) the imaginative Bird
Seems, 'mid inverted mountains, not un-
heard.

Grave Creature!—whether, while the
moon shines bright

On thy wings opened wide for smoothest
flight,

Thou art discovered in a roofless tower,

Rising from what may once have been a
lady's bower;

Or spied where thou sitt'st moping in thy
mew

At the dim centre of a churchyard yew;

Or, from a rifted crag or ivy tod

Deep in a forest, thy secure abode,

Thou giv'st, for pastime's sake, by shriek
or shout,

A puzzling notice of thy whereabouts—

May the night never come, nor day be seen,

When I shall scorn thy voice or mock thy
mien!

In classic ages men perceived a soul

Of sapience in thy aspect, headless Owl!

Thee Athens revered in the studious
grove;

And, near the golden sceptre grasped by
Jove,

His Eagle's favourite perch, while round
him sate

The Gods revolving the decrees of Fate,

Thou, too, wert present at Minerva's side:—

Hark to that second larum!—far and wide

The elements have heard, and rock and
cave replied.

1834.

THE LABOURER'S NOON-DAY HYMN

Bishop Ken's Morning and Evening Hymns are, as they deserve to be, familiarly known. Many other hymns have also been written on the same subject; but, not being aware of any being designed for noon-day, I was induced to compose these verses. Often one has occasion to observe cottage children carrying, in their baskets, dinner to their Fathers engaged with their daily labours in the fields and woods. How gratifying would it be to me could I be assured that any portion of these stanzas had been sung by such a domestic concert under such circumstances. A friend of mine has told me that she introduced this Hymn into a village-school which she superintended, and the stanzas in succession furnished her with texts to comment upon in a way which without difficulty was made intelligible to the children, and in which they obviously took delight, and they were taught to sing it to the tune of the old rooth Psalm.

Up to the throne of God is borne

The voice of praise at early morn,

And he accepts the punctual hymn

Sung as the light of day grows dim:

Nor will he turn his ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide:
Then here reposing let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be not light,
We need not toil from morn to night;
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful Creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God!

Each field is then a hallowed spot,
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to Heaven! the industrious Sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal Spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the East,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course:

Help with thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest. 1834.

THE REDBREAST

SUGGESTED IN A WESTMORELAND
COTTAGE

Written at Rydal Mount. All our cats having been banished the house, it was soon frequented by redbreasts. Two or three of them, when the window was open, would come in, particularly when Mrs. Wordsworth was breakfasting alone, and hop about the table picking up the crumbs. My sister being then confined to her room by sickness, as, dear creature, she still is, had one that, without being caged, took up its abode with her, and at night used to perch upon a nail from which a picture had hung. It used to sing and fan her face with its wings in a manner that was very touching.

DRIVEN in by Autumn's sharpening air
From half-stripped woods and pastures bare,

Brisk Robin seeks a kindlier home:
Not like a beggar is he come,
But enters as a looked-for guest,
Confiding in his ruddy breast,
As if it were a natural shield
Charged with a blazon on the field,
Due to that good and pious deed
Of which we in the Ballad read.
But pensive fancies putting by,
And wild-wood sorrows, speedily
He plays the expert ventriloquist;
And, caught by glimpses now—now missed,
Puzzles the listener with a doubt
If the soft voice he throws about
Comes from within doors or without!
Was ever such a sweet confusion,
Sustained by delicate illusion?
He's at your elbow—to your feeling
The notes are from the floor or ceiling;
And there's a riddle to be guessed,
'Till you have marked his heaving chest,
And busy throat whose sink and swell,
Betray the Elf that loves to dwell
In Robin's bosom, as a chosen cell.

Heart-pleased we smile upon the Bird
If seen, and with like pleasure stirred
Commend him, when he's only heard.
But small and fugitive our gain
Compared with *hers* who long hath lain,
With languid limbs and patient head
Reposing on a lone sick-bed;
Where now, she daily hears a strain
That cheats her of too busy cares,
Eases her pain, and helps her prayers.
And who but this dear Bird beguiled
The fever of that pale-faced Child;
Now cooling, with his passing wing,
Her forehead, like a breeze of Spring:
Recalling now, with descendant soft
Shed round her pillow from aloft,
Sweet thoughts of angels hovering nigh,
And the invisible sympathy
Of "Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,
Blessing the bed she lies upon"¹
And sometimes, just as listening ends
In slumber, with the cadence blends
A dream of that low-warbled hymn
Which old folk, fondly pleased to trim

1 The words—

"Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on,"

are part of a child's prayer, still in general use
through the northern counties.

Lamps of faith, now burning dim,
Say that the Cherubs carved in stone,
When clouds gave way at dead of night
And the ancient church was filled with
light,

Used to sing in heavenly tone,
Above and round the sacred places
They guard, with winged baby-faces.

Thrice happy Creature! in all lands
Nurtured by hospitable hands:
Free entrance to this cot has he,
Entrance and exit both *yet* free;
And, when the keen unruffled weather
That thus brings man and bird together,
Shall with its pleasantness be past,
And casement closed and door made fast,
To keep at bay the howling blast,
He needs not fear the season's rage,
For the whole house is Robin's cage.
Whether the bird flit here or there,
O'er table *lill*, or perch on chair,
Though some may frown and make a stir,
To scare him as a trespasser,
And he belike will flinch or start,
Good friends he has to take his part;
One chiefly, who with voice and look
Pleads for him from the chimney-nook,
Where sits the Dame, and wears away
Her long and vacant holiday;
With images about her heart,
Reflected from the years gone by,
On human nature's second infancy.

1834.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT FROM THE
PENCIL OF F. STONE

This Portrait has hung for many years in our principal sitting-room, and represents J. Q. as she was when a girl. The picture, though it is somewhat thinly painted, has much merit in tone and general effect: it is chiefly valuable, however, from the sentiment that pervades it. The Anecdote of the saying of the Monk in sight of Titian's picture was told in this house by Mr. Wilkie, and was, I believe, first communicated to the public in this poem, the former portion of which I was composing at the time. Southey heard the story from Miss Hutchinson, and transferred it to the "Doctor"; but it is not easy to explain how my friend Mr. Rogers, in a note subsequently added to his "Italy," was led to speak of the same remarkable words having many years before been

spoken in his hearing by a monk or priest in front of a picture of the Last Supper, placed over a Refectory-table in a convent at Padua.

BEGUILED into forgetfulness of care
Due to the day's unfinished task; of pen
Or book regardless, and of that fair scene
In Nature's prodigality displayed
Before my window, oftentimes and long
I gaze upon a Portrait whose mild gleam
Of beauty never ceases to enrich
The common light; whose stillness charms
the air,

Or seems to charm it, into like repose;
Whose silence, for the pleasure of the ear,
Surpasses sweetest music. There she sits
With emblematic purity attired
In a white vest, white as her marble neck
Is, and the pillar of the throat would be
But for the shadow by the drooping chin
Cast into that recess—the tender shade,
The shade and light, both there and every-
where,

And through the very atmosphere she
breathes,

Broad, clear, and toned harmoniously, with
skill

That might from nature have been learnt
in the hour

When the lone shepherd sees the morning
spread

Upon the mountains. Look at her, who-
e'er

Thou be that, kindling with a poet's soul,
Hast loved the painter's true Promethean
craft

Intensely—from Imagination take

The treasure,—what mine eyes behold, see
thou,

Even though the Atlantic ocean roll between.

A silver line, that runs from brow to
crown

And in the middle parts the braided hair,
Just serves to show how delicate a soil

The golden harvest grows in; and those
eyes,

Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky
Whose azure depth their colour emulates,
Must needs be conversant with upward
looks,

Prayer's voiceless service; but now, seek-
ing nought

And shunning nought, their own peculiar
life

Of motion they renounce, and with the head

Partake its inclination towards earth
In humble grace, and quiet pensiveness
Caught at the point where it stops short of
sadness.

Offspring of soul-bewitching Art, make
me
Thy confidant! say, whence derived that
air
Of calm abstraction? Can the ruling
thought

Be with some lover far away, or one
Crossed by misfortune, or of doubted faith?
Inapt conjecture! Childhood here, a moon
Crescent in simple loveliness serene,
Has but approached the gates of woman-
hood,
Not entered them; her heart is yet un-
pierced

By the blind Archer-god; her fancy free;
The fount of feeling if unsought elsewhere,
Will not be found.

Her right hand, as it lies
Across the slender wrist of the left arm
Upon her lap reposing, holds—but mark
How slackly, for the absent mind permits
No firmer grasp—a little wild-flower, joined
As in a posy, with a few pale ears
Of yellowing corn, the same that overtopped
And in their common birthplace sheltered
it

'Till they were plucked together; a blue
flower

Called by the thrifty husbandman a weed;
But Ceres, in her garland, might have worn
That ornament, unblamed. The floweret,
held

In scarcely conscious fingers, was, she
knows,
(Her Father told her so) in youth's gay
dawn

Her Mother's favourite; and the orphan
Girl,

In her own dawn—a dawn less gay and
bright,

Loves it, while there in solitary peace
She sits, for that departed Mother's sake.

—Not from a source less sacred is derived
(Surely I do not err) that pensive air
Of calm abstraction through the face dif-
fused

And the whole person.

Words have something told
More than the pencil can, and verily
More than is needed, but the precious Art

Forgives their interference—Art divine,
That both creates and fixes, in despite
Of Death and Time, the marvels it hath
wrought.

Strange contrasts have we in this world
of ours!

That posture, and the look of filial love
Thinking of past and gone, with what is
left

Dearly united, might be swept away
From this fair Portrait's fleshly Archetype,
Even by an innocent fancy's slightest freak
Banished, nor ever, haply, be restored
To their lost place, or meet in harmony
So exquisite; but *here* do they abide,
Enshrined for ages. Is not then the Art
Godlike, a humble branch of the divine,
In visible quest of immortality,
Stretched forth with trembling hope?—In
every realm,

From high Gibraltar to Siberian plains,
Thousands, in each variety of tongue
That Europe knows, would echo this
appeal;

One above all, a Monk who waits on God
In the magnific Convent built of yore
To sanctify the Escorial palace. He—
Guiding, from cell to cell and room to
room,

A British Painter (eminent for truth
In character, and depth of feeling, shown
By labours that have touched the hearts of
kings,

And are endeared to simple cottagers)—
Came, in that service, to a glorious work,
Our Lord's Last Supper, beautiful as when
first

The appropriate Picture, fresh from Titian's
hand,

Graced the Refectory: and there, while
both

Stood with eyes fixed upon that master-
piece,

The hoary Father in the Stranger's ear
Breathed out these words:—"Here daily
do we sit,

Thanks given to God for daily bread, and
here

Pondering the mischiefs of these restless
times,

And thinking of my Brethren, dead, dis-
persed,

Or changed and changing, I not seldom
gaze

Upon this solemn Company unmoved
By shock of circumstance, or lapse of
years,
Until I cannot but believe that they—
They are in truth the Substance, we the
Shadows."

So spake the mild Jeronymite, his griefs
Melting away within him like a dream
Ere he had ceased to gaze, perhaps to
speak:

And I, grown old, but in a happier land,
Domestic Portrait! have to verse con-
signed

In thy calm presence those heart-moving
words:

Words that can soothe, more than they
agitate;

Whose spirit, like the angel that went down
Into Bethesda's pool, with healing virtue
Informs the fountain in the human breast
Which by the visitation was disturbed.

—But why this stealing tear? Companion
mute,

On thee I look, not sorrowing; fare thee
well,

My Song's Inspirer, once again farewell! ¹

1834.

THE FOREGOING SUBJECT RESUMED

AMONG a grave fraternity of Monks,
For One, but surely not for One alone,
Triumphs, in that great work, the Painter's
skill,

Humbling the body, to exalt the soul;
Yet representing, amid wreck and wrong
And dissolution and decay, the warm
And breathing life of flesh, as if already
Clothed with impassive majesty, and graced
With no mean earnest of a heritage
Assigned to it in future worlds. Thou,
too,

With thy memorial flower, meek Portraiture!
From whose serene companionship I passed

¹ The pile of buildings, composing the palace
and convent of San Lorenzo, has, in common
usage, lost its proper name in that of the *Escorial*,
a village at the foot of the hill upon which the
splendid edifice, built by Philip the Second,
stands. It need scarcely be added, that Wilkie
is the painter alluded to.

Pursued by thoughts that haunt me still;
thou also—

Though but a simple object, into light
Called forth by those affections that endear
The private hearth; though keeping thy sole
seat

In singleness, and little tried by time,
Creation, as it were, of yesterday—
With a congenial function art endued
For each and all of us, together joined
In course of nature under a low roof
By charities and duties that proceed
Out of the bosom of a wiser vow.

To a like salutary sense of awe
Or sacred wonder, growing with the power
Of meditation that attempts to weigh,
In faithful scales, things and their opposites,
Can thy enduring quiet gently raise
A household small and sensitive,—whose
love,

Dependent as in part its blessings are
Upon frail ties dissolving or dissolved
On earth, will be revived, we trust, in
heaven. ¹ 1834.

TO A CHILD

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM

This quatrain was extempore on observing this
image, as I had often done, on the lawn of Rydal
Mount. It was first written down in the Album
of my God-daughter, Rotha Quillinan.

SMALL service is true service while it
lasts:

Of humblest Friends, bright Creature!
scorn not one:

The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the
Sun. 1834.

¹ In the class entitled "Musings" in Mr.
Southey's *Minor Poems*, is one upon his own
miniature Picture, taken in childhood, and another
upon a landscape painted by Gaspar Poussin.
It is possible that every word of the above verses,
though similar in subject, might have been written
had the author been unacquainted with those
beautiful effusions of poetic sentiment. But, for
his own satisfaction, he must be allowed thus
publicly to acknowledge the pleasure those two
Poems of his Friend have given him, and the grate-
ful influence they have upon his mind as often as
he reads them, or thinks of them.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE
COUNTESS OF LONSDALE. NOV. 5, 1834

This is a faithful picture of that amiable Lady, as she then was. The youthfulness of figure and demeanour and habits, which she retained in almost unprecedented degree, departed a very few years after, and she died without violent disease by gradual decay before she reached the period of old age.

LADY! a Pen (perhaps with thy regard,
Among the Favoured, favoured not the least)

Left, 'mid the Records of this Book inscribed,

Deliberate traces, registers of thought
And feeling, suited to the place and time
That gave them birth:—months passed,
and still this hand,

That had not been too timid to imprint
Words which the virtues of thy Lord inspired,

Was yet not bold enough to write of Thee,
And why that scrupulous reserve? In sooth

The blameless cause lay in the Theme itself.

Flowers are there many that delight to strive

With the sharp wind, and seem to court the shower,

Yet are by nature careless of the sun
Whether he shine on them or not; and some,

Where'er he moves along the unclouded sky,
Turn a broad front full on his flattering beams:

Others do rather from their notice shrink,
Loving the dewy shade,—a humble band,
Modest and sweet, a progeny of earth,
Congenial with thy mind and character,
High-born Augusta!

Witness, Towers and Groves!
And Thou, wild Stream, that giv'st the honoured name

Of Lowther to this ancient Line, bear witness

From thy most secret haunts; and ye Parterres,

Which She is pleased and proud to call her own,

Witness how oft upon my noble Friend
Mute offerings, tribute from an inward sense

Of admiration and respectful love,
Have waited—till the affections could no more

Endure that silence, and broke out in song,
Snatches of music taken up and dropt
Like those self-solacing, those under, notes
Trilled by the redbreast, when autumnal leaves

Are thin upon the bough. Mine, only mine,

The pleasure was, and no one heard the praise,

Checked, in the moment of its issue, checked

And reprehended, by a fancied blush
From the pure qualities that called it forth.

Thus Virtue lives debarred from Virtue's need;

Thus, Lady, is retiredness a veil
That, while it only spreads a softening charm

O'er features looked at by discerning eyes,
Hides half their beauty from the common gaze;

And thus, even on the exposed and breezy hill

Of lofty station, female goodness walks,
When side by side with lunar gentleness,
As in a cloister. Yet the grateful Poor

(Such the immunities of low estate,
Plain Nature's enviable privilege,
Her sacred recompence for many wants
Open their hearts before Thee, pouring out

All that they think and feel, with tears of joy;

And benedictions not unheard in heaven:
And friend in the ear of friend, where speech is free

To follow truth, is eloquent as they.

Then let the Book receive in these prompt lines

A just memorial; and thine eyes consent
To read that they, who mark thy course, behold

A life declining with the golden light
Of summer, in the season of sere leaves;
See cheerfulness undamped by stealing Time;

See studied kindness flow with easy stream,
Illustrated with inborn courtesy;

And an habitual disregard of self
Balanced by vigilance for others' weal.

And shall the Verse not tell of lighter
gifts

With these ennobling attributes conjoined
And blended, in peculiar harmony,
By Youth's surviving spirit? What agile
grace!

A nymph-like liberty, in nymph-like form,
Beheld with wonder; whether floor or path
Thou tread; or sweep—borne on the
managed steed—

Fleet as the shadows, over down or field,
Driven by strong winds at play among the
clouds.

Yet one word more—one farewell word
—a wish

Which came, but it has passed into a
prayer—

That, as thy sun in brightness is declining,
So—at an hour yet distant for *their* sakes
Whose tender love, here faltering on the
way

Of a diviner love, will be forgiven—
So may it set in peace, to rise again
For everlasting glory won by faith.

TO THE MOON

COMPOSED BY THE SEASIDE,—ON THE
COAST OF CUMBERLAND

WANDERER! that stoop'st so low, and
com'st so near

To human life's unsettled atmosphere;
Who lov'st with Night and Silence to
partake,

So might it seem, the cares of them that
wake;

And, through the cottage-lattice softly
peeping,

Dost shield from harm the humblest of the
sleeping;

What pleasure once encompassed those
sweet names

Which yet in thy behalf the Poet claims,
An *adoring* dreamer as of yore!

I *loving* them all, and on this sea-beat shore
Sitting, only e'en to thoughts attend

That bid me hail thee as the SAILOR'S
FRIEND;

So call thee for heaven's grace through thee
made known

By confidence supplied and mercy shown,
When not a twinkling star or beacon's light
Abates the perils of a stormy night;
And for less obvious benefits, that find
Their way, with thy pure help, to heart
and mind;

Both for the adventurer starting in life's
prime;

And veteran ranging round from clime to
clime,

Long-baffled hope's slow fever in his veins,
And wounds and weakness oft his labour's
sole remains.

The aspiring Mountains and the wind-
ing Streams,

Empress of Night! are gladdened by thy
beams;

A look of thine the wilderness pervades,
And penetrates the forest's inmost shades;
Thou, chequering peaceably the minster's
gloom,

Guid'st the pale Mourner to the lost one's
tomb;

Canst reach the Prisoner—to his grated cell
Welcome, though silent and intangible!—

And lives there one, of all that come and go
On the great waters toiling to and fro,

One, who has watched thee at some quiet
hour

Enthroned aloft in undisputed power,
Or crossed by vapoury streaks and clouds
that move

Catching the lustre they in part reprove—
Nor sometimes felt a fitness in thy sway

To call up thoughts that shun the glare of
day,

And make the serious happier than the gay?

Yes, lovely Moon! if thou so mildly
bright

Dost rouse, yet surely in thy own despite,
To fiercer mood the phrenzy-stricken brain,

Let me a compensating faith maintain;
That there's a sensitive, a tender, part

Which thou canst touch in every human
heart,

For healing and composure.—But, as least
And mightiest billows ever have confessed

Thy domination; as the whole vast Sea
Feels through her lowest depths thy

sovereignty;

So shines that countenance with especial
grace

On them who urge the keel her *plaints* to
trace

Furrowing its way right onward. The
 most rude,
 Cut off from home and country, may have
 stood—
 Even till long gazing hath bedimmed his
 eye,
 Or the mute rapture ended in a sigh—
 Touched by accordance of thy placid cheer,
 With some internal lights to memory dear,
 Or fancies stealing forth to soothe the breast
 Tired with its daily share of earth's unrest,—
 Gentle awakenings, visitations meek;
 A kindly influence whereof few will speak,
 Though it can wet with tears the hardest
 cheek.

And when thy beauty in the shadowy
 cave
 Is hidden, buried in its monthly grave;
 Then, while the Sailor, 'mid an open sea
 Swept by a favouring wind that leaves
 thought free,
 Paces the deck—no star perhaps in sight,
 And nothing save the moving ship's own
 light
 To cheer the long dark hours of vacant
 night—
 Oft with his musings does thy image blend,
 In his mind's eye thy crescent horns ascend,
 And thou art still, O Moon, that SAILOR'S
 FRIEND!
 1835.

TO THE MOON

RYDAL

QUEEN of the stars!—so gentle, so benign,
 That ancient Fable did to thee assign,
 When darkness creeping o'er thy silver brow
 Warned thee these upper regions to forego,
 Alternate empire in the shades below—
 A Bard, who, lately near the wide-spread sea
 Traversed by gleaming ships, looked up
 to thee
 With grateful thoughts, doth now thy ris-
 ing hail
 From the close confines of a shadowy vale.
 Glory of night, conspicuous yet serene,
 Nor less attractive when by glimpses seen
 Through cloudy umbrage, well might that
 fair face,
 And all those attributes of modest grace,
 In days when Fancy wrought unchecked by
 fear,

Down to the green earth fetch thee from
 thy sphere,
 To sit in leafy woods by fountains clear!
 O still beloved (for thine, meek Power,
 are charms
 That fascinate the very Babe in arms,
 While he, uplifted towards thee, laughs
 outright,
 Spreading his little palms in his glad
 Mother's sight)
 O still beloved, once worshipped! Time,
 that frowns
 In his destructive flight on earthly crowns,
 Spares thy mild splendour; still those far-
 shot beams
 Tremble on dancing waves and rippling
 streams
 With stainless touch, as chaste as when
 thy praise
 Was sung by Virgin-choirs in festal lays;
 And through dark trials still dost thou
 explore
 Thy way for increase punctual as of yore,
 When teeming Matrons—yielding to rude
 faith
 In mysteries of birth and life and death
 And painful struggle and deliverance—
 prayed
 Of thee to visit them with lenient aid,
 What though the rites be swept away, the
 fanes
 Extinct that echoed to the votive strains;
 Yet thy mild aspect does not, cannot, cease
 Love to promote and purity and peace;
 And Fancy, unproved, even yet may
 trace
 Faint types of suffering in thy beamless
 face.
 Then, silent Monitress! let us—not blind
 To worlds unthought of till the searching
 mind
 Of Science laid them open to mankind—
 Told, also, how the voiceless heavens de-
 clare
 God's glory; and acknowledging thy share
 In that blest charge; let us—without offence
 To aught of highest, holiest, influence—
 Receive whatever good 'tis given thee to
 dispense.
 May sage and simple, catching with one
 eye
 The moral intimations of the sky,
 Learn from thy course, where'er their own
 be taken,

"To look on tempests, and be never
shaken ;"
To keep with faithful step the appointed
way
Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night or day,
And from example of thy monthly range
Gently to brook decline and fatal change ;
Meek, patient, steadfast, and with loftier
scope,
Than thy revival yields, for gladsome hope !
1835.

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF
CHARLES LAMB

Light will be thrown upon the tragic circumstance alluded to in this poem when, after the death of Charles Lamb's Sister, his biographer, Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, shall be at liberty to relate particulars which could not, at the time his Memoir was written, be given to the public. Mary Lamb was ten years older than her brother, and has survived him as long a time. Were I to give way to my own feelings, I should dwell not only on her genius and intellectual powers, but upon the delicacy and refinement of manner which she maintained inviolable under most trying circumstances. She was loved and honoured by all her brother's friends ; and others, some of them strange characters, whom his philanthropic peculiarities induced him to countenance. The death of C. Lamb himself was doubtless hastened by his sorrow for that of Coleridge, to whom he had been attached from the time of their being school-fellows at Christ's Hospital. Lamb was a good Latin scholar, and probably would have gone to college upon one of the school foundations but for the impediment in his speech. Had such been his lot, he would most likely have been preserved from the indulgences of social humours and fancies which were often injurious to himself, and causes of severe regret to his friends, without really benefiting the object of his misapplied kindness.

To a good Man of most dear memory
This Stone is sacred. Here he lies apart
From the great city where he first drew
breath,
Was reared and taught ; and humbly
earned his bread,
To the strict labours of the merchant's desk
By duty chained. Not seldom did those tasks
Tease, and the thought of time so spent
depress,

His spirit, but the recompence was high ;
Firm Independence, Bounty's rightful sire ;
Affections, warm as sunshine, free as air ;
And when the precious hours of leisure
came,
Knowledge and wisdom, gained from converse
sweet
With books, or while he ranged the
crowded streets
With a keen eye, and overflowing heart :
So genius triumphed over seeming wrong,
And poured out truth in works by thoughtful
love
Inspired—works potent over smiles and
tears.
And as round mountain-tops the lightning
plays,
Thus innocently sported, breaking forth
As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,
Humour and wild instinctive wit, and all
The vivid flashes of his spoken words.
From the most gentle creature nursed in
fields¹
Had been derived the name he bore—a
name,
Wherever Christian altars have been raised,
Hallowed to meekness and to innocence ;
And if in him meekness at times gave way,
Provoked out of herself by troubles strange,
Many and strange, that hung about his life ;
Still, at the centre of his being, lodged
A soul by resignation sanctified :
And if too often, self-reproached, he felt
That innocence belongs not to our kind,
A power that never ceased to abide in him,
Charity, 'mid the multitude of sins
That she can cover, left not his exposed
To an unforgiving judgment from just
Heaven.
Oh, he was good, if e'er a good Man lived !
* * * * *
From a reflecting mind and sorrowing heart
Those simple lines flowed with an earnest
wish,
Though but a doubting hope, that they
might serve
Fitly to guard the precious dust of him
Whose virtues called them forth. That
aim is missed ;
For much that truth most urgently required
Had from a faltering pen been asked in
vain :
Yet, haply, on the printed page received,

¹ See Note.

The imperfect record, there, may stand
unblamed

As long as verse of mine shall breathe the
air

Of memory, or see the light of love.

Thou wert a scorner of the fields, my
Friend,

But more in show than truth; and from the
fields,

And from the mountains, to thy rural grave
Transported, my soothed spirit hovers o'er
Its green untrodden turf, and blowing
flowers;

And taking up a voice shall speak (tho' still
Awed by the theme's peculiar sanctity
Which words less free presumed not even
to touch)

Of that fraternal love, whose heaven-lit
lamp

From infancy, through manhood, to the
last

Of threescore years, and to thy latest hour,
Burnt on with ever-strengthening light,
enshrined

Within thy bosom.

"Wonderful" hath been
The love established between man and man,
"Passing the love of women;" and between
Man and his help-mate in fast wedlock
joined

Through God, is raised a spirit and soul of
love

Without whose blissful influence Paradise
Had been no Paradise; and earth were now
A waste where creatures bearing human
form,

Direst of savage beasts, would roam in fear,
Joyless and comfortless. Our days glide
on;

And let him grieve who cannot choose but
grieve

That he hath been an Elm without his Vine,
And her bright dower of clustering charities,
That, round his trunk and branches, might
have clung

Enriching and adorning. Unto thee,
Not so enriched, not so adorned, to thee
Was given (say rather, thou of later birth
Wert given to her) a Sister—'tis a word
Timidly uttered, for she *lives*, the meek,
The self-restraining, and the ever-kind;
In whom thy reason and intelligent heart
Found—for all interests, hopes, and tender
cares,

All softening, humanising, hallowing
powers,

Whether withheld, or for her sake unsought—
More than sufficient recompence!

Her love
(What weakness prompts the voice to tell
it here?)

Was as the love of mothers; and when
years,

Lifting the boy to man's estate, had called
The long-protected to assume the part
Of a protector, the first filial tie
Was undissolved; and, in or out of sight,
Remained imperishably interwoven
With life itself. Thus, 'mid a shifting
world,

Did they together testify of time
And season's difference—a double tree
With two collateral stems sprung from one
root;

Such were they—such thro' life they *might*
have been

In union, in partition only such;
Otherwise wrought the will of the Most
High;

Yet, thro' all visitations and all trials,
Still they were faithful; like two vessels
launched

From the same beach one ocean to explore
With mutual help, and sailing—to their
league

True, as inexorable winds, or bars
Floating or fixed of polar ice, allow.

But turn we rather, let my spirit turn
With thine, O silent and invisible Friend!
To those dear intervals, nor rare nor brief,
When reunited, and by choice withdrawn
From miscellaneous converse, ye were
taught

That the remembrance of foregone distress,
And the worse fear of future ill (which oft
Doth hang around it, as a sickly child
Upon its mother) may be both alike
Disarmed of power to unsettle present good
So prized, and things inward and outward
held

In such an even balance, that the heart
Acknowledges God's grace, his mercy feels,
And in its depth of gratitude is still.

O gift divine of quiet sequestration!
The hermit, exercised in prayer and praise,
And feeding daily on the hope of heaven,
Is happy in his vow, and fondly cleaves
To life-long singleness; but happier far

Was to your souls, and, to the thoughts of others,

A thousand times more beautiful appeared,
Your *dual* loneliness. The sacred tie
Is broken; yet why grieve? for Time but holds

His moiety in trust, till Joy shall lead
To the blest world where parting is unknown.

1835.

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG

These verses were written extempore, immediately after reading a notice of the Ettrick Shepherd's death in the Newcastle paper, to the Editor of which I sent a copy for publication. The persons lamented in these verses were all either of my friends or acquaintance. In Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott* an account is given of my first meeting with him in 1803. How the Ettrick Shepherd and I became known to each other has already been mentioned in these notes. He was undoubtedly a man of original genius, but of coarse manners and low and offensive opinions. Of Coleridge and Lamb I need not speak here. Crabbe I have met in London at Mr. Rogers's, but more frequently and favourably at Mr. Hoare's upon Hampstead Heath. Every spring he used to pay that family a visit of some length, and was upon terms of intimate friendship with Mrs. Hoare, and still more with her daughter-in-law, who has a large collection of his letters addressed to herself. After the Poet's decease, application was made to her to give up these letters to his biographer, that they, or at least part of them, might be given to the public. She hesitated to comply, and asked my opinion on the subject. "By no means," was my answer, grounded not upon any objection there might be to publishing a selection from these letters, but from an aversion I have always felt to meet idle curiosity by calling back the recently departed to become the object of trivial and familiar gossip. Crabbe obviously for the most part preferred the company of women to that of men, for this among other reasons, that he did not like to be put upon the stretch in general conversation: accordingly in miscellaneous society his *talk* was so much below what might have been expected from a man so deservedly celebrated, that to me it seemed trifling. It must upon other occasions have been of a different character, as I found in our rambles together on Hampstead Heath, and not so much from a readiness to communicate his knowledge of life and manners as of natural history in all its

branches. His mind was inquisitive, and he seems to have taken refuge from the remembrance of the distresses he had gone through, in these studies and the employments to which they led. Moreover, such contemplations might tend profitably to counterbalance the painful truths which he had collected from his intercourse with mankind. Had I been more intimate with him, I should have ventured to touch upon his office as a minister of the Gospel, and how far his heart and soul were in it so as to make him a zealous and diligent labourer: in poetry, though he wrote much, as we all know, he assuredly was not so. I happened once to speak of pains as necessary to produce merit of a certain kind which I highly valued: his observation was—"It is not 'worth while.'" You are quite right, thought I, if the labour encroaches upon the time due to teach truth as a steward of the mysteries of God: if there be cause to fear *that*, write less: but, if poetry is to be produced at all, make what you do produce as good as you can. Mr. Rogers once told me that he expressed his regret to Crabbe that he wrote in his later works so much less correctly than in his earlier. "Yes," replied he, "but then I had a reputation to make; now I can afford to relax." Whether it was from a modest estimate of his own qualifications, or from causes less creditable, his motives for writing verse and his hopes and aims were not so high as is to be desired. After being silent for more than twenty years, he again applied himself to poetry, upon the spur of applause he received from the periodical publications of the day, as he himself tells us in one of his prefaces. Is it not to be lamented that a man who was so conversant with permanent truth, and whose writings are so valuable an acquisition to our country's literature, should have *required* an impulse from such a quarter?—Mrs. Hemans was unfortunate as a poetess in being obliged by circumstances to write for money, and that so frequently and so much, that she was compelled to look out for subjects wherever she could find them, and to write as expeditiously as possible. As a woman, she was to a considerable degree a spoilt child of the world. She had been early in life distinguished for talent, and poems of hers were published while she was a girl. She had also been handsome in her youth, but her education had been most unfortunate. She was totally ignorant of housewifery, and could as easily have managed the spear of Minerva as her needle. It was from observing these deficiencies, that, one day while she was under my roof, I *purposely* directed her attention to household economy, and told her I had purchased *Scales*, which I intended to present to a young lady as a wedding present; pointed out their utility (for her especial benefit), and said that *no ménage* ought to be without them.

Mrs. Hemans, not in the least suspecting my drift, reported this saying, in a letter to a friend at the time, as a proof of my simplicity. Being disposed to make large allowances for the faults of her education and the circumstances in which she was placed, I felt most kindly disposed towards her, and took her part upon all occasions, and I was not a little affected by learning that after she withdrew to Ireland, a long and severe sickness raised her spirit as it depressed her body. This I heard from her most intimate friends, and there is striking evidence of it in a poem written and published not long before her death. These notices of Mrs. Hemans would be very unsatisfactory to her intimate friends, as indeed they are to myself, not so much for what is said, but what for brevity's sake is left unsaid. Let it suffice to add, there was much sympathy between us, and, if opportunity had been allowed me to see more of her, I should have loved and valued her accordingly; as it is, I remember her with true affection for her amiable qualities, and, above all, for her delicate and irreproachable conduct during her long separation from an unfeeling husband, whom she had been led to marry from the romantic notions of inexperienced youth. Upon this husband I never heard her cast the least reproach, nor did I ever hear her even name him, though she did not wholly forbear to touch upon her domestic position; but never so as that any fault could be found with her manner of adverting to it.

WHEN first, descending from the moor-lands,

I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,
Through groves that had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
My steps the Border-minstrel led.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;
And death upon the braes of Yarrow,
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes:

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,
From sign to sign, its stedfast course,
Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source;

The rapt One, of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth:
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain-
summits,

Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
"Who next will drop and disappear?"

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,
Like London with its own black wreath,
On which with thee, O Crabbe! forth-
looking,
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,
Thou too art gone before; but why,
O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,
Should frail survivors heave a sigh?

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep;
For Her who, ere her summer faded,
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

No more of old romantic sorrows,
For slaughtered Youth or love-lorn Maid!
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
And Ettrick mourns with her their Poet
dead.¹ Nov. 1835.

UPON SEEING A COLOURED DRAWING OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE IN AN ALBUM

I cannot forbear to record that the last seven lines of this Poem were composed in bed during the night of the day on which my sister Sara Hutchinson died about 6 P.M., and it was the thought of her innocent and beautiful life that, through faith, prompted the words—

"On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight,
No tempest from his breath."

The reader will find two poems on pictures of this bird among my Poems. I will here observe that in a far greater number of instances than have been mentioned in these notes one poem has, as in this case, grown out of another, either because I felt the subject had been inadequately treated, or that the thoughts and images suggested in course of composition have been such as I

¹ See Note.

found interfered with the unity indispensable to every work of art, however humble in character.

WHO rashly strove thy Image to portray?
Thou buoyant minion of the tropic air;
How could he think of the live creature—
gay

With a divinity of colours, drest
In all her brightness, from the dancing crest
Far as the last gleam of the filmy train
Extended and extending to sustain
The motions that it graces—and forbear
To drop his pencil! Flowers of every clime
Depicted on these pages smile at time;
And gorgeous insects copied with nice care
Are here, and likenesses of many a shell
Tossed ashore by restless waves,
Or in the diver's grasp fetched up from caves
Where sea-nymphs might be proud to
dwell:

But whose rash hand (again I ask) could
dare,

'Mid casual tokens and promiscuous shows,
To circumscribe this Shape in fixed repose;
Could imitate for indolent survey,
Perhaps for touch profane,
Plumes that might catch, but cannot keep,
a stain;

And, with cloud-streaks lightest and loftiest,
share

The sun's first greeting, his last farewell ray!
Resplendent Wanderer! followed with
glad eyes

Where'er her course; mysterious Bird!
To whom, by wondering Fancy stirred,
Eastern Islanders have given
A holy name—the Bird of Heaven!
And even a title higher still,
The Bird of God! whose blessed will
She seems performing as she flies
Over the earth and through the skies
In never-weary search of Paradise—
Region that crowns her beauty with the name
She bears for *us*—for us how blest,
How happy at all seasons, could like aim
Uphold our Spirits urged to kindred flight
On wings that fear no glance of God's pure
sight,

No tempest from his breath, their promised
rest

Seeking with indefatigable quest
Above a world that deems itself most wise
When most enslaved by gross realities!

1835.

COMPOSED AFTER READING A NEWSPAPER OF THE DAY

"PEOPLE! your chains are severing link
by link;

Soon shall the Rich be levelled down—the
Poor

Meet them half way." Vain boast! for
These, the more

They thus would rise, must low and lower
sink

Till, by repentance stung, they fear to
think;

While all lie prostrate, save the tyrant few
Bent in quick turns each other to undo,
And mix the poison, they themselves must
drink.

Mistrust thyself, vain Country! cease to
cry,

"Knowledge will save me from the threat-
ened woe."

For, if than other rash ones more thou
know,

Yet on presumptuous wing as far would fly
Above thy knowledge as they dared to go,
Thou wilt provoke a heavier penalty.

1835.

"BY A BLEST HUSBAND GUIDED, MARY CAME"

This lady was named Carleton; she, along
with a sister, was brought up in the neighbour-
hood of Ambleside. The epitaph, a part of it at
least, is in the church at Bromsgrove, where she
resided after her marriage.

By a blest Husband guided, Mary came
From nearest kindred, Vernon her new
name;

She came, though meek of soul, in seemly
pride

Of happiness and hope, a youthful Bride.
O dread reverse! if aught *be* so, which
proves

That God will chasten whom he dearly
loves.

Faith bore her up through pains in mercy
given,

And troubles that were each a step to
Heaven:

Two Babes were laid in earth before she
died.

A third now slumbers at the Mother's side;
Its Sister-twin survives, whose smiles afford
A trembling solace to her widowed Lord.

Reader! if to thy bosom cling the pain
Of recent sorrow combated in vain;
Or if thy cherished grief have failed to thwart

Time still intent on his insidious part,
Lulling the mourner's best good thoughts
asleep,

Pilfering regrets we would, but cannot,
keep;

Bear with Him—judge *Him* gently who
makes known

His bitter loss by this memorial Stone;
And pray that in his faithful breast the
grace

Of resignation find a hallowed place.

1835.

SONNETS

I

DESPONDING Father! mark this altered
bough,

So beautiful of late, with sunshine warmed,
Or moist with dews; what more unsightly
now,

Its blossoms shrivelled, and its fruit, if
formed,

Invisible? yet Spring her genial brow
Knits not o'er that discolouring and decay
As false to expectation. Nor fret thou
At like unlovely process in the May
Of human life: a Stripling's graces blow,
Fade and are shed, that from their timely
fall

(Misdeem it not a cankerous change) may
grow

Rich mellow bearings, that for thanks shall
call:

In all men, sinful is it to be slow
To hope—in Parents, sinful above all.

1835.

II

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AT BISHOPSTONE, HEREFORDSHIRE

My attention to these antiquities was directed
by Mr. Walker, son to the itinerant Eidouranian
Philosopher. The beautiful pavement was dis-

covered within a few yards of the front door of
his parsonage, and appeared from the site (in full
view of several hills upon which there had formerly
been Roman encampments) as if it might have been
the villa of the commander of the forces, at least such
was Mr. Walker's conjecture.

WHILE poring Antiquarians search the
ground

Upturned with curious pains, the Bard, a
Seer,

Takes fire:—The men that have been re-
appear;

Romans for travel girt, for business gowned;
And some recline on couches, myrtle-
crowned,

In festal glee: why not? For fresh and
clear,

As if its hues were of the passing year,
Dawns this time-buried pavement. From
that mound

Hoards may come forth of Trajans, Maxi-
mins,

Shrunk into coins with all their warlike
toil:

Or a fierce impress issues with its foil
Of tenderness—the Wolf, whose suckling
Twins

The unlettered ploughboy pities when he
wins

The casual treasure from the furrowed soil.

1835.

III

ST. CATHERINE OF LEDBURY

Written on a journey from Brinsop Court,
Herefordshire.

WHEN human touch (as monkish books
attest)

Nor was applied nor could be, Ledbury
bells

Broke forth in concert flung adown the
dells,

And upward, high as Malvern's cloudy
crest;

Sweet tones, and caught by a noble Lady
blest

To rapture! Mabel listened at the side
Of her loved mistress: soon the music died,
And Catherine said, *Here I set up my rest.*
Warned in a dream, the Wanderer long
had sought

A home that by such miracle of sound
Must be revealed:—she heard it now, or
felt

The deep, deep joy of a confiding thought;
And there, a saintly Anchoress, she dwelt
Till she exchanged for heaven that happy
ground. 1835.

IV

In the month of January, when Dora and I
were walking from Town-end, Grasmere, across
the vale, snow being on the ground, she espied,
in the thick though leafless hedge, a bird's nest
half filled with snow. Out of this comfortable
appearance arose this Sonnet, which was, in fact,
written without the least reference to any indi-
vidual object, but merely to prove to myself that
I could, if I thought fit, write in a strain that
Poets have been fond of. On the 14th of February
in the same year, my daughter, in a sportive mood,
sent it as a Valentine, under a fictitious name, to
her cousin C. W.

WHY art thou silent! Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigi-
lant—

Bound to thy service with unceasing care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could
spare.

Speak—though this soft warm heart, once
free to hold

A thousand tender pleasures, thine and
mine,

Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
'Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—

Speak, that my torturing doubts their end
may know! 1835.

V

Suggested on the road between Preston and
Lancaster where it first gives a view of the Lake
country, and composed on the same day, on the
roof of the coach.

FOUR fiery steeds impatient of the rein
Whirled us o'er sunless ground beneath a
sky

As void of sunshine, when, from that wide
plain,

Clear tops of far-off mountains we descried,
Like a Sierra of cerulean Spain,
All light and lustre. Did no heart reply?
Yes, there was One;—for One, asunder fly
The thousand links of that ethereal chain;
And green vales open out, with grove and
field,

And the fair front of many a happy Home;
Such tempting spots as into vision come
While Soldiers, weary of the arms they wield
And sick at heart of strifeless Christendom,
Gaze on the moon by parting clouds revealed.

1835.

VI

TO —

The fate of this poor Dove, as described, was
told to me at Brinsop Court, by the young lady
to whom I have given the name of Lesbia.

"Miss not the occasion: by the forelock take
That subtle Power, the never-halting Time,
Lest a mere moment's putting-off should make
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime."

"WAIT, prithee, wait!" this answer
Lesbia threw

Forth to her Dove, and took no further heed;
Her eye was busy, while her fingers flew
Across the harp, with soul-engrossing speed;
But from that bondage when her thoughts
were freed

She rose, and toward the close-shut case-
ment drew,

Whence the poor unregarded Favourite,
true

To old affections, had been heard to plead
With flapping wing for entrance. What a
shriek!

Forced from that voice so lately tuned to a
strain

Of harmony!—a shriek of terror, pain,
And self-reproach! for, from aloft, a Kite
Pounced,—and the Dove, which from its
ruthless beak

She could not rescue, perished in her sight!

1835.

VII

SAID Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud,
Falsehood and Treachery, in close council
met,

Deep under ground, in Pluto's cabinet,

"The frost of England's pride will soon be thawed ;

"Hooded the open brow that overawed

"Our schemes ; the faith and honour, never yet

"By us with hope encountered, be upset ;—

"For once I burst my bands, and cry, applaud !"

Then whispered she, "The Bill is carrying out !"

They heard, and, starting up, the Brood of Night

Clapped hands, and shook with glee their matted locks ;

All Powers and Places that abhor the light
Joined in the transport, echoed back their shout,

Hurrah for —, hugging his Ballot-box !
1835.

NOVEMBER 1836

EVEN so for me a Vision sanctified

The sway of Death ; long ere mine eyes had seen

Thy countenance—the still rapture of thy mien—

When thou, dear Sister ! wert become Death's Bride :

No trace of pain or languor could abide

That change :—age on thy brow was smoothed—thy cold

Wan cheek at once was privileged to unfold
A loveliness to living youth denied.

Oh ! if within me hope should e'er decline,
The lamp of faith, lost Friend ! too faintly burn ;

Then may that heaven-revealing smile of thine,

The bright assurance, visibly return :

And let my spirit in that power divine

Rejoice, as, through that power, it ceased to mourn.

"SIX MONTHS TO SIX YEARS ADDED HE REMAINED"

SIX months to six years added he remained
Upon this sinful earth, by sin unstained :

O blessed Lord ! whose mercy then removed
A Child whom every eye that looked on loved ;
Support us, teach us calmly to resign

What we possessed, and now is wholly thine !
1836.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY

1837

During my whole life I had felt a strong desire to visit Rome and the other celebrated cities and regions of Italy, but did not think myself justified in incurring the necessary expense till I received from Mr. Moxon, the publisher of a large edition of my poems, a sum sufficient to enable me to gratify my wish without encroaching upon what I considered due to my family. My excellent friend H. C. Robinson readily consented to accompany me, and in March 1837, we set off from London, to which we returned in August, earlier than my companion wished or I should myself have desired had I been, like him, a bachelor. These Memorials of that tour touch upon but a very few of the places and objects that interested me, and, in what they do advert to, are for the most part much slighter than I could wish. More particularly do I regret that there is no notice in them of the South of France, nor of the Roman antiquities abounding in that district, especially of the Pont de Degard, which, together with its situation, impressed me full as much as any remains of Roman architecture to be found in Italy. Then there was Vaucluse, with its Fountain, its Petrarch, its rocks of all seasons, its small plots of lawn in their first vernal freshness, and the blossoms of the peach and other trees embellishing the scene on every side. The beauty of the stream also called forcibly for the expression of sympathy from one who from his childhood had studied the brooks and torrents of his native mountains. Between two and three hours did I run about climbing the steep and rugged crags from whose base the water of Vaucluse breaks forth. "Has Laura's Lover," often said I to myself, "ever sat down upon this stone? or has his foot ever pressed that turf?" Some, especially of the female sex, would have felt sure of it: my answer was (impute it to my years), "I fear not." Is it not in fact obvious that many of his love verses must have flowed I do not say from a wish to display his own talent, but from a habit of exercising his intellect in that way rather than from an impulse of his heart? It is otherwise with his Lyrical poems, and particularly with the one upon the degradation of his country: there he pours out his reproaches, lamentations, and aspirations like an ardent and sincere patriot. But enough: it is time to turn to my own effusions, such as they are.

TO

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

COMPANION! by whose buoyant Spirit cheered,
In whose experience trusting, day by day
Treasures I gained with zeal that neither feared
The toils nor felt the crosses of the way,
These records take, and happy should I be
Were but the Gift a meet Return to thee
For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,
And prompt self-sacrifice to which I owe
Far more than any heart but mine can know.

W. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, *Feb. 14th, 1842.*

The Tour of which the following Poems are very inadequate remembrances was shortened by report, too well founded, of the prevalence of Cholera at Naples. To make some amends for what was reluctantly left unseen in the South of Italy, we visited the Tuscan Sanctuaries among the Apennines, and the principal Italian Lakes among the Alps. Neither of those lakes, nor of Venice, is there any notice in these Poems, chiefly because I have touched upon them elsewhere. See, in particular, "Descriptive Sketches," "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent in 1820," and a Sonnet upon the extinction of the Venetian Republic.

I

MUSINGS NEAR AQUAPENDENTE

APRIL 1837

"Not the less

Had his sunk eye kindled at those dear words
That spake of bards and minstrels."

His, Sir Walter Scott's eye, *did* in fact kindle at them, for the lines, "Places forsaken now," and the two that follow were adopted from a poem of mine which nearly forty years ago was in part read to him, and he never forgot them.

"Old Helvellyn's brow,

Where once together, in his day of strength,
We stood rejoicing."

Sir Humphrey Davy was with us at the time. We had ascended from Paterdale, and I could not but admire the vigour with which Scott scrambled along that horn of the mountain called "Striding Edge." Our progress was necessarily slow, and was beguiled by Scott's telling many stories and amusing anecdotes, as was his custom. Sir H. Davy would have probably been better pleased if other topics had occasionally been introduced, and some discussion entered upon: at all events he did not remain with us long at

the top of the mountain, but left us to find our way down its steep side together into the vale of Grasmere, where, at my cottage, Mrs. Scott was to meet us at dinner.

"With faint smile

He said, — "When I am there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow."

See among these notes the one on "Yarrow Revisited."

"A few short steps (painful they were)."

This, though introduced here, I did not know till it was told me at Rome by Miss Mackenzie of Seaforth, a lady whose friendly attentions during my residence at Rome I have gratefully acknowledged, with expressions of sincere regret that she is no more. Miss M. told me that she accompanied Sir Walter to the Janicular Mount, and, after showing him the grave of Tasso in the church upon the top, and a mural monument there erected to his memory, they left the church and stood together on the brow of the hill overlooking the city of Rome: his daughter Anne was with them, and she, naturally desirous, for the sake of Miss Mackenzie especially, to have some expression of pleasure from her father, half reproached him for showing nothing of that kind either by his looks or voice: "How can I," replied he, "having only one leg to stand upon, and that in extreme pain!" so that the prophecy was more than fulfilled.

"Over waves rough and deep."

We took boat near the lighthouse at the point of the right horn of the bay which makes a sort of natural port for Genoa; but the wind was high, and the waves long and rough, so that I did not feel quite recompensed by the view of the city, splendid as it was, for the danger apparently incurred. The boatman (I had only one) encouraged me, saying we were quite safe, but I was not a little glad when we gained the shore, though Shelley and Byron—one of them at least, who seemed to have courted agitation from any quarter—would have probably rejoiced in such a situation: more than once I believe were they both in extreme danger even on the Lake of Geneva. Every man however has his fears of some kind or other; and no doubt they had theirs: of all men whom I have ever known, Coleridge had the most of passive courage in bodily peril, but no one was so easily cowed when moral firmness was required in miscellaneous conversation or in the daily intercourse of social life.

"How lovely robed in forenoon light and shade,
Each ministering to each, didst thou appear,
Savona."

There is not a single bay along this beautiful coast that might not raise in a traveller a wish to take up his abode there, each as it succeeds seems more inviting than the other; but the desolated convent on the cliff in the bay of Savona struck my fancy most; and had I, for the sake of my own health or that of a dear friend, or any other cause, been desirous of a residence abroad, I should have let my thoughts loose upon a scheme of turning some part of this building into a habitation provided as far as might be with English comforts. There is close by it a row or avenue, I forget which, of tall cypresses. I could not forbear saying to myself—"What a sweet family walk, or one for lonely musings, would be found under the shade!" but there, probably, the trees remained little noticed and seldom enjoyed.

"This flowering broom's dear neighbourhood."

The broom is a great ornament through the months of March and April to the vales and hills of the Apennines, in the wild parts of which it blows in the utmost profusion, and of course successively at different elevations as the season advances. It surpasses ours in beauty and fragrance, but, speaking from my own limited observation only, I cannot affirm the same of several of their wild spring flowers, the primroses in particular, which I saw not unfrequently but thinly scattered and languishing compared to ours.

The note at the close of this poem, upon the Oxford movement, was intrusted to my friend Mr. Frederick Faber. I told him what I wished to be said, and begged that, as he was intimately acquainted with several of the Leaders of it, he would express my thought in the way least likely to be taken amiss by them. Much of the work they are undertaking was grievously wanted, and God grant their endeavours may continue to prosper as they have done.

YE Apennines! with all your fertile vales
Deeply embosomed, and your winding
shores

Of either sea—an Islander by birth,
A Mountaineer by habit, would resound
Your praise, in meet accordance with your
claims

Bestowed by Nature, or from man's great
deeds

Inherited:—presumptuous thought!—it fled
Like vapour, like a towering cloud, dissolved.
Not, therefore, shall my mind give way to
sadness;—

Yon snow-white torrent-fall, plumb down
it drops

Yet ever hangs or seems to hang in air,
Lulling the leisure of that high perched
town,

AQUAPENDENTE, in her lofty site
Its neighbour and its namesake—town,
and flood

Forth flashing out of its own gloomy chasm
Bright sunbeams—the fresh verdure of this
lawn

Strewn with grey rocks, and on the horizon's
verge,

O'er intervenient waste, through glimmer-
ing haze,

Unquestionably kenned, that cone-shaped
hill

With fractured summit, no indifferent sight
To travellers, from such comforts as are
thine,

Bleak Radicofani! escaped with joy—
These are before me; and the varied scene
May well suffice, till noon-tide's sultry
heat

Relax, to fix and satisfy the mind
Passive yet pleased. What! with this
Broom in flower

Close at my side! She bids me fly to greet
Her sisters, soon like her to be attired
With golden blossoms opening at the feet
Of my own Fairfield. The glad greeting
given,

Given with a voice and by a look returned
Of old companionship, Time counts not
minutes

Ere, from accustomed paths, familiar fields,
The local Genius hurries me aloft,

Transported over that cloud-wooing hill,
Seat Sandal, a fond suitor of the clouds,

With dream-like smoothness, to Helvellyn's
top,

There to alight upon crisp moss and range,
Obtaining ampler boon, at every step,

Of visual sovereignty—hills multitudinous,
(Not Apennine can boast of fairer) hills

Pride of two nations, wood and lake and
plains,

And prospect right below of deep coves
shaped

By skeleton arms, that, from the mountain's
trunk

Extended, clasp the winds, with mutual
moan

Struggling for liberty, while undismayed

The shepherd struggles with them. On-
ward thence
And downward by the skirt of Greenside
fell,
And by Glenridding-screes, and low Glen-
coign,
Places forsaken now, though loving still
The muses, as they loved them in the days
Of the old minstrels and the border bards.—
But here am I fast bound; and let it pass,
The simple rapture;—who that travels far
To feed his mind with watchful eyes could
share
Or wish to share it?—One there surely was,
“The Wizard of the North,” with anxious
hope
Brought to this genial climate, when disease
Preyed upon body and mind—yet not the
less
Had his sunk eye kindled at those dear
words
That spake of bards and minstrels; and
his spirit
Had flown with mine to old Helvellyn's
brow,
Where once together, in his day of strength,
We stood rejoicing, as if earth were free
From sorrow, like the sky above our heads.
Years followed years, and when, upon
the eve
Of his last going from Tweed-side, thought
turned,
Or by another's sympathy was led,
To this bright land, Hope was for him no
friend,
Knowledge no help; Imagination shaped
No promise. Still, in more than ear-deep
seats,
Survives for me, and cannot but survive
The tone of voice which wedded borrowed
words
To sadness not their own, when, with
faint smile
Forced by intent to take from speech its
edge,
He said, “When I am there, although 'tis
fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow.”¹ Prophecy
More than fulfilled, as gay Campania's
shores
Soon witnessed, and the city of seven hills,
Her sparkling fountains. and her mouldering
tombs;

¹ See Note.

And more than all, that Eminence which
showed
Her splendours, seen, not felt, the while
he stood
A few short steps (painful they were) apart
From Tasso's Convent-haven, and retired
grave.
Peace to their Spirits! why should Poesy
Yield to the lure of vain regret, and hover
In gloom on wings with confidence out-
spread
To move in sunshine?—Utter thanks, my
Soul!
Tempered with awe, and sweetened by
compassion
For them who in the shades of sorrow
dwell,
That I—so near the term to human life
Appointed by man's common heritage,
Frail as the frailest, one withal (if that
Deserve a thought) but little known to
fame—
Am free to rove where Nature's loveliest
looks,
Art's noblest relics, history's rich bequests,
Failed to reanimate and but feebly cheered
The whole world's Darling—free to rove at
will
O'er high and low, and if requiring rest,
Rest from enjoyment only.
Thanks poured forth
For what thus far hath blessed my wander-
ings, thanks
Fervent but humble as the lips can breathe
Where gladness seems a duty—let me
guard
Those seeds of expectation which the fruit
Already gathered in this favoured Land
Enfolds within its core. The faith be
mine,
That He who guides and governs all,
approves
When gratitude, though disciplined to look
Beyond these transient spheres, doth wear
a crown
Of earthly hope put on with trembling
hand;
Nor is least pleased, we trust, when golden
beams,
Reflected through the mists of age, from
hours
Of innocent delight, remote or recent,
Shoot but a little way—'tis all they can—
Into the doubtful future. Who would keep

Power must resolve to cleave to it through
life,

Else it deserts him, surely as he lives.

Saints would not grieve nor guardian angels
frown

If one—while tossed, as was my lot to be,
In a frail bark urged by two slender oars
Over waves rough and deep, that, when
they broke,

Dashed their white foam against the palace
walls

Of Genoa the superb—should there be led
To meditate upon his own appointed tasks,
However humble in themselves, with
thoughts

Raised and sustained by memory of Him
Who oftentimes within those narrow bounds
Rocked on the surge, there tried his spirit's
strength

And grasp of purpose, long ere sailed his
ship

To lay a new world open.

Nor less prized

Be those impressions which incline the
heart

To mild, to lowly, and to seeming weak,
Bend that way her desires. The dew, the
storm—

The dew whose moisture fell in gentle
drops

On the small hyssop destined to become,
By Hebrew ordinance devoutly kept,
A purifying instrument—the storm
That shook on Lebanon the cedar's top,
And as it shook, enabling the blind roots
Further to force their way, endowed its
trunk

With magnitude and strength fit to uphold
The glorious temple—did alike proceed
From the same gracious will, were both an
offspring

Of bounty infinite.

Between Powers that aim

Higher to lift their lofty heads, impelled
By no profane ambition, Powers that thrive
By conflict, and their opposites, that trust
In lowliness—a midway tract there lies
Of thoughtful sentiment for every mind
Pregnant with good. Young, Middle-aged,
and Old,

From century on to century, must have
known

The emotion—nay, more fitly were it said—
The blest tranquillity that sunk so deep

Into my spirit, when I paced, enclosed
In Pisa's Campo Santo, the smooth floor
Of its Arcades paved with sepulchral slabs,
And through each window's open fretwork
looked

O'er the blank Area of sacred earth
Fetched from Mount Calvary, or haply
delved

In precincts nearer to the Saviour's tomb,
By hands of men, humble as brave, who
fought

For its deliverance—a capacious field
That to descendants of the dead it holds
And to all living mute memento breathes,
More touching far than ought which on the
walls

Is pictured, or their epitaphs can speak,
Of the changed City's long-departed power,
Glory, and wealth, which, perilous as they
are,

Here did not kill, but nourished, Piety.
And, high above that length of cloistral
roof,

Peering in air and backed by azure sky,
To kindred contemplations ministers
The Baptistery's dome, and that which
swells

From the Cathedral pile; and with the
twain

Conjoined in prospect mutable or fixed
(As hurry on in eagerness the feet,
Or pause) the summit of the Leaning-
tower.

Nor less remuneration waits on him
Who having left the Cemetery stands
In the Tower's shadow, of decline and fall
Admonished not without some sense of
fear,

Fear that soon vanishes before the sight
Of splendour unextinguished, pomp un-
scathed,

And beauty unimpaired. Grand in itself,
And for itself, the assemblage, grand and
fair

To view, and for the mind's consenting
eye

A type of age in man, upon its front
Bearing the world-acknowledged evidence
Of past exploits, nor fondly after more
Struggling against the stream of destiny,
But with its peaceful majesty content.

—Oh what a spectacle at every turn
The Place unfolds, from pavement skinned
with moss

Or grass-grown spaces, where the heaviest
foot

Provokes no echoes, but must softly tread;
Where Solitude with Silence paired stops
short

Of Desolation, and to Ruin's scythe
Decay submits not.

But where'er my steps
Shall wander, chiefly let me cull with care
Those images of genial beauty, oft
Too lovely to be pensive in themselves
But by reflection made so, which do best
And fittest serve to crown with fragrant
wreaths

Life's cup when almost filled with years,
like mine

—How lovely robed in forenoon light and
shade,

Each ministering to each, didst thou appear
Savona, Queen of territory fair

As aught that marvellous coast thro' all its
length

Yields to the Stranger's eye. Remembrance
holds

As a selected treasure thy one cliff,
That, while it wore for melancholy crest
A shattered Convent, yet rose proud to have
Clinging to its steep sides a thousand herbs
And shrubs, whose pleasant looks gave
proof how kind

The breath of air can be where earth had
else

Seemed churlish. And behold, both far
and near,

Garden and field all decked with orange
bloom,

And peach and citron, in Spring's mildest
breeze

Expanding; and, along the smooth shore
curved

Into a natural port, a tideless sea,
To that mild breeze with motion and with
voice

Softly responsive; and, attuned to all
Those vernal charms of sight and sound,
appeared

Smooth space of turf which from the guard-
ian fort

Sloped seaward, turf whose tender April
green,

In coolest climes too fugitive, might even
here

Plead with the sovereign Sun for longer stay
Than his unmitigated beams allow,

Nor plead in vain, if beauty could preserve,
From mortal change, aught that is born on
earth

Or doth on time depend.

While on the brink
Of that high Convent-crested cliff I stood,
Modest Savona! over all did brood
A pure poetic Spirit—as the breeze,
Mild—as the verdure, fresh—the sunshine,
bright—

Thy gentle Chiabrera!—not a stone,
Mural or level with the trodden floor,
In Church or Chapel, if my curious quest
Missed not the truth, retains a single name
Of young or old, warrior, or saint, or sage,
To whose dear memories his sepulchral verse¹
Paid simple tribute, such as might have
flowed

From the clear spring of a plain English
heart,

Say rather, one in native fellowship
With all who want not skill to couple grief
With praise, as genuine admiration prompts.
The grief, the praise, are severed from their
dust,

Yet in his page the records of that worth
Survive, uninjured;—glory then to words,
Honour to word-preserving Arts, and hail
Ye kindred local influences that still,
If Hope's familiar whispers merit faith,
Await my steps when they the breezy height
Shall range of philosophic Tusculum;
Or Sabine vales explored inspire a wish
To meet the shade of Horace by the side
Of his Bandusian fount; or I invoke
His presence to point out the spot where
once

He sate, and eulogized with earnest pen
Peace, leisure, freedom, moderate desires;
And all the immunities of rural life
Extolled, behind Vacuna's crumbling fane.
Or let me loiter, soothed with what is given
Nor asking more, on that delicious Bay,
Parthenope's Domain—Virgilian haunt,
Illustrated with never-dying verse,
And, by the Poet's laurel-shaded tomb,
Age after age to Pilgrims from all lands
Endeared.

And who—if not a man as cold
In heart as dull in brain—while pacing
ground
Chosen by Rome's legendary Bards, high
minds

¹ See Note.

Out of her early struggles well inspired
To localize heroic acts—could look
Upon the spots with undelighted eye,
Though even to their last syllable the Lays
And very names of those who gave them
birth

Have perished?—Verily, to her utmost
depth,

Imagination feels what Reason fears not
To recognize, the lasting virtue lodged
In those bold fictions that, by deeds assigned
To the Valerian, Fabian, Curian Race,
And others like in fame, created Powers
With attributes from History derived,
By Poesy irradiate, and yet graced,
Through marvellous felicity of skill,
With something more propitious to high
aims

Than either, pent within her separate
sphere,

Can oft with justice claim.

And not disdaining

Union with those primeval energies
To virtue consecrate, stoop ye from your
height

Christian Traditions! at my Spirit's call
Descend, and, on the brow of ancient
Rome

As she survives in ruin, manifest
Your glories mingled with the brightest hues
Of her memorial halo, fading, fading,
But never to be extinct while Earth endures.
O come, if undishonoured by the prayer,
From all her Sanctuaries!—Open for my
feet

Ye Catacombs, give to mine eyes a glimpse
Of the Devout, as, 'mid your glooms convened

For safety, they of yore enclasped the Cross
On knees that ceased from trembling, or
intoned

Their orisons with voices half-suppressed,
But sometimes heard, or fancied to be
heard,

Even at this hour.

And thou Mamertine prison,
Into that vault receive me from whose
depth

Issues, revealed in no presumptuous vision,
Albeit lifting human to divine,

A Saint, the Church's Rock, the mystic
Keys

Grasped in his hand; and lo! with upright
sword

Prefiguring his own impendent doom,
The Apostle of the Gentiles; both prepared
To suffer pains with heathen scorn and
hate

Inflicted;—blessèd Men, for so to Heaven
They follow their dear Lord!

Time flows—nor winds,

Nor stagnates, nor precipitates his course,
But many a benefit borne upon his breast
For human-kind sinks out of sight, is gone,
No one knows how; nor seldom is put forth
An angry arm that snatches good away,
Never perhaps to reappear. The Stream
Has to our generation brought and brings
Innumerable gains; yet we, who now
Walk in the light of day, pertain full surely
To a chilled age, most pitiably shut out
From that which *is* and actuates, by forms,
Abstractions, and by lifeless fact to fact
Minutely linked with diligence uninspired,
Unrectified, unguided, unsustained,

By godlike insight. To this fate is doomed
Science, wide-spread and spreading still as
be

Her conquests, in the world of sense made
known,

So with the internal mind it fares; and so
With morals, trusting, in contempt or fear
Of vital principle's controlling law,
To her purblind guide Expediency; and so
Suffers religious faith. Elate with view
Of what is won, we overlook or scorn
The best that should keep pace with it, and
must,

Else more and more the general mind will
droop,

Even as if bent on perishing. There lives
No faculty within us which the Soul
Can spare, and humblest earthly Weal
demands,

For dignity not placed beyond her reach,
Zealous co-operation of all means
Given or acquired, to raise us from the mire,
And liberate our hearts from low pursuits.
By gross Utilities enslaved, we need
More of ennobling impulse from the past,
If to the future aught of good must come
Sounder and therefore holier than the ends
Which, in the giddiness of self-applause,
We covet as supreme. O grant the crown
That Wisdom wears, or take his treacher-
ous staff

From Knowledge!—If the Muse, whom I
have served

This day, be mistress of a single pearl
Fit to be placed in that pure diadem ;
Then, not in vain, under these chestnut
boughs

Reclined, shall I have yielded up my soul
To transports from the secondary founts
Flowing of time and place, and paid to
both

Due homage; nor shall fruitlessly have
striven,

By love of beauty moved, to enshrine in
verse

Accordant meditations, which in times
Vexed and disordered, as our own, may
shed

Influence, at least among a scattered few,
To soberness of mind and peace of heart
Friendly; as here to my repose hath been
This flowering broom's dear neighbourhood,
the light

And murmur issuing from yon pendent
flood,

And all the varied landscape. Let us now
Rise, and to-morrow greet magnificent
Rome.¹

II

THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO AT ROME

Sir George Beaumont told me that, when he first visited Italy, pine-trees of this species abounded, but that on his return thither, which was more than thirty years after, they had disappeared from many places where he had been accustomed to admire them, and had become rare all over the country, especially in and about Rome. Several Roman villas have within these few years passed into the hands of foreigners, who, I observed with pleasure, have taken care to plant this tree, which in course of years will become a great ornament to the city and to the general landscape. May I venture to add here, that having ascended the Monte Mario, I could not resist embracing the trunk of this interesting monument of my departed friend's feelings for the beauties of nature, and the power of that art which he loved so much, and in the practice of which he was so distinguished.

I saw far off the dark top of a Pine
Look like a cloud—a slender stem the tie
That bound it to its native earth—poised
high
Mid evening hues, along the horizon line,

¹ See Note.

Striving in peace each other to outshine.
But when I learned the Tree was living there,
Saved from the sordid axe by Beaumont's
care,

Oh, what a gush of tenderness was mine !
The rescued Pine-Tree, with its sky so bright
And cloud-like beauty, rich in thoughts of
home,

Death-parted friends, and days too swift in
flight,

Supplanted the whole majesty of Rome
(Then first apparent from the Pincian
Height)

Crowned with St. Peter's everlasting Dome.²

III

AT ROME

Sight is at first a sad enemy to imagination and to those pleasures belonging to old times with which some exertions of that power will always mingle: nothing perhaps brings this truth home to the feelings more than the city of Rome; not so much in respect to the impression made at the moment when it is first seen and looked at as a whole, for then the imagination may be invigorated and the mind eye's quickened; but when particular spots or objects are sought out, disappointment is I believe invariably felt. Ability to recover from this disappointment will exist in proportion to knowledge, and the power of the mind to reconstruct out of fragments and parts, and to make details in the present subservient to more adequate comprehension of the past.

Is this, ye Gods, the Capitolian Hill?
Yon petty Steep in truth the fearful Rock,
Tarpeian named of yore, and keeping still
That name, a local Phantom proud to mock
The Traveller's expectation?—Could our
Will

Destroy the ideal Power within, 'twere done
'Thro' what men see and touch,—slaves
wandering on,

Impelled by thirst of all but Heaven-taught
skill.

Full oft, our wish obtained, deeply we sigh;
Yet not unrecompensed are they who learn,
From that depression raised, to mount on
high

With stronger wing, more clearly to discern
Eternal things; and, if need be, defy
Change, with a brow not insolent, though
stern.

² See Note.

IV

AT ROME—REGRETS—IN ALLUSION TO
NIEBUHR AND OTHER MODERN HIS-
TORIANS

THOSE old credulities, to nature dear,
Shall they no longer bloom upon the stock
Of History, stript naked as a rock
'Mid a dry desert? What is it we hear?
The glory of Infant Rome must disappear,
Her morning splendours vanish, and their
place

Know them no more. If Truth, who veiled
her face

With those bright beams yet hid it not,
must steer

Henceforth a humbler course perplexed and
slow;

One solace yet remains for us who came
Into this world in days when story lacked
Severe research, that in our hearts we
know

How, for exciting youth's heroic flame,
Assent is power, belief the soul of fact.

V

CONTINUED

COMPLACENT Fictions were they, yet the
same

Involved a history of no doubtful sense,
History that proves by inward evidence
From what a precious source of truth it
came.

Ne'er could the boldest Eulogist have
dared

Such deeds to paint, such characters to
frame,

But for coeval sympathy prepared
To greet with instant faith their loftiest
claim.

None but a noble people could have loved
Flattery in Ancient Rome's pure-minded
style:

Not in like sort the Runic Scald was
moved;

He, nursed 'mid savage passions that defile
Humanity, sang feats that well might call
For the blood-thirsty mead of Odin's
riotous Hall.

VI

PLEA FOR THE HISTORIAN

FORBEAR to deem the Chronicler unwise,
Ungentle, or untouched by seemly ruth,
Who, gathering up all that Time's envious
tooth

Has spared of sound and grave realities,
Firmly rejects those dazzling flatteries,
Dear as they are to unsuspecting Youth,
That might have drawn down Clio from the
skies

To vindicate the majesty of truth.

Such was her office while she walked with
men,

A Muse, who, not unmindful of her Sire
All-ruling Jove, whate'er the theme might
be

Revered her Mother, sage Mnemosyne,
And taught her faithful servants how the
lyre

Should animate, but not mislead, the pen.¹

VII

AT ROME

I have a private interest in this Sonnet, for I
doubt whether it would ever have been written
but for the lively picture given me by Anna
Ricketts of what they had witnessed of the indig-
nation and sorrow expressed by some Italian
noblemen of their acquaintance upon the sur-
render, which circumstances had obliged them to
make, of the best portion of their family mansions
to strangers.

THEY—who have seen the noble Roman's
scorn

Break forth at thought of laying down his
head,

When the blank day is over, garreted
In his ancestral palace, where, from morn
To night, the desecrated floors are worn
By feet of purse-proud strangers; they—
who have read

In one meek smile, beneath a peasant's
shed,

How patiently the weight of wrong is
borne;

They—who have heard some learned
Patriot treat

¹ Quem virum—lyra—
—sumes celebrare Clio?

Of freedom, with mind grasping the whole
 theme
 From ancient Rome, downwards through
 that bright dream
 Of Commonwealths, each city a starlike seat
 Of rival glory; they—fallen Italy—
 Nor must, nor will, nor can, despair of
 Thee!

VIII

NEAR ROME, IN SIGHT OF ST. PETER'S

LONG has the dew been dried on tree and
 lawn:
 O'er man and beast a not unwelcome boon
 Is shed, the languor of approaching noon;
 To shady rest withdrawing or withdrawn
 Mute are all creatures, as this couchant
 fawn,
 Save insect-swarms that hum in air afloat,
 Save that the Cock is crowing, a shrill note,
 Startling and shrill as that which roused the
 dawn.
 —Heard in that hour, or when, as now, the
 nerve
 Shrinks from the note as from a mistimed
 thing,
 Oft for a holy warning may it serve,
 Charged with remembrance of *his* sudden
 sting,
 His bitter fears, whose name the Papal
 Chair
 And yon resplendent Church are proud to
 bear.

IX

AT ALBANO

This Sonnet is founded on simple fact, and was
 written to enlarge, if possible, the views of those
 who can see nothing but evil in the intercessions
 countenanced by the Church of Rome. That
 they are in many respects lamentably pernicious
 must be acknowledged; but, on the other hand,
 they who reflect, while they see and observe,
 cannot but be struck with instances which will
 prove that it is a great error to condemn in all
 cases such mediation as purely idolatrous. This
 remark bears with especial force upon addresses
 to the Virgin.

DAYS passed—and Monte Calvo would not
 clear

His head from mist; and, as the wind
 sobbed through
 Albano's dripping Ilex avenue,
 My dull forebodings in a Peasant's ear
 Found casual vent. She said, "Be of
 good cheer;
 Our yesterday's procession did not sue
 In vain; the sky will change to sunny blue,
 Thanks to our Lady's grace." I smiled to
 hear,
 But not in scorn:—the Matron's Faith may
 lack
 The heavenly sanction needed to ensure
 Fulfilment; but, we trust, her upward track
 Stops not at this low point, nor wants the
 lure
 Of flowers the Virgin without fear may own,
 For by her Son's blest hand the seed was
 sown.

X

NEAR Anio's stream, I spied a gentle Dove
 Perched on an olive branch, and heard her
 cooing
 'Mid new-born blossoms that soft airs were
 wooing,
 While all things present told of joy and
 love.
 But restless Fancy left that olive grove
 To hail the exploratory Bird renewing
 Hope for the few, who, at the world's un-
 doing,
 On the great flood were spared to live and
 move.
 O bounteous Heaven! signs true as dove
 and bough
 Brought to the ark are coming evermore,
 Given though we seek them not, but, while
 we plough
 This sea of life without a visible shore,
 Do neither promise ask nor grace implore
 In what alone is ours, the living Now.

XI

FROM THE ALBAN HILLS, LOOKING
 TOWARDS ROME

FORGIVE, illustrious Country! these deep
 sighs,
 Heaved less for thy bright plains and hills
 bestrown

With monuments decayed or overthrown,
 For all that tottering stands or prostrate
 lies,
 Than for like scenes in moral vision shown,
 Ruin perceived for keener sympathies;
 Faith crushed, yet proud of weeds, her
 gaudy crown;
 Virtues laid low, and mouldering energies.
 Yet why prolong this mournful strain?—
 Fallen Power,
 Thy fortunes, twice exalted, might provoke
 Verse to glad notes prophetic of the hour
 When thou, uprisen, shalt break thy double
 yoke,
 And enter, with prompt aid from the Most
 High,
 On the third stage of thy great destiny.

XII

NEAR THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE

WHEN here with Carthage Rome to conflict
 came,
 An earthquake, mingling with the battle's
 shock,
 Checked not its rage; unfelt the ground
 did rock,
 Sword dropped not, javelin kept its deadly
 aim.—
 Now all is sun-bright peace. Of that day's
 shame,
 Or glory, not a vestige seems to endure,
 Save in this Rill that took from blood the
 name¹
 Which yet it bears, sweet Stream! as
 crystal pure.
 So may all trace and sign of deeds aloof
 From the true guidance of humanity,
 Thro' Time and Nature's influence, purify
 Their spirit; or, unless they for reproof
 Or warning serve, thus let them all, on
 ground
 That gave them being, vanish to a sound.

XIII

NEAR THE SAME LAKE

FOR action born, existing to be tried,
 Powers manifold we have that intervene

¹ Sanguinetto.

To stir the heart that would too closely
 screen
 Her peace from images to pain allied.
 What wonder if at midnight, by the side
 Of Sanguinetto, or broad Thrasymane,
 The clang of arms is heard, and phantoms
 glide,
 Unhappy ghosts in troops by moonlight
 seen;
 And singly thine, O vanquished Chief!
 whose corse,
 Unburied, lay hid under heaps of slain:
 But who is He?—the Conqueror. Would
 he force
 His way to Rome? Ah, no,—round hill
 and plain
 Wandering, he haunts, at fancy's strong
 command,
 This spot—his shadowy death-cup in his
 hand.

XIV

THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA

MAY 25, 1837

Among a thousand delightful feelings connected
 in my mind with the voice of the cuckoo, there is
 a personal one which is rather melancholy. I
 was first convinced that age had rather dulled my
 hearing, by not being able to catch the sound at
 the same distance as the younger companions of
 my walks; and of this failure I had a proof upon
 the occasion that suggested these verses. I did
 not hear the sound till Mr. Robinson had twice
 or thrice directed my attention to it.

LIST—'twas the Cuckoo.—O with what
 delight
 Heard I that voice! and catch it now
 though faint,
 Far off and faint, and melting into air,
 Yet not to be mistaken. Hark again!
 Those louder cries give notice that the Bird,
 Although invisible as Echo's self,
 Is wheeling hitherward. Thanks, happy
 Creature,
 For this unthought-of greeting!

While allured
 From vale to hill, from hill to vale led on,
 We have pursued, through various lands,
 a long
 And pleasant course; flower after flower
 has blown,

Embellishing the ground that gave them
birth

With aspects novel to my sight; but still
Most fair, most welcome, when they drank
the dew

In a sweet fellowship with kinds beloved,
For old remembrance sake. And oft—
where Spring

Displayed her richest blossoms among files
Of orange-trees bedecked with glowing
fruit

Ripe for the hand, or under a thick shade
Of Ilex, or, if better suited to the hour,
The lightsome Olive's twinkling canopy—
Oft have I heard the Nightingale and
Thrush

Blending as in a common English grove
Their love-songs; but, where'er my feet
might roam,

Whate'er assemblages of new and old,
Strange and familiar, might beguile the
way,

A gratulation from that vagrant Voice
Was wanting,—and most happily till now.

For see, Laverna! mark the far-famed
Pile,

High on the brink of that precipitous rock,
Implanted like a Fortress, as in truth
It is, a Christian Fortress, garrisoned
In faith and hope, and dutiful obedience,
By a few Monks, a stern society,
Dead to the world and scorning earth-born
joys.

Nay—though the hopes that drew, the
fears that drove,

St. Francis, far from Man's resort, to abide
Among these sterile heights of Apennine,
Bound him, nor, since he raised yon House,
have ceased

To bind his spiritual Progeny, with rules
Stringent as flesh can tolerate and live;
His milder Genius (thanks to the good God
That made us) over those severe restraints
Of mind, that dread heart-freezing discipline,
Doth sometimes here predominate, and
works

By unsought means for gracious purposes;
For earth through heaven, for heaven, by
changeable earth,

Illustrated, and mutually endeared.

Rapt though He were above the power of
sense,

Familiarly, yet out of the cleansed heart
Of that once sinful Being overflowed

On sun, moon, stars, the nether elements,
And every shape of creature they sustain,
Divine affections; and with beast and
bird

(Stilled from afar—such marvel story tells—
By casual outbreak of his passionate words,
And from their own pursuits in field or
grove

Drawn to his side by look or act of love
Humane, and virtue of his innocent life)
He wont to hold companionship so free,
So pure, so fraught with knowledge and
delight,

As to be likened in his Followers' minds
To that which our first Parents, ere the
fall

From their high state darkened the Earth
with fear,

Held with all kinds in Eden's blissful bowers.
Then question not that, 'mid the austere
Band,

Who breathe the air he breathed, tread
where he trod,

Some true Partakers of his loving spirit
Do still survive, and, with those gentle
hearts

Consorted, Others, in the power, the faith,
Of a baptized imagination, prompt
To catch from Nature's humblest monitors
Whate'er they bring of impulses sublime.

Thus sensitive must be the Monk, though
pale

With fasts, with vigils worn, depressed by
years,

Whom in a sunny glade I chanced to see,
Upon a pine-tree's storm-uprooted trunk,
Seated alone, with forehead sky-ward raised,
Hands clasped above the crucifix he wore
Appended to his bosom, and lips closed
By the joint pressure of his musing mood
And habit of his vow. That ancient Man—
Nor haply less the Brother whom I marked,
As we approached the Convent gate, aloft
Looking far forth from his aerial cell,
A young Ascetic—Poet, Hero, Sage,
He might have been, Lover belike he was—
If they received into a conscious ear
The notes whose first faint greeting startled
me,

Whose sedulous iteration thrilled with joy
My heart—may have been moved like me
to think,

Ah! not like me who walk in the world's
ways,

Sancti - little - house

On the great Prophet, styled *the Voice of One*

Crying amid the wilderness, and given,
Now that their snows must melt, their herbs
and flowers

Revive, their obstinate winter pass away,
That awful name to Thee, thee, simple
Cuckoo,

Wandering in solitude, and evermore
Foretelling and proclaiming, ere thou leave
This thy last haunt beneath Italian skies
To carry thy glad tidings over heights
Still loftier, and to climes more near the
Pole.

Voice of the Desert, fare-thee-well; sweet
Bird!

If that substantial title please thee more,
Farewell!—but go thy way, no need hast
thou

Of a good wish sent after thee; from bower
To bower as green, from sky to sky as
clear,

Thee gentle breezes waft—or airs, that
meet

Thy course and sport around thee, softly
fan—

Till Night, descending upon hill and vale,
Grants to thy mission a brief term of
silence,

And folds thy pinions up in blest repose.

XV

AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI

GRIEVE for the Man who hither came be-
reft,

And seeking consolation from above;
Nor grieve the less that skill to him was
left

To paint this picture of his lady-love:
Can she, a blessed saint, the work approve?
And oh, good Brethren of the cowl, a thing
So fair, to which with peril he must cling,
Destroy in pity, or with care remove.

That bloom—those eyes—can they assist
to bind

Thoughts that would stray from Heaven?
The dream must cease

To be; by Faith, not sight, his soul must
live;

Else will the enamoured Monk too surely
find

How wide a space can part from inward
peace
The most profound repose his cell can
give.

XVI

CONTINUED

THE world forsaken, all its busy cares
And stirring interests shunned with desperate
flight,

All trust abandoned in the healing might
Of virtuous action; all that courage dares,
Labour accomplishes, or patience bears—
Those helps rejected, they, whose minds
perceive

How subtly works man's weakness, sighs
may heave

For such a One beset with cloistral snares.
Father of Mercy! rectify his view,

If with his vows this object ill agree;

Shed over it thy grace, and thus subdue
Imperious passion in a heart set free:—

That earthly love may to herself be true,
Give him a soul that cleaveth unto thee.¹

XVII

AT THE EREMITES OR UPPER CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI

WHAT aim had they, the Pair of Monks,
in size

Enormous, dragged, while side by side
they sat,

By panting steers up to this convent gate?
How, with empurpled cheeks and pampered
eyes,

Dare they confront the lean austerities
Of Brethren who, here fixed, on Jesu wait
In sackcloth, and God's anger deprecate
Through all that humbles flesh and mortifies?
Strange contrast!—verily the world of
dreams,

Where mingle, as for mockery combined,
Things in their very essences at strife,
Shows not a sight incongruous as the
extremes

That everywhere, before the thoughtful
mind,

Meet on the solid ground of waking life.¹

¹ See Note.

XVIII

AT VALLOMBROSA¹

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd embower." 2

PARADISE LOST.

I must confess, though of course I did not acknowledge it in the few lines I wrote in the Strangers' book kept at the convent, that I was somewhat disappointed at Vallombrosa. I had expected, as the name implies, a deep and narrow valley overshadowed by enclosing hills; but the spot where the convent stands is in fact not a valley at all, but a cove or crescent open to an extensive prospect. In the book before mentioned, I read the notice in the English language that if any one would ascend the steep ground above the convent, and wander over it, he would be abundantly rewarded by magnificent views. I had not time to act upon this recommendation, and only went with my young guide to a point, nearly on a level with the site of the convent, that overlooks the vale of Arno for some leagues. To praise great and good men has ever been deemed one of the worthiest employments of poetry, but the objects of admiration vary so much with time and circumstances, and the noblest of mankind have been found, when intimately known, to be of characters so imperfect, that no eulogist can find a subject which he will venture upon with the animation necessary to create sympathy, unless he confines himself to a particular art or he takes something of a one-sided view of the person he is disposed to celebrate. This is a melancholy truth, and affords a strong reason for the poetic mind being chiefly exercised in works of fiction: the poet can then follow wherever the spirit of admiration leads him, unchecked by such suggestions as will be too apt to cross his way if all that he is prompted to utter is to be tested by fact. Something in this spirit I have written in the note attached to the sonnet on the king of Sweden; and many will think that in this poem and elsewhere I have spoken of the author of *Paradise Lost* in a strain of panegyric scarcely justifiable by the tenor of some of his opinions, whether theological or political, and by the temper he carried into public affairs in which, unfortunately for his genius, he was so much concerned.

"VALLOMBROSA—I longed in thy shadiest
wood

To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered
floor!"

¹ See Note.

² See for the two first lines, "Stanzas composed in the Simplon Pass."

Fond wish that was granted at last, and
the Flood,
That lulled me asleep bids me listen once
more.
Its murmur how soft! as it falls down the
steep,
Near that Cell—yon sequestered Retreat
high in air—
Where our Milton was wont lonely vigils
to keep
For converse with God, sought through
study and prayer.

The Monks still repeat the tradition with
pride,
And its truth who shall doubt? for his
Spirit is here;
In the cloud-piercing rocks doth her
grandeur abide,
In the pines pointing heavenward her
beauty austere;
In the flower-brept meadows his genius
we trace
Turned to humbler delights, in which youth
might confide,
That would yield him fit help while pre-
figuring that Place
Where, if Sin had not entered, Love never
had died.

When with life lengthened out came a
desolate time,
And darkness and danger had compassed
him round,
With a thought he would flee to these
haunts of his prime
And here once again a kind shelter be
found.
And let me believe that when nightly the
Muse
Did waft him to Sion, the glorified hill,
Here also, on some favoured height, he
would choose
To wander, and drink inspiration at will.

Vallombrosa! of thee I first heard in the
page
Of that holiest of Bards, and the name for
my mind
Had a musical charm, which the winter of
age
And the changes it brings had no power to
unbind.
And now, ye Miltonian shades! under you

I repose, nor am forced from sweet fancy
to part,
While your leaves I behold and the brooks
they will strew,
And the realised vision is clasped to my
heart.

Even so, and unblamed, we rejoice as we
may
In Forms that must perish, frail objects of
sense;
Unblamed—if the Soul be intent on the day
When the Being of Beings shall summon
her hence.
For he and he only with wisdom is blest
Who, gathering true pleasures wherever
they grow,
Looks up in all places, for joy or for rest,
To the Fountain whence Time and Eternity
flow.

XIX

AT FLORENCE

Upon what evidence the belief rests that this stone was a favourite seat of Dante, I do not know; but a man would little consult his own interest as a traveller, if he should busy himself with doubts as to the fact. The readiness with which traditions of this character are received, and the fidelity with which they are preserved from generation to generation, are an evidence of feelings honourable to our nature. I remember how, during one of my rambles in the course of a college vacation, I was pleased on being shown a seat near a kind of rocky cell at the source of the river, on which it was said that Congreve wrote his "Old Bachelor." One can scarcely hit on any performance less in harmony with the scene; but it was a local tribute paid to intellect by those who had not troubled themselves to estimate the moral worth of that author's comedies; and why should they? He was a man distinguished in his day; and the sequestered neighbourhood in which he often resided was perhaps as proud of him as Florence of her Dante: it is the same feeling, though proceeding from persons one cannot bring together in this way without offering some apology to the Shade of the great Visionary.

UNDER the shadow of a stately Pile,
The dome of Florence, pensive and alone,
Nor giving heed to aught that passed the
while,
I stood, and gazed upon a marble stone,

The laurelled Dante's favourite seat. A
throne,
In just esteem, it rivals; though no style
Be there of decoration to beguile
The mind, depressed by thought of great-
ness flown.
As a true man, who long had served the
lyre,
I gazed with earnestness, and dared no
more.
But in his breast the mighty Poet bore
A Patriot's heart, warm with undying fire.
Bold with the thought, in reverence I sate
down,
And, for a moment, filled that empty
Throne.

XX

BEFORE THE PICTURE OF THE BAPTIST,
BY RAPHAEL, IN THE GALLERY AT
FLORENCE

It was very hot weather during the week we stayed at Florence; and, never having been there before, I went through much hard service, and am not therefore *ashamed* to confess I fell asleep before this picture and sitting with my back towards the Venus de Medicis. Buonaparte—in answer to one who had spoken of his being in a sound sleep up to the moment when one of his great battles was to be fought, as a proof of the calmness of his mind and command over anxious thoughts—said frankly, that he slept because from bodily exhaustion he could not help it. In like manner it is noticed that criminals on the night previous to their execution seldom awake before they are called, a proof that the body is the master of us far more than we need be willing to allow. Should this note by any possible chance be seen by any of my countrymen who might have been in the gallery at the time (and several persons were there) and witnessed such an indecorum, I hope he will give up the opinion which he might naturally have formed to my prejudice.

THE Baptist might have been ordained to
cry
Forth from the towers of that huge Pile,
wherein
His Father served Jehovah; but how win
Due audience, how for aught but scorn
defy
The obstinate pride and wanton revelry
Of the Jerusalem below, her sin
And folly, if they with united din
Drown not at once mandate and prophecy?

Therefore the Voice spake from the Desert,
thence

To Her, as to her opposite in peace,
Silence, and holiness, and innocence,
To Her and to all Lands its warning sent,
Crying with earnestness that might not
cease,

"Make straight a highway for the Lord—
repent!"

XXI

AT FLORENCE—FROM MICHAEL ANGELO

However at first these two sonnets from Michael Angelo may seem in their spirit somewhat inconsistent with each other, I have not scrupled to place them side by side as characteristic of their great author, and others with whom he lived. I feel nevertheless a wish to know at what periods of his life they were respectively composed. The latter, as it expresses, was written in his advanced years when it was natural that the Platonism that pervades the one should give way to the Christian feeling that inspired the other: between both there is more than poetic affinity.

RAPT above earth by power of one fair
face,

Hers in whose sway alone my heart de-
lights,

I mingle with the blest on those pure
heights

Where Man, yet mortal, rarely finds a
place.

With Him who made the Work that Work
accords

So well, that by its help and through his
grace

I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds and
words,

Clasping her beauty in my soul's em-
brace.

Thus, if from two fair eyes mine cannot
turn,

I feel how in their presence doth abide
Light which to God is both the way and

guide;

And, kindling at their lustre, if I burn,
My noble fire emits the joyful ray

That through the realms of glory shines for
aye.

XXII

AT FLORENCE—FROM M. ANGELO

ETERNAL Lord! eased of a cumbrous
load,

And loosened from the world, I turn to
Thee;

Shun, like a shattered bark, the storm, and
flee

To thy protection for a safe abode.

The crown of thorns, hands pierced upon
the tree,

The meek, benign, and lacerated face,

To a sincere repentance promise grace.

To the sad soul give hope of pardon free.

With justice mark not Thou, O Light
divine,

My fault, nor hear it with thy sacred ear;

Neither put forth that way thy arm severe;

Wash with thy blood my sins; thereto in-
cline

More readily the more my years require

Help, and forgiveness speedy and entire.

XXIII

AMONG THE RUINS OF A CONVENT IN THE
APENNINES

The political revolutions of our time have multiplied, on the Continent, objects that unavoidably call forth reflections such as are expressed in these verses, but the Ruins in those countries are too recent to exhibit, in anything like an equal degree, the beauty with which time and nature have invested the remains of our Convents and Abbeys. These verses it will be observed take up the beauty long before it is matured, as one cannot but wish it may be among some of the desolations of Italy, France, and Germany.

YE Trees! whose slender roots entwine

Altars that piety neglects;

Whose infant arms enclasp the shrine

Which no devotion now respects;

If not a straggler from the herd

Here ruminates, nor shrouded bird,

Chanting her low-voiced hymn, take pride

In aught that ye would grace or hide—

How sadly is your love misplaced,

Fair Trees, your bounty run to waste!

Ye, too, wild Flowers! that no one heeds,
And ye—full often spurned as weeds—

In beauty clothed, or breathing sweetness
 From fractured arch and mouldering wall—
 Do but more touchingly recall
 Man's headstrong violence and Time's
 fleetness,
 Making the precincts ye adorn
 Appear to sight still more forlorn.

XXIV

IN LOMBARDY

SEE, where his difficult way that Old Man
 wins
 Bent by a load of Mulberry leaves!—most
 hard
 Appears *his* lot, to the small Worm's com-
 pared,
 For whom his toil with early day begins.
 Acknowledging no task-master, at will
 (As if her labour and her ease were twins)
She seems to work, at pleasure to lie still;—
 And softly sleeps within the thread she
 spins.
 So fare they—the Man serving as her Slave.
 Ere long their fates do each to each con-
 form:
 Both pass into new being,—but the Worm,
 Transfigured, sinks into a hopeless grave;
His volant Spirit will, he trusts, ascend
 To bliss unbounded, glory without end.

XXV

AFTER LEAVING ITALY

I had proof in several instances that the
 Carbonari, if I may still call them so, and their
 favours, are opening their eyes to the necessity
 of patience, and are intent upon spreading know-
 ledge actively but quietly as they can. May
 they have resolution to continue in this course!
 for it is the only one by which they can truly
 benefit their country. We left Italy by the way
 which is called the "Nuova Strada de Allmagna,"
 to the east of the high passes of the Alps, which
 take you at once from Italy into Switzerland.
 This road leads across several smaller heights,
 and winds down different vales in succession, so
 that it was only by the accidental sound of a few
 German words that I was aware we had quitted
 Italy, and hence the unwelcome shock alluded to
 in the two or three last lines of the latter sonnet.

FAIR Land! Thee all men greet with joy;
 how few,

Whose souls take pride in freedom, virtue,
 fame,
 Part from thee without pity dyed in shame:
 I could not—while from Venice ye with-
 drew,
 Led on till an Alpine strait confined our
 view
 Within its depths, and to the shore we
 came
 Of Lago Morto, dreary sight and name,
 Which o'er sad thoughts a sadder colouring
 threw,
 Italia! on the surface of thy spirit,
 (Too aptly emblemed by that torpid lake)
 Shall a few partial breezes only creep?—
 Be its depths quickened; what thou dost
 inherit
 Of the world's hopes, dare to fulfil; awake,
 Mother of Heroes, from thy death-like
 sleep!

XXVI

CONTINUED

As indignation mastered grief, my tongue
 Spake bitter words; words that did ill
 agree
 With those rich stores of Nature's imagery,
 And divine Art, that fast to memory
 clung—
 Thy gifts, magnificent Region, ever young
 In the sun's eye, and in his sister's sight
 How beautiful! how worthy to be sung
 In strains of rapture, or subdued delight!
 I feign not; witness that unwelcome shock
 That followed the first sound of German
 speech,
 Caught the far-winding barrier Alps among.
 In that announcement, greeting seemed to
 mock
 Parting; the casual word had power to
 reach
 My heart, and filled that heart with conflict
 strong.

AT BOLOGNA, IN REMEMBRANCE
 OF THE LATE INSURRECTIONS,
 1837

I

AH why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit
 Of sudden passion roused shall men attain

True freedom where for ages they have lain
Bound in a dark abominable pit,
With life's best sinews more and more un-
knit.

Here, there, a banded few who loathe the
chain

May rise to break it; effort worse than vain
For thee, O great Italian nation, split
Into those jarring fractions.—Let thy scope
Be one fixed mind for all; thy rights
approve

To thy own conscience gradually renewed;
Learn to make Time the father of wise
Hope;

Then trust thy cause to the arm of Fortitude,
The light of Knowledge, and the warmth
of Love.

CONTINUED

II

HARD task! exclaim the undisciplined, to
lean

On Patience coupled with such slow en-
deavour,

That long-lived servitude must last for ever.
Perish the grovelling few, who, prest
between

Wrongs and the terror of redress, would
wean

Millions from glorious aims. Our chains
to sever

Let us break forth in tempest now or
never!—

What, is there then no space for golden
mean

And gradual progress?—Twilight leads to
day,

And, even within the burning zones of
earth,

The hastiest sunrise yields a temperate ray;
The softest breeze to fairest flowers gives
birth:

Think not that Prudence dwells in dark
abodes,

She scans the future with the eye of gods.

CONCLUDED

III

As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow
And wither, every human generation

Is, to the Being of a mighty nation,
Locked in our world's embrace through
weal and woe;

Thought that should teach the zealot to
forego

Rash schemes, to abjure all selfish agita-
tion,

And seek through noiseless pains and
moderation

The unblemished good they only can
bestow.

Alas! with most, who weigh futurity
Against time present, passion holds the
scales:

Hence equal ignorance of both prevails,
And nations sink; or, struggling to be free,
Are doomed to flounder on, like wounded
whales

Tossed on the bosom of a stormy sea.

"WHAT IF OUR NUMBERS BARELY
COULD DEFY"

WHAT if our numbers barely could defy
The arithmetic of babes, must foreign
hordes,

Slaves, vile as ever were befooled by words,
Striking through English breasts the
anarchy

Of Terror, bear us to the ground, and tie
Our hands behind our backs with felon
cords?

Yields every thing to discipline of swords?
Is man as good as man, none low, none
high?—

Nor discipline nor valour can withstand
The shock, nor quell the inevitable rout,
When in some great extremity breaks out
A people, on their own beloved Land
Risen, like one man, to combat in the sight
Of a just God for liberty and right.

1837.

A NIGHT THOUGHT

These verses were thrown off extempore upon
leaving Mrs. Luff's house at Fox-Ghyll, one
evening. The good woman is not disposed to
look at the bright side of things, and there hap-
pened to be present certain ladies who had reached
the point of life where *youth* is ended, and who
seemed to contend with each other in expressing
their dislike of the country and climate. One of
them had been heard to say she could not endure

a country where there was "neither sunshine nor cavaliers."

Lo! where the Moon along the sky
Sails with her happy destiny;
Oft is she hid from mortal eye
Or dimly seen,
But when the clouds asunder fly
How bright her mien!

Far different we—a froward race,
Thousands though rich in Fortune's grace
With cherished sullenness of pace
Their way pursue,
Ingrates who wear a smileless face
The whole year through.

If kindred humours e'er would make
My spirit droop for drooping's sake,
From Fancy following in thy wake,
Bright ship of heaven!
A counter impulse let me take
And be forgiven. 1837.

TO THE PLANET VENUS

Upon its approximation (as an Evening Star)
to the Earth, Jan. 1838.

WHAT strong allurements draws, what spirit
guides,
Thee, Vesper! brightening still, as if the
nearer
Thou com'st to man's abode the spot grew
dearer
Night after night? True is it Nature hides
Her treasures less and less.—Man now pre-
sides
In power, where once he trembled in his
weakness;
Science advances with gigantic strides;
But are we aught enriched in love and
meekness?
Aught dost thou see, bright Star! of pure
and wise
More than in humbler times graced human
story;
That makes our hearts more apt to sym-
pathise
With heaven, our souls more fit for future
glory,
When earth shall vanish from our closing
eyes,
Ere we lie down in our last dormitory?
1838.

COMPOSED AT RYDAL ON MAY MORNING, 1838

This and the sonnet entitled "The Pillar of
Trajan," p. 652, were composed on what we call
the "Far Terrace" at Rydal Mount, where I
have murmured out many thousands of verses.

If with old love of you, dear Hills! I share
New love of many a rival image brought
From far, forgive the wanderings of my
thought:

Nor art thou wronged, sweet May! when I
compare

Thy present birth-morn with thy last, so
fair,

So rich to me in favours. For my lot
Then was, within the famed Egerian Grot
To sit and muse, fanned by its dewy air
Mingling with thy soft breath! That morn-
ing too,

Warblers I heard their joy unbosoming
Amid the sunny, shadowy, Colyseum;
Heard them, unchecked by aught of sadden-
ing hue,

For victories there won by flower-crowned
Spring,

Chant in full choir their innocent Te Deum.

COMPOSED ON A MAY MORNING, 1838

LIFE with yon Lambs, like day, is just
begun,

Yet Nature seems to them a heavenly
guide.

Does joy approach? they meet the coming
tide;

And sullenness avoid, as now they shun
Pale twilight's lingering glooms,—and in
the sun

Couch near their dams, with quiet satisfied;
Or gambol—each with his shadow at his
side,

Varying its shape wherever he may run.

As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy dew
All turn, and court the shining and the
green,

Where herbs look up, and opening flowers
are seen;

Why to God's goodness cannot We be true,
And so, His gifts and promises between,
Feed to the last on pleasures ever new?

"HARK ! 'TIS THE THRUSH,
UNDAUNTED, UNDEPREST"

HARK ! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, unde-
prest,

By twilight premature of cloud and rain ;
Nor does that roaring wind deaden his
strain

Who carols thinking of his Love and nest,
And seems, as more incited, still more blest.
Thanks ; thou hast snapped a fireside
Prisoner's chain,

Exulting Warbler ! eased a fretted brain,
And in a moment charmed my cares to
rest.

Yes, I will forth, bold Bird ! and front the
blast,

That we may sing together, if thou wilt,
So loud, so clear, my Partner through life's
day,

Mute in her nest love-chosen, if not love-
built

Like thine, shall gladden, as in seasons
past,

Thrilled by loose snatches of the social Lay.

RYDAL MOUNT, 1838.

"'TIS HE WHOSE YESTER-
EVENING'S HIGH DISDAIN"

'Tis He whose yester-evening's high disdain
Beat back the roaring storm—but how
subdued

His day-break note, a sad vicissitude !
Does the hour's drowsy weight his glee
restrain ?

Or, like the nightingale, her joyous vein
Pleased to renounce, does this dear Thrush
attune

His voice to suit the temper of yon Moon.
Doubly depressed, setting, and in her wane ?
Rise, tardy Sun ! and let the Songster
prove

(The balance trembling between night and
morn

No longer) with what ecstasy upborne
He can pour forth his spirit. In heaven
above,

And earth below, they best can serve true
gladness

Who meet most feelingly the calls of sadness.
1838.

"OH WHAT A WRECK ! HOW
CHANGED IN MIEN AND SPEECH !"

The sad condition of poor Mrs. Southey put
me upon writing this. It has afforded comfort to
many persons whose friends have been similarly
affected.

OH what a Wreck ! how changed in mien
and speech !

Yet—though dread Powers, that work in
mystery, spin

Entanglings of the brain ; though shadows
stretch

O'er the chilled heart—reflect ; far, far
within

Hers is a holy Being, freed from Sin.

She is not what she seems, a forlorn wretch ;
But delegated Spirits comfort fetch

To Her from heights that Reason may not
win.

Like Children, She is privileged to hold
Divine communion ; both do live and move,
Whate'er to shallow Faith their ways un-
fold,

Inly illumined by Heaven's pitying love ;
Love pitying innocence not long to last,
In them—in Her our sins and sorrows past.
1838.

A PLEA FOR AUTHORS, MAY 1838

FAILING impartial measure to dispense
To every suitor, Equity is lame ;
And social Justice, stript of reverence
For natural rights, a mockery and a shame ;
Law but a servile dupe of false pretence,
If, guarding grossest things from common
claim

Now and for ever, She, to works that came
From mind and spirit, grudge a short-lived
fence.

"What ! lengthened privilege, a lineal tie,
For Books !" Yes, heartless Ones, or be
it proved

That 'tis a fault in Us to have lived and
loved

Like others, with like temporal hopes to
die ;

No public harm that Genius from her course
Be turned ; and streams of truth dried up,
even at their source !

A POET TO HIS GRANDCHILD

SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING

"SON of my buried Son, while thus thy hand
 "Is clasping mine, it saddens me to think
 "How Want may press thee down, and with thee sink
 "Thy children left unfit, through vain demand
 "Of culture, even to feel or understand
 "My simplest Lay that to their memory
 "May cling;—hard fate! which haply need not be
 "Did Justice mould the statutes of the Land.
 "A Book time-cherished and an honoured name
 "Are high rewards; but bound they Nature's claim
 "Or Reason's? No—hopes spun in timid line
 "From out the bosom of a modest home
 "Extend through unambitious years to come,
 "My careless Little-one, for thee and thine!"

May 23, 1838.

"BLEST STATESMAN HE, WHOSE
MIND'S UNSELFISH WILL"

BLEST Statesman He, whose Mind's unselfish will
 Leaves him at ease among grand thoughts: whose eye
 Sees that, apart from magnanimity,
 Wisdom exists not; nor the humbler skill
 Of Prudence, disentangling good and ill
 With patient care. What tho' assaults run high,
 They daunt not him who holds his ministry,
 Resolute, at all hazards, to fulfil
 Its duties;—prompt to move, but firm to wait,—
 Knowing, things rashly sought are rarely found;
 That, for the functions of an ancient State—
 Strong by her charters, free because imbound,

Servant of Providence, not slave of Fate—
 Perilous is sweeping change, all chance unsound.¹ 1838.

VALEDICTORY SONNET

Closing the Volume of Sonnets published in 1838.

SERVING no haughty Muse, my hands have here—
 Disposed some cultured Flowerets (drawn from spots
 Where they bloomed singly, or in scattered knots),
 Each kind in several beds of one parterre;
 Both to allure the casual Loiterer,
 And that, so placed, my Nurslings may requite
 Studious regard with opportune delight,
 Nor be unthanked, unless I fondly err.
 But metaphor dismissed, and thanks apart,
 Reader, farewell! My last words let them be—
 If in this book Fancy and Truth agree;
 If simple Nature trained by careful Art
 Through It have won a passage to thy heart;
 Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee!
 1838.

PROTEST AGAINST THE BALLOT

FORTH rushed from Envy sprung and Self-conceit,
 A Power misnamed the SPIRIT OF REFORM,
 And through the astonished Island swept in storm,
 Threatening to lay all orders at her feet
 That crossed her way. Now stoops she to entreat
 Licence to hide at intervals her head
 Where she may work, safe, undisquieted,
 In a close Box, covert for Justice meet.
 St. George of England! keep a watchful eye
 Fixed on the Sutor; frustrate her request—
 Stifle her hope; for, if the State comply,
 From such Pandorian gift may come a Pest
 Worse than the Dragon that bowed low his crest,
 Pierced by thy spear in glorious victory.

1838.

¹ See Note.

SONNETS

UPON THE PUNISHMENT OF
DEATH

IN SERIES

1839

I

SUGGESTED BY THE VIEW OF LANCASTER
CASTLE (ON THE ROAD FROM THE
SOUTH)

THIS Spot—at once unfolding sight so fair
Of sea and land, with yon grey towers that still

Rise up as if to lord it over air—
Might soothe in human breasts the sense of ill,

Or charm it out of memory; yea, might fill
The heart with joy and gratitude to God
For all his bounties upon man bestowed:
Why bears it then the name of "Weeping
Hill"?

Thousands, as toward yon old Lancastrian
Towers,

A prison's crown, along this way they past
For lingering durance or quick death with shame,

From this bare eminence thereon have cast
Their first look—blinded as tears fell in showers

Shed on their chains; and hence that
doleful name.

II

TENDERLY do we feel by Nature's law
For worst offenders: though the heart will heave

With indignation, deeply moved we grieve,
In after thought, for Him who stood in awe
Neither of God nor man, and only saw,
Lost wretch, a horrible device enthroned
On proud temptations, till the victim groaned

Under the steel his hand had dared to draw.

But oh, restrain compassion, if its course,
As oft befalls, prevent or turn aside
Judgments and aims and acts whose higher source

Is sympathy with the unforewarned, who
died

Blameless—with them that shuddered o'er
his grave,
And all who from the law firm safety crave.

III

THE Roman Consul doomed his sons to die

Who had betrayed their country. The stern word

Afforded (may it through all time afford)
A theme for praise and admiration high.

Upon the surface of humanity
He rested not; its depths his mind explored;
He felt; but his parental bosom's lord
Was Duty,—Duty calmed his agony.

And some, we know, when they by wilful act

A single human life have wrongly taken,
Pass sentence on themselves, confess the fact,

And, to atone for it, with soul unshaken
Kneel at the feet of Justice, and, for faith
Broken with all mankind, solicit death.

IV

Is *Death*, when evil against good has fought
With such fell mastery that a man may dare
By deeds the blackest purpose to lay bare?
Is *Death*, for one to that condition brought,
For him, or any one, the thing that ought
To be *most* dreaded? Lawgivers, beware,
Lest, capital pains remitting till ye spare
The murderer, ye, by sanction to that thought

Seemingly given, debase the general mind;
Tempt the vague will tried standards to disown,

Nor only palpable restraints unbind,
But upon Honour's head disturb the crown,
Whose absolute rule permits not to withstand

In the weak love of life his least command.

V

NOT to the object specially designed,
Howe'er momentous in itself it be,
Good to promote or curb depravity,
Is the wise Legislator's view confined.
His Spirit, when most severe, is oft most kind;

As all Authority in earth depends
On Love and Fear, their several powers he
blends,

Copying with awe the one Paternal mind.
Uncaught by processes in show humane,
He feels how far the act would derogate
From even the humblest functions of the
State;

If she, self-shorn of Majesty, ordain
That never more shall hang upon her breath
The last alternative of Life or Death.

VI

YE brood of conscience—Spectres! that
frequent

The bad Man's restless walk, and haunt
his bed—

Fiends in your aspect, yet beneficent
In act, as hovering Angels when they spread
Their wings to guard the unconscious
Innocent—

Slow be the Statutes of the land to share
A laxity that could not but impair
Your power to punish crime, and so pre-
vent,

And ye, Beliefs! coiled serpent-like about
The adage on all tongues, "Murder will
out,"

How shall your ancient warnings work for
good

In the full might they hitherto have shown,
If for deliberate shedder of man's blood
Survive not Judgment that requires his own?

VII

BEFORE the world had past her time of
youth

While polity and discipline were weak,
The precept eye for eye, and tooth for tooth,
Came forth—a light, though but as of day-
break,

Strong as could then be borne. A Master
meek

Proscribed the spirit fostered by that rule,
Patience *his* law, long-suffering *his* school,
And love the end, which all through peace
must seek.

But lamentably do they err who strain
His mandates, given rash impulse to con-
trol

And keep vindictive thirstings from the soul,

So far that, if consistent in their scheme,
They must forbid the State to inflict a pain,
Making of social order a mere dream.

VIII

FIT retribution, by the moral code
Determined, lies beyond the State's embrace,
Yet, as she may, for each peculiar case
She plants well-measured terrors in the road
Of wrongful acts. Downward it is and
broad,

And, the main fear once doomed to
banishment,

Far oftener then, bad ushering worse event,
Blood would be spilt that in his dark abode
Crime might lie better hid. And, should
the change

Take from the horror due to a foul deed,
Pursuit and evidence so far must fail,
And, guilt escaping, passion then might
plead

In angry spirits for her old free range,
And the "wild justice of revenge" prevail.

IX

THOUGH to give timely warning and deter-
Is one great aim of penalty, extend
Thy mental vision further and ascend
Far higher, else full surely shalt thou err.
What is a State? The wise behold in her
A creature born of time, that keeps one
eye

Fixed on the statutes of Eternity,
To which her judgments reverently defer.
Speaking through Law's dispassionate voice
the State

Endues her conscience with external life
And being, to preclude or quell the strife
Of individual will, to elevate
The grovelling mind, the erring to recall,
And fortify the moral sense of all.

X

OUR bodily life, some plead, that life the
shrine

Of an immortal spirit, is a gift
So sacred, so informed with light divine,
That no tribunal, though most wise to sift
Deed and intent, should turn the Being
adrift

Into that world where penitential tear

May not avail, nor prayer have for God's
ear

A voice—that world whose veil no hand
can lift

For earthly sight. "Eternity and Time,"
They urge, "have interwoven claims and
rights

Not to be jeopardised through foulest crime:
The sentence rule by mercy's heaven-born
lights."

Even so; but measuring not by finite sense
Infinite Power, perfect Intelligence.

XI

AH, think how one compelled for life to
abide

Locked in a dungeon needs must eat the
heart

Out of his own humanity, and part
With every hope that mutual cares provide;
And, should a less unnatural doom confide
In life-long exile on a savage coast,
Soon the relapsing penitent may boast
Of yet more heinous guilt, with fiercer pride.
Hence thoughtful Mercy, Mercy sage and
pure,

Sanctions the forfeiture that Law demands,
Leaving the final issue in *His* hands
Whose goodness knows no change, whose
love is sure,

Who sees, foresees; who cannot judge
amiss,

And wafts at will the contrite soul to bliss.

XII

SEE the Condemned alone within his cell
And prostrate at some moment when re-
morse

Stings to the quick, and, with resistless
force,

Assaults the pride she strove in vain to
quell.

Then mark him, him who could so long
rebel,

The crime confessed, a kneeling Penitent
Before the Altar, where the Sacrament
Softens his heart, till from his eyes outwell
Tears of salvation. Welcome death! while
Heaven

Does in this change exceedingly rejoice;
While yet the solemn heed the State hath
given

Helps him to meet the last Tribunal's voice
In faith, which fresh offences, were he cast
On old temptations, might for ever blast.

XIII

CONCLUSION

YES, though He well may tremble at the
sound

Of his own voice, who from the judgment-
seat

Sends the pale Convict to his last retreat
In death; though Listeners shudder all
around,

They know the dread requital's source pro-
found;

Nor is, they feel, its wisdom obsolete—
(Would that it were!) the sacrifice unmeet
For Christian Faith. But hopeful signs
abound;

The social rights of man breathe purer air,
Religion deepens her preventive care;

Then, moved by needless fear of past abuse,
Strike not from Law's firm hand that awful
rod,

But leave it thence to drop for lack of use:
Oh, speed the blessed hour, Almighty God!

XIV

APOLOGY

THE formal World relaxes her cold chain
For One who speaks in numbers; ampler
scope

His utterance finds; and, conscious of the
gain,

Imagination works with bolder hope
The cause of grateful reason to sustain;
And, serving Truth, the heart more strongly
beats

Against all barriers which his labour meets
In lofty place, or humble Life's domain.

Enough;—before us lay a painful road,
And guidance have I sought in duteous love
From Wisdom's heavenly Father. Hence
hath flowed

Patience, with trust that, whatsoe'er the way
Each takes in this high matter, all may
move

Cheered with the prospect of a brighter
day.

ON A PORTRAIT OF I. F., PAINTED
BY MARGARET GILLIES

We gaze—nor grieve to think that we must
die,

But that the precious love this friend hath
sown

Within our hearts, the love whose flower
hath blown

Bright as if heaven were ever in its eye,
Will pass so soon from human memory;
And not by strangers to our blood alone,
But by our best descendants be unknown,
Unthought of—this may surely claim a sigh.
Yet, blessed Art, we yield not to dejection;
Thou against Time so feelingly dost strive.
Where'er, preserved in this most true reflection,

An image of her soul is kept alive,
Some lingering fragrance of the pure affection,

Whose flower with us will vanish, must
survive.

RYDAL MOUNT,
New Year's Day, 1840.

TO I. F.

THE star which comes at close of day to
shine

More heavenly bright than when it leads
the morn,

Is friendship's emblem, whether the forlorn
She visiteth, or, shedding light benign
Through shades that solemnize Life's calm
decline,

Doth make the happy happier. This have
we

Learnt, Isabel, from thy society,
Which now we too unwillingly resign
Though for brief absence. But farewell!
the page

Glimmers before my sight through thankful
tears,

Such as start forth, not seldom, to approve
Our truth, when we, old yet unchilled by
age,

Call thee, though known but for a few fleet
years,

The heart-affianced sister of our love!

RYDAL MOUNT, *Feb. 1840.*

POOR ROBIN¹

I often ask myself what will become of Rydal Mount after our day. Will the old walls and steps remain in front of the house and about the grounds, or will they be swept away with all the beautiful mosses and ferns and wild geraniums and other flowers which their rude construction suffered and encouraged to grow among them?—This little wild flower—"Poor Robin"—is here constantly courting my attention, and exciting what may be called a domestic interest with the varying aspects of its stalks and leaves and flowers. Strangely do the tastes of men differ according to their employment and habits of life. "What a nice well would that be," said a labouring man to me one day, "if all that rubbish was cleared off." The "*rubbish*" was some of the most beautiful mosses and lichens and ferns and other wild growths that could possibly be seen. Defend us from the tyranny of trimness and neatness showing itself in this way! Chatterton says of freedom—"Upon her head wild weeds were spread;" and depend upon it if "the marvellous boy" had undertaken to give Flora a garden, he would have preferred what we are apt to call weeds to garden-flowers. True taste has an eye for both. Weeds have been called flowers out of place. I fear the place most people would assign to them is too limited. Let them come near to our abodes, as surely they may without impropriety or disorder.

Now when the primrose makes a splendid
show,

And lilies face the March-winds in full blow,
And humbler growths as moved with one
desire

Put on, to welcome spring, their best attire,
Poor Robin is yet flowerless; but how gay
With his red stalks upon this sunny day!

And, as his tufts of leaves he spreads, content

With a hard bed and scanty nourishment,
Mixed with the green, some shine not
lacking power

To rival summer's brightest scarlet flower;
And flowers they well might seem to
passers-by

If looked at only with a careless eye;
Flowers—or a richer produce (did it suit
The season) sprinklings of ripe strawberry
fruit.

¹ The small wild Geranium known by that name.

But while a thousand pleasures come unsought,

Why fix upon his wealth or want a thought?
Is the string touched in prelude to a lay
Of pretty fancies that would round him play
When all the world acknowledged elfin sway?

Or does it suit our humour to commend
Poor Robin as a sure and crafty friend,
Whose practice teaches, spite of names to show

Bright colours whether they deceive or no?—
Nay, we would simply praise the free goodwill

With which, though slighted, he, on naked hill

Or in warm valley, seeks his part to fill;
Cheerful alike if bare of flowers as now,
Or when his tiny gems shall deck his brow:
Yet more, we wish that men by men despised,

And such as lift their foreheads overprized,
Should sometimes think, where'er they chance to spy

This child of Nature's own humility,
What recompence is kept in store or left
For all that seem neglected or bereft;
With what nice care equivalents are given,
How just, how bountiful, the hand of Heaven.
March 1840.

ON A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON UPON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO, BY HAYDON

This was composed while I was ascending Helvellyn in company with my daughter and her husband. She was on horseback and rode to the top of the hill without once dismounting, a feat which it was scarcely possible to perform except during a season of dry weather; and a guide, with whom we fell in on the mountain, told us he believed it had never been accomplished before by any one.

By Art's bold privilege Warrior and War-horse stand

On ground yet strewn with their last battle's wreck;

Let the Steed glory while his Master's hand
Lies fixed for ages on his conscious neck;
But by the Chieftain's look, though at his side

Hangs that day's treasured sword, how firm
a check

Is given to triumph and all human pride!
Yon trophied Mound shrinks to a shadowy speck

In his calm presence! Him the mighty deed

Elates not, brought far nearer the grave's rest,

As shows that time-worn face, for he such seed

Has sown as yields, we trust, the fruit of fame

In Heaven; hence no one blushes for thy name,

Conqueror, 'mid some sad thoughts, divinely blest!
1840.

TO A PAINTER

The picture which gave occasion to this and the following Sonnet was from the pencil of Miss M. Gillies, who resided for several weeks under our roof at Rydal Mount.

ALL praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed;

But 'tis a fruitless task to paint for me,
Who, yielding not to changes Time has made,

By the habitual light of memory see
Eyes unbedimmed, see bloom that cannot fade,

And smiles that from their birth-place ne'er shall flee

Into the land where ghosts and phantoms be;

And, seeing this, own nothing in its stead.
Couldst thou go back into far-distant years,
Or share with me, fond thought! that inward eye,

Then, and then only, Painter! could thy Art

The visual powers of Nature satisfy,
Which hold, whate'er to common sight appears,

Their sovereign empire in a faithful heart.
1841.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT

THOUGH I beheld at first with blank surprise

This Work, I now have gazed on it so long

I see its truth with unreluctant eyes ;
O, my Belovèd ! I have done thee wrong,
Conscious of blessedness, but, whence it
sprung,

Ever too heedless, as I now perceive :
Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,
And the old day was welcome as the young,
As welcome, and as beautiful—in sooth
More beautiful, as being a thing more holy :
Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth
Of all thy goodness, never melancholy ;
To thy large heart and humble mind, that
cast

Into one vision, future, present, past.

1841.

“WHEN SEVERN'S SWEEPING FLOOD HAD OVERTHROWN”

WHEN Severn's sweeping flood had over-
thrown

St. Mary's Church, the preacher then
would cry :—

“Thus, Christian people, God his might
hath shown

That ye to him your love may testify ;
Haste, and rebuild the pile.”—But not a
stone

Resumed its place. Age after age went by,
And Heaven still lacked its due, though
piety

In secret did, we trust, her loss bemoan,
But now her Spirit hath put forth its claim
In Power, and Poesy would lend her voice ;
Let the new Church be worthy of its aim,
That in its beauty Cardiff may rejoice !

Oh ! in the past if cause there was for
shame,

Let not our times halt in their better choice.

RYDAL MOUNT,

Jan. 23, 1842.

“INTENT ON GATHERING WOOL FROM HEDGE AND BRAKE”

Suggested by a conversation with Miss Fen-
wick, who along with her sister had, during their
childhood, found much delight in such gatherings
for the purposes here alluded to.

INTENT on gathering wool from hedge and
brake

Yon busy Little-ones rejoice that soon

A poor old Dame will bless them for the
boon :

Great is their glee while flake they add to
flake

With rival earnestness ; far other strife
Than will hereafter move them, if they make
Pastime their idol, give their day of life
To pleasure snatched for reckless pleasure's
sake.

Can pomp and show allay one heart-born
grief ?

Pains which the World inflicts can she
requite ?

Not for an interval however brief ;

The silent thoughts that search for stedfast
light,

Love from her depths, and Duty in her
night,

And Faith—these only yield secure relief.

March 8, 1842.

PRELUDE

PREFIXED TO THE VOLUME ENTITLED

“POEMS CHIEFLY OF EARLY AND LATE
YEARS”

These verses were begun while I was on a
visit to my son John at Brigham, and were fin-
ished at Rydal. As the contents of the volume,
to which they are now prefixed, will be assigned
to their respective classes when my poems shall
be collected in one volume, I should be at a loss
where with propriety to place this prelude, being
too restricted in its bearing to serve for a preface
for the whole. The lines towards the conclusion
allude to the discontents then fomented through-
out the country by the agitators of the Anti-Corn-
Law League : the particular causes of such
troubles are transitory, but disposition to excite
and liability to be excited are nevertheless per-
manent, and therefore proper objects for the
poet's regard.

In desultory walk through orchard grounds,
Or some deep chestnut grove, oft have I
paused

The while a Thrush, urged rather than
restrained

By gusts of vernal storm, attuned his song
To his own genial instincts ; and was heard
(Though not without some plaintive tones
between)

To utter, above showers of blossom swept
 From tossing boughs, the promise of a
 calm,
 Which the unsheltered traveller might
 receive
 With thankful spirit. The descant, and
 the wind
 That seemed to play with it in love or
 scorn,
 Encouraged and endeared the strain of
 words
 That haply flowed from me, by fits of
 silence
 Impelled to livelier pace. But now, my
 Book!
 Charged with those lays, and others of like
 mood,
 Or loftier pitch if higher rose the theme,
 Go, single—yet aspiring to be joined
 With thy Forerunners that through many
 a year
 Have faithfully prepared each other's way—
 Go forth upon a mission best fulfilled
 When and wherever, in this changeable
 world,
 Power hath been given to please for higher
 ends
 Than pleasure only; gladdening to prepare
 For wholesome sadness, troubling to refine,
 Calming to raise; and, by a sapient Art
 Diffused through all the mysteries of our
 Being,
 Softening the toils and pains that have not
 ceased
 To cast their shadows on our mother Earth
 Since the primeval doom. Such is the
 grace
 Which, though unsued for, fails not to
 descend
 With heavenly inspiration; such the aim
 That Reason dictates; and, as even the
 wish
 Has virtue in it, why should hope to me
 Be wanting that sometimes, where fancied
 ills
 Harass the mind and strip from off the
 bowers
 Of private life their natural pleasantness,
 A Voice—devoted to the love whose seeds
 Are sown in every human breast, to beauty
 Lodged within compass of the humblest
 sight,
 To cheerful intercourse with wood and
 field,

And sympathy with man's substantial
 griefs—
 Will not be heard in vain? And in those
 days
 When unforeseen distress spreads far and
 wide
 Among a People mournfully cast down,
 Or into anger roused by venal words
 In recklessness flung out to overturn
 The judgment, and divert the general heart
 From mutual good—some strain of thine,
 my Book!
 Caught at propitious intervals, may win
 Listeners who not unwillingly admit
 Kindly emotion tending to console
 And reconcile; and both with young and
 old
 Exalt the sense of thoughtful gratitude
 For benefits that still survive, by faith
 In progress, under laws divine, maintained.

RYDAL MOUNT,
 March 26, 1842.

FLOATING ISLAND

My poor sister takes a pleasure in repeating
 these verses, which she composed not long before
 the beginning of her sad illness.

These lines are by the Author of the "Address
 to the Wind," etc., published heretofore along
 with my Poems.

HARMONIOUS Powers with Nature work
 On sky, earth, river, lake and sea;
 Sunshine and cloud, whirlwind and breeze,
 All in one duteous task agree.

Once did I see a slip of earth
 (By throbbing waves long undermined)
 Loosed from its hold; how, no one knew,
 But all might see it float, obedient to the
 wind;

Might see it, from the mossy shore
 Dissevered, float upon the Lake,
 Float with its crest of trees adorned
 On which the warbling birds their pastime
 take.

Food, shelter, safety, there they find;
 There berries ripen, flowerets bloom;
 There insects live their lives, and die;
 A peopled world it is; in size a tiny room,

And thus through many seasons' space
This little Island may survive;
But Nature, though we mark her not,
Will take away, may cease to give.

Perchance when you are wandering forth
Upon some vacant sunny day,
Without an object, hope, or fear,
Thither your eyes may turn—the Isle is
passed away;

Buried beneath the glittering Lake,
Its place no longer to be found;
Yet the lost fragments shall remain
To fertilize some other ground. 1842.

"THE CRESCENT-MOON, THE STAR OF LOVE"

THE Crescent-moon, the Star of Love,
Glories of evening, as ye there are seen
With but a span of sky between—
Speak one of you, my doubts remove,
Which is the attendant Page and which the
Queen? 1842.

TO A REDBREAST—(IN SICKNESS)

Almost the only verses by our lamented Sister
Sara Hutchinson.

STAY, little cheerful Robin! stay,
And at my casement sing,
Though it should prove a farewell lay
And this our parting spring.

Though I, alas! may ne'er enjoy
The promise in thy song;
A charm, *that* thought can not destroy,
Doth to thy strain belong.

Methinks that in my dying hour
Thy song would still be dear,
And with a more than earthly power
My passing Spirit cheer.

Then, little Bird, this boon confer,
Come, and my requiem sing,
Nor fail to be the harbinger
Of everlasting Spring. 1842.

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS

1842

I

I was impelled to write this Sonnet by the disgusting frequency with which the word *artistical*, imported with other impertinences from the Germans, is employed by writers of the present day: for *artistical* let them substitute *artificial*, and the poetry written on this system, both at home and abroad, will be for the most part much better characterised.

A POET!—He hath put his heart to school,
Nor dares to move unpropped upon the
staff

Which Art hath lodged within his hand—
must laugh

By precept only, and shed tears by rule.
Thy Art be Nature; the live current quaff,
And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool,
In fear that else, when Critics grave and
cool

Have killed him, Scorn should write his
epitaph.

How does the Meadow-flower its bloom un-
fold?

Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root, and, in that freedom,
bold;

And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree
Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
But from its *own* divine vitality.

II

Hundreds of times have I seen, hanging about
and above the vale of Rydal, clouds that might
have given birth to this Sonnet, which was thrown
off on the impulse of the moment one evening
when I was returning home from the favourite
walk of ours, along the Rotha, under Loughrigg.

THE most alluring clouds that mount the
sky

Owe to a troubled element their forms,
Their hues to sunset. If with raptured eye
We watch their splendour, shall we covet
storms,

And wish the Lord of day his slow decline
Would hasten, that such pomp may float
on high?

Behold, already they forget to shine,

Dissolve—and leave, to him who gazed, a
sigh.
Not loth to thank each moment for its boon
Of pure delight, come whencesoe'er it may,
Peace let us seek,—to stedfast things
attune
Calm expectations—leaving to the gay
And volatile their love of transient bowers,
The house that cannot pass away be ours.

III

This Sonnet is recommended to the perusal of
all those who consider that the evils under which
we groan are to be removed or palliated, by mea-
sures ungoverned by moral and religious prin-
ciples.

FEEL for the wrongs to universal ken
Daily exposed, woe that unshrouded lies;
And seek the Sufferer in his darkest den,
Whether conducted to the spot by sighs
And moanings, or he dwells (as if the wren
Taught him concealment) hidden from all
eyes

In silence and the awful modesties
Of sorrow;—feel for all, as brother Men!
Rest not in hope want's icy chain to thaw
By casual boons and formal charities;
Learn to be just, just through impartial
law;

Far as ye may, erect and equalise;
And, what ye cannot reach by statute,
draw

Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice!

IV

IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS RECENT HIS-
TORIES AND NOTICES OF THE FRENCH
REVOLUTION

PORTENTOUS change when History can ap-
appear

As the cool Advocate of foul device;
Reckless audacity extol, and jeer
At consciences perplexed with scruples
nice!

They who bewail not, must abhor, the
sneer

Born of Conceit, Power's blind Idolater;
Or haply sprung from vaunting Cowardice
Betrayed by mockery of holy fear.

Hath it not long been said the wrath of
Man
Works not the righteousness of God? Oh
bend,
Bend, ye Perverse! to judgments from on
High,
Laws that lay under Heaven's perpetual
ban
All principles of action that transcend
The sacred limits of humanity.

V

CONTINUED

WHO ponders National events shall find
An awful balancing of loss and gain,
Joy based on sorrow, good with ill com-
bined,

And proud deliverance issuing out of pain
And direful throes; as if the All-ruling
Mind,

With whose perfection it consists to ordain
Volcanic burst, earthquake, and hurricane,
Dealt in like sort with feeble human kind
By laws immutable. But woe for him
Who thus deceived shall lend an eager hand
To social havoc. Is not Conscience ours,
And Truth, whose eye guilt only can make
dim;

And Will, whose office, by divine command,
Is to control and check disordered Powers?

VI

CONCLUDED

LONG-FAVOUR'D England! be not thou
misled

By monstrous theories of alien growth,
Lest alien frenzy seize thee, waxing wrath,
Self-smitten till thy garments reek dyed red
With thy own blood, which tears in torrents
shed

Fail to wash out, tears flowing ere thy troth
Be plighted, not to ease but sullen sloth,
Or wan despair—the ghost of false hope
fled

Into a shameful grave. Among thy youth,
My Country! if such warning be held dear,
Then shall a Veteran's heart be thrilled
with joy.

One who would gather from eternal truth,

For time and season, rules that work to cheer—
Not scourge, to save the People—not destroy.

VII

MEN of the Western World! in Fate's dark book
Whence these opprobrious leaves of dire portent?
Think ye your British Ancestors forsook
Their native Land, for outrage provident;
From unsubmitive necks the bridle shook
To give, in their Descendants, freer vent
And wider range to passions turbulent,
To mutual tyranny a deadlier look?
Nay, said a voice, soft as the south wind's breath,
Dive through the stormy surface of the flood
To the great current flowing underneath;
Explore the countless springs of silent good;
So shall the truth be better understood,
And thy grieved Spirit brighten strong in faith.¹

VIII

Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance,
One upward hand, as if she needed rest
From rapture, lying softly on her breast!
Nor wants her eyeball an ethereal glance;
But not the less—nay more—that countenance,
While thus illumined, tells of painful strife
For a sick heart made weary of this life
By love, long crossed with adverse circumstance.
—Would She were now as when she hoped to pass
At God's appointed hour to them who tread
Heaven's sapphire pavement, yet breathed well content,
Well pleased, her foot should print earth's common grass,
Lived thankful for day's light, for daily bread,
For health, and time in obvious duty spent.

¹ See Notes.

THE NORMAN BOY

The subject of this poem was sent me by Mrs. Ogle, to whom I was personally unknown, with a hope on her part that I might be induced to relate the incident in verse; and I do not regret that I took the trouble; for not improbably the fact is illustrative of the boy's early piety, and may concur with my other little pieces on children to produce profitable reflection among my youthful readers. This is said however with an absolute conviction that children will derive most benefit from books which are not unworthy the perusal of persons of any age. I protest with my whole heart against those productions, so abundant in the present day, in which the doings of children are dwelt upon as if they were incapable of being interested in anything else. On this subject I have dwelt at length in the poem on the growth of my own mind.

HIGH on a broad unfertile tract of forest-skirted Down,
Nor kept by Nature for herself, nor made by man his own,
From home and company remote and every playful joy,
Served, tending a few sheep and goats, a ragged Norman Boy.

Him never saw I, nor the spot; but from an English Dame,
Stranger to me and yet my friend, a simple notice came,
With suit that I would speak in verse of that sequestered child
Whom, one bleak winter's day, she met upon the dreary Wild.

His flock, along the woodland's edge with relics sprinkled o'er
Of last night's snow, beneath a sky threatening the fall of more,
Where tufts of herbage tempted each, were busy at their feed,
And the poor Boy was busier still, with work of anxious heed.

There *was* he, where of branches rent and withered and decayed,
For covert from the keen north wind, his hands a hut had made.
A tiny tenement, forsooth, and frail, as needs must be
A thing of such materials framed, by a builder such as he.

The hut stood finished by his pains, nor
 seemingly lacked aught
 That skill or means of his could add, but
 the architect had wrought
 Some limber twigs into a Cross, well-shaped
 with fingers nice,
 To be engrafted on the top of his small
 edifice.

That Cross he now was fastening there, as
 the surest power and best
 For supplying all deficiencies, all wants of
 the rude nest
 In which, from burning heat, or tempest
 driving far and wide,
 The innocent Boy, else shelterless, his lonely
 head must hide.

That Cross belike he also raised as a standard
 for the true
 And faithful service of his heart in the worst
 that might ensue
 Of hardship and distressful fear, amid the
 houseless waste
 Where he, in his poor self so weak, by
 Providence was placed.

—Here, Lady! might I cease; but nay,
 let us before we part
 With this dear holy shepherd-boy breathe
 a prayer of earnest heart,
 That unto him, where'er shall lie his life's
 appointed way,
 The Cross, fixed in his soul, may prove an
 all-sufficing stay. 1842.

THE POET'S DREAM

SEQUEL TO THE NORMAN BOY

JUST as those final words were penned, the
 sun broke out in power,
 And gladdened all things; but, as chanced,
 within that very hour,
 Air blackened, thunder growled, fire flashed
 from clouds that hid the sky,
 And, for the Subject of my Verse, I heaved
 a pensive sigh.

Nor could my heart by second thoughts
 from heaviness be cleared,
 For bodied forth before my eyes the cross-
 crowned hut appeared;

And, while around it storm as fierce seemed
 troubling earth and air,
 I saw, within, the Norman Boy kneeling
 alone in prayer.

The Child, as if the thunder's voice spake
 with articulate call,
 Bowed meekly in submissive fear, before
 the Lord of All;
 His lips were moving; and his eyes, up-
 raised to sue for grace,
 With soft illumination cheered the dimness
 of that place.

How beautiful is holiness!—what wonder
 if the sight,
 Almost as vivid as a dream, produced a
 dream at night?
 It came with sleep and showed the Boy, no
 cherub, not transformed,
 But the poor ragged Thing whose ways my
 human heart had warmed.

Me had the dream equipped with wings, so
 I took him in my arms,
 And lifted from the grassy floor, stilling his
 faint alarms,
 And bore him high through yielding air my
 debt of love to pay,
 By giving him, for both our sakes, an hour
 of holiday.

I whispered, "Yet a little while, dear
 Child! thou art my own,
 To show thee some delightful thing, in
 country or in town.
 What shall it be? a mirthful throng? or
 that holy place and calm
 St. Denis, filled with royal tombs, or the
 Church of Notre Dame?

St. Ouen's golden Shrine? Or choose what
 else would please thee most
 Of any wonder Normandy, or all proud
 France, can boast!"
 "My Mother," said the Boy, "was born
 near to a blessed Tree,
 The Chapel Oak of Allonville; good Angel,
 show it me!"

On wings, from broad and steadfast poise
 let loose by this reply,
 For Allonville, o'er down and dale, away
 then did we fly;

O'er town and tower we flew, and fields in
 May's fresh verdure drest;
 The wings they did not flag; the Child,
 though grave, was not deprest.

But who shall show, to waking sense, the
 gleam of light that broke
 Forth from his eyes, when first the Boy
 looked down on that huge oak,
 For length of days so much revered, so
 famous where it stands
 For twofold hallowing—Nature's care, and
 work of human hands?

Strong as an Eagle with my charge I glided
 round and round
 The wide-spread boughs, for view of door,
 window, and stair that wound
 Gracefully up the gnarled trunk; nor left
 we unsurveyed
 The pointed steeple peering forth from the
 centre of the shade.

I lighted—opened with soft touch the
 chapel's iron door,
 Past softly, leading in the Boy; and, while
 from roof to floor
 From floor to roof all round his eyes the
 Child with wonder cast,
 Pleasure on pleasure crowded in, each live-
 lier than the last.

For, deftly framed within the trunk, the
 sanctuary showed,
 By light of lamp and precious stones, that
 glimmered here, there glowed,
 Shrine, Altar, Image, Offerings hung in
 sign of gratitude;
 Sight that inspired accordant thoughts;
 and speech I thus renewed:

"Hither the Afflicted come, as thou hast
 heard thy Mother say,
 And, kneeling, supplication make to our
 Lady de la Paix;
 What mournful sighs have here been heard,
 and, when the voice was stopt
 By sudden pangs; what bitter tears have
 on this pavement dropt!

Poor Shepherd of the naked Down, a
 favoured lot is thine,
 Far happier lot, dear Boy, than brings full
 many to this shrine;

From body pains and pains of soul thou
 needest no release,
 Thy hours as they flow on are spent, if not
 in joy, in peace.

Then offer up thy heart to God in thank-
 fulness and praise,
 Give to Him prayers, and many thoughts,
 in thy most busy days;
 And in His sight the fragile Cross, on thy
 small hut, will be
 Holy as that which long hath crowned the
 Chapel of this Tree;

Holy as that far seen which crowns the
 sumptuous Church in Rome
 Where thousands meet to worship God
 under a mighty Dome;
 He sees the bending multitude, he hears
 the choral rites,
 Yet not the less, in children's hymns and
 lonely prayer, delights.

God for his service needeth not proud work
 of human skill;
 They please him best who labour most to
 do in peace his will:
 So let us strive to live, and to our Spirits
 will be given
 Such wings as, when our Saviour calls,
 shall bear us up to heaven."

The Boy no answer made by words, but,
 so earnest was his look,
 Sleep fled, and with it fled the dream—re-
 corded in this book,
 Lest all that passed should melt away in
 silence from my mind,
 As visions still more bright have done, and
 left no trace behind.

But oh! that Country-man of thine, whose
 eye, loved Child, can see
 A pledge of endless bliss in acts of early
 piety,
 In verse, which to thy ear might come,
 would treat this simple theme,
 Nor leave untold our happy flight in that
 adventurous dream.

Alas the dream, to thee, poor Boy! to thee
 from whom it flowed,
 Was nothing, scarcely can be aught, yet
 'twas bounteously bestowed,

If I may dare to cherish hope that gentle
eyes will read
Not loth, and listening Little-ones, heart-
touched, their fancies feed.¹

1842.

THE WIDOW ON WINDERMERE SIDE

The facts recorded in this Poem were given me, and the character of the person described, by my friend the Rev. R. P. Graves, who has long officiated as curate at Bowness, to the great benefit of the parish and neighbourhood. The individual was well known to him. She died before these verses were composed. It is scarcely worth while to notice that the stanzas are written in the sonnet form, which was adopted when I thought the matter might be included in twenty-eight lines.

I

How beautiful when up a lofty height
Honour ascends among the humblest poor,
And feeling sinks as deep! See there the
door

Of One, a Widow, left beneath a weight
Of blameless debt. On evil Fortune's
spite

She wasted no complaint, but strove to
make

A just repayment, both for conscience-sake
And that herself and hers should stand
upright

In the world's eye. Her work when day-
light failed

Paused not, and through the depth of night
she kept

Such earnest vigils, that belief prevailed
With some, the noble Creature never slept;
But, one by one, the hand of death assailed
Her children from her inmost heart be-
wept.

II

The Mother mourned, nor ceased her tears
to flow,

Till a winter's noonday placed her buried
Son

Before her eyes, last child of many gone—
His raiment of angelic white, and lo!

His very feet bright as the dazzling snow

¹ See Note.

Which they are touching; yea far brighter,
even

As that which comes, or seems to come,
from heaven,

Surpasses aught these elements can show.
Much she rejoiced, trusting that from that
hour

Whate'er befell she could not grieve or pine;
But the Transfigured, in and out of season,
Appeared, and spiritual presence gained a
power

Over material forms that mastered reason.
Oh, gracious Heaven, in pity make her
thine!

III

But why that prayer? as if to her could
come

No good but by the way that leads to bliss
Through Death,—so judging we should
judge amiss.

Since reason failed want is her threatened
doom,

Yet frequent transports mitigate the gloom:
Nor of those maniacs is she one that kiss
The air or laugh upon a precipice;

No, passing through strange sufferings to-
ward the tomb

She smiles as if a martyr's crown were
won:

Oft, when light breaks through clouds or
waving trees,

With outspread arms and fallen upon her
knees

The Mother hails in her descending Son
An Angel, and in earthly ecstasies

Her own angelic glory seems begun.

1842.

FAREWELL LINES

These lines were designed as a farewell to Charles Lamb and his sister, who had retired from the throngs of London to comparative solitude in the village of Enfield.

"HIGH bliss is only for a higher state,"
But, surely, if severe afflictions borne
With patience merit the reward of peace,
Peace ye deserve; and may the solid good,
Sought by a wise though late exchange, and
here

With bounteous hand beneath a cottage-
roof

To you accorded, never be withdrawn,
 Nor for the world's best promises renounced.
 Most soothing was it for a welcome Friend,
 Fresh from the crowded city, to behold
 That lonely union, privacy so deep,
 Such calm employments, such entire content.
 So when the rain is over, the storm laid,
 A pair of herons oft-times have I seen,
 Upon a rocky islet, side by side,
 Drying their feathers in the sun, at ease;
 And so, when night with grateful gloom
 had fallen,
 Two glow-worms in such nearness that they
 shared,
 As seemed, their soft self-satisfying light,
 Each with the other, on the dewy ground,
 Where He that made them blesses their
 repose.—
 When wandering among lakes and hills I
 note,
 Once more, those creatures thus by nature
 paired,
 And guarded in their tranquil state of life,
 Even, as your happy presence to my mind
 Their union brought, will they repay the
 debt,
 And send a thankful spirit back to you,
 With hope that we, dear Friends! shall
 meet again. 1842.

AIREY-FORCE VALLEY

———NOT a breath of air
 Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen.
 From the brook's margin, wide around, the
 trees
 Are steadfast as the rocks; the brook itself,
 Old as the hills that feed it from afar,
 Doth rather deepen than disturb the calm
 Where all things else are still and motionless.
 And yet, even now, a little breeze, perchance
 Escaped from boisterous winds that rage
 without,
 Has entered, by the sturdy oaks unfelt,
 But to its gentle touch how sensitive
 Is the light ash! that, pendent from the
 brow
 Of yon dim cave, in seeming silence makes
 A soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs,
 Powerful almost as vocal harmony
 To stay the wanderer's steps and soothe his
 thoughts. 1842.

“LYRE! THOUGH SUCH POWER
 DO IN THY MAGIC LIVE”

LYRE! though such power do in thy magic
 live
 As might from India's farthest plain
 Recall the not unwilling Maid,
 Assist me to detain
 The lovely Fugitive:
 Check with thy notes the impulse which,
 betrayed
 By her sweet farewell looks, I longed to
 aid.
 Here let me gaze enrapt upon that eye,
 The impregnable and awe-inspiring fort
 Of contemplation, the calm port
 By reason fenced from winds that sigh
 Among the restless sails of vanity.
 But if no wish be hers that we should
 part,
 A humbler bliss would satisfy my heart.
 Where all things are so fair,
 Enough by her dear side to breathe the air
 Of this Elysian weather;
 And, on or in, or near, the brook, espy
 Shade upon the sunshine lying
 Faint and somewhat pensively;
 And downward Image gaily vying
 With its upright living tree
 'Mid silver clouds, and openings of blue
 sky
 As soft almost and deep as her cerulean eye.
 Nor less the joy with many a glance
 Cast up the Stream or down at her be-
 seeing,
 To mark its eddying foam-balls prettily
 distrest
 By ever-changing shape and want of rest;
 Or watch, with mutual teaching,
 The current as it plays
 In flashing leaps and stealthy
 creeps
 Adown a rocky maze;
 Or note (translucent summer's happiest
 chance!)
 In the slope-channel floored with pebbles
 bright,
 Stones of all hues, gem emulous of gem,
 So vivid that they take from keenest sight
 The liquid veil that seeks not to hide them. 1842.

TO THE CLOUDS

These verses were suggested while I was walking on the foot-road between Rydal Mount and Grasmere. The clouds were driving over the top of Nab-Scar across the vale: they set my thoughts agoing, and the rest followed almost immediately.

ARMY of Clouds! ye wingèd Hosts in troops

Ascending from behind the motionless brow
Of that tall rock, as from a hidden world,
Oh whither with such eagerness of speed?
What seek ye, or what shun ye? of the
gale

Companions, fear ye to be left behind, •
Or racing o'er your blue ethereal field
Contend ye with each other? of the sea
Children, thus post ye over vale and height
To sink upon your's mother's lap—and rest?
Or were ye rightlier hailed, when first mine
eyes

Beheld in your impetuous march the like-
ness

Of a wide army pressing on to meet
Or overtake some unknown enemy?—
But your smooth motions suit a peaceful
aim;

And Fancy, not less aptly pleased, compares
Your squadrons to an endless flight of birds
Aerial, upon due migration bound
To milder climes; or rather do ye urge
In caravan your hasty pilgrimage
To pause at last on more aspiring heights
Than these, and utter your devotion there
With thunderous voice? Or are ye jubilant,
And would ye, tracking your proud lord
the Sun,

Be present at his setting; or the pomp
Of Persian mornings would ye fill, and
stand

Poising your splendours high above the
heads

Of worshippers kneeling to their up-risen
God?

Whence, whence, ye Clouds! this eagerness
of speed?

Speak, silent creatures.—They are gone,
are fled,

Buried together in yon gloomy mass
That loads the middle heaven; and clear
and bright

And vacant doth the region which they
thronged

Appear; a calm descent of sky conducting
Down to the unapproachable abyss,
Down to that hidden gulf from which they
rose

To vanish—fleet as days and months and
years,

Fleet as the generations of mankind,
Power, glory, empire, as the world itself,
The lingering world, when time hath ceased
to be.

But the winds roar, shaking the rooted
trees,

And see! a bright precursor to a train
Perchance as numerous, overpeers the rock
That sullenly refuses to partake
Of the wild impulse. From a fount of life
Invisible, the long procession moves
Luminous or gloomy, welcome to the vale
Which they are entering, welcome to mine
eye

That sees them, to my soul that owns in
them,

And in the bosom of the firmament
O'er which they move, wherein they are
contained,

A type of her capacious self and all
Her restless progeny.

A humble walk

Here is my body doomed to tread, this
path,

A little hoary line and faintly traced,
Work, shall we call it, of the shepherd's
foot

Or of his flock?—joint vestige of them
both.

I pace it unrepining, for my thoughts
Admit no bondage and my words have
wings.

Where is the Orphean lyre, or Druid harp,
To accompany the verse? The mountain
blast

Shall be our *hand* of music; he shall sweep
The rocks, and quivering trees, and billowy
lake,

And search the fibres of the caves, and they
Shall answer, for our song is of the Clouds
And the wind loves them; and the gentle
gales—

Which by their aid re-clothe the naked
lawn

With annual verdure, and revive the woods,
And moisten the parched lips of thirsty
flowers—

Love them; and every idle breeze of air

Bends to the favourite burthen. Moon and stars
 Keep their most solemn vigils when the Clouds
 Watch also, shifting peaceably their place
 Like bands of ministering Spirits, or when they lie,
 As if some Protean art the change had wrought,
 In listless quiet o'er the ethereal deep
 Scattered, a Cyclades of various shapes
 And all degrees of beauty. O ye Lightnings!
 Ye are their perilous offspring; and the Sun—
 Source inexhaustible of life and joy,
 And type of man's far-darting reason, therefore
 In old time worshipped as the god of verse,
 A blazing intellectual deity—
 Loves his own glory in their looks, and showers
 Upon that unsubstantial brotherhood
 Visions with all but beatific light
 Enriched—too transient were they not renewed
 From age to age, and did not, while we gaze
 In silent rapture, credulous desire
 Nourish the hope that memory lacks not power
 To keep the treasure unimpaired. Vain thought!
 Yet why repine, created as we are
 For joy and rest, albeit to find them only
 Lodged in the bosom of eternal things?

1842.

“WANSFELL!¹ THIS HOUSEHOLD
 HAS A FAVOURED LOT”

WANSFELL! this Household has a favoured lot,
 Living with liberty on thee to gaze,
 To watch while Morn first crowns thee
 with her rays,
 Or when along thy breast serenely float
 Evening's angelic clouds. Yet ne'er a note
 Hath sounded (shame upon the Bard!) thy praise

¹ The hill that rises to the south-east, above Ambleside.

For all that thou, as if from heaven, hast brought
 Of glory lavished on our quiet days.
 Bountiful Son of Earth! when we are gone
 From every object dear to mortal sight,
 As soon we shall be, may these words attest
 How oft, to elevate our spirits, shone
 Thy visionary majesties of light,
 How in thy pensive glooms our hearts
 found rest.

Dec. 24, 1842.

THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE

SHADE of Caractacus, if spirits love
 The cause they fought for in their earthly home
 To see the Eagle ruffled by the Dove
 May soothe thy memory of the chains of Rome.

These children claim thee for their sire; the breath
 Of thy renown, from Cambrian mountains, fans
 A flame within them that despises death
 And glorifies the truant youth of Vannes.

With thy own scorn of tyrants they advance,
 But truth divine has sanctified their rage,
 A silver cross enchased with flowers of France
 Their badge, attests the holy fight they wage.

The shrill defiance of the young crusade
 Their veteran foes mock as an idle noise;
 But unto Faith and Loyalty comes aid
 From Heaven, gigantic force to beardless boys.

1842.

GRACE DARLING

AMONG the dwellers in the silent fields
 The natural heart is touched, and public way
 And crowded street resound with ballad strains,
 Inspired by ONE whose very name bespeaks
 Favour divine, exalting human love;
 Whom, since her birth on bleak Northumbria's coast,

Known unto few but prized as far as known,
 A single Act endears to high and low
 Through the whole land—to Manhood,
 moved in spite
 Of the world's freezing cares—to generous
 Youth—
 To Infancy, that lips her praise—to Age
 Whose eye reflects it, glistening through a
 tear
 Of tremulous admiration. Such true fame
 Awaits her *now*; but, verily, good deeds
 Do not imperishable record find
 Save in the rolls of heaven, where hers may
 live
 A theme for angels, when they celebrate
 The high-souled virtues which forgetful
 earth
 Has witnessed. Oh! that winds and waves
 could speak
 Of things which their united power called
 forth
 From the pure depths of her humanity!
 A Maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,
 Firm and unflinching, as the Lighthouse
 reared
 On the Island-rock, her lonely dwelling-
 place;
 Or like the invincible Rock itself that
 braves,
 Age after age, the hostile elements,
 As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.
 All night the storm had raged, nor
 ceased, nor paused,
 When, as day broke, the Maid, through
 misty air,
 Espies far off a Wreck, amid the surf,
 Beating on one of those disastrous isles—
 Half of a Vessel, half—no more; the rest
 Had vanished, swallowed up with all that
 there
 Had for the common safety striven in vain,
 Or thither thronged for refuge. With quick
 glance
 Daughter and Sire through optic-glass
 discern,
 Clinging about the remnant of this Ship,
 Creatures—how precious in the Maiden's
 sight!
 For whom, belike, the old Man grieves
 still more
 Than for their fellow-sufferers engulfed
 Where every parting agony is hushed,
 And hope and fear mix not in further strife.

“But courage, Father! let us out to sea—
 A few may yet be saved.” The Daughter's
 words,
 Her earnest tone, and look beaming with
 faith,
 Dispel the Father's doubts: nor do they
 lack
 The noble-minded Mother's helping hand
 To launch the boat; and with her blessing
 cheered,
 And inwardly sustained by silent prayer,
 Together they put forth, Father and Child!
 Each grasps an oar, and struggling on
 they go—
 Rivals in effort; and, alike intent
 Here to elude and there surmount, they
 wath
 The billows lengthening, mutually crossed
 And shattered, and re-gathering their
 might;
 As if the tumult, by the Almighty's will
 Were, in the conscious sea, roused and
 prolonged
 That woman's fortitude—so tried, so
 proved—
 May brighten more and more!
 True to the mark,
 They stem the current of that perilous
 gorge,
 Their arms still strengthening with the
 strengthening heart,
 Though danger, as the Wreck is neared,
 becomes
 More imminent. Not unseen do they
 approach;
 And rapture, with varieties of fear
 Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames
 Of those who, in that dauntless energy,
 Foretaste deliverance; but the least per-
 turbed
 Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he per-
 ceives
 That of the pair—tossed on the waves to
 bring
 Hope to the hopeless, to the dying, life—
 One is a Woman, a poor earthly sister,
 Or, be the Visitant other than she seems,
 A guardian Spirit sent from pitying Heaven,
 In woman's shape. But why prolong the
 tale,
 Casting weak words amid a host of
 thoughts
 Armed to repel them? Every hazard faced
 And difficulty mastered, with resolve

That no one breathing should be left to
perish,

This last remainder of the crew are all
Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep
Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,
And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged
Within the sheltering Lighthouse.—Shout,
ye Waves

Send forth a song of triumph. Waves and
Winds,

Exult in this deliverance wrought through
faith

In Him whose Providence your rage hath
served !

Ye screaming Sea-mews, in the concert
join !

And would that some immortal Voice—a
Voice

Fitly attuned to all that gratitude
Breathes out from floor or couch, through
pallid lips

Of the survivors—to the clouds might
bear—

Blended with praise of that parental love,
Beneath whose watchful eye the Maiden
grew

Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,
Though young so wise, though meek so
resolute—

Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,
Yea, to celestial Choirs, GRACE DARLING'S
name !

1843.

“WHILE BEAMS OF ORIENT
LIGHT SHOOT WIDE AND
HIGH’

WHILE beams of orient light shoot wide
and high,

Deep in the vale a little rural Town¹
Breathes forth a cloud-like creature of its
own,

That mounts not toward the radiant
morning sky,

But, with a less ambitious sympathy,
Hangs o'er its Parent waking to the cares
Troubles and toils that every day prepares.
So Fancy, to the musing Poet's eye,
Endears that Lingerer. And how blest her
sway

(Like influence never may my soul reject)

¹ Ambleside.

If the calm Heaven, now to its zenith decked
With glorious forms in numberless array,
To the lone shepherd on the hills disclose
Gleams from a world in which the saints
repose.

Jan. 1, 1843.

TO THE REV. CHRISTOPHER
WORDSWORTH, D.D., MASTER
OF HARROW SCHOOL

After the perusal of his *Theophilus Anglicanus*,
recently published.

ENLIGHTENED Teacher, gladly from thy
hand

Have I received this proof of pains bestowed
By Thee to guide thy Pupils on the road
That, in our native isle, and every land,
The Church, when trusting in divine com-
mand

And in her Catholic attributes, hath trod :
O may these lessons be with profit scanned
To thy heart's wish, thy labour blest by
God !

So the bright faces of the young and gay
Shall look more bright—the happy, happier
still ;

Catch, in the pauses of their keenest play,
Motions of thought which elevate the will
And, like the Spire that from your classic
Hill

Points heavenward, indicate the end and
way.

RYDAL MOUNT, Dec. 11, 1843.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A MONUMENT IN CROSTHWAITHE
CHURCH, IN THE VALE OF KESWICK

YE vales and hills whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you
His eyes have closed ! And ye, loved books,
no more

Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their re-
nown,

Adding immortal labours of his own—
Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal
For the State's guidance, or the Church's
weal,

Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's
mind

By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings meet for holier rest.
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a
cloud

From Skiddaw's top; but he to heaven was
vowed

Through his industrious life, and Christian
faith

Calmed in his soul the fear of change and
death. 1843.

ON THE PROJECTED KENDAL AND WINDERMERE RAILWAY

Is then no nook of English ground secure
From rash assault?¹ Schemes of retire-
ment sown

In youth, and 'mid the busy world kept pure
As when their earliest flowers of hope were
blown,

Must perish;—how can they this blight en-
dure?

And must he too the ruthless change bemoan
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure

'Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?
Baffle the threat, bright Scene, from Orrest-
head

Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous
glance:

Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance
Of nature; and, if human hearts be dead,
Speak, passing winds; ye torrents, with
your strong

And constant voice, protest against the
wrong.

October 12, 1844.

¹ The degree and kind of attachment which many of the yeomanry feel to their small inheritances can scarcely be over-rated. Near the house of one of them stands a magnificent tree, which a neighbour of the owner advised him to fell for profit's sake. "Fell it!" exclaimed the yeoman, "I had rather fall on my knees and worship it." It happens, I believe, that the intended railway would pass through this little property, and I hope that an apology for the answer will not be thought necessary by one who enters into the strength of the feeling.

"PROUD WERE YE, MOUNTAINS,
WHEN, IN TIMES OF OLD"

PROUD were ye, Mountains, when, in times
of old,

Your patriot sons, to stem invasive war,
Intrenched your brows; ye gloried in each
scar:

Now, for your shame, a Power, the Thirst
of Gold,

That rules o'er Britain like a baneful star,
Wills that your peace, your beauty, shall
be sold,

And clear way made for her triumphal car
Through the beloved retreats your arms
enfold!

Heard YE that Whistle? As her long-linked
'Train

Swept onwards, did the vision cross your
view?

Yes, ye were startled;—and, in balance true,
Weighing the mischief with the promised
gain,

Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call
on you

To share the passion of a just disdain.

1844.

AT FURNESS ABBEY

HERE, where, of havoc tired and rash un-
doing,

Man left this Structure to become Time's
prey

A soothing spirit follows in the way
That Nature takes, her counter-work pur-
suing.

See how her Ivy clasps the sacred Ruin
Fall to prevent or beautify decay;

And, on the mouldered walls, how bright,
how gay,

The flowers in pearly dew's their bloom
renewing!

Thanks to the place, blessings upon the
hour;

Even as I speak the rising Sun's first smile
Gleams on the grass-crowned top of yon
tall Tower

Whose cawing occupants with joy proclaim
Prescriptive title to the shattered pile

Where, Cavendish, *thine* seems nothing
but a name!

1844.

"FORTH FROM A JUTTING RIDGE,
AROUND WHOSE BASE"

FORTH from a jutting ridge, around whose
base

Winds our deep Vale, two heath-clad Rocks
ascend

In fellowship, the loftiest of the pair
Rising to no ambitious height ; yet both,
O'er lake and stream, mountain and flowery
mead,

Unfolding prospects fair as human eyes
Ever beheld. Up-led with mutual help,
To one or other brow of those twin Peaks
Were two adventurous Sisters wont to climb,
And took no note of the hour while thence
they gazed,

The blooming heath their couch, gazed, side
by side,

In speechless admiration. I, a witness
And frequent sharer of their calm delight
With thankful heart, to either Eminence
Gave the baptismal name each Sister bore.
Now are they parted, far as Death's cold hand
Hath power to part the Spirits of those who
love

As they did love. Ye kindred Pinnacles—
That, while the generations of mankind
Follow each other to their hiding-place
In time's abyss, are privileged to endure
Beautiful in yourselves, and richly graced
With like command of beauty—grant your
aid

For MARY's humble, SARAH's silent claim,
That their pure joy in nature may survive
From age to age in blended memory.

1845.

THE WESTMORELAND GIRL

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN

PART I

SEEK who will delight in fable
I shall tell you truth. A Lamb
Leapt from this steep bank to follow
'Cross the brook its thoughtless dam.

Far and wide on hill and valley
Rain had fallen, unceasing rain,
And the bleating mother's Young-one
Struggled with the flood in vain :

But, as chanced, a Cottage-maiden
(Ten years scarcely had she told)
Seeing, plunged into the torrent,
Clasped the Lamb and kept her hold.

Whirled adown the rocky channel,
Sinking, rising, on they go,
Peace and rest, as seems, before them
Only in the lake below.

Oh! it was a frightful current
Whose fierce wrath the Girl had braved ;
Clap your hands with joy my Hearers,
Shout in triumph, both are saved ;

Saved by courage that with danger
Grew, by strength the gift of love,
And belike a guardian angel
Came with succour from above.

PART II

Now, to a maturer Audience,
Let me speak of this brave Child
Left among her native mountains
With wild Nature to run wild.

So, unwatched by love maternal,
Mother's care no more her guide,
Fared this little bright-eyed Orphan
Even while at her father's side.

Spare your blame,—remembrance make
him

Loth to rule by strict command ;
Still upon his cheek are living
Touches of her infant hand,

Dear caresses given in pity,
Sympathy that soothed his grief,
As the dying mother witnessed
To her thankful mind's relief.

Time passed on ; the Child was happy,
Like a Spirit of air she moved,
Wayward, yet by all who knew her
For her tender heart beloved.

Scarcely less than sacred passions,
Bred in house, in grove, and field,
Link her with the inferior creatures,
Urge her powers their rights to shield.

Anglers, bent on reckless pastime,
Learn how she can feel alike
Both for tiny harmless minnow
And the fierce and sharp-toothed pike.

Merciful protectress, kindling
Into anger or disdain;
Many a captive hath she rescued,
Others saved from lingering pain.

Listen yet awhile;—with patience
Hear the homely truths I tell,
She in Grasmere's old church-steeple
Tolled this day the passing-bell.

Yes, the wild Girl of the mountains
To their echoes gave the sound,
Notice punctual as the minute,
Warning solemn and profound.

She, fulfilling her sire's office,
Rang alone the far-heard knell,
Tribute, by her hand, in sorrow,
Paid to One who loved her well.

When his spirit was departed
On that service she went forth;
Nor will fail the like to render
When his corse is laid in earth.

What then wants the Child to temper,
In her breast, unruly fire,
To control the froward impulse
And restrain the vague desire?

Easily a pious training
And a stedfast outward power
Would supplant the weeds and cherish,
In their stead, each opening flower.

Thus the fearless Lamb-deliv'rer,
Woman-grown, meek-hearted, sage,
May become a blest example
For her sex, of every age.

Watchful as a wheeling eagle,
Constant as a soaring lark,
Should the country need a heroine,
She might prove our Maid of Arc.

Leave that thought; and here be uttered
Prayer that Grace divine may raise
Her humane courageous spirit
Up to heaven, thro' peaceful ways.

June 6, 1845.

AT FURNESS ABBEY

WELL have yon Railway Labourers to THIS
ground

Withdrawn for noontide rest. They sit,
they walk

Among the Ruins, but no idle talk
Is heard; to grave demeanour all are bound;
And from one voice a Hymn with tuneful
sound

Hallows once more the long-deserted Quire
And thrills the old sepulchral earth, around.
Others look up, and with fixed eyes admire
That wide-spanned arch, wondering how it
was raised,

To keep, so high in air, its strength and
grace:

All seem to feel the spirit of the place,
And by the general reverence God is
praised:

Profane Despoilers, stand ye not reproved,
While thus these simple-hearted men are
moved? *June 21, 1845.*

“YES! THOU ART FAIR, YET BE
NOT MOVED”

YES! thou art fair, yet be not moved
To scorn the declaration,
That sometimes I in thee have loved
My fancy's own creation.

Imagination needs must stir;
Dear Maid, this truth believe,
Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive.

Be pleased that nature made thee fit
To feed my heart's devotion,
By laws to which all Forms submit
In sky, air, earth, and ocean.

1845.

“WHAT HEAVENLY SMILES! O
LADY MINE”

WHAT heavenly smiles! O Lady mine
Through my very heart they shine;
And, if my brow gives back their light,
Do thou look gladly on the sight;
As the clear Moon with modest pride
Beholds her own bright beams
Reflected from the mountain's side
And from the headlong streams.

1845.

TO A LADY

IN ANSWER TO A REQUEST THAT I WOULD
WRITE HER A POEM UPON SOME DRAW-
INGS THAT SHE HAD MADE OF FLOWERS
IN THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA

FAIR Lady! can I sing of flowers
That in Madeira bloom and fade,
I who ne'er sate within their bowers,
Nor through their sunny lawns have
strayed?

How they in sprightly dance are worn
By Shepherd-groom or May-day queen,
Or holy festal pomps adorn,
These eyes have never seen.

Yet tho' to me the pencil's art
No like remembrances can give,
Your portraits still may reach the heart
And there for gentle pleasure live;
While Fancy ranging with free scope
Shall on some lovely Alien set
A name with us endeared to hope,
To peace, or fond regret.

Still as we look with nicer care,
Some new resemblance we may trace:
A *Heart's-ease* will perhaps be there,
A *Speedwell* may not want its place.
And so may we, with charmed mind
Beholding what your skill has wrought,
Another *Star-of-Bethlehem* find,
A new *Forget-me-not*.

From earth to heaven with motion fleet
From heaven to earth our thoughts will
pass,
A *Holy-thistle* here we meet
And there a *Shepherd's weather-glass*;
And haply some familiar name
Shall grace the fairest, sweetest, plant
Whose presence cheers the drooping frame
Of English Emigrant.

Gazing she feels its powers beguile
Sad thoughts, and breathes with easier
breath;
Alas! that meek that tender smile
Is but a harbinger of death:
And pointing with a feeble hand
She says, in faint words by sighs broken,
Bear for me to my native land
This precious Flower, true love's last
token.

1845.

"GLAD SIGHT WHEREVER NEW
WITH OLD"

GLAD sight wherever new with old
Is joined through some dear homeborn tie:
The life of all that we behold
Depends upon that mystery.
Vain is the glory of the sky,
The beauty vain of field and grove,
Unless, while with admiring eye
We gaze, we also learn to love. 1845.

LOVE LIES BLEEDING

It has been said that the English, though their country has produced so many great poets, is now the most unpoetical nation in Europe. It is probably true; for they have more temptation to become so than any other European people. Trade, commerce, and manufactures, physical science, and mechanic arts, out of which so much wealth has arisen, have made our countrymen infinitely less sensible to movements of imagination and fancy than were our forefathers in their simple state of society. How touching and beautiful were, in most instances, the names they gave to our indigenous flowers, or any other they were familiarly acquainted with!—Every month for many years have we been importing plants and flowers from all quarters of the globe, many of which are spread through our gardens, and some perhaps likely to be met with on the few Common which we have left. Will their botanical names ever be displaced by plain English appellations which will bring them home to our hearts by connection with our joys and sorrows? It can never be, unless society tread back her steps toward those simplicities which have been banished by the undue influence of towns spreading and spreading in every direction, so that city-life with every generation takes more and more the lead over rural. Among the ancients, villages were reckoned the seats of barbarism. Refinement, for the most part false, increases the desire to accumulate wealth; and while theories of political economy are boastfully pleading for the practice, inhumanity pervades all our dealings in buying and selling. This selfishness wars against disinterested imagination in all directions, and, evils coming round like a circle, barbarism spreads in every quarter of our island. Oh for the reign of justice, and the humblest man among us would have more power and dignity in and about him than the highest have now!

You call it, "Love lies bleeding,"—
you may,

Though the red Flower, not prostrate,
 only droops,
 As we have seen it here from day to day,
 From month to month, life passing not
 away:
 A flower how rich in sadness! Even thus
 stoops,
 (Sentient by Grecian sculpture's marvellous
 power)
 Thus leans, with hanging brow and body
 bent
 Earthward in uncomplaining languishment
 The dying Gladiator. So, sad Flower!
 ('Tis Fancy guides me willing to be led,
 Though by a slender thread,)
 So drooped Adonis bathed in sanguine
 dew
 Of his death-wound, when he from innocent
 air
 The gentlest breath of resignation drew;
 While Venus in a passion of despair
 Rent, weeping over him, her golden hair
 Spangled with drops of that celestial
 shower.
 She suffered, as Immortals sometimes do;
 But pangs more lasting far, *that* Lover
 knew
 Who first, weighed down by scorn, in
 some lone bower
 Did press this semblance of unpitied smart
 Into the service of his constant heart,
 His own dejection, downcast Flower! could
 share
 With thine, and gave the mournful name
 which thou wilt ever bear. 1845.

COMPANION TO THE FOREGOING

NEVER enlivened with the liveliest ray
 That fosters growth or checks or cheers
 decay,
 Nor by the heaviest rain-drops more
 deprest,
 This Flower, that first appeared as summer's
 guest,
 Preserves her beauty 'mid autumnal leaves
 And to her mournful habits fondly cleaves.
 When files of stateliest plants have ceased
 to bloom,
 One after one submitting to their doom,
 When her coevals each and all are fled,
 What keeps her thus reclined upon her
 lonesome bed?

The old mythologists, more impressed
 than we
 Of this late day by character in tree
 Or herb, that claimed peculiar sympathy,
 Or by the silent lapse of fountain clear,
 Or with the language of the viewless air
 By bird or beast made vocal, sought a cause
 To solve the mystery, not in Nature's laws
 But in Man's fortunes. Hence a thousand
 tales
 Sung to the plaintive lyre in Grecian vales.
 Nor doubt that something of their spirit
 swayed
 The fancy-stricken Youth or heart-sick Maid,
 Who, while each stood companionless and
 eyed
 This undeparting Flower in crimson dyed,
 Thought of a wound which death is slow to
 cure,
 A fate that has endured and will endure,
 And, patience coveting yet passion feeding,
 Called the dejected Lingerer, *Loves lies*
bleeding. 1845.

THE CUCKOO-CLOCK

Of this clock I have nothing further to say than
 what the poem expresses, except that it must be
 here recorded that it was a present from the dear
 friend for whose sake these notes were chiefly
 undertaken, and who has written them from my
 dictation.

WOULDEST thou be taught, when sleep has
 taken flight,
 By a sure voice that can most sweetly tell,
 How far off yet a glimpse of morning light,
 And if to lure the truant back be well,
 Forbear to covet a Repeater's stroke,
 That, answering to thy touch, will sound
 the hour;
 Better provide thee with a Cuckoo-clock
 For service hung behind thy chamber-door;
 And in due time the soft spontaneous shock,
 The double note, as if with living power,
 Will to composure lead—or make thee
 blithe as bird in bower.

List, Cuckoo—Cuckoo!—oft tho' tempests
 howl,
 Or nipping frost remind thee trees are bare,
 How cattle pine, and droop the shivering
 fowl,
 Thy spirits will seem to feed on balmy air:

I speak with knowledge,—by that Voice
 beguiled,
 Thou wilt salute old memories as they
 throng
 Into thy heart; and fancies, running wild
 Through fresh green fields, and budding
 groves among,
 Will make thee happy, happy as a child:
 Of sunshine wilt thou think, and flowers,
 and song,
 And breathe as in a world where nothing
 can go wrong.

And know—that, even for him who shuns
 the day
 And nightly tosses on a bed of pain;
 Whose joys, from all but memory swept
 away,
 Must come unhopd for, if they come again;
 Know—that, for him whose waking
 thoughts, severe
 As his distress is sharp, would scorn my
 theme,
 The mimic notes, striking upon his ear
 In sleep, and intermingling with his dream,
 Could from sad regions send him to a dear
 Delightful land of verdure, shower and
 gleam,
 To mock the *wandering* Voice beside some
 haunted stream.

O bounty without measure! while the grace
 Of Heaven doth in such wise, from humblest
 springs,
 Pour pleasure forth, and solaces that trace
 A mazy course along familiar things,
 Well may our hearts have faith that
 blessings come,
 Streaming from founts above the starry sky,
 With angels when their own untroubled
 home
 They leave, and speed on nightly embassy
 To visit earthly chambers,—and for whom?
 Yea, both for souls who God's forbearance
 try,
 And those that seek his help, and for his
 mercy sigh. 1845.

"SO FAIR, SO SWEET, WITHAL SO SENSITIVE"

So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,
 Would that the little Flowers were born to
 live,

Conscious of half the pleasure which they
 give;

That to this mountain-daisy's self were
 known
 The beauty of its star-shaped shadow
 thrown
 On the smooth surface of this naked stone!

And what if hence a bold desire should mount
 High as the Sun, that he could take account
 Of all that issues from his glorious fount!

So might he ken how by his sovereign aid
 These delicate companionships are made;
 And how he rules the pomp of light and
 shade;

And were the Sister-power that shines by
 night
 So privileged, what a countenance of delight
 Would through the clouds break forth on
 human sight!

Fond fancies! wheresoe'er shall turn thine
 eye

On earth, air, ocean, or the starry sky,
 Converse with Nature in pure sympathy;

All vain desires, all lawless wishes quelled,
 Be Thou to love and praise alike impelled
 Whatever boon is granted or withheld.

1845.

TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS

DAYS undefiled by luxury or sloth,
 Firm self-denial, manners grave and staid,
 Rights equal, laws with cheerfulness obeyed
 Words that require no sanction from a
 oath,

And simple honesty a common growth—
 This high repute, with bounteous Nature's
 aid,

Won confidence, now ruthlessly betrayed
 At will, your power the measure of your
 troth!—

All who revere the memory of Penn
 Grieve for the land on whose wild wood
 his name

Was fondly grafted with a virtuous aim,
 Renounced, abandoned by degenerate Me
 For state-dishonour black as ever came
 To upper air from Mammon's loathsome
 den. 1845.

"YOUNG ENGLAND—WHAT IS
THEN BECOME OF OLD"

YOUNG ENGLAND—what is then become of
Old

Of dear Old England? Think they she is
dead,

Dead to the very name? Presumption fed
On empty air! That name will keep its
hold

In the true filial bosom's inmost fold
For ever.—The Spirit of Alfred, at the head
Of all who for her rights watched, toiled
and bled,

Knows that this prophecy is not too bold.
What—how! shall she submit in will and
deed

To Beardless Boys—an imitative race,
The *servum pecus* of a Gallic breed?
Dear Mother! if thou *must* thy steps re-
trace,

Go where at least meek Innocency dwells;
Let Babes and Sucklings be thy oracles.

1845.

"THOUGH THE BOLD WINGS OF
POESY AFFECT"

THOUGH the bold wings of Poesy affect
The clouds, and wheel around the mountain
tops

Rejoicing, from her loftiest height she drops
Well pleased to skim the plain with wild
flowers deckt

Or muse in solemn grove whose shades
protect

The lingering dew—there steals along, or
stops

Watching the least small bird that round
her hops,

Or creeping worm, with sensitive respect,
Her functions are they therefore less divine,
Her thoughts less deep, or void of grave
intent

Her simplest fancies? Should that fear be
thine,

Aspiring Votary, ere thy hand present
One offering, kneel before her modest
shrine,

With brow in penitential sorrow bent!

1845.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF
THE BIRD OF PARADISE

This subject has been treated of in another
note. I will here only by way of comment direct
attention to the fact that pictures of animals and
other productions of nature as seen in conserva-
tories, menageries, museums, etc., would do little
for the national mind, nay they would be rather
injurious, to it, if the imagination were excluded
by the presence of the object, more or less out of
a state of nature. If it were not that we learn to
talk and think of the lion and the eagle, the palm-
tree and even the cedar, from the impassioned
introduction of them so frequently into Holy
Scripture and by great poets, and divines who
write as poets, the spiritual part of our nature,
and therefore the higher part of it, would derive
no benefit from such intercourse with such objects.

THE gentlest Poet, with free thoughts en-
dowed,

And a true master of the glowing strain,
Might scan the narrow province with disdain
That to the Painter's skill is here allowed.

This, this the Bird of Paradise! disclaim
The daring thought, forget the name;
This the Sun's Bird, whom Glendoveers
might own

As no unworthy Partner in their flight
Through seas of ether, where the ruffling
sway

Of nether air's rude billows is unknown;
Whom Sylphs, if e'er for casual pastime
they

Through India's spicy regions wing their
way,

Might bow to as their Lord. What
character,

O sovereign Nature! I appeal to thee,
Of all thy feathered progeny

Is so unearthly, and what shape so fair?

So richly decked in variegated down,
Green, sable, shining yellow, shadowy
brown,

Tints softly with each other blended,
Hues doubtfully begun and ended;

Or intershooting, and to sight
Lost and recovered, as the rays of light

Glance on the conscious plumes touched
here and there?

Full surely, when with such proud gifts of
life

Began the penell's strife,

O'erweening Art was caught as in a snare.

A sense of seemingly presumptuous
wrong
Gave the first impulse to the Poet's song;
But, of his scorn repenting soon, he drew
A juster judgment from a calmer view;
And, with a spirit freed from discontent,
Thankfully took an effort that was meant
Not with God's bounty, Nature's love to
vie,
Or made with hope to please that inward
eye
Which ever strives in vain itself to satisfy,
But to recall the truth by some faint trace
Of power ethereal and celestial grace,
That in the living Creature find on earth a
place. 1845.

SONNET

WHY should we weep or mourn, Angelic
boy,
For such thou wert ere from our sight
removed,
Holy, and ever dutiful—beloved
From day to day with never-ceasing joy,
And hopes as dear as could the heart em-
ploy
In aught to earth pertaining? Death has
proved
His might, nor less his mercy, as behoved—
Death conscious that he only could destroy
The bodily frame. That beauty is laid low
To moulder in a far-off field of Rome;
But Heaven is now, blest Child, thy Spirit's
home:
When such divine communion, which we
know,
Is felt, thy Roman-burial place will be
Surely a sweet remembrancer of Thee.
1846.

“WHERE LIES THE TRUTH? HAS
MAN, IN WISDOM'S CREED”

WHERE lies the truth? has Man, in wisdom's
creed,
A pitiable doom; for respite brief
A care more anxious, or a heavier grief?
Is he ungrateful, and doth little heed
God's bounty, soon forgotten; or indeed,
Must Man, with labour born, awake to
sorrow

When Flowers rejoice and Larks with rival
speed
Spring from their nests to bid the Sun good
morrow?
They mount for rapture as their songs pro-
claim
Warbled in hearing both of earth and sky;
But o'er the contrast wherefore heave a
sigh?
Like those aspirants let us soar—our aim,
Through life's worst trials, whether shocks
or snares,
A happier, brighter, purer Heaven than
theirs. 1846.

“I KNOW AN AGED MAN CON-
STRAINED TO DWELL”

I KNOW an aged Man constrained to dwell
In a large house of public charity,
Where he abides, as in a Prisoner's cell,
With numbers near, alas! no company.
When he could creep about, at will, though
poor
And forced to live on alms, this old Man fed
A Redbreast, one that to his cottage door
Came not, but in a lane partook his bread.
There, at the root of one particular tree,
An easy seat this worn-out Labourer found
While Robin pecked the crumbs upon his
knee
Laid one by one, or scattered on the ground.
Dear intercourse was theirs, day after day;
What signs of mutual gladness when they
met!
Think of their common peace, their simple
play,
The parting moment and its fond regret.
Months passed in love that failed not to
fulfil,
In spite of season's change, its own demand,
By fluttering pinions here and busy bill;
There by caresses from a tremulous hand.
Thus in the chosen spot a tie so strong
Was formed between the solitary pair,
That when his fate had housed him 'mid a
throng
The Captive shunned all converse proffered
there.

Wife, children, kindred, they were dead and gone;

But, if no evil hap his wishes crossed,
One living Stay was left, and on that one
Some recompence for all that he had lost.

Oh that the good old Man had power to prove,

By message sent through air or visible token,
That still he loves the Bird, and still must love;

That friendship lasts though fellowship is broken!
1846.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL THE QUEEN OF NIGHT"

How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high
Her way pursuing among scattered clouds,
Where, ever and anon, her head she shrouds
Hidden from view in dense obscurity.

But look, and to the watchful eye
A brightening edge will indicate that soon
We shall behold the struggling Moon
Break forth,—again to walk the clear blue sky.
1846.

EVENING VOLUNTARIES

TO LUCCA GIORDANO

GIORDANO, verily thy Pencil's skill
Hath here portrayed with Nature's happiest
grace

The fair Endymion couched on Latmos-hill;
And Dian gazing on the Shepherd's face
In rapture,—yet suspending her embrace,
As not unconscious with what power the
thrill

Of her most timid touch his sleep would
chase,

And, with his sleep, that beauty calm and
still.

Oh may this work have found its last retreat
Here in a Mountain-bard's secure abode,
One to whom, yet a School-boy, Cynthia
showed

A face of love which he in love would greet,
Fixed, by her smile, upon some rocky seat;
Or lured along where greenwood paths he
trod.

RYDAL MOUNT, 1846.

"WHO BUT IS PLEASED TO WATCH THE MOON ON HIGH"

WHO but is pleased to watch the moon on
high

Travelling where she from time to time en-
shrouds

Her head, and nothing loth her Majesty
Renounces, till among the scattered clouds
One with its kindling edge declares that
soon

Will reappear before the uplifted eye
A Form as bright, as beautiful a moon,
To glide in open prospect through clear
sky.

Pity that such a promise e'er should prove
False in the issue, that yon seeming space
Of sky should be in truth the steadfast face
Of a cloud flat and dense, through which
must move

(By transit not unlike man's frequent
doom)

The Wanderer lost in more determined
gloom.
1846.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS

DISCOURSE was deemed Man's noblest
attribute,

And written words the glory of his hand;
Then followed Printing with enlarged
command

For thought—dominion vast and absolute
For spreading truth, and making love
expand.

Now prose and verse sunk into disrepute
Must lacquy a dumb Art that best can
suit

The taste of this once-intellectual Land.
A backward movement surely have we
here,

From manhood,—back to childhood; for
the age—

Back towards caverned life's first rude
career.

Avaunt this vile abuse of pictured page!
Must eyes be all in all, the tongue and
ear

Nothing? Heaven keep us from a lower
stage!
1846.

"THE UNREMITTING VOICE OF
NIGHTLY STREAMS"

THE unremitting voice of nightly streams
That wastes so oft, we think, its tuneful
powers,
If neither soothing to the worm that gleams
Through dewy grass, nor small birds hushed
in bowers,
Nor unto silent leaves and drowsy flowers,—
That voice of unpretending harmony
(For who what is shall measure by what
seems
To be, or not to be,
Or tax high Heaven with prodigality?)
Wants not a healing influence that can
creep
Into the human breast, and mix with sleep
To regulate the motion of our dreams
For kindly issues—as through every clime
Was felt near murmuring brooks in earliest
time;
As at this day, the rudest swains who dwell
Where torrents roar, or hear the tinkling
knell
Of water-breaks, with grateful heart could
tell. 1846.

SONNET

TO AN OCTOGENARIAN

AFFECTIONS lose their object; Time brings
forth
No successors; and, lodged in memory,
If love exist no longer, it must die,—
Wanting accustomed food, must pass from
earth,
Or never hope to reach a second birth.
This sad belief, the happiest that is left
To thousands, share not Thou; howe'er
bereft,
Scorned, or neglected, fear not such a
dearth.
Though poor and destitute of friends thou
art,
Perhaps the sole survivor of thy race,
One to whom Heaven assigns that mourn-
ful part
The utmost solitude of age to face,
Still shall be left some corner of the heart
Where Love for living Thing can find a
place. 1846.

ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY
STREAM

BEHOLD an emblem of our human mind
Crowded with thoughts that need a settled
home,
Yet, like to eddying balls of foam
Within this whirlpool, they each other
chase
Round and round, and neither find
An outlet nor a resting-place!
Stranger, if such disquietude be thine,
Fall on thy knees and sue for help divine.
1846.

ODE ON THE INSTALLATION OF
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE
ALBERT AS CHANCELLOR OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF CAM-
BRIDGE, JULY 1847

INTRODUCTION AND CHORUS

FOR thirst of power that Heaven dis-
owns,
For temples, towers, and thrones,
Too long insulted by the Spoiler's shock,
Indignant Europe cast
Her stormy foe at last
To reap the whirlwind on a Libyan rock.

SOLO—(TENOR)

War is passion's basest game
Madly played to win a name;
Up starts some tyrant, Earth and Heaven
to dare,
The servile million bow;
But will the lightning glance aside to spare
The Despot's laurelled brow?

CHORUS

War is mercy, glory, fame,
Waged in Freedom's holy cause;
Freedom, such as Man may claim
Under God's restraining laws.
Such is Albion's fame and glory:
Let rescued Europe tell the story.

RECIT. (*accompanied*)—(CONTRALTO)

But lo, what sudden cloud has darkened
all

The land as with a funeral pall?
The Rose of England suffers blight,
The flower has drooped, the Isle's delight,
Flower and bud together fall—
A Nation's hopes lie crushed in Claremont's
desolate hall.

AIR—(SOPRANO)

Time a chequered mantle wears;—
Earth awakes from wintry sleep;
Again the Tree a blossom bears—
Cease, Britannia, cease to weep!
Hark to the peals on this bright May
morn!
They tell that your future Queen is born.

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS

A Guardian Angel fluttered
Above the Babe, unseen;
One word he softly uttered—
It named the future Queen:
And a joyful cry through the Island
rang,
As clear and bold as the trumpet's
clang,
As bland as the reed of peace—
"VICTORIA be her name!"
For righteous triumphs are the base
Whereon Britannia rests her peaceful
fame.

QUARTET

Time, in his mantle's sunniest fold,
Uplifted in his arms the child;
And, while the fearless Infant smiled,
Her happier destiny foretold:—
"Infancy, by Wisdom mild,
Trained to health and artless beauty;
Youth, by pleasure unbeguiled
From the lore of lofty duty;
Womanhood is pure renown,
Seated on her lineal throne:
Leaves of myrtle in her Crown,
Fresh with lustre all their own.
Love, the treasure worth possessing,
More than all the world beside,

This shall be her choicest blessing,
Oft to royal hearts denied."

RECIT. (*accompanied*)—(BASS)

That eve, the Star of Brunswick shone
With stedfast ray benign
On Gotha's ducal roof, and on
The softly flowing Leine;
Nor failed to gild the spires of Bonn,
And glittered on the Rhine—
Old Camus, too, on that prophetic night
Was conscious of the ray;
And his willows whispered in its light,
Not to the Zephyr's sway,
But with a Delphic life, in sight
Of this auspicious day:

CHORUS

This day, when Granta hails her chosen
Lord,
And proud of her award,
Confiding in the Star serene,
Welcomes the Consort of a happy Queen.

AIR—(CONTRALTO)

Prince, in these Collegiate bowers,
Where Science, leagued with holier
truth,
Guards the sacred heart of youth,
Solemn monitors are ours.
These reverend aisles, these hallowed
towers,
Raised by many a hand august,
Are haunted by majestic Powers,
The memories of the Wise and Just,
Who, faithful to a pious trust,
Here, in the Founder's spirit sought
To mould and stamp the ore of thought
In that bold form and impress high
That best betoken patriot loyalty.
Not in vain those Sages taught,—
True disciples, good as great,
Have pondered here their country's weal,
Weighed the Future by the Past,
Learned how social frames may last,
And how a Land may rule its fate
By constancy inviolate,
Though worlds to their foundations reel
The sport of factious Hate or godless Zeal.

AIR—(BASS)

Albert, in thy race we cherish
 A Nation's strength that will not
 perish
 While England's sceptred Line
 True to the King of Kings is found ;
 Like that Wise ancestor of thine
 Who threw the Saxon shield o'er Luther's
 life,
 When first above the yells of bigot strife
 The trumpet of the Living Word
 Assumed a voice of deep portentous sound,
 From gladdened Elbe to startled Tiber
 heard.

CHORUS

What shield more sublime
 E'er was blazoned or sung?
 And the PRINCE whom we greet
 From its Hero is sprung.
 Resound, resound the strain,
 That hails him for our own !
 Again, again, and yet again,
 For the Church, the State, the Throne !
 And that Presence fair and bright,
 Ever blest wherever seen,
 Who deigns to grace our festal rite,
 The pride of the Islands, VICTORIA
 THE QUEEN.

NOTES

Page 23

*'And, hovering, round it often did a
raven fly.'*

From a short MS. poem read to me when an undergraduate, by my schoolfellow and friend, Charles Farish, long since deceased. The verses were by a brother of his, a man of promising genius, who died young.

Page 34

'The Borderers.'

This Dramatic Piece, as noticed in its title-page, was composed in 1795-96. It lay nearly from that time till within the last two or three months unregarded among my papers, without being mentioned even to my most intimate friends. Having, however, impressions upon my mind which made me unwilling to destroy the MS., I determined to undertake the responsibility of publishing it during my own life, rather than impose upon my successors the task of deciding its fate. Accordingly it has been revised with some care; but, as it was at first written, and is now published, without any view to its exhibition upon the stage, not the slightest alteration has been made in the conduct of the story, or the composition of the characters; above all, in respect to the two leading Persons of the Drama, I felt no inducement to make any change. The study of human nature suggests this awful truth, that as in the trials to which life subjects us, sin and crime are apt to start from their very opposite qualities, so are there no limits to the hardening of the heart and the perversion of the understanding to which they may carry their slaves. During my long residence in France, while

the Revolution was rapidly advancing to its extreme of wickedness, I had frequent opportunities of being an eye-witness of this process, and it was while that knowledge was fresh upon my memory that the Tragedy of "The Borderers" was composed.

Page 179

'Jones! as from Calais southward.'

(See Dedication to Descriptive Sketches.)

This excellent Person, one of my earliest and dearest friends, died in the year 1835. We were undergraduates together of the same year, at the same college; and companions in many a delightful ramble through his own romantic Country of North Wales. Much of the latter part of his life he passed in comparative solitude, which I know was often cheered by remembrance of our youthful adventures, and of the beautiful regions which, at home and abroad, we had visited together. Our long friendship was never subject to a moment's interruption,—and, while revising these volumes for the last time, I have been so often reminded of my loss, with a not unpleasing sadness, that I trust the Reader will excuse this passing mention of a Man who well deserves from me something more than so brief a notice. Let me only add, that during the middle part of his life he resided many years (as Incumbent of the Living) at a Parsonage in Oxfordshire, which is the subject of the sonnet entitled "A Parsonage in Oxfordshire," p. 607.

Page 180

In this and a succeeding Sonnet on the same subject, let me be understood as a Poet availing himself of the situation which

the King of Sweden occupied, and of the principles AVOWED in HIS MANIFESTOS; as laying hold of these advantages for the purpose of embodying moral truths. This remark might, perhaps, as well have been suppressed; for to those who may be in sympathy with the course of these Poems, it will be superfluous, and will, I fear, be thrown away upon that other class, whose besotted admiration of the intoxicated despot hereafter placed in contrast with him, is the most melancholy evidence of degradation in British feeling and intellect which the times have furnished.

Page 184

'*To the Daisy.*'

This Poem, and two others to the same Flower, were written in the year 1802; which is mentioned, because in some of the ideas, though not in the manner in which those ideas are connected, and likewise even in some of the expressions, there is a resemblance to passages in a Poem (lately published) of Mr. Montgomery's, entitled, a Field Flower. This being said, Mr. Montgomery will not think any apology due to him; I cannot, however, help addressing him in the words of the Father of English Poets.

"Though it happe me to rehersin—
That ye han in your freshe songis saied,
Forberith me, and beth not ill apaid,
Sith that ye se I doe it in the honour
Of Love, and eke in service of the Flour."

1807.

Page 190

The following is extracted from the journal of my fellow-traveller, to which, as persons acquainted with my poems will know, I have been obliged on other occasions:—

"Dumfries, August 1803.

"On our way to the churchyard where Burns is buried, we were accompanied by a bookseller, who showed us the outside of Burns's house, where he had lived the last three years of his life, and where he died. It has a mean appearance, and is in a bye situation; the front whitewashed; dirty about the doors, as most Scotch houses are; flowering plants in the window.

Went to visit his grave; he lies in a corner of the churchyard, and his second son, Francis Wallace, beside him. There is no stone to mark the spot; but a hundred guineas have been collected to be expended upon some sort of monument. 'There,' said the bookseller, pointing to a pompous monument, 'lies Mr.'—(I have forgotten the name)—'a remarkably clever man; he was an attorney, and scarcely ever lost a cause he undertook. Burns made many a lampoon upon him, and there they rest as you see.' We looked at Burns's grave with melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each other his own poet's epitaph:—

'Is there a man,' etc.

"The churchyard is full of grave-stones and expensive monuments, in all sorts of fantastic shapes, obelisk-wise, pillar-wise, etc. When our guide had left us we turned again to Burns's grave, and afterwards went to his house, wishing to inquire after Mrs. Burns, who was gone to spend some time by the seashore with her children. We spoke to the maid-servant at the door, who invited us forward, and we sate down in the parlour. The walls were coloured with a blue wash; on one side of the fire was a mahogany desk; opposite the window a clock, which Burns mentions, in one of his letters, having received as a present. The house was cleanly and neat in the inside, the stairs of stone scoured white, the kitchen on the right side of the passage, the parlour on the left. In the room above the parlour the poet died, and his son, very lately, in the same room. The servant told us she had lived four years with Mrs. Burns, who was now in great sorrow for the death of Wallace. She said that Mrs. B.'s youngest son was now at Christ's Hospital. We were glad to leave Dumfries, where we could think of little but poor Burns, and his moving about on that unpoetic ground. In our road to Brownhill, the next stage, we passed Ellisland, at a little distance on our right—his farm-house. Our pleasure in looking round would have been still greater, if the road had led us nearer the spot.

* * * * *

"I cannot take leave of this country

which we passed through to-day, without mentioning that we saw the Cumberland mountains within half-a-mile of Ellisland, Burns's house, the last view we had of them. Drayton has prettily described the connection which this neighbourhood has with ours, when he makes Skiddaw say,—

'Scruffel, from the sky

That Annandale doth crown, with a most amorous
eye

Salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,
Oft threatening me with clouds, as I oft threaten
him.'

"These lines came to my brother's memory, as well as the Cumberland saying,—

'If Skiddaw hath a cap
Scruffel wots well of that.'

"We talked of Burns, and of the prospect he must have had, perhaps from his own door, of Skiddaw and his companions; indulging ourselves in the fancy that we might have been personally known to each other, and he have looked upon those objects with more pleasure for our sakes."

Page 202

'*The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale.*'

With this picture, which was taken from real life, compare the imaginative one of "The Reverie of Poor Susan," p. 72; and see (to make up the deficiencies of this class) "The Excursion," *passim*.

Page 208

'*The Seven Sisters.*'

The Story of this Poem is from the German of FREDERICA BRUN.

Page 219

'*Moss Campion (Silene acaulis).*'

This most beautiful plant is scarce in England, though it is found in great abundance upon the mountains of Scotland. The first specimen I ever saw of it, in its native bed, was singularly fine, the tuft or cushion being at least eight inches in diameter, and the root proportionably thick. I have only met with it in two

places among our mountains, in both of which I have since sought for it in vain.

Botanists will not, I hope, take it ill, if I caution them against carrying off, inconsiderately, rare and beautiful plants. This has often been done, particularly from Ingleborough and other mountains in Yorkshire, till the species have totally disappeared, to the great regret of lovers of nature living near the places where they grew.

Page 225

'*The Waggoner.*'

Several years after the event that forms the subject of the Poem, in company with my friend, the late Mr. Coleridge, I happened to fall in with the person to whom the name of Benjamin is given. Upon our expressing regret that we had not, for a long time, seen upon the road either him or his waggon, he said, "They could not do without me; and as to the man who was put in my place, no good could come out of him; he was a man of no ideas."

The fact of my discarded hero's getting the horses out of a great difficulty with a word, as related in the poem, was told me by an eye-witness.

Page 225

'*The buzzing dor-hawk, round and
round, is wheeling,—*

When the Poem was first written the note of the bird was thus described:—

"The Night-hawk is singing his frog-like tune,
Twirling his watchman's rattle about—"

but from unwillingness to startle the reader at the outset by so bold a mode of expression, the passage was altered as it now stands.

Page 230

After the line, "*Can any mortal clog come to her,*" followed in the MS. an incident which has been kept back. Part of the suppressed verses shall here be given as a gratification of private feeling, which the well-disposed reader will find no difficulty in excusing. They are now printed for the first time.

"Can any mortal clog come to her?

It can : * * * * *

But Benjamin, in his vexation,
Possesses inward consolation ;
He knows his ground, and hopes to find
A spot with all things to his mind,
An upright mural block of stone,
Moist with pure water trickling down.
A slender spring ; but kind to man
It is, a true Samaritan ;

Close to the highway, pouring out
Its offering from a chink or spout ;
Whence all, howe'er athirst, or drooping
With toil, may drink, and without stooping.

Cries Benjamin, 'Where is it, where?

Voice it hath none, but must be near.'

—A star, declining towards the west,
Upon the watery surface threw
Its image tremulously imprest,
That just marked out the object and withdrew :
Right welcome service ! * * * *

* * * * *

ROCK OF NAMES !

Light is the strain, but not unjust
To Thee, and thy memorial-trust
That once seemed only to express
Love that was love in idleness ;
Tokens, as year hath followed year
How changed, alas, in character !
For they were graven on thy smooth breast
By hands of those my soul loved best ;
Meek women, men as true and brave
As ever went to a hopeful grave :
Their hands and mine, when side by side
With kindred zeal and mutual pride,
We worked until the Initials took
Shapes that defied a scornful look.—
Long as for us a genial feeling
Survives, or one in need of healing,
The power, dear Rock, around thee cast,
Thy monumental power, shall last
For me and mine ! O thought of pain,
That would impair it or profane !
Take all in kindness then, as said
With a staid heart but playful head ;
And fail not Thou, loved Rock ! to keep
Thy charge when we are laid asleep."

Page 344

*'Descend, prophetic Spirit! that inspir'st
The human Soul,' etc.*

"Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic Soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come."

Shakspeare's Sonnets.

Page 346

'The Horn of Egremont Castle.'

This story is a Cumberland tradition. I have heard it also related of the Hall of Hutton John, an ancient residence of the Hudlestons, in a sequestered valley upon the river Dacor.

Page 357

*'Danger which they fear, and honour
which they understand not.'*

Words in Lord Brooke's Life of Sir P. Sidney.

Page 361

Mrs. Wordsworth has a strong impression that "The Mother's Return" was written at Coleorton, where Miss Wordsworth was then staying with the children, during the absence of the former.

Page 363

'Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle.'

Henry Lord Clifford, etc., who is the subject of this Poem, was the son of John Lord Clifford, who was slain at Towton Field, which John Lord Clifford, as is known to the reader of English History, was the person who after the battle of Wakefield slew, in the pursuit, the young Earl of Rutland, son of the Duke of York, who had fallen in the battle, "in part of revenge" (say the Authors of the History of Cumberland and Westmoreland) ; "for the Earl's Father had slain his." A deed which worthily blemished the author (saith Speed) ; but who, as he adds, "dare promise any thing temperate of himself in the heat of martial fury? chiefly, when it was resolved not to leave any branch of the York line standing ; for so one maketh this Lord to speak." This, no doubt, I would observe by the bye, was an action sufficiently in the vindictive spirit of the times, and yet not altogether so bad as represented ; "for the Earl was no child, as some writers would have him, but able to bear arms, being sixteen or seventeen years of age, as is evident from this (say the Memoirs of the Countess of Pembroke, who was laudably anxious to wipe away, as far as could be, this stigma from the

illustrious name to which she was born), that he was the next Child to King Edward the Fourth, which his mother had by Richard Duke of York, and that King was then eighteen years of age: and for the small distance betwixt her children, see Austin Vincent, in his Book of Nobility, p. 622, where he writes of them all." It may further be observed, that Lord Clifford, who was then himself only twenty-five years of age, had been a leading man and commander two or three years together in the army of Lancaster, before this time; and, therefore, would be less likely to think that the Earl of Rutland might be entitled to mercy from his youth.—But, independent of this act, at best a cruel and savage one, the Family of Clifford had done enough to draw upon them the vehement hatred of the House of York: so that after the Battle of Towton there was no hope for them but in flight and concealment. Henry, the subject of the Poem, was deprived of his estate and honours during the space of twenty-four years; all which time he lived as a shepherd in Yorkshire, or in Cumberland, where the estate of his Father-in-law (Sir Lancelot Threlkeld) lay. He was restored to his estate and honours in the first year of Henry the Seventh. It is recorded that, "when called to Parliament, he behaved nobly and wisely; but otherwise came seldom to London or the Court; and rather delighted to live in the country, where he repaired several of his Castles, which had gone to decay during the late troubles." Thus far is chiefly collected from Nicholson and Burn; and I can add, from my own knowledge, that there is a tradition current in the village of Threlkeld and its neighbourhood, his principal retreat, that in the course of his shepherd-life he had acquired great astronomical knowledge. I cannot conclude this note without adding a word upon the subject of those numerous and noble feudal Edifices, spoken of in the Poem, the ruins of some of which are, at this day, so great an ornament to that interesting country. The Cliffords had always been distinguished for an honourable pride in these Castles; and we have seen that, after the wars of York and Lancaster, they were rebuilt; in the civil wars of Charles the First they were

again laid waste, and again restored almost to their former magnificence by the celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, etc. Not more than twenty-five years after this was done, when the estates of Clifford had passed into the Family of Tufton, three of these Castles, namely, Brough, Brougham, and Pendragon, were demolished, and the timber and other materials sold by Thomas Earl of Thanet. We will hope that, when this order was issued, the Earl had not consulted the text of Isaiah, 58th chap. 12th verse, to which the inscription placed over the gate of Pendragon Castle by the Countess of Pembroke (I believe his Grandmother), at the time she repaired that structure, refers the reader:—"And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places: thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called, The repairer of the breach, The restorer of paths to dwell in." The Earl of Thanet, the present possessor of the Estates, with a due respect for the memory of his ancestors, and a proper sense of the value and beauty of these remains of antiquity, has (I am told) given orders that they shall be preserved from all depredations.

Page 364

'Earth helped him with the cry of blood.'

This line is from "The Battle of Bosworth Field," by Sir John Beaumont (brother to the Dramatist), whose poems are written with much spirit, elegance, and harmony, and have deservedly been reprinted lately in Chalmers's Collection of English Poets.

Page 365

*'And both the undying fish that swim
Through Bowscale-tarn,' etc.*

It is imagined by the people of the country that there are two immortal Fish, inhabitants of this Tarn, which lies in the mountains not far from Threlkeld.—Blencathara, mentioned before, is the old and proper name of the mountain vulgarly called Saddleback.

Page 365

*'Armour resting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls.'*

The martial character of the Cliffords is well known to the readers of English history; but it may not be improper here to say, by way of comment on these lines and what follows, that besides several others who perished in the same manner, the four immediate Progenitors of the Person in whose hearing this is supposed to be spoken all died in the Field.

Page 365

'The White Doe of Rylstone.'

The Poem of the White Doe of Rylstone is founded on a local tradition, and on the Ballad in Percy's Collection, entitled "The Rising of the North." The tradition is as follows:—"About this time," not long after the Dissolution, "a White Doe," say the aged people of the neighbourhood, "long continued to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rylstone over the fells of Bolton, and was constantly found in the Abbey Churchyard during divine service; after the close of which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation."—DR. WHITAKER'S *History of the Deanery of Craven*.—Rylstone was the property and residence of the Nortons, distinguished in that ill-advised and unfortunate Insurrection; which led me to connect with this tradition the principal circumstances of their fate, as recorded in the Ballad.

"Bolton Priory," says Dr. Whitaker in his excellent book, *The History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Craven*, "stands upon a beautiful curvature of the Wharf, on a level sufficiently elevated to protect it from inundations, and low enough for every purpose of picturesque effect.

"Opposite to the East window of the Priory Church, the river washes the foot of a rock nearly perpendicular, and of the richest purple, where several of the mineral beds, which break out instead of maintaining their usual inclination to the horizon, are twisted by some inconceivable process into undulating and spiral lines. To the South all is soft and delicious; the eye reposes upon a few rich pastures, a moder-

ate reach of the river, sufficiently tranquil to form a mirror to the sun, and the bounding hills beyond, neither too near nor too lofty to exclude, even in winter, any portion of his rays.

"But after all, the glories of Bolton are on the North. Whatever the most fastidious taste could require to constitute a perfect landscape, is not only found here, but in its proper place. In front, and immediately under the eye, is a smooth expanse of park-like enclosure, spotted with native elm, ash, etc. of the finest growth: on the right a skirting oak wood, with jutting points of grey rock; on the left a rising copse. Still forward are seen the aged groves of Bolton Park, the growth of centuries; and farther yet, the barren and rocky distances of Simon-seat and Barden Fell contrasted with the warmth, fertility, and luxuriant foliage of the valley below.

"About half a mile above Bolton the valley closes, and either side of the Wharf is overhung by solemn woods, from which huge perpendicular masses of grey rock jut out at intervals.

"This sequestered scene was almost inaccessible till of late, that ridings have been cut on both sides of the river, and the most interesting points laid open by judicious thinnings in the woods. Here a tributary stream rushes from a waterfall and bursts through a woody glen to mingle its waters with the Wharf: there the Wharf itself is nearly lost in a deep cleft in the rock, and next becomes a horned flood enclosing a woody island—sometime it reposes for a moment, and then resumes its native character, lively, irregular, and impetuous.

"The cleft mentioned above is the tremendous STRID. This chasm, being incapable of receiving the winter floods, has formed on either side a broad strand of naked gritstone full of rock-basins, or 'pots of the Linn,' which bear witness to the restless impetuosity of so many Northern torrents. But, if here Wharf is lost to the eye, it amply repays another sense by its deep and solemn roar, like 'the Voice of the angry Spirit of the Waters,' heard far above and beneath, amidst the silence of the surrounding woods.

"The terminating object of the landscape is the remains of Barden Tower, interesting from their form and situation, and still more so from the recollections which they excite."

Page 367

'Action is transitory—'

This and the five lines that follow were either read or recited by me, more than thirty years since, to the late Mr. Hazlitt, who quoted some expressions in them (imperfectly remembered) in a work of his published several years ago.

Page 367

'From Bolton's old monastic tower.'

It is to be regretted that at the present day Bolton Abbey wants this ornament: but the Poem, according to the imagination of the Poet, is composed in Queen Elizabeth's time. "Formerly," says Dr. Whitaker, "over the Transept was a tower. This is proved not only from the mention of bells at the Dissolution, when they could have had no other place, but from the pointed roof of the choir, which must have terminated westward, in some building of superior height to the ridge."

Page 367

'A Chapel, like a wild-bird's nest.'

"The Nave of the Church having been reserved at the Dissolution for the use of the Saxon Cure, is still a parochial Chapel; and, at this day, is as well kept as the neatest English Cathedral."

Page 367

'Who sate in the shade of the Prior's Oak!'

"At a small distance from the great gateway stood the Prior's Oak, which was felled about the year 1720, and sold for 70*l*. According to the price of wood at that time, it could scarcely have contained less than 1400 feet of timber."

Page 369

'When Lady Auliza mourned.'

The detail of this tradition may be found in Dr. Whitaker's book, and in a Poem of this Collection, "The Force of Prayer."

Page 369

'Pass, pass who will, yon chantry door.'

"At the East end of the North aisle of Bolton Priory Church, is a chantry belonging to Bethmesly Hall, and a vault where, according to tradition, the Claphams" (who inherited this estate, by the female line, from the Mauleverers) "were interred upright." John de Clapham, of whom this ferocious act is recorded, was a man of great note in his time: "he was a vehement partisan of the house of Lancaster, in whom the spirit of his chieftains, the Cliffords, seemed to survive."

Page 370

'Who loved the Shepherd-lord to meet.'

Among these Poems will be found one entitled, "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, upon the Restoration of Lord Clifford, the Shepherd, to the Estates and Honours of his Ancestors." To that Poem is annexed an account of this personage, chiefly extracted from Burn and Nicholson's History of Cumberland and Westmoreland. It gives me pleasure to add these further particulars concerning him, from Dr. Whitaker, who says he "retired to the solitude of Barden, where he seems to have enlarged the tower out of a common keeper's lodge, and where he found a retreat equally favourable to taste, to instruction, and to devotion. The narrow limits of his residence show that he had learned to despise the pomp of greatness, and that a small train of servants could suffice him, who had lived to the age of thirty a servant himself. I think this nobleman resided here almost entirely when in Yorkshire, for all his charters which I have seen are dated at Barden.

"His early habits, and the want of those artificial measures of time which even shepherds now possess, had given him a turn for observing the motions of the heavenly bodies; and, having purchased such an apparatus as could then be procured, he amused and informed himself by those pursuits, with the aid of the Canons of Bolton, some of whom are said to have been well versed in what was then known of the science.

"I suspect this nobleman to have been sometimes occupied in a more visionary pursuit, and probably in the same company.

"For, from the family evidences, I have met with two MSS. on the subject of Alchemy, which, from the character, spelling, etc., may almost certainly be referred to the reign of Henry the Seventh. If these were originally deposited with the MSS. of the Cliffords, it might have been for the use of this nobleman. If they were brought from Bolton at the Dissolution, they must have been the work of those Canons whom he almost exclusively conversed with.

"In these peaceful employments Lord Clifford spent the whole reign of Henry the Seventh, and the first years of his son. But in the year 1513, when almost sixty years old, he was appointed to a principal command over the army which fought at Flodden, and showed that the military genius of the family had neither been chilled in him by age, nor extinguished by habits of peace.

"He survived the battle of Flodden ten years, and died April 23d, 1523, aged about 70. I shall endeavour to appropriate to him a tomb, vault, and chantry, in the choir of the church of Bolton, as I should be sorry to believe that he was deposited, when dead, at a distance from the place which in his lifetime he loved so well.

"By his last will he appointed his body to be interred at Shap, if he died in Westmoreland; or at Bolton, if he died in Yorkshire."

With respect to the Canons of Bolton, Dr. Whitaker shows from MSS. that not only alchemy but astronomy was a favourite pursuit with them.

Page 373

*'Now joy for you who from the towers
Of Brancepeth look in doubt and fear.'*

Brancepeth Castle stands near the river Were, a few miles from the city of Durham. It formerly belonged to the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland. See Dr. Percy's account.

Page 375

*'Of mitred Thurston—what a Host
He conquered!'*

See the Historians for the account of this memorable battle, usually denominated the Battle of the Standard.

Page 375

'In that other day of Neville's Cross.'

'In the night before the battle of Durham was stricken and begun, the 17th day of October, anno 1346, there did appear to John Fosse, then Prior of the abbey of Durham, a Vision, commanding him to take the holy Corporax-cloth, wherewith St. Cuthbert did cover the chalice when he used to say mass, and to put the same holy relique like to a banner-cloth upon the point of a spear, and the next morning to go and repair to a place on the west side of the city of Durham, called the Red Hills, where the Maid's Bower wont to be, and there to remain and abide till the end of the battle. To which vision the Prior obeying and taking the same for a revelation of God's grace and mercy by the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, did accordingly the next morning, with the monks of the said abbey repair to the said Red Hills, and there most devoutly humbling and prostrating themselves in prayer for the victory in the said battle: (a great multitude of the Scots running and pressing by them, with intention to have spoiled them, yet had no power to commit any violence under such holy persons, so occupied in prayer, being protected and defended by the mighty Providence of Almighty God, and by the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, and the presence of the holy relique). And, after many conflicts and warlike exploits there had and done between the English men and the King of Scots and his company the said battle ended, and the victory was obtained, to the great overthrow and confusion of the Scots, their enemies: And then the said Prior and monks accompanied with Ralph Lord Nevil, and John Nevil his son, and the Lord Percy, and many other nobles of England, returned home and went to the abbey church, there joining in hearty prayer and thanksgiving to God

and Holy St. Cuthbert for the victory achieved that day."

This battle was afterwards called the Battle of Neville's Cross from the following circumstance:—

"On the west side of the city of Durham, where two roads pass each other, a most notable, famous, and goodly cross of stonework was erected and set up to the honour of God for the victory there obtained in the field of battle, and known by the name of Nevil's Cross, and built at the sole cost of the Lord Ralph Nevil, one of the most excellent and chief persons in the said battle." The Relique of St. Cuthbert afterwards became of great importance in military events. For soon after this battle, says the same author, "The Prior caused a goodly and sumptuous banner to be made," (which is then described at great length) "and in the midst of the same banner-cloth was the said holy relique and corporax-cloth enclosed, etc., and so sumptuously finished, and absolutely perfected, this banner was dedicated to Holy St. Cuthbert, of intent and purpose that for the future it should be carried to any battle, as occasion should serve; and was never carried and showed at any battle but by the especial grace of God Almighty, and the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, it brought home victory; which banner-cloth, after the dissolution of the abbey, fell into the possession of Dean WHITTINGHAM, whose wife, called KATHARINE, being a French woman (as is most credibly reported by eye-witnesses), did most injuriously burn the same in her fire, to the open contempt and disgrace of all ancient and goodly reliques."—Extracted from a book entitled "Durham Cathedral, as it stood before the Dissolution of the Monastery." It appears, from the old metrical History, that the above-mentioned banner was carried by the Earl of Surrey to Flodden Field.

Page 378

*'An edifice of warlike frame
Stands single—Norton Tower its name—'*

It is so called to this day, and is thus described by Dr. Whitaker:—"Rylstone Fell yet exhibits a monument of the old

warfare between the Nortons and Cliffords. On a point of very high ground, commanding an immense prospect, and protected by two deep ravines, are the remains of a square tower, expressly said by Dodsworth to have been built by Richard Norton. The walls are of strong grout-work, about four feet thick. It seems to have been three stories high. Breaches have been industriously made in all the sides, almost to the ground, to render it untenable.

"But Norton Tower was probably a sort of pleasure-house in summer, as there are, adjoining to it, several large mounds (two of them are pretty entire), of which no other account can be given than that they were butts for large companies of archers.

"The place is savagely wild, and admirably adapted to the uses of a watch tower."

Page 382

— — *'despoil and desolation
O'er Rylstone's fair domain have blown.'*

"After the attainder of Richard Norton, his estates were forfeited to the crown, where they remained till the 2d or 3d of James; they were then granted to Francis Earl of Cumberland." From an accurate survey made at that time, several particulars have been extracted by Dr. W. It appears that "the mansion-house was then in decay. Immediately adjoining is a close, called the Vivery, so called, undoubtedly, from the French Vivier, or modern Latin Vivarium; for there are near the house large remains of a pleasure-ground, such as were introduced in the earlier part of Elizabeth's time, with topiary works, fish-ponds, an island, etc. The whole township was ranged by an hundred and thirty red deer, the property of the Lord, which, together with the wood, had, after the attainder of Mr. Norton, been committed to Sir Stephen Tempest. The wood, it seems, had been abandoned to depredations, before which time it appears that the neighbourhood must have exhibited a forest-like and sylvan scene. In this survey, among the old tenants is mentioned one Richard Kitchen, butler to Mr. Norton, who rose in rebellion with his master, and was executed at Ripon.

Page 384

'In the deep fork of Amerdale.'

"At the extremity of the parish of Burnsall, the valley of Wharf forks off into two great branches, one of which retains the name of Wharfedale, to the source of the river; the other is usually called Littondale, but more anciently and properly, Amerdale. Dernbrook, which runs along an obscure valley from the N.W., is derived from a Teutonic word, signifying concealment." — DR. WHITAKER.

Page 384

*'When the bells of Rylstone played
Their Sabbath music—"God us ayde!"'*

On one of the bells of Rylstone church, which seems coeval with the building of the tower, is this cypher, "I. N." for John Norton, and the motto, "God us ayde."

Page 385

'The grassy rock-encircled Pound.'

Which is thus described by Dr. Whitaker : — "On the plain summit of the hill are the foundations of a strong wall stretching from the S.W. to the N.E. corner of the tower, and to the edge of a very deep glen. From this glen, a ditch, several hundred yards long, runs south to another deep and rugged ravine. On the N. and W., where the banks are very steep, no wall or mound is discoverable, paling being the only fence that could stand on such ground.

"From the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, it appears that such pounds for deer, sheep, etc., were far from being uncommon in the south of Scotland. The principle of them was something like that of a wire mouse-trap. On the declivity of a steep hill, the bottom and sides of which were fenced so as to be impassable, a wall was constructed nearly level with the surface on the outside, yet so high within, that without wings it was impossible to escape in the opposite direction. Care was probably taken that these enclosures should contain better feed than the neighbouring parks or forests; and whoever is acquainted with the habits of these sequacious animals, will easily conceive, that if the leader was once

tempted to descend into the snare, a herd would follow."

I cannot conclude without recommending to the notice of all lovers of beautiful scenery Bolton Abbey and its neighbourhood. This enchanting spot belongs to the Duke of Devonshire; and the superintendence of it has for some years been entrusted to the Rev. William Carr, who has most skilfully opened out its features; and, in whatever he has added, has done justice to the place, by working with an invisible hand of art in the very spirit of nature.

Page 389

'Zaragoza.'

In this Sonnet I am under some obligations to one of an Italian author, to which I cannot refer.

Page 420

'—much did he see of men.'

At the risk of giving a shock to the prejudices of artificial society, I have ever been ready to pay homage to the aristocracy of nature; under a conviction that vigorous human-heartedness is the constituent principle of true taste. It may still, however, be satisfactory to have prose testimony how far a Character, employed for purposes of imagination, is founded upon general fact. I, therefore, subjoin an extract from an author who had opportunities of being well acquainted with a class of men, from whom my own personal knowledge emboldened me to draw this portrait.

"We learn from Cæsar and other Roman Writers, that the travelling merchants who frequented Gaul and other barbarous countries, either newly conquered by the Roman arms, or bordering on the Roman conquests, were ever the first to make the inhabitants of those countries familiarly acquainted with the Roman modes of life, and to inspire them with an inclination to follow the Roman fashions, and to enjoy Roman conveniences. In North America, travelling merchants from the Settlements have done and continue to do much more toward civilising the Indian natives, than all the missionaries, papist or protestant, who have ever been sent among them.

"It is farther to be observed, for the credit of this most useful class of men, that they commonly contribute, by their personal manners, no less than by the sale of their wares, to the refinement of the people among whom they travel. Their dealings form them to great quickness of wit and acuteness of judgment. Having constant occasion to recommend themselves and their goods, they acquire habits of the most obliging attention, and the most insinuating address. As in their peregrinations they have opportunity of contemplating the manners of various men and various cities, they become eminently skilled in the knowledge of the world. *As they wander, each alone, through thinly-inhabited districts, they form habits of reflection and of sublime contemplation.* With all these qualifications, no wonder that they should often be, in remote parts of the country, the best mirrors of fashion, and censors of manners; and should contribute much to polish the roughness and soften the rusticity of our peasantry. It is not more than twenty or thirty years since a young man going from any part of Scotland to England, of purpose to *carry the pack*, was considered as going to lead the life and acquire the fortune of a gentleman. When, after twenty years' absence in that honourable line of employment, he returned with his acquisitions to his native country, he was regarded as a gentleman to all intents and purposes."

Heron's Journey in Scotland, vol. i. p. 89.

Page 441

'Lost in unsearchable eternity!'

Since this paragraph was composed, I have read with so much pleasure, in Burnet's *Theory of the Earth*, a passage expressing corresponding sentiments, excited by objects of a similar nature, that I cannot forbear to transcribe it.

"Siquid verò Natura nobis dedit spectaculum, in hâc tellure, verè gratum, et philosopho dignum, id semel mihi contigisse arbitror: cum ex celsissimâ rupe speculabundus ad oram maris Mediterraneæ, hinc æquor cæruleum, illinc tractus Alpinos prospexi; nihil quidem magis dispar aut dissimile, nec in suo genere, magis egregium

et singulare. Hoc theatrum ego facile prætulerim Romanis cunctis, Græcisve; atque id quod natura hîc spectandum exhibet, scenicis ludis omnibus, aut amphitheatri certaminibus. Nihil hîc elegans aut venustum, sed ingens et magnificum, et quod placet magnitudine suâ et quâdam specie immensitatis. Hinc intuebar maris æquabilem superficiem, usque et usque diffusam, quantum maximûm oculorum acies ferri potuit; illinc disruptissimam terræ faciem, et vastas moles variè elevatas aut depressas, erectas, propendentes, reclinatas, coacervatas, omni situ inæquali et turbido. Placuit, ex hâc parte, Naturæ unitas et simplicitas, et inexhausta quædam planities; ex alterâ, multiformis confusio magnorum corporum et insanæ rerum strages: quas cum intuebar, non urbis alicujus aut oppidi, sed confracti mundi rudera, ante oculos habere mihi visus sum.

In singulis ferè montibus erat aliquid insolens et mirabile, sed præ cæteris mihi placebat illa, quâ sedebam, rupes; erat maxima et altissima, et quâ terram respicebat, molliori ascensu altitudinem suam dissimulabat: quâ verò mare, horrendum præceps, et quasi ad perpendicularum facta, instar parietis. Præterea facies illa marina adeò erat lævis ac uniformis (quod in rupibus aliquando observare licet) ac si scissa fuisset à summo ad imum, in illo plano; vel terræ motu aliquo, aut fulmine, divulsa.

Ima pars rupis erat cava, recessusque habuit, et saxeos specus, euntes in vacuum montem; sive naturâ pridem factos, sive exesos mari, et undarum crebris ictibus: In hos enim cum impetu ruebant et fragore, æstuantis maris fluctus; quos iterum spumantes reddidit antrum, et quasi ab imo ventre evomit.

Dextrum latus montis erat præruptum, aspero saxo et nudâ caute: sinistrum non adeò neglexerat Natura, arboribus utpote ornatum: et prope pedem montis rivus limpida aquæ prorupit; qui cum vicinam vallem irrigaverat, lento motu serpens, et per varios mæandros, quasi ad protrahendam vitam, in magno mari absorptus subito periit. Denique in summo vertice promontorii, commodè eminebat saxum, cui insidebam contemplabundus. Vale augusta sedes. Rege digna: Augusta rupes, semper

mihi memoranda!" P. 89. *Telluris Theoria sacra, etc., Editio secunda.*

Page 451

'Of Mississippi, or that northern stream.'

"A man is supposed to improve by going out into the *World*, by visiting *London*. Artificial man does; he extends with his sphere; but, alas! that sphere is microscopic; it is formed of minutiae, and he surrenders his genuine vision to the artist, in order to embrace it in his ken. His bodily senses grow acute, even to barren and inhuman pruriency; while his mental become proportionally obtuse. The reverse is the Man of Mind: he who is placed in the sphere of Nature and of God, might be a mock at Tattersall's and Brooks's, and a sneer at St. James's: he would certainly be swallowed alive by the first *Pizarro* that crossed him:—But when he walks along the river of Amazons; when he rests his eye on the unrivalled Andes; when he measures the long and watered savannah; or contemplates, from a sudden promontory, the distant, vast Pacific—and feels himself a freeman in this vast theatre, and commanding each ready produced fruit of this wilderness, and each progeny of this stream—his exultation is not less than imperial. He is as gentle, too, as he is great: his emotions of tenderness keep pace with his elevation of sentiment; for he says, 'These were made by a good Being, who, unsought by me, placed me here to enjoy them.' He becomes at once a child and a king. His mind is in himself; from hence he argues, and from hence he acts, and he argues unerringly, and acts magisterially: his mind in himself is also in his God; and therefore he loves, and therefore he soars."—From the notes upon *The Hurricane*, a Poem, by *William Gilbert*.

The Reader, I am sure, will thank me for the above quotation, which, though from a strange book, is one of the finest passages of modern English prose.

Page 454

'Tis, by comparison, an easy task
Earth to despise,' etc.

See, upon this subject, Baxter's most

interesting review of his own opinions and sentiments in the decline of life. It may be found (lately reprinted) in Dr. Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*. "

Page 455

'Alas! the endowment of immortal Power
Is matched unequally with custom, time,' etc.

This subject is treated at length in the Ode—Intimations of Immortality, page 357.

Page 456

'Knowing the heart of man is set to be,' etc.

The passage quoted from Daniel is taken from a poem addressed to the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, and the two last lines, printed in Italics, are by him translated from Seneca. The whole Poem is very beautiful. I will transcribe four stanzas from it, as they contain an admirable picture of the state of a wise Man's mind in a time of public commotion.

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrant's threats, or with the surly brow
Of Power, that proudly sits on others' crimes;
Charged with more crying sins than those he
checks.

The storms of sad confusion that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near allied to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distressed mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon Imbecility:
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompassed, while as craft deceives,
And is deceived: whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' Inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes: He looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in Impiety.

Thus, Lady, fares that man that hath prepared
A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learned this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty; and compared

The best of glory with her sufferings :
 By whom, I see, you labour all you can
 To plant your heart ! and set your thoughts as
 near
 His glorious mansion as your powers can bear.

Page 477

*' Or rather, as we stand on holy earth,
 And have the dead around us.'*

Leo. You, Sir, could help me to the history
 Of half these graves?

Priest. For eight-score winters past,
 With what I've witnessed, and with what I've
 heard,

Perhaps I might ;
 By turning o'er these hillocks one by one,
 We two could travel, Sir, through a strange round ;
 Yet all in the broad highway of the world.

See the Brothers.

Page 482

*' And suffering Nature grieved that one
 should die.'*

Southey's Retrospect.

Page 482

*' And whence that tribute ? wherefore these
 regards ?'*

The sentiments and opinions here uttered
 are in unison with those expressed in the
 following Essay upon Epitaphs, which was
 furnished by me for Mr. Coleridge's
 periodical work, *The Friend*; and as they
 are dictated by a spirit congenial to that
 which pervades this and the two succeeding
 books, the sympathising reader will not be
 displeased to see the Essay here annexed.

ESSAY UPON EPITAPHS

It needs scarcely be said, that an
 Epitaph presupposes a Monument, upon
 which it is to be engraven. Almost all
 Nations have wished that certain external
 signs should point out the places where
 their dead are interred. Among savage
 tribes unacquainted with letters this has
 mostly been done either by rude stones
 placed near the graves, or by mounds of
 earth raised over them. This custom pro-
 ceeded obviously from a twofold desire:

first to guard the remains of the deceased
 from irreverent approach or from savage
 violation; and secondly to preserve their
 memory. "Never any," says Camden,
 "neglected burial but some savage nations;
 as the Bactrians, which cast their dead to
 the dogs; some varlet philosophers, as
 Diogenes, who desired to be devoured of
 fishes; some dissolute courtiers, as Mæcenas,
 who was wont to say, *Non tumulum curo ;
 sepelit natura relictos.*

*'I'm careless of a grave:—Nature her dead will
 save.'*"

As soon as nations had learned the use
 of letters, epitaphs were inscribed upon
 these monuments; in order that their
 intention might be more surely and ade-
 quately fulfilled. I have derived monuments
 and epitaphs from two sources of feeling,
 but these do in fact resolve themselves into
 one. The invention of epitaphs, Weever,
 in his Discourse of Funeral Monuments,
 says rightly, "proceeded from the presage
 or fore-feeling of immortality, implanted in
 all men naturally, and is referred to the
 scholars of Linus the Theban poet, who
 flourished about the year of the world two
 thousand seven hundred; who first bewailed
 this Linus their Master, when he was slain,
 in doleful verses, then called of him *Ælina*,
 afterwards *Epitaphia*, for that they were
 first sung at burials, after engraved upon
 the sepulchres."

And, verily, without the consciousness of
 a principle of immortality in the human
 soul, Man could never have had awakened
 in him the desire to live in the remembrance
 of his fellows: mere love, or the yearning
 of kind towards kind, could not have pro-
 duced it. The dog or horse perishes in the
 field, or in the stall, by the side of his com-
 panions, and is incapable of anticipating
 the sorrow with which his surrounding
 associates shall bemoan his death, or pine
 for his loss; he cannot pre-conceive this
 regret, he can form no thought of it; and
 therefore cannot possibly have a desire to
 leave such regret or remembrance behind
 him. Add to the principle of love which
 exists in the inferior animals, the faculty of
 reason which exists in Man alone; will the
 conjunction of these account for the desire?
 Doubtless it is a necessary consequence of

this conjunction; yet not, I think, as a direct result, but only to be come at through an intermediate thought, viz. that of an intimation or assurance within us, that some part of our nature is imperishable. At least the precedence, in order of birth, of one feeling to the other, is unquestionable. If we look back upon the days of childhood, we shall find that the time is not in remembrance when, with respect to our own individual Being, the mind was without this assurance; whereas, the wish to be remembered by our friends or kindred after death, or even in absence, is, as we shall discover, a sensation that does not form itself till the *social* feelings have been developed, and the Reason has connected itself with a wide range of objects. Forlorn, and cut off from communication with the best part of his nature, must that man be, who should derive the sense of immortality, as it exists in the mind of a child, from the same unthinking gaiety or liveliness of animal spirits with which the lamb in the meadow or any other irrational creature is endowed; who should ascribe it, in short, to blank ignorance in the child; to an inability arising from the imperfect state of his faculties to come, in any point of his being, into contact with a notion of death; or to an unreflecting acquiescence in what has been instilled into him! Has such an unfold of the mysteries of nature, though he may have forgotten his former self, ever noticed the early, obstinate, and unappeasable inquisitiveness of children upon the subject of origination? This single fact proves outwardly the monstrousness of those suppositions: for, if we had no direct external testimony that the minds of very young children meditate feelingly upon death and immortality, these inquiries, which we all know they are perpetually making concerning the *whence*, do necessarily include correspondent habits of interrogation concerning the *whither*. Origin and tendency are notions inseparably co-relative. Never did a child stand by the side of a running stream, pondering within himself what power was the feeder of the perpetual current, from what never-wearied sources the body of water was supplied, but he must have been inevitably propelled to follow this question by another: "Towards what abyss is it in progress? what receptacle

can contain the mighty influx?" And the spirit of the answer must have been, though the word might be sea or ocean, accompanied perhaps with an image gathered from a map, or from the real object in nature—these might have been the *letter*, but the *spirit* of the answer must have been as inevitably,—a receptacle without bounds or dimensions;—nothing less than infinity. We may, then, be justified in asserting, that the sense of immortality, if not a co-existent and twin birth with Reason, is among the earliest of her offspring; and we may further assert, that from these conjoined, and under their countenance, the human affections are gradually formed and opened out. This is not the place to enter into the recesses of these investigations; but the subject requires me here to make a plain avowal, that, for my own part, it is to me inconceivable, that the sympathies of love towards each other, which grow with our growth, could ever attain any new strength, or even preserve the old, after we had received from the outward senses the impression of death, and were in the habit of having that impression daily renewed and its accompanying feeling brought home to ourselves, and to those we love; if the same were not counteracted by those communications with our internal Being, which are anterior to all these experiences, and with which revelation coincides, and has through that coincidence alone (for otherwise it could not possess it) a power to affect us. I confess, with me the conviction is absolute that, if the impression and sense of death were not thus counterbalanced, such a hollowness would pervade the whole system of things, such a want of correspondence and consistency, a disproportion so astounding betwixt means and ends, that there could be no repose, no joy. Were we to grow up unfostered by this genial warmth, a frost would chill the spirit, so penetrating and powerful that there could be no motions of the life of love; and infinitely less could we have any wish to be remembered after we had passed away from a world in which each man had moved about like a shadow.—If, then, in a creature endowed with the faculties of foresight and reason, the social affections could not have unfolded themselves uncountenanced by the faith that

Man is an immortal being, and if, consequently, neither could the individual dying have had a desire to survive in the remembrance of his fellows, nor on their side could they have felt a wish to preserve for future times vestiges of the departed; it follows, as a final inference, that without the belief in immortality, wherein these several desires originate, neither monuments nor epitaphs, in affectionate or laudatory commemoration of the deceased, could have existed in the world.

Simonides, it is related, upon landing in a strange country, found the corse of an unknown person lying by the seaside; he buried it, and was honoured throughout Greece for the piety of that act. Another ancient Philosopher, chancing to fix his eyes upon a dead body, regarded the same with slight, if not with contempt, saying, "See the shell of the flown bird!" But it is not to be supposed that the moral and tender-hearted Simonides was incapable of the lofty movements of thought to which that other Sage gave way at the moment while his soul was intent only upon the indestructible being; nor, on the other hand, that he, in whose sight a lifeless human body was of no more value than the worthless shell from which the living fowl had departed, would not, in a different mood of mind, have been affected by those earthly considerations which had incited the philosophic Poet to the performance of that pious duty. And with regard to this latter we may be assured that, if he had been destitute of the capability of communing with the more exalted thoughts that appertain to human nature, he would have cared no more for the corse of the stranger than for the dead body of a seal or porpoise which might have been cast up by the waves. We respect the corporeal frame of Man, not merely because it is the habitation of a rational, but of an immortal Soul. Each of these Sages was in sympathy with the best feelings of our nature; feelings which, though they seem opposite to each other, have another and a finer connection than that of contrast.—It is a connection formed through the subtle progress by which, both in the natural and the moral world, qualities pass insensibly into their contraries, and things revolve upon each other. As,

in sailing upon the orb of this planet, a voyage towards the regions where the sun sets conducts gradually to the quarter where we have been accustomed to behold it come forth at its rising; and, in like manner, a voyage towards the east, the birth-place in our imagination of the morning, leads finally to the quarter where the sun is last seen when he departs from our eyes; so the contemplative Soul, travelling in the direction of mortality, advances to the country of everlasting life; and, in like manner, may she continue to explore those cheerful tracts till she is brought back, for her advantage and benefit, to the land of transitory things—of sorrow and of tears.

On a midway point, therefore, which commands the thoughts and feelings of the two Sages whom we have represented in contrast, does the Author of that species of composition, the laws of which it is our present purpose to explain, take his stand. Accordingly, recurring to the twofold desire of guarding the remains of the deceased and preserving their memory, it may be said that a sepulchral monument is a tribute to a man as a human being; and that an epitaph (in the ordinary meaning attached to the word) includes this general feeling and something more; and is a record to preserve the memory of the dead, as a tribute due to his individual worth, for a satisfaction to the sorrowing hearts of the survivors, and for the common benefit of the living: which record is to be accomplished, not in a general manner, but, where it can, in *close connection with the bodily remains of the deceased*: and these, it may be added, among the modern nations of Europe, are deposited within, or contiguous to, their places of worship. In ancient times, as is well known, it was the custom to bury the dead beyond the walls of towns and cities; and among the Greeks and Romans they were frequently interred by the waysides.

I could here pause with pleasure, and invite the Reader to indulge with me in contemplation of the advantages which must have attended such a practice. We might ruminate upon the beauty which the monuments, thus placed, must have borrowed from the surrounding images of nature—from the trees, the wild flowers,

from a stream running perhaps within sight or hearing, from the beaten road stretching its weary length hard by. Many tender similitudes must these objects have presented to the mind of the traveller leaning upon one of the tombs, or reposing in the coolness of its shade, whether he had halted from weariness or in compliance with the invitation, "Pause, Traveller!" so often found upon the monuments. And to its epitaph also must have been supplied strong appeals to visible appearances or immediate impressions, lively and affecting analogies of life as a journey—death as a sleep overcoming the tired wayfarer—of misfortune as a storm that falls suddenly upon him—of beauty as a flower that passeth away, or of innocent pleasure as one that may be gathered—of virtue that standeth firm as a rock against the beating waves—of hope "undermined insensibly like the poplar by the side of the river that has fed it," or blasted in a moment like a pine-tree by the stroke of lightning upon the mountain-top—of admonitions and heart-stirring remembrances, like a refreshing breeze that comes without warning, or the taste of the waters of an unexpected fountain. These and similar suggestions must have given, formerly, to the language of the senseless stone a voice enforced and endeared by the benignity of that nature with which it was in unison.—We, in modern times, have lost much of these advantages; and they are but in a small degree counterbalanced to the inhabitants of large towns and cities by the custom of depositing the dead within, or contiguous to, their places of worship; however splendid or imposing may be the appearance of those edifices, or however interesting or salutary the recollections associated with them. Even were it not true that tombs lose their monitory virtue when thus obtruded upon the notice of men occupied with the cares of the world, and too often sullied and defiled by those cares, yet still, when death is in our thoughts, nothing can make amends for the want of the soothing influences of nature, and for the absence of those types of renovation and decay which the fields and woods offer to the notice of the serious and contemplative mind. To feel the force of this sentiment, let a man only compare in ima-

gination the unsightly manner in which our monuments are crowded together in the busy, noisy, unclean, and almost grassless churchyard of a large town, with the still seclusion of a Turkish cemetery, in some remote place, and yet further sanctified by the grove of cypress in which it is embosomed. Thoughts in the same temper as these have already been expressed with true sensibility by an ingenious Poet of the present day. The subject of his poem is "All Saints Church, Derby:" he has been deploring the forbidding and unseemly appearance of its burial-ground, and uttering a wish that in past times the practice had been adopted of interring the inhabitants of large towns in the country;—

Then in some rural, calm, sequestered spot
Where healing Nature her benignant look
Ne'er changes, save at that lorn season, when,
With tresses drooping o'er her sable stole,
She yearly mourns the mortal doom of man,
Her noblest work, (so Israel's virgins erst,
With annual moan upon the mountains wept
Their fairest gone,) there in that rural scene,
So placid, so congenial to the wish
The Christian feels, of peaceful rest within
The silent grave, I would have stayed :

* * * * *

—wandered forth, where the cold dew of heaven
Lay on the humbler graves around, what time
The pale moon gazed upon the turfy mounds,
Pensive, as though like me, in lonely muse,
'Twere brooding on the dead inhumed beneath.
There while with him, the holy man of Uz,
O'er human destiny I sympathised,
Counting the long, long periods prophecy
Decrees to roll, ere the great day arrives
Of resurrection, oft the blue-eyed Spring
Had met me with her blossoms, as the Dove,
Of old, returned with olive leaf, to cheer
The Patriarch mourning o'er a world destroyed :
And I would bless her visit ; for to me
'Tis sweet to trace the consonance that links
As one, the works of Nature and the word
Of God.—

JOHN EDWARDS.

A village churchyard, lying as it does in the lap of nature, may indeed be most favourably contrasted with that of a town of crowded population; and sepulture therein combines many of the best tendencies which belong to the mode practised by the Ancients with others peculiar to itself. The sensations of pious cheerfulness, which attend the celebration of the

sabbath-day in rural places, are profitably chastised by the sight of the graves of kindred and friends, gathered together in that general home towards which the thoughtful yet happy spectators themselves are journeying. Hence a parish church, in the stillness of the country, is a visible centre of a community of the living and the dead; a point to which are habitually referred the nearest concerns of both.

As, then, both in cities and in villages, the dead are deposited in close connection with our places of worship, with us the composition of an epitaph naturally turns, still more than among the nations of antiquity, upon the most serious and solemn affections of the human mind; upon departed worth—upon personal or social sorrow and admiration—upon religion, individual and social—upon time, and upon eternity. Accordingly, it suffices, in ordinary cases, to secure a composition of this kind from censure, that it contain nothing that shall shock or be inconsistent with this spirit. But, to entitle an epitaph to praise, more than this is necessary. It ought to contain some thought or feeling belonging to the mortal or immortal part of our nature touchingly expressed; and if that be done, however general or even trite the sentiment may be, every man of pure mind will read the words with pleasure and gratitude. A husband bewails a wife; a parent breathes a sigh of disappointed hope over a lost child; a son utters a sentiment of filial reverence for a departed father or mother; a friend perhaps inscribes an encomium recording the companionable qualities, or the solid virtues, of the tenant of the grave, whose departure has left a sadness upon his memory. This and a pious admonition to the living, and a humble expression of Christian confidence in immortality, is the language of a thousand churchyards; and it does not often happen that anything, in a greater degree discriminate or appropriate to the dead or to the living, is to be found in them. This want of discrimination has been ascribed by Dr. Johnson, in his *Essay upon the epitaphs of Pope*, to two causes: first, the scantiness of the objects of human praise; and, secondly, the want of variety in the characters of men; or, to use his own

words, "to the fact, that the greater part of mankind have no character at all." Such language may be holden without blame among the generalities of common conversation; but does not become a critic and a moralist speaking seriously upon a serious subject. The objects of admiration in human nature are not scanty, but abundant; and every man has a character of his own to the eye that has skill to perceive it. The real cause of the acknowledged want of discrimination in sepulchral memorials is this: That to analyse the characters of others, especially of those whom we love, is not a common or natural employment of men at any time. We are not anxious unerringly to understand the constitution of the minds of those who have soothed, who have cheered, who have supported us; with whom we have been long and daily pleased or delighted. The affections are their own justification. The light of love in our hearts is a satisfactory evidence that there is a body of worth in the minds of our friends or kindred, whence that light has proceeded. We shrink from the thought of placing their merits and defects to be weighed against each other in the nice balance of pure intellect; nor do we find much temptation to detect the shades by which a good quality or virtue is discriminated in them from an excellence known by the same general name as it exists in the mind of another; and least of all do we incline to these refinements when under the pressure of sorrow, admiration, or regret, or when actuated by any of those feelings which incite men to prolong the memory of their friends and kindred by records placed in the bosom of the all-uniting and equalising receptacle of the dead.

The first requisite, then, in an Epitaph is, that it should speak, in a tone which shall sink into the heart, the general language of humanity as connected with the subject of death—the source from which an epitaph proceeds—of death, and of life. To be born and to die are the two points in which all men feel themselves to be in absolute coincidence. This general language may be uttered so strikingly as to entitle an epitaph to high praise; yet it cannot lay claim to the highest unless

other excellences be superadded. Passing through all intermediate steps, we will attempt to determine at once what these excellences are, and wherein consists the perfection of this species of composition.—It will be found to lie in a due proportion of the common or universal feeling of humanity to sensations excited by a distinct and clear conception, conveyed to the reader's mind, of the individual whose death is deplored and whose memory is to be preserved; at least of his character as, after death, it appeared to those who loved him and lament his loss. The general sympathy ought to be quickened, provoked, and diversified, by particular thoughts, actions, images,—circumstances of age, occupation, manner of life, prosperity which the deceased had known, or adversity to which he had been subject; and these ought to be bound together and solemnised into one harmony by the general sympathy. The two powers should temper, restrain, and exalt each other. The reader ought to know who and what the man was whom he is called upon to think of with interest. A distinct conception should be given (implicitly where it can, rather than explicitly) of the individual lamented.—But the writer of an epitaph is not an anatomist, who dissects the internal frame of the mind; he is not even a painter, who executes a portrait at leisure and in entire tranquillity: his delineation, we must remember, is performed by the side of the grave; and, what is more, the grave of one whom he loves and admires. What purity and brightness is that virtue clothed in, the image of which must no longer bless our living eyes! The character of a deceased friend or beloved kinsman is not seen—no, nor ought to be seen—otherwise than as a tree through a tender haze or a luminous mist, that spiritualises and beautifies it; that takes away, indeed, but only to the end that the parts which are not abstracted may appear more dignified and lovely; may impress and affect the more. Shall we say, then, that this is not truth, not a faithful image; and that, accordingly, the purposes of commemoration cannot be answered?—It *is* truth, and of the highest order; for, though doubtless things are not apparent which did exist;

yet, the object being looked at through this medium, parts and proportions are brought into distinct view which before had been only imperfectly or unconsciously seen: it is truth hallowed by love—the joint offspring of the worth of the dead and the affections of the living! This may easily be brought to the test. Let one, whose eyes have been sharpened by personal hostility to discover what was amiss in the character of a good man, hear the tidings of his death, and what a change is wrought in a moment! Enmity melts away; and, as it disappears, unsightliness, disproportion, and deformity, vanish; and, through the influence of commiseration, a harmony of love and beauty succeeds. Bring such a man to the tombstone on which shall be inscribed an epitaph on his adversary, composed in the spirit which we have recommended. Would he turn from it as from an idle tale? No;—the thoughtful look, the sigh, and perhaps the involuntary tear, would testify that it had a sane, a generous, and good meaning; and that on the writer's mind had remained an impression which was a true abstract of the character of the deceased; that his gifts and graces were remembered in the simplicity in which they ought to be remembered. The composition and quality of the mind of a virtuous man, contemplated by the side of the grave where his body is mouldering, ought to appear, and be felt as something midway between what he was on earth walking about with his living frailties, and what he may be presumed to be as a Spirit in heaven.

It suffices, therefore, that the trunk and the main branches of the worth of the deceased be boldly and unaffectedly represented. Any further detail, minutely and scrupulously pursued, especially if this be done with laborious and antithetic discriminations, must inevitably frustrate its own purpose; forcing the passing Spectator to this conclusion,—either that the dead did not possess the merits ascribed to him, or that they who have raised a monument to his memory, and must therefore be supposed to have been closely connected with him, were incapable of perceiving those merits; or at least during the act of composition had lost sight of them; for,

the understanding having been so busy in its petty occupation, how could the heart of the mourner be other than cold? and in either of these cases, whether the fault be on the part of the buried person or the survivors, the memorial is unaffecting and profitless.

Much better is it to fall short in discrimination than to pursue it too far, or to labour it unfeelingly. For in no place are we so much disposed to dwell upon those points of nature and condition wherein all men resemble each other, as in the temple where the universal Father is worshipped, or by the side of the grave which gathers all human Beings to itself, and "equalises the lofty and the low." We suffer and we weep with the same heart; we love and are anxious for one another in one spirit; our hopes look to the same quarter; and the virtues by which we are all to be furthered and supported, as patience, meekness, good-will, justice, temperance, and temperate desires, are in an equal degree the concern of us all. Let an Epitaph, then, contain at least these acknowledgments to our common nature; nor let the sense of their importance be sacrificed to a balance of opposite qualities or minute distinctions in individual character; which if they do not (as will for the most part be the case), when examined, resolve themselves into a trick of words, will, even when they are true and just, for the most part be grievously out of place; for, as it is probable that few only have explored these intricacies of human nature, so can the tracing of them be interesting only to a few. But an epitaph is not a proud writing shut up for the studious: it is exposed to all—to the wise and the most ignorant; it is condescending, perspicuous, and lovingly solicits regard; its story and admonitions are brief, that the thoughtless, the busy, and indolent, may not be deterred, nor the impatient tired: the stooping old man cons the engraven record like a second horn-book;—the child is proud that he can read it;—and the stranger is introduced through its mediation to the company of a friend: it is concerning all, and for all:—in the churchyard it is open to the day; the sun looks down upon the stone, and the rains of heaven beat against it.

Yet, though the writer who would excite sympathy is bound in this case, more than in any other, to give proof that he himself has been moved, it is to be remembered that to raise a monument is a sober and a reflective act; that the inscription which it bears is intended to be permanent, and for universal perusal; and that, for this reason, the thoughts and feelings expressed should be permanent also—liberated from that weakness and anguish of sorrow which is in nature transitory, and which with instinctive decency retires from notice. The passions should be subdued, the emotions controlled; strong, indeed, but nothing ungovernable or wholly involuntary. Seemliness requires this, and truth requires it also: for how can the narrator otherwise be trusted? Moreover, a grave is a tranquillising object: resignation in course of time springs up from it as naturally as the wild flowers, besprinkling the turf with which it may be covered, or gathering round the monument by which it is defended. The very form and substance of the monument which has received the inscription, and the appearance of the letters, testifying with what a slow and laborious hand they must have been engraven, might seem to reproach the author who had given way upon this occasion to transports of mind, or to quick turns of conflicting passion; though the same might constitute the life and beauty of a funeral oration or elegiac poem.

These sensations and judgments, acted upon perhaps unconsciously, have been one of the main causes why epitaphs so often personate the deceased, and represent him as speaking from his own tomb-stone. The departed Mortal is introduced telling you himself that his pains are gone; that a state of rest is come; and he conjures you to weep for him no longer. He admonishes with the voice of one experienced in the vanity of those affections which are confined to earthly objects, and gives a verdict like a superior Being, performing the office of a judge, who has no temptations to mislead him, and whose decision cannot but be dispassionate. Thus is death disarmed of its sting, and affliction unsubstantialised. By this tender fiction, the survivors bind themselves to a sedate sorrow, and employ the intervention of the imagination

in order that the reason may speak her own language earlier than she would otherwise have been enabled to do. This shadowy interposition also harmoniously unites the two worlds of the living and the dead by their appropriate affections. And it may be observed that here we have an additional proof of the propriety with which sepulchral inscriptions were referred to the consciousness of immortality as their primal source.

I do not speak with a wish to recommend that an epitaph should be cast in this mould preferably to the still more common one, in which what is said comes from the survivors directly; but rather to point out how natural those feelings are which have induced men, in all states and ranks of society, so frequently to adopt this mode. And this I have done chiefly in order that the laws which ought to govern the composition of the other may be better understood. This latter mode, namely, that in which the survivors speak in their own persons, seems to me upon the whole greatly preferable, as it admits a wider range of notices; and, above all, because, excluding the fiction which is the groundwork of the other, it rests upon a more solid basis.

Enough has been said to convey our notion of a perfect epitaph; but it must be borne in mind that one is meant which will best answer the *general* ends of that species of composition. According to the course pointed out, the worth of private life, through all varieties of situation and character, will be most honourably and profitably preserved in memory. Nor would the model recommended less suit public men in all instances, save of those persons who by the greatness of their services in the employments of peace or war, or by the surpassing excellence of their works in art, literature, or science, have made themselves not only universally known, but have filled the heart of their country with everlasting gratitude. Yet I must here pause to correct myself. In describing the general tenor of thought which epitaphs ought to hold, I have omitted to say, that if it be the *actions* of a man, or even some *one* conspicuous or beneficial act of local or general utility, which have distinguished him, and excited a desire that he should be

remembered, then, of course, ought the attention to be directed chiefly to those actions or that act: and such sentiments dwelt upon as naturally arise out of them or it. Having made this necessary distinction, I proceed.—The mighty benefactors of mankind, as they are not only known by the immediate survivors, but will continue to be known familiarly to latest posterity, do not stand in need of biographic sketches in such a place; nor of delineations of character to individualise them. This is already done by their Works, in the memories of men. Their naked names, and a grand comprehensive sentiment of civic gratitude, patriotic love, or human admiration—or the utterance of some elementary principle most essential in the constitution of true virtue—or a declaration touching that pious humility and self-abasement, which are ever most profound as minds are most susceptible of genuine exaltation—or an intuition, communicated in adequate words, of the sublimity of intellectual power;—these are the only tribute which can here be paid—the only offering that upon such an altar would not be unworthy.

"What needs my Shakspeare for his honoured bones

The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?

Dear Son of Memory, great Heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?

Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument,
And so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

Page 483

"*And spires whose "silent finger points to heaven."*"

An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire-steeple, which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars, and sometimes, when they reflect the brazen light of a rich though rainy sunset, appear like a pyramid of flame burning heavenward. See "The Friend," by S. T. Coleridge, No. 14, p. 223.

Page 506

*'That sycamor', which annually holds
Within its shade, as in a stately tent.'*

"This Sycamore oft musical with Bees;
Such Tents the Patriarchs loved."
S. T. Coleridge.

Page 511

'Perish the roses and the flowers of kings.'

The "Transit gloria mundi" is finely expressed in the Introduction to the Foundation-charters of some of the ancient Abbeys. Some expressions here used are taken from that of the Abbey of St. Mary's, Furness, the translation of which is as follows:—

"Considering every day the uncertainty of life, that the roses and flowers of Kings, Emperors, and Dukes, and the crowns and palms of all the great, wither and decay; and that all things, with an uninterrupted course, tend to dissolution and death: I therefore," etc.

Page 513

——— *'Earth has lent
Her waters, Air her breezes.'*

In treating this subject, it was impossible not to recollect with gratitude the pleasing picture which, in his Poem of the Fleece, the excellent and amiable Dyer has given of the influences of manufacturing industry upon the face of this Island. He wrote at a time when machinery was first beginning to be introduced, and his benevolent heart prompted him to augur from it nothing but good. Truth has compelled me to dwell upon the baneful effects arising out of an ill-regulated and excessive application of powers so admirable in themselves.

Page 523

'Binding herself by statute.'

The discovery of Dr. Bell affords marvellous facilities for carrying this into effect; and it is impossible to overrate the benefit which might accrue to humanity from the universal application of this simple engine under an enlightened and conscientious government.

Page 532

'Dion.'

This poem began with the following stanza, which has been displaced on account of its detaining the reader too long from the subject, and as rather precluding, than preparing for, the due effect of the allusion to the genius of Plato:—

Fair is the Swan, whose majesty, prevailing
O'er breezeless water, on Locarno's lake,
Bears him on while proudly sailing
He leaves behind a moon-illuminated wake:
Behold! the mantling spirit of reserve
Fashions his neck into a goodly curve;
An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings
Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs
To which, on some unruffled morning, clings
A flaky weight of winter's purest snows!
—Behold!—as with a gushing impulse heaves
That downy prow, and softly cleaves
The mirror of the crystal flood,
Vanish inverted hill, and shadowy wood,
And pendent rocks, where'er, in gliding state,
Winds the mute Creature without visible Mate
Or Rival, save the Queen of night
Showering down a silver light,
From heaven, upon her chosen Favourite!

Page 546

'Thanksgiving Ode.'

Wholly unworthy of touching upon the momentous subject here treated would that Poet be, before whose eyes the present distresses under which this kingdom labours could interpose a veil sufficiently thick to hide, or even to obscure, the splendour of this great moral triumph. If I have given way to exultation, unchecked by these distresses, it might be sufficient to protect me from a charge of insensibility, should I state my own belief that the sufferings will be transitory. Upon the wisdom of a very large majority of the British nation rested that generosity which poured out the treasures of this country for the deliverance of Europe: and in the same national wisdom, presiding in time of peace over an energy not inferior to that which has been displayed in war, they confide, who encourage a firm hope that the cup of our wealth will be gradually replenished. There will, doubtless, be no few ready to indulge in regrets and repinings; and to feed a morbid satis-

faction, by aggravating these burthens in imagination; in order that calamity so confidently prophesied, as it has not taken the shape which their sagacity allotted to it, may appear as grievous as possible under another. But the body of the nation will not quarrel with the gain, because it might have been purchased at a less price; and, acknowledging in these sufferings, which they feel to have been in a great degree unavoidable, a consecration of their noble efforts, they will vigorously apply themselves to remedy the evil.

Nor is it at the expense of rational patriotism, or in disregard of sound philosophy, that I have given vent to feelings tending to encourage a martial spirit in the bosoms of my countrymen, at a time when there is a general outcry against the prevalence of these dispositions. The British army, both by its skill and valour in the field, and by the discipline which rendered it, to the inhabitants of the several countries where its operations were carried on, a protection from the violence of their own troops, has performed services that will not allow the language of gratitude and admiration to be suppressed or restrained (whatever be the temper of the public mind) through a scrupulous dread lest the tribute due to the past should prove an injurious incentive for the future. Every man deserving the name of Briton adds his voice to the chorus which extols the exploits of his countrymen, with a consciousness, at times overpowering the effort, that they transcend all praise.—But this particular sentiment, thus irresistibly excited, is not sufficient. The nation would err grievously if she suffered the abuse which other states have made of military power to prevent her from perceiving that no people ever was or can be independent, free, or secure, much less great, in any sane application of the word, without a cultivation of military virtues. Nor let it be overlooked that the benefits derivable from these sources are placed within the reach of Great Britain, under conditions peculiarly favourable. The same insular position which, by rendering territorial incorporation impossible, utterly precludes the desire of conquest under the most seductive shape it can assume, enables her to rely, for her defence against foreign

foes, chiefly upon a species of armed force from which her own liberties have nothing to fear. Such are the privileges of her situation; and, by permitting, they invite her to give way to the courageous instincts of human nature, and to strengthen and refine them by culture.

But some have more than insinuated that a design exists to subvert the civil character of the English people by unconstitutional applications and unnecessary increase of military power. The advisers and abettors of such a design, were it possible that it should exist, would be guilty of the most heinous crime, which, upon this planet, can be committed. Trusting that this apprehension arises from the delusive influences of an honourable jealousy, let me hope that the martial qualities which I venerate will be fostered by adhering to those good old usages which experience has sanctioned, and by availing ourselves of new means of indisputable promise: particularly by applying, in its utmost possible extent, that system of tuition whose master-spring is a habit of gradually enlightened subordination;—by imparting knowledge, civil, moral, and religious, in such measure that the mind, among all classes of the community, may love, admire, and be prepared and accomplished to defend, that country under whose protection its faculties have been unfolded and its riches acquired;—by just dealing towards all orders of the state, so that, no members of it being trampled upon, courage may everywhere continue to rest immovably upon its ancient English foundation, personal self-respect;—by adequate rewards and permanent honours conferred upon the deserving;—by encouraging athletic exercises and manly sports among the peasantry of the country;—and by especial care to provide and support institutions in which, during a time of peace, a reasonable proportion of the youth of the country may be instructed in military science.

I have only to add that I should feel little satisfaction in giving to the world these limited attempts to celebrate the virtues of my country, if I did not encourage a hope that a subject, which it has fallen within my province to treat only in the mass, will by other poets be illustrated in

that detail which its importance calls for, and which will allow opportunities to give the merited applause to PERSONS as well as to THINGS.

The ode was published along with other pieces, now interspersed through this volume.

Page 548

"Discipline the rule whereof is passion."
LORD BROOKE.

Page 556

The event is thus recorded in the journals of the day:—"When the Austrians took Hockheim, in one part of the engagement they got to the brow of the hill, whence they had their first view of the Rhine. They instantly halted—not a gun was fired—not a voice heard: they stood gazing on the river with those feelings which the events of the last fifteen years at once called up. Prince Schwartzberg rode up to know the cause of this sudden stop; they then gave three cheers, rushed after the enemy, and drove them into the water."

Page 572

'Wings at my shoulders seem to play.'

In these lines I am under obligation to the exquisite picture of "Jacob's Dream," by Mr. Alstone, now in America. It is pleasant to make this public acknowledgment to a man of genius, whom I have the honour to rank among my friends.

Page 581

If in this Sonnet I should seem to have borne a little too hard upon the personal appearance of the worthy Poissards of Calais, let me take shelter under the authority of my lamented friend, the late Sir George Beaumont. He, a most accurate observer, used to say of them, that their features and countenances seemed to have conformed to those of the creatures they dealt in; at all events the resemblance was striking.

Page 581

'Brugès.'

This is not the first poetical tribute which in our times has been paid to this beautiful

city. Mr. Southey, in the "Poet's Pilgrimage," speaks of it in lines which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of connecting with my own.

"Time hath not wronged her, nor hath ruin sought

Rudely her splendid structures to destroy,
Save in those recent days, with evil fraught,
When mutability, in drunken joy
Triumphant, and from all restraint released,
Let loose her fierce and many-headed beast.

But for the scars in that unhappy rage
Inflicted, firm she stands and undecayed;
Like our first Sires, a beautiful old age
Is hers in venerable years arrayed;
And yet, to her, benignant stars may bring,
What fate denies to man,—a second spring.

When I may read of tilts in days of old,
And tourneys graced by Chieftains of renown,
Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors bold,
If fancy would pourtray some stately town,
Which for such pomp fit theatre should be,
Fair Brugès, I shall then remember thee."

In this city are many vestiges of the splendour of the Burgundian Dukedom, and the long black mantle universally worn by the females is probably a remnant of the old Spanish connection, which, if I do not much deceive myself, is traceable in the grave deportment of its inhabitants. Brugès is comparatively little disturbed by that curious contest, or rather conflict, of Flemish with French propensities in matters of taste, so conspicuous through other parts of Flanders. The hotel to which we drove at Ghent furnished an odd instance. In the passages were paintings and statues, after the antique, of Hebe and Apollo; and in the garden a little pond, about a yard and a half in diameter, with a weeping willow bending over it, and under the shade of that tree, in the centre of the pond, a wooden painted statue of a Dutch or Flemish boor, looking ineffably tender upon his mistress, and embracing her. A living duck, tethered at the feet of the sculptured lovers, alternately tormented a miserable eel and itself with endeavours to escape from its bonds and prison. Had we chanced to espy the hostess of the hotel in this quaint rural retreat, the exhibition would have been complete. She was a true Flemish figure, in the dress of the days of Holbein; her

symbol of office, a weighty bunch of keys, pendent from her portly waist. In Brussels the modern taste in costume, architecture, etc., has got the mastery; in Ghent there is a struggle: but in Bruges old images are still paramount, and an air of monastic life among the quiet goings-on of a thinly-peopled city is inexpressibly soothing; a pensive grace seems to be cast over all, even the very children.—*Extract from Journal.*

Page 582

'Where unremitting frosts the rocky
crescent bleach.'

"Let a wall of rocks be imagined from three to six hundred feet in height, and rising between France and Spain, so as physically to separate the two kingdoms—let us fancy this wall curved like a crescent, with its convexity towards France. Lastly, let us suppose, that in the very middle of the wall, a breach of 300 feet wide has been beaten down by the famous *Roland*, and we may have a good idea of what the mountaineers call the 'BECHE DE ROLAND.'"—*Raymond's Pyrenees.*

Page 583

'Miserere Domine.'

See the beautiful Song in Mr. Coleridge's Tragedy, "THE REMORSE." Why is the harp of Quantock silent?

Page 583

'Not, like his great Compeers, indignantly
Doth Danube spring to life!'

Before this quarter of the Black Forest was inhabited, the source of the Danube might have suggested some of those sublime images which Armstrong has so finely described; at present, the contrast is most striking. The Spring appears in a capacious stone Basin in front of a Ducal palace, with a pleasure-ground opposite; then, passing under the pavement, takes the form of a little, clear, bright, black, vigorous rill, barely wide enough to tempt the agility of a child five years old to leap over it,—and entering the garden, it joins, after a course of a few hundred yards, a stream much more considerable than itself. The *copiousness* of

the spring at *Doneschingen* must have procured for it the honour of being named the Source of the Danube.

Page 584

"The Staub-bach" is a narrow Stream which, after a long course on the heights, comes to the sharp edge of a somewhat overhanging precipice, overleaps it with a bound, and, after a fall of 930 feet, forms again a rivulet. The vocal powers of these musical Beggars may seem to be exaggerated; but this wild and savage air was utterly unlike any sounds I had ever heard; the notes reached me from a distance, and on what occasion they were sung I could not guess, only they seemed to belong, in some way or other, to the Waterfall—and reminded me of religious services chanted to Streams and Fountains in Pagan times. Mr. Southey has thus accurately characterised the peculiarity of this music: "While we were at the Waterfall, some half-score peasants, chiefly women and girls, assembled just out of reach of the Spring, and set up—surely, the wildest chorus that ever was heard by human ears,—a song not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice was used as a mere instrument of music, more flexible than any which art could produce,—sweet, powerful, and thrilling beyond description."—See Notes to "A Tale of Paraguay."

Page 585

'Engelberg.'

The Convent whose site was pointed out, according to tradition, in this manner, is seated at its base. The architecture of the building is unimpressive, but the situation is worthy of the honour which the imagination of the mountaineers has conferred upon it.

Page 589

'Though searching damps and many an
envious flato
Have marred this Work.'

This picture of the Last Supper has not only been grievously injured by time, but the greatest part of it, if not the whole, is said to have been retouched, or painted over again. These niceties may be left to

connoisseurs.—I speak of it as I felt. The copy exhibited in London some years ago, and the engraving by Merghen, are both admirable; but in the original is a power which neither of those works has attained, or even approached.

Page 590

'Of Figures human and divine.'

The statues ranged round the spire and along the roof of the Cathedral of Milan have been found fault with by persons whose exclusive taste is unfortunate for themselves. It is true that the same expense and labour, judiciously directed to purposes more strictly architectural, might have much heightened the general effect of the building; for, seen from the ground, the Statues appear diminutive. But the *coup-d'œil*, from the best point of view, which is half way up the spire, must strike an unprejudiced person with admiration; and surely the selection and arrangement of the Figures is exquisitely fitted to support the religion of the country in the imaginations and feelings of the spectator. It was with great pleasure that I saw, during the two ascents which we made, several children, of different ages, tripping up and down the slender spire, and pausing to look around them, with feelings much more animated than could have been derived from these or the finest works of art, if placed within easy reach.—Remember also that you have the Alps on one side, and on the other the Apennines, with the plain of Lombardy between!

Page 593

*'Still, with those white-robed Shapes—a living Stream,
The glacier Pillars join in solemn guise.'*

This Procession is a part of the sacramental service performed once a month. In the valley of Engelberg we had the good fortune to be present at the *Grand Festival* of the Virgin—but the Procession on that day, though consisting of upwards of 1000 persons, assembled from all the branches of the sequestered valley, was much less striking (notwithstanding the sublimity of the surrounding scenery): it wanted both the simplicity of the other

and the accompaniment of the Glacier-columns, whose sisterly resemblance to the *moving* Figures gave it a most beautiful and solemn peculiarity.

Page 595

Near the town of Boulogne, and overhanging the beach, are the remains of a tower which bears the name of Caligula, who here terminated his western expedition, of which these sea-shells were the boasted spoils. And at no great distance from these ruins, Buonaparte, standing upon a mound of earth, harangued his "Army of England," reminding them of the exploits of Cæsar, and pointing towards the white cliffs, upon which their standards *were to float*. He recommended also a subscription to be raised among the Soldiery to erect on that ground, in memory of the foundation of the "Legion of Honour," a Column—which was not completed at the time we were there.

Page 596

*'We mark majestic herds of cattle, free
To ruminate.'*

This is a most grateful sight for an Englishman returning to his native land. Everywhere one misses in the cultivated grounds abroad, the animated and soothing accompaniment of animals ranging and selecting their own food at will.

Page 597

*'Far as St. Maurice, from yon eastern
Forks.'*

LES FOURCHES, the point at which the two chains of mountains part, that inclose the Valais, which terminates at ST. MAURICE.

Page 597

*'ye that occupy
Your council-seats beneath the open sky,
On Sarnen's Mount.'*

Sarnen, one of the two capitals of the Canton of Underwalden; the spot here alluded to is close to the town, and is called the Landenberg, from the tyrant of that name, whose château formerly stood there. On the 1st of January 1308, the great day which the confederated Heroes had chosen for the deliverance of their

country, all the castles of the Governors were taken by force or stratagem; and the Tyrants themselves conducted, with their creatures, to the frontiers, after having witnessed the destruction of their strongholds. From that time the Landenberg has been the place where the Legislators of this division of the Canton assemble. The site, which is well described by Ebel, is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland.

Page 597

'Calls me to pace her honoured Bridge—'

The bridges of Lucerne are roofed, and open at the sides, so that the passenger has, at the same time, the benefit of shade, and a view of the magnificent country. The pictures are attached to the rafters; those from Scripture History, on the Cathedral-bridge, amount, according to my notes, to 240. Subjects from the Old Testament face the passenger as he goes towards the Cathedral, and those from the New as he returns. The pictures on these bridges, as well as those in most other parts of Switzerland, are not to be spoken of as works of art; but they are instruments admirably answering the purpose for which they were designed.

Page 597

'The River Duddon.'

A Poet, whose works are not yet known as they deserve to be, thus enters upon his description of the "Ruins of Rome:"

"The rising Sun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Towering aloft;"

and ends thus—

"The setting Sun displays
His visible great round, between yon towers,
As through two shady cliffs."

Mr. Crowe, in his excellent loco-descriptive Poem, "Lewesdon Hill," is still more expeditious, finishing the whole on a May-morning, before breakfast.

"To-morrow for severer thought, but now
To breakfast, and keep festival to-day."

No one believes, or is desired to believe, that those Poems were actually composed

within such limits of time; nor was there any reason why a prose statement should acquaint the reader with the plain fact, to the disturbance of poetic credibility. But, in the present case, I am compelled to mention, that the above series of Sonnets was the growth of many years;—the one which stands the 14th was the first produced; and others were added upon occasional visits to the Stream, or as recollections of the scenes upon its banks awakened a wish to describe them. In this manner I had proceeded insensibly, without perceiving that I was trespassing upon ground pre-occupied, at least as far as intention went, by Mr. Coleridge; who, more than twenty years ago, used to speak of writing a rural Poem, to be entitled "The Brook," of which he has given a sketch in a recent publication. But a particular subject cannot, I think, much interfere with a general one; and I have been further kept from encroaching upon any right Mr. C. may still wish to exercise, by the restriction which the frame of the Sonnet imposed upon me, narrowing unavoidably the range of thought, and precluding, though not without its advantages, many graces to which a freer movement of verse would naturally have led.

May I not venture, then, to hope, that, instead of being a hindrance by anticipation of any part of the subject, these Sonnets may remind Mr. Coleridge of his own more comprehensive design, and induce him to fulfil it?—There is a sympathy in streams,—“one calleth to another;” and I would gladly believe, that “The Brook” will, ere long, murmur in concert with “The Duddon.” But, asking pardon for this fancy, I need not scruple to say that those verses must indeed be ill-fated which can enter upon such pleasant walks of nature without receiving and giving inspiration. The power of waters over the minds of Poets has been acknowledged from the earliest ages;—through the “*Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius*” of Virgil, down to the sublime apostrophe to the great rivers of the earth by Armstrong, and the simple ejaculation of Burns (chosen, if I recollect right, by Mr. Coleridge, as a motto for his embryo “Brook”).

"The Muse nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel' he learned to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
AND NA' THINK LANG."

Page 600

*'There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness,
The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue.'*

These two lines are in a great measure taken from "The Beauties of Spring, a Juvenile Poem," by the Rev. Joseph Symson. He was a native of Cumberland, and was educated in the vale of Grasmere, and at Hawkshead school: his poems are little known, but they contain passages of splendid description; and the versification of his "Vision of Alfred" is harmonious and animated. In describing the motions of the Sylphs that constitute the strange machinery of his Poem, he uses the following illustrative simile:—

— "Glancing from their plumes
A changeful light the azure vault illumines.
Less varying hues beneath the Pole adorn
The streamy glories of the Boreal morn,
That wavering to and fro their radiance shed
On Bothnia's gulf with glassy ice o'erspread.
Where the lone native, as he homeward glides,
On polished sandals o'er the imprisoned tides,
And still the balance of his frame preserves,
Wheeled on alternate foot in lengthening curves,
Sees at a glance, above him and below,
Two rival heavens with equal splendour glow.
Sphered in the centre of the world he seems;
For all around with soft effulgence gleams;
Stars, moons, and meteors, ray opposed to ray,
And solemn midnight pours the blaze of day."

He was a man of ardent feeling, and his faculties of mind, particularly his memory, were extraordinary. Brief notices of his life ought to find a place in the History of Westmoreland.

Page 603. Sonnets XVII and XVIII

The EAGLE requires a large domain for its support: but several pairs, not many years ago, were constantly resident in this country, building their nests in the steepes of Borrowdale, Wastdale, Ennerdale, and on the eastern side of Helvellyn. Often have I heard anglers speak of the grandeur of their appearance, as they hovered over

Red Tarn, in one of the coves of this mountain. The bird frequently returns, but is always destroyed. Not long since, one visited Rydal lake, and remained some hours near its banks: the consternation which it occasioned among the different species of fowl, particularly the herons, was expressed by loud screams. The horse also is naturally afraid of the eagle.—There were several Roman stations among these mountains; the most considerable seems to have been in a meadow at the head of Windermere, established, undoubtedly, as a check over the passes of Kirkstone, Dunmail-raise, and of Hardknot and Wrynose. On the margin of Rydal lake, a coin of Trajan was discovered very lately.—The ROMAN FORT here alluded to, called by the country people "*Hardknot Castle*," is most impressively situated half-way down the hill on the right of the road that descends from Hardknot into Eskdale. It has escaped the notice of most antiquarians, and is but slightly mentioned by Lysons.—The DRUIDICAL CIRCLE is about half a mile to the left of the road ascending Stone-side from the vale of Duddon: the country people call it "*Sunken Church*."

The reader who may have been interested in the foregoing Sonnets (which together may be considered as a Poem) will not be displeased to find in this place a prose account of the Duddon, extracted from Green's comprehensive *Guide to the Lakes*, lately published. "The road leading from Coniston to Broughton is over high ground, and commands a view of the River Duddon; which, at high water, is a grand sight, having the beautiful and fertile lands of Lancashire and Cumberland stretching each way from its margin. In this extensive view, the face of nature is displayed in a wonderful variety of hill and dale, wooded grounds and buildings; amongst the latter Broughton Tower, seated on the crown of a hill, rising elegantly from the valley, is an object of extraordinary interest. Fertility on each side is gradually diminished, and lost in the superior heights of Blackcomb, in Cumberland, and the high lands between Kirkby and Ulverstone.

"The road from Broughton to Seathwaite is on the banks of the Duddon, and on its Lancashire side it is of various

elevations. The river is an amusing companion, one while brawling and tumbling over rocky precipices, until the agitated water becomes again calm by arriving at a smoother and less precipitous bed, but its course is soon again ruffled, and the current thrown into every variety of foam which the rocky channel of a river can give to water."—*Vide Green's Guide to the Lakes*, vol. i. pp. 98-100.

After all, the traveller would be most gratified who should approach this beautiful Stream, neither at its source, as is done in the Sonnets, nor from its termination; but from Coniston over Walna Scar; first descending into a little circular valley, a collateral compartment of the long winding vale through which flows the Duddon. This recess, towards the close of September, when the after-grass of the meadows is still of a fresh green, with the leaves of many of the trees faded, but perhaps none fallen, is truly enchanting. At a point elevated enough to show the various objects in the valley, and not so high as to diminish their importance, the stranger will instinctively halt. On the foreground, a little below the most favourable station, a rude foot-bridge is thrown over the bed of the noisy brook foaming by the wayside. Russet and craggy hills, of bold and varied outline, surround the level valley, which is besprinkled with grey rocks plumed with birch trees. A few homesteads are interspersed, in some places peeping out from among the rocks like hermitages, whose site has been chosen for the benefit of sunshine as well as shelter; in other instances, the dwelling-house, barn, and byre, compose together a cruciform structure, which, with its embowering trees, and the ivy clothing part of the walls and roof like a fleece, call to mind the remains of an ancient abbey. Time, in most cases, and nature everywhere, have given a sanctity to the humble works of man that are scattered over this peaceful retirement. Hence a harmony of tone and colour, a consummation and perfection of beauty, which would have been marred had aim or purpose interfered with the course of convenience, utility, or necessity. This unvitiated region stands in no need of the veil of twilight to soften or disguise its features. As it glistens in the morning

sunshine, it would fill the spectator's heart with gladness. Looking from our chosen station, he would feel an impatience to rove among its pathways, to be greeted by the milkmaid, to wander from house to house exchanging "good-morrows" as he passed the open doors; but, at evening, when the sun is set, and a pearly light gleams from the western quarter of the sky, with an answering light from the smooth surface of the meadows; when the trees are dusky, but each kind still distinguishable; when the cool air has condensed the blue smoke rising from the cottage chimneys; when the dark mossy stones seem to sleep in the bed of the foaming brook; *then* he would be unwilling to move forward, not less from a reluctance to relinquish what he beholds, than from an apprehension of disturbing, by his approach, the quietness beneath him. Issuing from the plain of this valley, the brook descends in a rapid torrent passing by the churchyard of Seathwaite. The traveller is thus conducted at once into the midst of the wild and beautiful scenery which gave occasion to the Sonnets from the 14th to the 20th inclusive. From the point where the Seathwaite brook joins the Duddon is a view upwards into the pass through which the river makes its way into the plain of Donnerdale. The perpendicular rock on the right bears the ancient British name of THE PEN; the one opposite is called WALLA-BARROW CRAG, a name that occurs in other places to designate rocks of the same character. The *chaotic* aspect of the scene is well marked by the expression of a stranger, who strolled out while dinner was preparing, and at his return, being asked by his host, "What way he had been wandering?" replied, "As far as it is *finished!*"

The bed of the Duddon is here strewn with large fragments of rocks fallen from aloft; which, as Mr. Green truly says, "are happily adapted to the many-shaped waterfalls" (or rather waterbreaks, for none of them are high) "displayed in the short space of half a mile." That there is some hazard in frequenting these desolate places, I myself have had proof; for one night an immense mass of rock fell upon the very spot where, with a friend, I had

lingered the day before. "The concussion," says Mr. Green, speaking of the event (for he also, in the practice of his art, on that day sat exposed for a still longer time to the same peril), "was heard, not without alarm, by the neighbouring shepherds." But to return to Seathwaite Churchyard: it contains the following inscription:—

"In memory of the Reverend Robert Walker, who died the 25th of June 1802, in the 93d year of his age, and 67th of his curacy at Seathwaite.

"Also, of Anne his wife, who died the 28th of January, in the 93d year of her age."

In the parish-register of Seathwaite Chapel is this notice:—

"Buried, June 28th, the Rev. Robert Walker. He was curate of Seathwaite sixty-six years. He was a man singular for his temperance, industry, and integrity."

This individual is the Pastor alluded to, in the 18th Sonnet, as a worthy compeer of the country parson of Chaucer, etc. In the seventh book of the Excursion, an abstract of his character is given, beginning,

"A Priest abides before whose life such doubts
Fall to the ground;—"

and some account of his life, for it is worthy of being recorded, will not be out of place here.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. ROBERT WALKER

In the year 1709, Robert Walker was born at Under-crag, in Seathwaite; he was the youngest of twelve children. His eldest brother, who inherited the small family estate, died at Under-crag, aged ninety-four, being twenty-four years older than the subject of this memoir, who was born of the same mother. Robert was a sickly infant; and, through his boyhood and youth, continuing to be of delicate frame and tender health, it was deemed best, according to the country phrase, to *breed him a scholar*; for it was not likely that he would be able to earn a livelihood by bodily labour. At that period few of these dales were furnished with school-houses; the children being taught to read

and write in the chapel; and in the same consecrated building, where he officiated for so many years both as preacher and schoolmaster, he himself received the rudiments of his education. In his youth he became schoolmaster at Loweswater; not being called upon, probably, in that situation to teach more than reading writing, and arithmetic. But, by the assistance of a "Gentleman" in the neighbourhood, he acquired, at leisure hours, a knowledge of the classics, and became qualified for taking holy orders. Upon his ordination, he had the offer of two curacies: the one, Torver, in the vale of Coniston,—the other, Seathwaite, in his native vale. The value of each was the same, viz. five pounds *per annum*; but the cure of Seathwaite having a cottage attached to it, as he wished to marry, he chose it in preference. The young person on whom his affections were fixed, though in the condition of a domestic servant, had given promise, by her serious and modest deportment, and by her virtuous dispositions, that she was worthy to become the helpmate of a man entering upon a plan of life such as he had marked out for himself. By her frugality she had stored up a small sum of money, with which they began housekeeping. In 1735 or 1736, he entered upon his curacy; and, nineteen years afterwards, his situation is thus described, in some letters to be found in the Annual Register for 1760, from which the following is extracted:—

"To Mr. —"

"Coniston, July 26, 1754.

"SIR—I was the other day upon a party of pleasure, about five or six miles from this place, where I met with a very striking object, and of a nature not very common. Going into a clergyman's house (of whom I had frequently heard), I found him sitting at the head of a long square table, such as is commonly used in this country by the lower class of people, dressed in a coarse blue frock, trimmed with black horn buttons; a checked shirt, a leathern strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, and a pair of great wooden-soled shoes plated with iron to preserve them

(what we call clogs in these parts), with a child upon his knee, eating his breakfast; his wife, and the remainder of his children, were some of them employed in waiting upon each other, the rest in teasing and spinning wool, at which trade he is a great proficient; and moreover, when it is made ready for sale, will lay it, by sixteen or thirty-two pounds' weight, upon his back, and on foot, seven or eight miles, will carry it to the market, even in the depth of winter. I was not much surprised at all this, as you may possibly be, having heard a great deal of it related before. But I must confess myself astonished with the alacrity and the good humour that appeared both in the clergyman and his wife, and more so at the sense and ingenuity of the clergyman himself." * * *

Then follows a letter from another person, dated 1755, from which an extract shall be given:—

"By his frugality and good management he keeps the wolf from the door, as we say; and if he advances a little in the world, it is owing more to his own care than to anything else he has to rely upon. I don't find his inclination is running after further preferment. He is settled among the people, that are happy among themselves; and lives in the greatest unanimity and friendship with them; and, I believe, the minister and people are exceedingly satisfied with each other; and indeed how should they be dissatisfied when they have a person of so much worth and probity for their pastor? A man who, for his candour and meekness, his sober, chaste, and virtuous conversation, his soundness in principle and practice, is an ornament to his profession, and an honour to the country he is in; and bear with me if I say, the plainness of his dress, the sanctity of his manners, the simplicity of his doctrine, and the vehemence of his expression, have a sort of resemblance to the pure practice of primitive Christianity."

We will now give his own account of himself, to be found in the same place,

FROM THE REV. ROBERT WALKER

"SIR—Yours of the 26th instant was communicated to me by Mr. C——, and I should have returned an immediate answer,

but the hand of Providence, then laying heavy upon an amiable pledge of conjugal endearment, hath since taken from me a promising girl, which the disconsolate mother too pensively laments the loss of; though we have yet eight living, all healthy, hopeful children, whose names and ages are as follows:—Zaccheus, aged almost eighteen years; Elizabeth, sixteen years and ten months; Mary, fifteen; Moses, thirteen years and three months; Sarah, ten years and three months; Mabel, eight years and three months; William Tyson, three years and eight months; and Anne Esther, one year and three months; besides Anne, who died two years and six months ago, and was then aged between nine and ten; and Eleanor, who died the 23d inst., January, aged six years and ten months. Zaccheus, the eldest child, is now learning the trade of a tanner, and has two years and a half of his apprenticeship to serve. The annual income of my chapel at present, as near as I can compute it, may amount to about 17*l.*, of which is paid in cash, viz. 5*l.* from the bounty of Queen Anne, and 5*l.* from W. P., Esq. of P——, out of the annual rents, he being lord of the manor, and 3*l.* from the several inhabitants of L——, settled upon the tenements as a rent-charge; the house and gardens I value at 4*l.* yearly, and not worth more; and I believe the surplice fees and voluntary contributions, one year with another, may be worth 3*l.*; but as the inhabitants are few in number, and the fees very low, this last-mentioned sum consists merely in free-will offerings.

"I am situated greatly to my satisfaction with regard to the conduct and behaviour of my auditory, who not only live in the happy ignorance of the follies and vices of the age, but in mutual peace and goodwill with one another, and are seemingly (I hope really too) sincere Christians, and sound members of the established church, not one dissenter of any denomination being amongst them all. I got to the value of 40*l.* for my wife's fortune, but had no real estate of my own, being the youngest son of twelve children, born of obscure parents; and, though my income has been but small, and my family large, yet, by a providential blessing upon my

own diligent endeavours, the kindness of friends, and a cheap country to live in, we have always had the necessities of life. By what I have written (which is a true and exact account, to the best of my knowledge) I hope you will not think your favour to me out of the late worthy Dr. Stratford's effects quite misbestowed, for which I must ever gratefully own myself, Sir, your much obliged and most obedient humble servant,

"R. W., Curate of S——.

"To Mr. C., of Lancaster."

About the time when this letter was written, the Bishop of Chester recommended the scheme of joining the curacy of Ulpha to the contiguous one of Seathwaite, and the nomination was offered to Mr. Walker; but an unexpected difficulty arising, Mr. W., in a letter to the Bishop (a copy of which, in his own beautiful handwriting, now lies before me), thus expresses himself. "If he," meaning the person in whom the difficulty originated, "had suggested any such objection before, I should utterly have declined any attempt to the curacy of Ulpha: indeed, I was always apprehensive it might be disagreeable to my auditory at Seathwaite, as they have been always accustomed to double duty, and the inhabitants of Ulpha despair of being able to support a schoolmaster who is not curate there also; which suppressed all thoughts in me of serving them both." And in a second letter to the Bishop he writes:—

"MY LORD—I have the favour of yours of the 1st instant, and am exceedingly obliged on account of the Ulpha affair: if that curacy should lapse into your Lordship's hands, I would beg leave rather to decline than embrace it; for the chapels of Seathwaite and Ulpha, annexed together, would be apt to cause a general discontent among the inhabitants of both places; by either thinking themselves slighted, being only served alternately, or neglected in the duty, or attributing it to covetousness in me; all which occasions of murmuring I would willingly avoid." And in concluding his former letter, he expresses a similar sentiment upon the same occasion, "desir-

ing, if it be possible, however, as much as in me lieth, to live peaceably with all men."

The year following, the curacy of Seathwaite was again augmented; and, to effect this augmentation, fifty pounds had been advanced by himself; and, in 1760, lands were purchased with eight hundred pounds. Scanty as was his income, the frequent offer of much better benefices could not tempt Mr. W. to quit a situation where he had been so long happy, with a consciousness of being useful. Among his papers I find the following copy of a letter, dated 1775, twenty years after his refusal of the curacy of Ulpha, which will show what exertions had been made for one of his sons.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE—Our remote situation here makes it difficult to get the necessary information for transacting business regularly; such is the reason of my giving your Grace the present trouble.

"The bearer (my son) is desirous of offering himself candidate for deacon's orders at your Grace's ensuing ordination; the first, on the 25th instant, so that his papers could not be transmitted in due time. As he is now fully at age, and I have afforded him education to the utmost of my ability, it would give me great satisfaction (if your Grace would take him, and find him qualified) to have him ordained. His constitution has been tender for some years; he entered the college of Dublin, but his health would not permit him to continue there, or I would have supported him much longer. He has been with me at home above a year, in which time he has gained great strength of body, sufficient, I hope, to enable him for performing the function. Divine Providence, assisted by liberal benefactors, has blest my endeavours, from a small income, to rear a numerous family; and as my time of life renders me now unfit for much future expectancy from this world, I should be glad to see my son settled in a promising way to acquire an honest livelihood for himself. His behaviour, so far in life, has been irreproachable; and I hope he will not degenerate, in principles or practice, from the precepts and pattern of an indulgent parent. Your Grace's favourable reception of this, from a distant corner of the diocese, and an

obscure hand, will excite filial gratitude, and a due use shall be made of the obligation vouchsafed thereby to your Grace's very dutiful and most obedient Son and Servant,

ROBERT WALKER.'

The same man, who was thus liberal in the education of his numerous family, was even munificent in hospitality as a parish priest. Every Sunday were served upon the long table, at which he has been described sitting with a child upon his knee, messes of broth for the refreshment of those of his congregation who came from a distance, and usually took their seats as parts of his own household. It seems scarcely possible that this custom could have commenced before the augmentation of his cure; and what would to many have been a high price of self-denial was paid, by the pastor and his family, for this gratification; as the treat could only be provided by dressing at one time the whole, perhaps, of their weekly allowance of fresh animal food; consequently, for a succession of days, the table was covered with cold victuals only. His generosity in old age may be still further illustrated by a little circumstance relating to an orphan grandson, then ten years of age, which I find in a copy of a letter to one of his sons; he requests that half a guinea may be left for "little Robert's pocket-money," who was then at school: intrusting it to the care of a lady, who, as he says, "may sometimes frustrate his squandering it away foolishly," and promising to send him an equal allowance annually for the same purpose. The conclusion of the same letter is so characteristic, that I cannot forbear to transcribe it. "We," meaning his wife and himself, "are in our wonted state of health, allowing for the hasty strides of old age knocking daily at our door, and threateningly telling us we are not only mortal, but must expect ere long to take our leave of our ancient cottage, and lie down in our last dormitory. Pray pardon my neglect to answer yours: let us hear sooner from you, to augment the mirth of the Christmas holidays. Wishing you all the pleasures of the approaching season, I am, dear Son, with lasting sincerity, yours affectionately,

"ROBERT WALKER."

He loved old customs and old usages, and in some instances stuck to them to his own loss; for, having had a sum of money lodged in the hands of a neighbouring tradesman, when long course of time had raised the rate of interest, and more was offered, he refused to accept it; an act not difficult to one, who, while he was drawing seventeen pounds a year from his curacy, declined, as we have seen, to add the profits of another small benefice to his own, lest he should be suspected of cupidity. From this vice he was utterly free; he made no charge for teaching school; such as could afford to pay gave him what they pleased. When very young, having kept a diary of his expenses, however trifling, the large amount, at the end of the year, surprised him; and from that time the rule of his life was to be economical, not avaricious. At his decease he left behind him no less a sum than 2000*l.*; and such a sense of his various excellences was prevalent in the country, that the epithet of WONDERFUL is to this day attached to his name.

There is in the above sketch something so extraordinary as to require further *explanatory* details.—And to begin with his industry; eight hours in each day, during five days in the week, and half of Saturday, except when the labours of husbandry were urgent, he was occupied in teaching. His seat was within the rails of the altar; the communion table was his desk; and, like Shenstone's schoolmistress, the master employed himself at the spinning-wheel, while the children were repeating their lessons by his side. Every evening, after school hours, if not more profitably engaged, he continued the same kind of labour, exchanging, for the benefit of exercise, the small wheel, at which he had sate, for the large one on which wool is spun, the spinner stepping to and fro. Thus was the wheel constantly in readiness to prevent the waste of a moment's time. Nor was his industry with the pen, when occasion called for it, less eager. Intrusted with extensive management of public and private affairs, he acted, in his rustic neighbourhood, as scrivener, writing out petitions, deeds of conveyance, wills, covenants, etc., with pecuniary gain to

himself, and to the great benefit of his employers. These labours (at all times considerable) at one period of the year, viz. between Christmas and Candlemas, when money transactions are settled in this country, were often so intense, that he passed great part of the night, and sometimes whole nights, at his desk. His garden also was tilled by his own hand; he had a right of pasturage upon the mountains for a few sheep and a couple of cows, which required his attendance; with this pastoral occupation he joined the labours of husbandry upon a small scale, renting two or three acres in addition to his own less than one acre of glebe; and the humblest drudgery which the cultivation of these fields required was performed by himself.

He also assisted his neighbours in hay-making and shearing their flocks, and in the performance of this latter service he was eminently dexterous. They, in their turn, complimented him with the present of a haycock, or a fleece; less as a recompence for this particular service than as a general acknowledgment. The Sabbath was in a strict sense kept holy; the Sunday evenings being devoted to reading the Scripture and family prayer. The principal festivals appointed by the Church were also duly observed; but through every other day in the week, through every week in the year, he was incessantly occupied in work of hand or mind; not allowing a moment for recreation, except upon a Saturday afternoon, when he indulged himself with a Newspaper, or sometimes with a Magazine. The frugality and temperance established in his house were as admirable as the industry. Nothing to which the name of luxury could be given was there known; in the latter part of his life, indeed, when tea had been brought into almost general use, it was provided for visitors, and for such of his own family as returned occasionally to his roof, and had been accustomed to this refreshment elsewhere; but neither he nor his wife ever partook of it. The raiment worn by his family was comely and decent, but as simple as their diet; the home-spun materials were made up into apparel by their own hands. At the time of the

decease of this thrifty pair, their cottage contained a large store of webs of woollen and linen cloth, woven from thread of their own spinning. And it is remarkable that the pew in the chapel in which the family used to sit, remains neatly lined with woollen cloth spun by the pastor's own hands. It is the only pew in the chapel so distinguished; and I know of no other instance of his conformity to the delicate accommodations of modern times. The fuel of the house, like that of their neighbours, consisted of peat, procured from the mosses by their own labour. The lights by which, in the winter evenings, their work was performed, were of their own manufacture, such as still continue to be used in these cottages; they are made of the pith of rushes dipped in any unctuous substance that the house affords. *White* candles, as tallow candles are here called, were reserved to honour the Christmas festivals, and were perhaps produced upon no other occasions. Once a month, during the proper season, a sheep was drawn from their small mountain flock, and killed for the use of the family; and a cow, towards the close of the year was salted and dried for winter provision; the hide was tanned to furnish them with shoes.—By these various resources, this venerable clergyman reared a numerous family, not only preserving them, as he affectingly says, "from wanting the necessaries of life;" but affording them an unstinted education, and the means of raising themselves in society. In this they were eminently assisted by the effects of their father's example, his precepts, and injunctions: he was aware that truth-speaking, as a moral virtue, is best secured by inculcating attention to accuracy of report even on trivial occasions; and so rigid were the rules of honesty by which he endeavoured to bring up his family, that if one of them had chanced to find in the lanes or fields anything of the least use or value without being able to ascertain to whom it belonged, he always insisted upon the child's carrying it back to the place from which it had been brought.

No one, it might be thought, could, as has been described, convert his body into a machine, as it were, of industry for the humblest uses, and keep his thoughts so

frequently bent upon secular concerns, without grievous injury to the more precious parts of his nature. How could the powers of intellect thrive, or its graces be displayed, in the midst of circumstances apparently so unfavourable, and where, to the direct cultivation of the mind, so small a portion of time was allotted? But, in this extraordinary man, things in their nature adverse were reconciled. His conversation was remarkable, not only for being chaste and pure, but for the degree in which it was fervent and eloquent; his written style was correct, simple, and animated. Nor did his *affections* suffer more than his intellect; he was tenderly alive to all the duties of his pastoral office: the poor and needy "he never sent empty away,"—the stranger was fed and refreshed in passing that unfrequented vale—the sick were visited; and the feelings of humanity found further exercise among the distresses and embarrassments in the worldly estate of his neighbours, with which his talents for business made him acquainted; and the disinterestedness, impartiality, and uprightness which he maintained in the management of all affairs confided to him were virtues seldom separated in his own conscience from religious obligation. Nor could such conduct fail to remind those who witnessed it of a spirit nobler than law or custom: they felt convictions which, but for such intercourse, could not have been afforded, that as in the practice of their pastor there was no guile, so in his faith there was nothing hollow; and we are warranted in believing that upon these occasions selfishness, obstinacy, and discord would often give way before the breathings of his good-will and saintly integrity. It may be presumed also—while his humble congregation were listening to the moral precepts which he delivered from the pulpit, and to the Christian exhortations that they should love their neighbours as themselves, and do as they would be done unto—that peculiar efficacy was given to the preacher's labours by recollections in the minds of his congregation that they were called upon to do no more than his own actions were daily setting before their eyes.

The afternoon service in the chapel was

less numerously attended than that of the morning, but by a more serious auditory; the lesson from the New Testament, on those occasions, was accompanied by Burkitt's Commentaries. These lessons he read with impassioned emphasis, frequently drawing tears from his hearers, and leaving a lasting impression upon their minds. His devotional feelings and the powers of his own mind were further exercised, along with those of his family, in perusing the Scriptures: not only on the Sunday evenings, but on every other evening, while the rest of the household were at work, some one of the children, and in her turn the servant, for the sake of practice in reading, or for instruction, read the Bible aloud; and in this manner the whole was repeatedly gone through. That no common importance was attached to the observance of religious ordinances by his family, appears from the following memorandum by one of his descendants, which I am tempted to insert at length, as it is characteristic and somewhat curious. "There is a small chapel in the county palatine of Lancaster, where a certain clergyman has regularly officiated above sixty years, and a few months ago administered the sacramen of the Lord's Supper in the same, to a decent number of devout communicants. After the clergyman had received himself, the first company out of the assembly who approached the altar, and kneeled down to be partakers of the sacred elements, consisted of the parson's wife, to whom he had been married upwards of sixty years; one son and his wife; four daughters, each with her husband; whose ages, all added together amount to above 714 years. The several and respective distances from the place of each of their abodes to the chapel where they all communicated, will measure more than 1000 English miles. Though the narration will appear surprising, it is without doubt a fact that the same persons, exactly four years before, met at the same place, and all joined in performance of the same venerable duty."

He was indeed most zealously attached to the doctrine and frame of the Established Church. We have seen him congratulating himself that he had no dissenters in his

cure of any denomination. Some allowance must be made for the state of opinion when his first religious impressions were received, before the reader will acquit him of bigotry, when I mention that at the time of the augmentation of the cure, he refused to invest part of the money in the purchase of an estate offered to him upon advantageous terms, because the proprietor was a quaker;—whether from scrupulous apprehension that a blessing would not attend a contract framed for the benefit of the church between persons not in religious sympathy with each other; or, as a seeker of peace, he was afraid of the uncomplying disposition which at one time was too frequently conspicuous in that sect. Of this an instance had fallen under his own notice; for, while he taught school at Loweswater, certain persons of that denomination had refused to pay annual interest due under the title of Church-stock;¹ a great hardship upon the incumbent, for the curacy of Loweswater was then scarcely less poor than that of Seathwaite. To what degree this prejudice of his was blamable need not be determined;—certain it is, that he was not only desirous, as he himself says, to live in peace, but in love, with all men. He was placable, and charitable in his judgments; and, however correct in conduct and rigorous to himself, he was ever ready to forgive the trespasses of others, and to soften the censure that was cast upon their frailties.—It would be unpardonable to omit that, in the maintenance of his virtues, he received due support from the partner of his long life. She was equally strict, in attending to her share of their joint cares, nor less diligent in her appropriate occupations. A person who had been some time their servant in the latter part of their lives, concluded the panegyric of her mistress by saying to me, "She was no less excellent than her husband; she was good to the poor; she was good to everything!" He survived for a short time this virtuous companion. When she died, he ordered that her body should

be borne to the grave by three of her daughters and one granddaughter; and, when the corpse was lifted from the threshold, he insisted upon lending his aid, and feeling about, for he was then almost blind, took hold of a napkin fixed to the coffin; and, as a bearer of the body, entered the chapel, a few steps from the lowly parsonage.

What a contrast does the life of this obscurely-seated, and, in point of worldly wealth, poorly-repaid Churchman, present to that of a Cardinal Wolsey!

"O 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen
Too heavy for a man who hopes for heaven!"

We have been dwelling upon images of peace in the moral world, that have brought us again to the quiet enclosure of consecrated ground in which this venerable pair lie interred. The sounding brook, that rolls close by the churchyard, without disturbing feeling or meditation, is now unfortunately laid bare; but not long ago it participated, with the chapel, the shade of some stately ash-trees, which will not spring again. While the spectator from this spot is looking round upon the girdle of stony mountains that encompasses the vale,—masses of rock, out of which monuments for all men that ever existed might have been hewn—it would surprise him to be told, as with truth he might be, that the plain blue slab dedicated to the memory of this aged pair is a production of a quarry in North Wales. It was sent as a mark of respect by one of their descendants from the vale of Festiniog, a region almost as beautiful as that in which it now lies!

Upon the Seathwaite Brook, at a small distance from the parsonage, has been erected a mill for spinning yarn; it is a mean and disagreeable object, though not unimportant to the spectator, as calling to mind the momentous changes wrought by such inventions in the frame of society—changes which have proved especially unfavourable to these mountain solitudes. So much had been effected by those new powers, before the subject of the preceding biographical sketch closed his life, that their operation could not escape his notice, and doubtless excited touching reflections upon the comparatively insignificant results

¹ Mr. Walker's charity being of that kind which "seeketh not her own," he would rather forego his rights than distrain for dues which the parties liable refused, as a point of conscience, to pay.

of his own manual industry. But Robert Walker was not a man of times and circumstances; had he lived at a later period, the principle of duty would have produced application as unremitting; the same energy of character would have been displayed, though in many instances with widely-different effects.

With pleasure I annex, as illustrative and confirmatory of the above account, extracts from a paper in the *Christian Remembrancer*, October 1819: it bears an assumed signature, but is known to be the work of the Rev. Robert Bamford, vicar of Bishopton, in the county of Durham; a great-grandson of Mr. Walker, whose worth it commemorates, by a record not the less valuable for being written in very early youth.

"His house was a nursery of virtue. All the inmates were industrious, and cleanly, and happy. Sobriety, neatness, quietness, characterised the whole family. No railings, no idleness, no indulgence of passion were permitted. Every child, however young, had its appointed engagements; every hand was busy. Knitting, spinning, reading, writing, mending clothes, making shoes, were by the different children constantly performing. The father himself sitting amongst them, and guiding their thoughts, was engaged in the same occupations. * * *

"He sate up late, and rose early; when the family were at rest, he retired to a little room which he had built on the roof of his house. He had slated it, and fitted it up with shelves for his books, his stock of cloth, wearing apparel, and his utensils. There many a cold winter's night, without fire, while the roof was glazed with ice, did he remain reading or writing till the day dawned. He taught the children in the chapel, for there was no schoolhouse. Yet in that cold, damp place he never had a fire. He used to send the children in parties either to his own fire at home or make them run up the mountain side. * * *

"It may be further mentioned, that he was a passionate admirer of Nature; she was his mother, and he was a dutiful child. While engaged on the mountains, it was his greatest pleasure to view the rising sun;

and in tranquil evenings, as it slid behind the hills, he blessed its departure. He was skilled in fossils and plants; a constant observer of the stars and winds: the atmosphere was his delight. He made many experiments on its nature and properties. In summer he used to gather a multitude of flies and insects, and, by his entertaining description, amuse and instruct his children. They shared all his daily employments, and derived many sentiments of love and benevolence from his observations on the works and productions of nature. Whether they were following him in the field, or surrounding him in school, he took every opportunity of storing their minds with useful information.—Nor was the circle of his influence confined to Seathwaite. Many a distant mother has told her child of Mr. Walker, and begged him to be as good a man.

* * * *
 "Once, when I was very young, I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing that venerable old man in his 90th year, and even then, the calmness, the force, the perspicuity of his sermon, sanctified and adorned by the wisdom of grey hairs, and the authority of virtue, had such an effect upon my mind, that I never see a hoary-headed clergyman, without thinking of Mr. Walker * * *. He allowed no dissenter or methodist to interfere in the instruction of the souls committed to his cure: and so successful were his exertions, that he had not one dissenter of any denomination whatever in the whole parish.—Though he avoided all religious controversies, yet when age had silvered his head, and virtuous piety had secured to his appearance reverence and silent honour, no one, however determined in his hatred of apostolic descent, could have listened to his discourse on ecclesiastical history and ancient times, without thinking that one of the beloved apostles had returned to mortality, and in that vale of peace had come to exemplify the beauty of holiness in the life and character of Mr. Walker. * * *

* * * *
 "Until the sickness of his wife, a few months previous to her death, his health and spirits and faculties were unimpaired. But this misfortune gave him such a shock

that his constitution gradually decayed. His senses, except sight, still preserved their powers. He never preached with steadiness after his wife's death. His voice faltered: he always looked at the seat she had used. He could not pass her tomb without tears. He became, when alone, sad and melancholy, though still among his friends kind and good-humoured. He went to bed about twelve o'clock the night before his death. As his custom was, he went, tottering and leaning upon his daughter's arm, to examine the heavens, and meditate a few moments in the open air. 'How clear the moon shines to-night!' He said these words, sighed, and laid down. At six next morning he was found a corpse. Many a tear, and many a heavy heart, and many a grateful blessing followed him to the grave."

Having mentioned in this narrative the vale of Loweswater as a place where Mr. Walker taught school, I will add a few memoranda from its parish register, respecting a person apparently of desires as moderate, with whom he must have been intimate during his residence there.

"Let him that would, ascend the tottering seat
Of courtly grandeur, and become as great
As are his mounting wishes; but for me,
Let sweet repose and rest my portion be.

HENRY FOREST, Curate."

"Honour, the idol which the most adore,
Receives no homage from my knee;
Content in privacy I value more
Than all uneasy dignity."

"Henry Forest came to Loweswater, 1708,
being 25 years of age."

"This curacy was twice augmented by Queen Anne's Bounty. The first payment, with great difficulty, was paid to Mr. John Curwen of London, on the 9th of May, 1724, deposited by me, Henry Forest, Curate of Loweswater. Ye said 9th of May, ye said Mr. Curwen went to the office, and saw my name registered there, &c. This, by the Providence of God, came by lot to this poor place.

"Hæc testor H. Forest."

In another place he records that the sycamore-trees were planted in the churchyard in 1710.

He died in 1741, having been curate.

thirty-four years. It is not improbable that H. Forest was the gentleman who assisted Robert Walker in his classical studies at Loweswater.

To this parish register is prefixed a motto, of which the following verses are a part:

"Invigilate viri, tacito nam tempora gressu
Diffugiunt, nulloque sono convertitur annus;
Utendum est ætate, cito pede præterit ætas."

Page 607.

'We feel that we are greater than we
know.'

"And feel that I am happier than I know."
MILTON.

The allusion to the Greek Poet will be obvious to the classical reader.

Page 608

'Living hill.'

—"awhile the living hill
Heaved with convulsive throes, and all was still."
DR. DARWIN.

Page 609

'Ecclesiastical Sonnets.'

During the month of December 1820, I accompanied a much-beloved and honoured Friend in a walk through different parts of his estate, with a view to fix upon the site of a new Church which he intended to erect. It was one of the most beautiful mornings of a mild season,—our feelings were in harmony with the cherishing influences of the scene; and such being our purpose, we were naturally led to look back upon past events with wonder and gratitude, and on the future with hope. Not long afterwards, some of the Sonnets which will be found towards the close of this series were produced as a private memorial of that morning's occupation.

The Catholic Question, which was agitated in Parliament about that time, kept my thoughts in the same course; and it struck me that certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of our Country might advantageously be presented to view in verse. Accordingly, I took up the subject, and what I now offer to the reader was the result.

When this work was far advanced, I was agreeably surprised to find that my friend, Mr. Southey, had been engaged with similar views in writing a concise History of the Church in England. If our Productions, thus unintentionally coinciding, shall be found to illustrate each other, it will prove a high gratification to me, which I am sure my friend will participate.

W. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, January 24, 1822.

For the convenience of passing from one point of the subject to another without shocks of abruptness, this work has taken the shape of a series of Sonnets: but the Reader, it is to be hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have jointly the effect of passages of a poem in a form of stanza to which there is no objection but one that bears upon the Poet only—its difficulty.

Page 610

'*Did Holy Paul,*' etc.

Stillington adduces many arguments in support of this opinion, but they are unconvincing. The latter part of this Sonnet refers to a favourite notion of Roman Catholic writers, that Joseph of Arimathea and his companions brought Christianity into Britain, and built a rude church at Glastonbury; alluded to hereafter, in a passage upon the dissolution of monasteries.

Page 611

'*That Hill, whose flowery platform,*' etc.

This hill at St Alban's must have been an object of great interest to the imagination of the venerable Bede, who thus describes it, with a delicate feeling, delightful to meet with in that rude age, traces of which are frequent in his works:—"Variis herbarum floribus depictus imò usquequaque vestitus, in quo nihil repente arduum, nihil præceps, nihil abruptum, quem lateribus longè latèque deductum in modum æquoris natura complanat, dignum videlicet eum pro insitâ sibi specie venustatis jam olim reddens, qui beati martyris cruore dicaretur."

Page 612

'*Nor wants the cause the panic-striking aid
Of hallelujahs.*'

Alluding to the victory gained under Germanus.—See Bede.

Page 612

'*By men yet scarcely conscious of a care
For other monuments than those of Earth.*'

The last six lines of this Sonnet are chiefly from the prose of Daniel; and here I will state (though to the Readers whom this Poem will chiefly interest it is unnecessary) that my obligations to other prose writers are frequent,—obligations which, even if I had not a pleasure in courting, it would have been presumptuous to shun, in treating an historical subject. I must, however, particularise Fuller, to whom I am indebted in the Sonnet upon Wicliffe and in other instances. And upon the acquittal of the Seven Bishops I have done little more than versify a lively description of that event in the MS. Memoirs of the first Lord Lonsdale.

Page 612. Sonnet XII

"Ethelforth reached the convent of Bangor, he perceived the Monks, twelve hundred in number, offering prayers for the success of their countrymen: 'If they are praying against us,' he exclaimed, 'they are fighting against us;' and he ordered them to be first attacked: they were destroyed and, appalled by their fate, the courage of Brocmail wavered, and he fled from the field in dismay. Thus abandoned by their leader his army soon gave way, and Ethelforth obtained a decisive conquest. Ancient Bangor itself soon fell into his hands, and was demolished; the noble monastery was levelled to the ground; its library, which is mentioned as a large one, the collection of ages, the repository of the most precious monuments of the ancient Britons, was consumed; half ruined walls, gates, and rubbish were all that remained of the magnificent edifice. —See Turner's valuable history of the Anglo-Saxons.

Taliesin was present at the battle which preceded this desolation.

The account Bede gives of this remarkable event suggests a most striking warning against National and Religious prejudices.

Page 613. Sonnet xv

The person of Paulinus is thus described by Bede, from the memory of an eye-witness:—"Longæstaturæ, paululum incurvus, nigro capillo, facie macilentâ, naso adunco, portuui, venerabilis simul et terribilis aspectu."

Page 613

'Man's life is like a Sparrow.'

See the original of this speech in Bede. —The Conversion of Edwin, as related by him, is highly interesting—and the breaking up of this Council accompanied with an event so striking and characteristic, that I am tempted to give it at length in a translation. "Who, exclaimed the King, when the Council was ended, shall first desecrate the altars and the temples? I, answered the Chief Priest; for who more fit than myself, through the wisdom which the true God hath given me, to destroy, for the good example of others, what in foolishness I worshipped? Immediately, casting away vain superstition, he besought the King to grant him what the laws did not allow to a priest, arms and a courser (equum emisarium); which mounting, and furnished with a sword and lance, he proceeded to destroy the Idols. The crowd, seeing this, thought him mad—he, however, halted not, but, approaching, he profaned the temple, casting against it the lance which he had held in his hand, and, exulting in acknowledgment of the worship of the true God, he ordered his companions to pull down the temple, with all its enclosures. The place is shown where those idols formerly stood, not far from York, at the source of the river Derwent, and is at this day called Gormund Gaham, ubi pontifex ille, inspirante Deo vero, polluit ac destruxit eas, quas ipse sacraverat aras." The last expression is a pleasing proof that the venerable monk of Wearmouth was familiar with the poetry of Virgil.

Page 613

*'such the inviting voice
Heard near fresh streams.'*

The early propagators of Christianity were accustomed to preach near rivers, for the convenience of baptism.

Page 614. Sonnet xix

Having spoken of the zeal, disinterestedness, and temperance of the clergy of those times, Bede thus proceeds:—"Unde et in magna erat veneratione tempore illo religionis habitus, ita ut ubicunque clericus aliquis, aut monachus adveniret, gaudenter ab omnibus tanquam Dei famulus exciperetur. Etiam si in itinere pergens inveniretur, accurrebant, et flexâ cervice, vel manu signari, vel ore illius se benedici, gaudebant. Verbis quoque horum exhortatoriis diligenter auditum præbebant." Lib. iii. cap. 26.

Page 615

'The people work like congregated bees.'

See, in Turner's History, vol. iii. p. 528, the account of the erection of Ramsey Monastery. Penances were removable by the performance of acts of charity and benevolence.

Page 615

——'pain narrows not his cares.'

Through the whole of his life, Alfred was subject to grievous maladies.

Page 616

'Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey!'

The violent measures carried on under the influence of *Dunstan*, for strengthening the Benedictine Order, were a leading cause of the second series of Danish invasions. — See *Turner*.

Page 619

'Here Man more purely lives,' etc.

"Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incedit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, præmiatur copiosius."

—Bernard. "This sentence," says Dr. Whitaker, "is usually inscribed in some conspicuous part of the Cistercian houses."

Page 622

'Whom Obloquy pursues with hideous bark.'

The list of foul names bestowed upon those poor creatures is long and curious;—and, as is, alas! too natural, most of the opprobrious appellations are drawn from circumstances into which they were forced by their persecutors, who even consolidated their miseries into one reproachful term, calling them Patarenians, or Paturins, from *patis*, to suffer.

"Dwellers with wolves, she names them, for the pine

And green oak are their covert; as the gloom
Of night oft foils their enemy's design,
She calls them Riders on the flying broom
Sorcerers, whose frame and aspect have become
One and the same through practices malign."

Page 623

*'And the green lizard and the gilded newt
Lead unmolested lives, and die of age.'*

These two lines are adopted from a MS., written about the year 1770, which accidentally fell into my possession. The close of the preceding Sonnet on monastic voluptuousness is taken from the same source, as is the verse, "Where Venus sits," etc., and the line, "Once ye were holy, ye are holy still," in a subsequent Sonnet.

Page 626

*'One (like those prophets whom God sent of
old)
Transfigured,' etc.*

"M. Latimer suffered his keeper very quietly to pull off his hose, and his other array, which to looke unto was very simple: and being stripped into his shrowd, he seemed as comely a person to them that were present, as one should lightly see: and whereas in his clothes hee appeared a withered and crooked sillie (weak) olde man, he now stood bolt upright, as comely a

father as one might lightly behold.
* * * * Then they brought a faggotte, kindled with fire, and laid the same downe at doctor Ridley's feete. To whome M. Latimer spake in this manner, 'Bee of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man: wee shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out.'"—*Fox's Acts, etc.*

Similar alterations in the outward figure and deportment of persons brought to like trial were not uncommon. See note to the above passage in Dr. Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Biography, for an example in an humble Welsh fisherman.

Page 627

*'The gift exalting, and with playful
smile.'*

"On foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr. Hooker sit at his own table; which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends; and at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which when the Bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him, and at Richard's return, the Bishop said to him "Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and I thank God with much ease," and presently delivered into his hand a walking staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany; and he said, "Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse; be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me, at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a Bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college; and so God bless you, good Richard."—*See Walton's Life of Richard Hooker.*

Page 628

'craftily incites

The overweening, personates the mad.'

A common device in religious and political conflicts.—See *Strype in support of this instance.*

Page 629

'Laud.'

In this age a word cannot be said in praise of Laud, or even in compassion for his fate, without incurring a charge of bigotry; but fearless of such imputation, I concur with Hume, "that it is sufficient for his vindication to observe that his errors were the most excusable of all those which prevailed during that zealous period." A key to the right understanding of those parts of his conduct that brought the most odium upon him in his own time, may be found in the following passage of his speech before the bar of the House of Peers:—"Ever since I came in place, I have laboured nothing more than that the external public worship of God, so much slighted in divers parts of this kingdom, might be preserved, and that with as much decency and uniformity as might be. For I evidently saw that the public neglect of God's service in the outward face of it, and the nasty lying of many places dedicated to that service, *had almost cast a damp upon the true and inward worship of God, which while we live in the body, needs external helps, and all little enough to keep it in any vigour.*"

Page 632

'The Pilgrim Fathers.'

American episcopacy, in union with the church in England, strictly belongs to the general subject; and I here make my acknowledgments to my American friends Bishop Doane, and Mr. Henry Reed of Philadelphia, for having suggested to me the propriety of adverting to it, and pointed out the virtues and intellectual qualities of Bishop White, which so eminently fitted him for the great work he undertook. Bishop White was consecrated at Lambeth, Feb. 4, 1787, by Archbishop Moore; and before his long life was closed, twenty-six bishops had been consecrated in America

by himself. For his character and opinions, see his own numerous works, and a "Sermon in commemoration of him, by George Washington Doane, Bishop of New Jersey."

Page 633

'A genial hearth—

*And a refined rusticity, belong
To the neat mansion.'*

Among the benefits arising, as Mr. Coleridge has well observed, from a Church establishment of endowments corresponding with the wealth of the country to which it belongs, may be reckoned as eminently important the examples of civility and refinement which the clergy stationed at intervals afford to the whole people. The established clergy in many parts of England have long been, as they continue to be, the principal bulwark against barbarism, and the link which unites the sequestered peasantry with the intellectual advancement of the age. Nor is it below the dignity of the subject to observe that their taste, as acting upon rural residences and scenery, often furnishes models which country gentlemen, who are more at liberty to follow the caprices of fashion, might profit by. The precincts of an old residence must be treated by ecclesiastics with respect, both from prudence and necessity. I remember being much pleased, some years ago, at Rose Castle, the rural seat of the See of Carlisle, with a style of garden and architecture which, if the place had belonged to a wealthy layman, would no doubt have been swept away. A parsonage house generally stands not far from the church; this proximity imposes favourable restraints, and sometimes suggests an affecting union of the accommodations and elegancies of life with the outward signs of piety and mortality. With pleasure I recall to mind a happy instance of this in the residence of an old and much-valued Friend in Oxfordshire. The house and church stand parallel to each other, at a small distance; a circular lawn, or rather grass-plot, spreads between them; shrubs and trees curve from each side of the dwelling, veiling, but not hiding, the church. From the front of this dwelling no part of the burial-ground is seen; but

as you wind by the side of the shrubs towards the steeple-end of the church, the eye catches a single, small, low, monumental headstone, moss-grown, sinking into and gently inclining towards the earth. Advance, and the churchyard, populous and gay with glittering tombstones, opens upon the view. This humble and beautiful parsonage called forth a tribute, for which see the sonnet entitled "A Parsonage in Oxfordshire," p. 607.

Page 637. Sonnet XXXII

This is still continued in many churches in Westmoreland. It takes place in the month of July, when the floor of the stalls is strewn with fresh rushes; and hence it is called the "Rush-bearing."

Page 637

'Teaching us to forget them or forgive.'

This is borrowed from an affecting passage in Mr. George Dyer's history of Cambridge.

Page 638

— *'had we, like them, endured
Sore stress of apprehension.'*

See Burnet, who is unusually animated on this subject; the east wind, so anxiously expected and prayed for, was called the "Protestant wind."

Page 639

*'Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross,
Like men ashamed.'*

The Lutherans have retained the Cross within their churches: it is to be regretted that we have not done the same.

Page 640

*'Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its
name
From roseate hues,' etc.*

Some say that Monte Rosa takes its name from a belt of rock at its summit—a very unpoetical and scarcely a probable supposition.

Page 653

— *'more high, the Dacian force,
To hoof and finger mailed.'*

Here and infra, see Forsyth.

Page 654

*'Something less than joy, but more than
dull content.'*

COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA.

Page 658

'Wild Redbreast,' etc.

This Sonnet, as Poetry, explains itself, yet the scene of the incident having been a wild wood, it may be doubted, as a point of natural history, whether the bird was aware that his attentions were bestowed upon a human, or even a living creature. But a Redbreast will perch upon the foot of a gardener at work, and alight on the handle of the spade when his hand is half upon it—this I have seen. And under my own roof I have witnessed affecting instances of the creature's friendly visits to the chambers of sick persons, as described in the verses to the Redbreast, page 774. One of these welcome intruders used frequently to roost upon a nail in the wall, from which a picture had hung, and was ready, as morning came, to pipe his song in the hearing of the Invalid, who had been long confined to her room. These attachments to a particular person, when marked and continued, used to be reckoned ominous; but the superstition is passing away.

Page 663

'The Wishing-gate.'

"In the Vale of Grasmere, by the side of the old high-way leading to Ambleside, is a gate which, time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-gate."

Having been told, upon what I thought good authority, that this gate had been destroyed, and the opening, where it hung, walled up, I gave vent immediately to my feelings in these stanzas. But going to the place some time after, I found, with much delight, my old favourite unmolested.

Page 672

'Descending to the worm in charity.'

I am indebted, here, to a passage in one of Mr. Digby's valuable works.

Page 677

'The Russian Fugitive.'

Peter Henry Bruce, having given in his entertaining Memoirs the substance of this Tale, affirms that, besides the concurring reports of others, he had the story from the lady's own mouth.

The Lady Catherine, mentioned towards the close, is the famous Catherine, then bearing that name as the acknowledged Wife of Peter the Great.

Page 697

'Highland Hut.'

This sonnet describes the *exterior* of a Highland hut, as often seen under a morning or evening sunshine. To the authoress of the "Address to the Wind," and other poems, in this volume, who was my fellow-traveller in this tour, I am indebted for the following extract from her journal, which accurately describes, under particular circumstances, the beautiful appearance of the *interior* of one of these rude habitations.

"On our return from the Trosachs the evening began to darken, and it rained so heavily that we were completely wet before we had come two miles, and it was dark when we landed with our boatman, at his hut upon the banks of Loch Katrine. I was faint from cold: the good woman had provided, according to her promise, a better fire than we had found in the morning; and, indeed, when I sat down in the chimney-corner of her smoky biggin, I thought I had never felt more comfortable in my life: a pan of coffee was boiling for us, and having put our clothes in the way of drying, we all sat down thankful for a shelter. We could not prevail upon our boatman, the master of the house, to draw near the fire, though he was cold and wet,

or to suffer his wife to get him dry clothes till she had served us, which she did most willingly, though not very expeditiously.

"A Cumberland man of the same rank would not have had such a notion of what was fit and right in his own house, or, if he had, one would have accused him of servility; but in the Highlander it only seemed like politeness (however erroneous and painful to us), naturally growing out of the dependence of the inferiors of the clan upon their laird; he did not, however, refuse to let his wife bring out the whisky bottle for his refreshment, at our request. "She keeps a dram," as the phrase is: indeed, I believe there is scarcely a lonely house by the wayside, in Scotland, where travellers may not be accommodated with a dram. We asked for sugar, butter, barley-bread, and milk: and, with a smile and a stare more of kindness than wonder, she replied, "Ye'll get that," bringing each article separately. We caroused our cups of coffee, laughing like children at the strange atmosphere in which we were: the smoke came in gusts, and spread along the walls; and above our heads in the chimney (where the hens were roosting) it appeared like clouds in the sky. We laughed and laughed again, in spite of the smarting of our eyes, yet had a quieter pleasure in observing the beauty of the beams and rafters gleaming between the clouds of smoke: they had been crusted over and varnished by many winters, till, where the firelight fell upon them, they had become as glossy as black rocks, on a sunny day, cased in ice. When we had eaten our supper we sat about half an hour, and I think I never felt so deeply the blessing of a hospitable welcome and a warm fire. The man of the house repeated from time to time that we should often tell of this night when we got to our homes, and interposed praises of his own lake, which he had more than once, when we were returning in the boat, ventured to say was 'bonnier than Loch Lomond.' Our companion from the Trosachs, who, it appeared, was an Edinburgh drawing-master going, during the vacation, on a pedestrian tour to John O'Groat's House, was to sleep in the barn with my fellow-travellers, where the man said he had plenty

of dry hay. I do not believe that the hay of the Highlands is ever very dry, but this year it had a better chance than usual: wet or dry, however, the next morning they said they had slept comfortably. When I went to bed, the mistress, desiring me to 'go ben,' attended me with a candle, and assured me that the bed was dry, though not 'sic as I had been used to.' It was of chaff; there were two others in the room, a cupboard and two chests, upon one of which stood milk in wooden vessels covered over. The walls of the house were of stone unplastered; it consisted of three apartments, the cow-house at one end, the kitchen or house in the middle, and the spence at the other end; the rooms were divided, not up to the rigging, but only to the beginning of the roof, so that there was a free passage for light and smoke from one end of the house to the other. I went to bed some time before the rest of the family; the door was shut between us, and they had a bright fire, which I could not see, but the light it sent up amongst the varnished rafters and beams, which crossed each other in almost as intricate and fantastic a manner as I have seen the underboughs of a large beech-tree withered by the depth of shade above, produced the most beautiful effect that can be conceived. It was like what I should suppose an underground cave or temple to be with a dripping or moist roof, and the moonlight entering in upon it by some means or other; and yet the colours were more like those of melted gems. I lay looking up till the light of the fire faded away, and the man and his wife and child had crept into their bed at the other end of the room; I did not sleep much, but passed a comfortable night; for my bed, though hard, was warm and clean: the unusualness of my situation prevented me from sleeping. I could hear the waves beat against the shore of the lake; a little rill close to the door made a much louder noise, and, when I sat up in my bed, I could see the lake through an open window-place at the bed's head. Add to this, it rained all night. I was less occupied by remembrance of the Trosachs, beautiful as they were, than the vision of the Highland hut, which I could not get out of my head; I thought of the Faery-

land of Spenser, and what I had read in romance at other times; and then what a feast it would be for a London Pantomimemaker could he but transplant it to Drury-lane, with all its beautiful colours!"—*MS.*

Page 698

'Once on those steeps I roamed.'

The following is from the same *MS.*, and gives an account of the visit to Bothwell Castle here alluded to:

"It was exceedingly delightful to enter thus unexpectedly upon such a beautiful region. The castle stands nobly, overlooking the Clyde. When we came up to it, I was hurt to see that flower-borders had taken place of the natural overgrowings of the ruin, the scattered stones, and wild plants. It is a large and grand pile of red freestone, harmonising perfectly with the rocks of the river, from which, no doubt, it has been hewn. When I was a little accustomed to the unnaturalness of a modern garden, I could not help admiring the excessive beauty and luxuriance of some of the plants, particularly the purple-flowered clematis, and a broad-leaved creeping plant without flowers, which scrambled up the castle wall, along with the ivy, and spread its vine-like branches so lavishly that it seemed to be in its natural situation, and one could not help thinking that, though not self-planted among the ruins of this country, it must somewhere have its native abode in such places. If Bothwell Castle had not been close to the Douglas mansion, we should have been disgusted with the possessor's miserable conception of *adorning* such a venerable ruin; but it is so very near to the house, that of necessity the pleasure-grounds must have extended beyond it, and perhaps the neatness of a shaven lawn, and the complete desolation natural to a ruin, might have made an unpleasing contrast; and, besides being within the precincts of the pleasure-grounds, and so very near to the dwelling of a noble family, it has forfeited in some degree, its independent majesty, and becomes a tributary to the mansion, its solitude being interrupted, it has no longer the command over the mind in sending it back into past times, or ex-

cluding the ordinary feelings which we bear about us in daily life. We had then only to regret that the castle and the house were so near to each other; and it was impossible *not* to regret it; for the ruin presides in state over the river, far from city or town, as if it might have a peculiar privilege to preserve its memorials of past ages, and maintain its own character for centuries to come. We sat upon a bench under the high trees, and had beautiful views of the different reaches of the river, above and below. On the opposite bank, which is finely wooded with elms and other trees, are the remains of a priory built upon a rock; and rock and ruin are so blended, that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. Nothing can be more beautiful than the little remnant of this holy place; elm-trees (for we were near enough to distinguish them by their branches) grow out of the walls, and overshadow a small, but very elegant window. It can scarcely be conceived what a grace the castle and priory impart to each other; and the river Clyde flows on, smooth and unruffled, below, seeming to my thoughts more in harmony with the sober and stately images of former times, than if it had roared over a rocky channel, forcing its sound upon the ear. It blended gently with the warbling of the smaller birds, and the chattering of the larger ones that had made their nests in the ruins. In this fortress the chief of the English nobility were confined after the battle of Bannockburn. If a man *is* to be a prisoner, he scarcely could have a more pleasant place to solace his captivity; but I thought that, for close confinement, I should prefer the banks of a lake, or the seaside. The greatest charm of a brook or river is in the liberty to pursue it through its windings; you can then take it in whatever mood you like; silent or noisy, sportive or quiet. The beauties of a brook or river must be sought, and the pleasure is in going in search of them; those of a lake or of the sea come to you of themselves. These rude warriors cared little, perhaps, about either; and yet, if one may judge from the writings of Chaucer and from the old romances, more interesting passions were connected with natural objects in the days of chivalry than now; though going in search of scenery,

as it is called, had not then been thought of. I had previously heard nothing of Bothwell Castle, at least nothing that I remembered; therefore, perhaps, my pleasure was greater, compared with what I received elsewhere, than others might feel."—*MS. Journal.*

Page 699

'Hart's-horn Tree.'

"In the time of the first Robert de Clifford, in the year 1333 or 1334, Edward Baliol king of Scotland came into Westmoreland, and stayed some time with the said Robert at his castles of Appleby, Brougham, and Pendragon. And during that time they ran a stag by a single greyhound out of Whinfell Park to Redkirk, in Scotland, and back again to this place; where, being both spent, the stag leaped over the pales, but died on the other side; and the greyhound, attempting to leap, fell, and died on the contrary side. In memory of this fact the stag's horns were nailed upon a tree just by, and (the dog being named Hercules) this rhythm was made upon them:

'Hercules killed Hart a greese,
And Hart a greese killed Hercules.'

The tree to this day bears the name of Hart's-horn Tree. The horns in process of time were almost grown over by the growth of the tree, and another pair was put up in their place."—*Nicholson and Burns's History of Westmoreland and Cumberland.*

The tree has now disappeared, but I well remember its imposing appearance as it stood, in a decayed state, by the side of the highroad leading from Penrith to Appleby. This whole neighbourhood abounds in interesting traditions and vestiges of antiquity, viz. Julian's Bower; Brougham and Penrith Castles; Penrith Beacon, and the curious remains in Penrith Churchyard; Arthur's Round Table, and, close by, Maybrough; the excavation, called the Giant's Cave, on the banks of the Emont; Long Meg and her Daughters, near Eden, etc.

Page 712

'But if thou (like Cocytus,' etc.

Many years ago, when I was at Greta

Bridge, in Yorkshire, the hostess of the inn, proud of her skill in etymology, said, that "the name of the river was taken from the *bridge*, the form of which, as every one must notice, exactly resembled a great A." Dr. Whitaker has derived it from the word of common occurrence in the north of England, "*to greet*;" signifying to lament aloud, mostly with weeping: a conjecture rendered more probable from the stony and rocky channel of both the Cumberland and Yorkshire rivers. The Cumberland Greta, though it 'does not, among the country people, take up *that* name till within three miles of its disappearance in the river Derwent, may be considered as having its source in the mountain cove of Wythburn, and thence flowing through Thirlmere. The beautiful features of that lake are known only to those who, travelling between Grasmere and Keswick, have quitted the main road in the vale of Wythburn, and, crossing over to the opposite side of the lake, have proceeded with it on the right hand.

The channel of the Greta, immediately above Keswick, has, for the purposes of building, been in a great measure cleared of the immense stones which, by their concussion in high floods, produced the loud and awful noises described in the sonnet.

"The scenery upon this river," says Mr. Southey in his *Colloquies*, "where it passes under the woody side of Latrigg, is of the finest and most rememberable kind:—

'— ambiguo lapsu refluitque fluitque,
Occurrensque sibi venturas aspicit undas."

Page 713

'*By hooded Votaresses, etc.*

Attached to the church of Brigham was formerly a chantry, which held a moiety of the manor; and in the decayed parsonage some vestiges of monastic architecture are still to be seen.

Page 713

'*Mary Queen of Scots landing at Workington.*'

"The fears and impatience of Mary were so great," says Robertson, "that she got

into a fisher-boat, and with about twenty attendants landed at Workington, in Cumberland; and thence she was conducted with many marks of respect to Carlisle." The apartment in which the Queen had slept at Workington Hall (where she was received by Sir Henry Curwen as became her rank and misfortunes) was long preserved, out of respect to her memory, as she had left it; and one cannot but regret that some necessary alterations in the mansion could not be effected without its destruction.

Page 713

St. Bees' Heads, anciently called the Cliff of Baruth, are a conspicuous sea-mark for all vessels sailing in the N.E. parts of the Irish Sea. In a bay, one side of which is formed by the southern headland, stands the village of St. Bees; a place distinguished, from very early times, for its religious and scholastic foundations.

"St. Bees," say Nicholson and Burns, "had its name from Bega, an holy woman from Ireland, who is said to have founded here, about the year of our Lord 650, a small monastery, where afterwards a church was built in memory of her.

"The aforesaid religious house, being destroyed by the Danes, was restored by William de Meschiens, son of Ranulph, and brother of Ranulph de Meschiens, first Earl of Cumberland after the Conquest and made a cell of a prior and six Benedictine monks to the Abbey of St. Mary at York."

Several traditions of miracles, connected with the foundation of the first of these religious houses, survive among the people of the neighbourhood; one of which is alluded to in these Stanzas; and another, of a somewhat bolder and more peculiar character, has furnished the subject of a spirited poem by the Rev. R. Parkinson M.A., late Divinity Lecturer of St. Bees College, and now Fellow of the Collegiate Church of Manchester.

After the dissolution of the monasteries Archbishop Grindal founded a free school at St. Bees, from which the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland have derived great benefit; and recently, under the patronage of the Earl of Lonsdale, a college has

been established there for the education of ministers for the English Church. The old Conventual Church has been repaired under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Ainger, the Head of the College, and is well worthy of being visited by any strangers who might be led to the neighbourhood of this celebrated spot.

The form of stanza in this Poem, and something in the style of versification, are adopted from the "St. Monica," a poem of much beauty upon a monastic subject, by Charlotte Smith: a lady to whom English verse is under greater obligations than are likely to be either acknowledged or remembered. She wrote little, and that little unambitiously, but with true feeling for rural nature, at a time when nature was not much regarded by English Poets; for in point of time her earlier writings preceded, I believe, those of Cowper and Burns.

Page 715

'Are not, in sooth, their Requiems sacred ties.'

I am aware that I am here treading upon tender ground; but to the intelligent reader I feel that no apology is due. The prayers of survivors, during passionate grief for the recent loss of relatives and friends, as the object of those prayers could no longer be the suffering body of the dying, would naturally be ejaculated for the souls of the departed; the barriers between the two worlds dissolving before the power of love and faith. The ministers of religion, from their habitual attendance upon sick-beds, would be daily witnesses of these benign results; and hence would be strongly tempted to aim at giving to them permanence, by embodying them in rites and ceremonies, recurring at stated periods. All this, as it was in course of nature, so was it blameless, and even praiseworthy; some of its effects, in that rude state of society, could not but be salutary. No reflecting person, however, can view without sorrow the abuses which rose out of thus formalising sublime instincts, and disinterested movements of passion, and perverting them into means of gratifying the ambition and rapacity of the priesthood. But, while we deplore and are indignant at

these abuses, it would be a great mistake if we imputed the origin of the offices to prospective selfishness on the part of the monks and clergy: *they* were at first sincere in their sympathy, and in their degree dupes rather of their own creed, than artful and designing men. Charity is, upon the whole, the safest guide that we can take in judging our fellow-men, whether of past ages or of the present time.

Page 717

'And they are led by noble Hillary.'

The TOWER OF REFUGE, an ornament to Douglas Bay, was erected chiefly through the humanity and zeal of Sir William Hillary; and he also was the founder of the lifeboat establishment at that place; by which, under his superintendence, and often by his exertions at the imminent hazard of his own life, many seamen and passengers have been saved.

Page 718

'By a retired Mariner.'

This unpretending sonnet is by a gentleman nearly connected with me, and I hope, as it falls so easily into its place, that both the writer and the reader will excuse its appearance here.

Page 718

'Off with yon cloud, old Snafell!'

The summit of this mountain is well chosen by Cowley as the scene of the "Vision," in which the spectral angel discourses with him concerning the government of Oliver Cromwell. "I found myself," says he, "on the top of that famous hill in the Island Mona, which has the prospect of three great, and not long since most happy, kingdoms. As soon as ever I looked upon them, they called forth the sad representation of all the sins and all the miseries that had overwhelmed them these twenty years." It is not to be denied that the changes now in progress, and the passions, and the way in which they work, strikingly resemble those which led to the disasters the philosophic writer so feelingly bewails. God grant that the resemblance

may not become still more striking as months and years advance!

Page 719

'On revisiting Dunolly Castle.'

This ingenious piece of workmanship, as I afterwards learned, had been executed for their own amusement by some labourers employed about the place.

Page 721

'Cave of Staffa.'

The reader may be tempted to exclaim, "How came this and the two following sonnets to be written, after the dissatisfaction expressed in the preceding one?" In fact, at the risk of incurring the reasonable displeasure of the master of the steamboat, I returned to the cave, and explored it under circumstances more favourable to those imaginative impressions which it is so wonderfully fitted to make upon the mind.

Page 722

'Hope smiled when your nativity was cast, Children of Summer!'

Upon the head of the columns which form the front of the cave rests a body of decomposed basaltic matter, which was richly decorated with that large bright flower, the ox-eyed daisy. I had noticed the same flower growing with profusion among the bold rocks on the western coast of the Isle of Man; making a brilliant contrast with their black and gloomy surfaces.

Page 722

'Iona.'

The four last lines of this sonnet are adopted from a well-known sonnet of Russel, as conveying my feeling better than any words of my own could do.

Page 724

'Yet fetched from Paradise.'

It is to be feared that there is more of the poet than the sound etymologist in this derivation of the name Eden. On the western coast of Cumberland is a rivulet which enters the sea at Moresby, known

also in the neighbourhood by the name of Eden. May not the latter syllable come from the word Dean, a valley? Langdale, near Ambleside, is by the inhabitants called Langden. The former syllable occurs in the name Emont, a principal feeder of the Eden; and the stream which flows, when the tide is out, over Cartmel Sands, is called the Ea—eau, French—aqua, Latin.

Page 725

'Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell!'

At Corby, a few miles below Nunnery, the Eden is crossed by a magnificent viaduct; and another of these works is thrown over a deep glen or ravine at a very short distance from the main stream.

Page 725

'A weight of awe, not easy to be borne.'

The daughters of Long Meg, placed in a perfect circle eighty yards in diameter, are seventy-two in number above ground; a little way out of the circle stands Long Meg herself, a single stone, eighteen feet high. When I first saw this monument as I came on it by surprise, I might overrate its importance as an object; but though it will not bear a comparison with Stonehenge, I must say, I have not seen any other relique of those dark ages which can pretend to rival it in singularity and dignity of appearance.

Page 726

'To the Earl of Lonsdale.'

This sonnet was written immediately after certain trials which took place at the Cumberland Assizes, when the Earl of Lonsdale, in consequence of repeated and long-continued attacks upon his character through the local press, had thought it right to prosecute the conductors and proprietors of three several journals. A verdict of libel was given in one case; and, in the others, the prosecutions were withdrawn, upon the individuals retracting and disavowing the charges, expressing regret that they had been made, and promising to abstain from the like in future.

Page 739

'From the most gentle creature nursed in fields.'

This way of indicating the *name* of my lamented friend has been found fault with; perhaps rightly so; but I may say in justification of the double sense of the word, that similar allusions are not uncommon in epitaphs. One of the best in our language in verse I ever read, was upon a person who bore the name of Palmer; and the course of the thought, throughout, turned upon the Life of the Departed, considered as a pilgrimage. Nor can I think that the objection in the present case will have much force with any one who remembers Charles Lamb's beautiful sonnet addressed to his own name, and ending—

"No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name!"

Page 742

Walter Scott .	died Sept. 21, 1832
S. T. Coleridge .	July 25, 1834
Charles Lamb .	Dec. 27, 1834
Geo. Crabbe .	Feb. 3, 1832
Felicia Hemans .	May 16, 1835

Page 749

*'Although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow.'*

These words were quoted to me from "Yarrow Unvisited" by Sir Walter Scott when I visited him at Abbotsford, a day or two before his departure for Italy; and the affecting condition in which he was when he looked upon Rome from the Janicular Mount, was reported to me by a lady who had the honour of conducting him thither.

Page 751

'His sepulchral verse.'

If any English reader should be desirous of knowing how far I am justified in thus describing the epitaphs of Chiabrera, he will find translated specimens of them on pages 393-396.

Page 753

'Aquapendente.'

It would be ungenerous not to advert to the religious movement that, since the composition of these verses in 1837, has made itself felt, more or less strongly, throughout the English Church;—a movement that takes, for its first principle, a devout deference to the voice of Christian antiquity. It is not my office to pass judgment on questions of theological detail; but my own repugnance to the spirit and system of Romanism has been so repeatedly and, I trust, feelingly expressed, that I shall not be suspected of a leaning that way, if I do not join in the grave charge, thrown out, perhaps in the heat of controversy, against the learned and pious men to whose labours I allude. I speak apart from controversy; but, with strong faith in the moral temper which would elevate the present by doing reverence to the past, I would draw cheerful auguries for the English Church from this movement, as likely to restore among us a tone of piety more earnest and real than that produced by the mere formalities of the understanding, refusing, in a degree which I cannot but lament, that its own temper and judgment shall be controlled by those of antiquity.

Page 753

Within a couple of hours of my arrival at Rome, I saw from Monte Pincio the Pine tree as described in the Sonnet; and, while expressing admiration at the beauty of its appearance, I was told by an acquaintance of my fellow-traveller, who happened to join us at the moment, that a price had been paid for it by the late Sir G. Beaumont, upon condition that the proprietor should not act upon his known intention of cutting it down.

Page 758

'Camaldoli.'

This famous sanctuary was the original establishment of Saint Romualdo, (or Rumwald, as our ancestors Saxonised the name) in the 11th century, the ground

(campo) being given by Count Maldo. The Camaldolensi, however, have spread wide as a branch of Benedictines, and may therefore be classed among the *gentlemen* of the monastic orders. The society comprehends two orders, monks and hermits; symbolised by their arms, two doves drinking out of the same cup. The monastery in which the monks here reside is beautifully situated, but a large unattractive edifice, not unlike a factory. The hermitage is placed in a loftier and wider region of the forest. It comprehends between twenty and thirty distinct residences, each including for its single hermit an inclosed piece of ground and three very small apartments. There are days of indulgence when the hermit may quit his cell, and when old age arrives he descends from the mountain and takes his abode among the monks.

My companion had in the year 1831 fallen in with the monk, the subject of these two sonnets, who showed him his abode among the hermits. It is from him that I received the following particulars. He was then about forty years of age, but his appearance was that of an older man. He had been a painter by profession, but on taking orders changed his name from Santi to Raffaello, perhaps with an unconscious reference as well to the great Sanzio d'Urbino as to the archangel. He assured my friend that he had been thirteen years in the hermitage and had never known melancholy or ennui. In the little recess for study and prayer, there was a small collection of books. "I read only," said he, "books of asceticism and mystical theology." On being asked the names of the most famous mystics, he enumerated *Scaramelli*, *San Giovanni della Croce*, *St. Dionysius the Areopagite* (supposing the work which bears his name to be really his), and with peculiar emphasis *Ricardo di San Vittori*. The works of *Saint Theresa* are also in high repute among ascetics. These names may interest some of my readers.

We heard that Raffaello was then living in the convent; my friend sought in vain to renew his acquaintance with him. It was probably a day of seclusion. The reader will perceive that these sonnets were supposed to be written when he was a young man.

Page 758

'What aim had they, the Pair of Monks.'

In justice to the Benedictines of Camaldoli, by whom strangers are so hospitably entertained, I feel obliged to notice that I saw among them no other figures at a distance resembling, in size and complexion, the two monks described in this Sonnet. What was their office, or the motive which brought them to this place of mortification, which they could not have approached without being carried in this or some other way, a feeling of delicacy prevented me from inquiring. An account has before been given of the hermitage they were about to enter. It was visited by us towards the end of the month of May; yet snow was lying thick under the pine-trees, within a few yards of the gate.

Page 759

'At Vallombrosa.'

The name of Milton is pleasingly connected with Vallombrosa in many ways. The pride with which the monk, without any previous question from me, pointed out his residence, I shall not readily forget. It may be proper here to defend the Poet from a charge which has been brought against him, in respect to the passage in "Paradise Lost," where this place is mentioned. It is said, that he has erred in speaking of the trees there being deciduous, whereas they are, in fact, pines. The fault-finders are themselves mistaken; the *natural* woods of the region of Vallombrosa are deciduous and spread to a great extent; those near the convent are, indeed, mostly pines; but they are avenues of trees *planted* within a few steps of each other, and thus composing large tracts of wood; plots of which are periodically cut down. The appearance of those narrow avenues, upon steep slopes open to the sky, on account of the height to which the trees attain by being *forced* to grow upwards, is often very impressive. My guide, a boy of about fourteen years old, pointed this out to me in several places.

Page 766

'All change is perilous, and all chance unsound.'

SPENSER.

Page 776

'Men of the Western World.'

These lines were written several years ago, when reports prevailed of cruelties committed in many parts of America, by men making a law of their own passions. A far more formidable, as being a more deliberate mischief, has appeared among those States, which have lately broken faith with the public creditor in a manner so infamous. I cannot, however, but look at both evils under a similar relation to in-herent good, and hope that the time is not distant when our brethren of the West will wipe off this stain from their name and nation.

ADDITIONAL NOTE

I am happy to add that this anticipation is already partly realised; and that the reproach addressed to the Pennsylvanians in the sonnet on page 790 is no longer applicable to them. I trust that those other States to which it may yet apply will soon follow the example now set them by Philadelphia, and redeem their credit with the world.—1850.

Page 779

'The Norman boy.'

"Among ancient Trees there are few, I believe, at least in France, so worthy of attention as an Oak which may be seen in the 'Pays de Caux,' about a league from Yvetot, close to the church, and in the burial-ground of Allonville.

"The height of this Tree does not answer to its girth; the trunk, from the roots to the summit, forms a complete cone; and the inside of this cone is hollow throughout the whole of its height.

"Such is the Oak of Allonville in its state of nature. The hand of Man, however, has endeavoured to impress upon it a character still more interesting, by adding a religious feeling to the respect which its age naturally inspires.

"The lower part of its hollow trunk has been transformed into a Chapel of six or seven feet in diameter, carefully wainscoted and paved, and an open iron gate guards the humble Sanctuary.

"Leading to it there is a staircase, which twists round the body of the Tree. At certain seasons of the year divine service is performed in this Chapel.

"The summit has been broken off many years, but there is a surface at the top of the trunk, of the diameter of a very large tree, and from it rises a pointed roof, covered with slates, in the form of a steeple, which is surmounted with an iron Cross, that rises in a picturesque manner from the middle of the leaves, like an ancient Hermitage above the surrounding Wood.

"Over the entrance to the Chapel an Inscription appears, which informs us it was erected by the Abbé du Détroit, Curate of Allonville in the year 1696; and over a door is another, dedicating it 'To Our Lady of Peace.'"

Vide 14 No. Saturday Magazine.

APPENDIX, PREFACES,

ETC. ETC

MUCH the greatest part of the foregoing Poems has been so long before the Public that no prefatory matter, explanatory of any portion of them or of the arrangement which has been adopted, appears to be required; and had it not been for the observations contained in those Prefaces upon the principles of Poetry in general, they would not have been reprinted even as an Appendix in this Edition.

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION OF SEVERAL OF THE FOREGOING POEMS, PUBLISHED, WITH AN ADDITIONAL VOLUME, UNDER THE TITLE OF "LYRICAL BALLADS"

Note.—In succeeding Editions, when the Collection was much enlarged and diversified, this Preface was transferred to the end of the Volumes as having little of a special application to their contents.

The first Volume of these Poems has already been submitted to general perusal. It was published as an experiment, which, I hoped, might be of some use to ascertain how far, by fitting to metrical arrangement a selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation, that sort of pleasure and that quantity of pleasure may be imparted, which a Poet may rationally endeavour to impart.

I had formed no very inaccurate estimate of the probable effect of those Poems: I flattered myself that they who should be pleased with them would read them with more than common pleasure: and, on the

other hand, I was well aware, that by those who should dislike them they would be read with more than common dislike. The result has differed from my expectation in this only, that a greater number have been pleased than I ventured to hope I should please.

* * * *

Several of my Friends are anxious for the success of these Poems, from a belief that, if the views with which they were composed were indeed realised, a class of Poetry would be produced, well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and not unimportant in the quality and in the multiplicity of its moral relations: and on this account they have advised me to prefix a systematic defence of the theory upon which the Poems were written. But I was unwilling to undertake the task, knowing that on this occasion the Reader would look coldly upon my arguments, since I might be suspected of having been principally influenced by the selfish and foolish hope of *reasoning* him into an approbation of these particular Poems: and I was still more unwilling to undertake the task, because adequately to display the opinions, and fully to enforce the arguments, would require a space wholly disproportionate to a preface. For, to treat the subject with the clearness and coherence of which it is susceptible, it would be necessary to give a full account of the present state of the public taste in this country, and to determine how far this taste is healthy or depraved; which, again, could not be determined without pointing out in what manner language and the human mind act and re-act on each other, and without retracing the

revolutions, not of literature alone, but likewise of society itself. I have therefore altogether declined to enter regularly upon this defence; yet I am sensible that there would be something like impropriety in abruptly obtruding upon the Public, without a few words of introduction, Poems so materially different from those upon which general approbation is at present bestowed.

It is supposed that by the act of writing in verse an Author makes a formal engagement that he will gratify certain known habits of association; that he not only thus apprises the Reader that certain classes of ideas and expressions will be found in his book, but that others will be carefully excluded. This exponent or symbol held forth by metrical language must in different eras of literature have excited very different expectations: for example, in the age of Catullus, Terence, and Lucretius, and that of Statius or Claudian; and in our own country, in the age of Shakspeare and Beaumont and Fletcher, and that of Donne and Cowley, or Dryden, or Pope. I will not take upon me to determine the exact import of the promise which, by the act of writing in verse, an Author in the present day makes to his reader; but it will undoubtedly appear to many persons that I have not fulfilled the terms of an engagement thus voluntarily contracted. They who have been accustomed to the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will, no doubt, frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and awkwardness: they will look round for poetry, and will be induced to inquire by what species of courtesy these attempts can be permitted to assume that title. I hope, therefore, the reader will not censure me for attempting to state what I have proposed to myself to perform; and also (as far as the limits of a preface will permit) to explain some of the chief reasons which have determined me in the choice of my purpose: that at least he may be spared any unpleasant feeling of disappointment, and that I myself may be protected from one of the most dishonourable accusations which can be brought against an Author; namely, that of an indolence which prevents him from endeavouring to ascertain what is his

duty, or, when his duty is ascertained, prevents him from performing it.

The principal object, then, proposed in these Poems, was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect; and further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because in that condition the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings, and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men has been adopted (purified indeed from what appear to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust), because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly, such language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent and a far more philosophical language, than that which is frequently substituted for it by Poets, who think that they are conferring honour upon themselves and their art.

in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes and fickle appetites of their own creation.¹

I cannot, however, be insensible to the present outcry against the triviality and meanness, both of thought and language, which some of my contemporaries have occasionally introduced into their metrical compositions; and I acknowledge that this defect, where it exists, is more dishonourable to the Writer's own character than false refinement or arbitrary innovation, though I should contend at the same time that it is far less pernicious in the sum of its consequences. From such verses the Poems in these volumes will be found distinguished at least by one mark of difference, that each of them has a worthy *purpose*. Not that I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived, but habits of meditation have, I trust, so prompted and regulated my feelings, that my descriptions of such objects as strongly excite those feelings will be found to carry along with them a *purpose*. If this opinion be erroneous, I can have little right to the name of a Poet. For all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings; and though this be true, Poems to which any value can be attached were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a man who, being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply. For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings; and as, by contemplating the relation of these general representatives to each other, we discover what is really important to men, so, by the repetition and continuance of this act, our feelings will be connected with important subjects, till at length, if we be originally possessed of much sensibility, such habits of mind will be produced that, by obeying blindly and mechanically the impulses of those habits, we shall

¹ It is worth while here to observe that the affecting parts of Chaucer are almost always expressed in language pure and universally intelligible even to this day.

describe objects, and utter sentiments, of such a nature, and in such connection with each other, that the understanding of the Reader must necessarily be in some degree enlightened, and his affections strengthened and purified.

It has been said that each of these Poems has a purpose. Another circumstance must be mentioned which distinguishes these Poems from the popular Poetry of the day; it is this, that the feeling therein developed gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling.

A sense of false modesty shall not prevent me from asserting that the Reader's attention is pointed to this mark of distinction, far less for the sake of these particular Poems than from the general importance of the subject. The subject is indeed important! For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants; and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty and dignity who does not know this, and who does not further know, that one being is elevated above another in proportion as he possesses this capability. It has therefore appeared to me, that to endeavour to produce or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a Writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of their occupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibitions of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers, I had almost said the works of Shakspeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novels, sickly and stupid German Tragedies, and

deluges of idle and extravagant stories in verse.—When I think upon this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble endeavour made in these volumes to counteract it; and, reflecting upon the magnitude of the general evil, I should be oppressed with no dishonourable melancholy, had I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible; and were there not added to this impression a belief that the time is approaching when the evil will be systematically opposed by men of greater powers, and with far more distinguished success.

Having dwelt thus long on the subjects and aim of these Poems, I shall request the Reader's permission to apprise him of a few circumstances relating to their *style*, in order, among other reasons, that he may not censure me for not having performed what I never attempted. The Reader will find that personifications of abstract ideas rarely occur in these volumes, and are utterly rejected as an ordinary device to elevate the style and raise it above prose. My purpose was to imitate, and, as far as is possible, to adopt the very language of men; and assuredly such personifications do not make any natural or regular part of that language. They are, indeed, a figure of speech occasionally prompted by passion, and I have made use of them as such; but have endeavoured utterly to reject them as a mechanical device of style, or as a family language which Writers in metre seem to lay claim to by prescription. I have wished to keep the Reader in the company of flesh and blood, persuaded that by so doing I shall interest him. Others who pursue a different track will interest him likewise; I do not interfere with their claim, but wish to prefer a claim of my own. There will also be found in these volumes little of what is usually called poetic diction; as much pains has been taken to avoid it as is ordinarily taken to produce it; this has been done for the reason already alleged, to bring my language near to the language of men; and further, because the pleasure which I have proposed to myself to impart

is of a kind very different from that which is supposed by many persons to be the proper object of poetry. Without being culpably particular, I do not know how to give my Reader a more exact notion of the style in which it was my wish and intention to write, than by informing him that I have at all times endeavoured to look steadily at my subject; consequently there is, I hope, in these Poems little falsehood of description, and my ideas are expressed in language fitted to their respective importance. Something must have been gained by this practice, as it is friendly to one property of all good poetry, namely, good sense; but it has necessarily cut me off from a large portion of phrases and figures of speech which from father to son have long been regarded as the common inheritance of Poets. I have also thought it expedient to restrict myself still further, having abstained from the use of many expressions, in themselves proper and beautiful, but which have been foolishly repeated by bad Poets, till such feelings of disgust are connected with them as it is scarcely possible by any art of association to overpower.

If in a poem there should be found a series of lines, or even a single line, in which the language, though naturally arranged, and according to the strict law of metre, does not differ from that of prose, there is a numerous class of critics, who when they stumble upon these prosaisms, as they call them, imagine that they have made a notable discovery, and exult over the Poet as over a man ignorant of his own profession. Now these men would establish a canon of criticism which the Reader will conclude he must utterly reject, if he wishes to be pleased with these volumes. And it would be a most easy task to prove to him that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the metre, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poem will be found to be strictly the language of prose when prose is well written. The truth of this assertion might be demonstrated by innumerable passages from almost all the poetical writings, even

Milton himself. To illustrate the subject in a general manner, I will here adduce a short composition of Gray, who was at the head of those who, by their reasonings, have attempted to widen the space of separation betwixt Prose and Metrical composition, and was more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction.

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
and reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire;
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.
These ears, alas! for other notes repine;
A different object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire;
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
and new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain.
Fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain."

It will easily be perceived, that the only part of this Sonnet which is of any value is the lines printed in Italics; it is equally obvious that, except in the rhyme and in the use of the single word "fruitless" for fruitlessly, which is so far a defect, the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose.

By the foregoing quotation it has been shown that the language of Prose may yet be well adapted to Poetry; and it was previously asserted that a large portion of the language of every good poem can in no respect differ from that of good Prose. We will go further. It may be safely affirmed that there neither is, nor can be, any *essential* difference between the language of prose and metrical composition. We are fond of tracing the resemblance between Poetry and Painting, and, accordingly, we call them pictures; but where shall we find bonds of connection sufficiently strict to typify the affinity betwixt metrical and prose composition? They both speak by and to the same organs; the bodies in which both of them are clothed may be said to be of the same substance, their affections are kindred, and almost identical, not necessarily differing even in degree; Poetry¹ sheds no tears

I here use the word "Poetry" (though against my own judgment) as opposed to the word Prose,

"such as Angels weep," but natural and human tears; she can boast of no celestial ichor that distinguishes her vital juices from those of Prose; the same human blood circulates through the veins of them both.

If it be affirmed that rhyme and metrical arrangement of themselves constitute a distinction which overturns what has just been said on the strict affinity of metrical language with that of Prose, and paves the way for other artificial distinctions which the mind voluntarily admits, I answer that the language of such Poetry as is here recommended is, as far as is possible, a selection of the language really spoken by men; that this selection, wherever it is made with true taste and feeling, will of itself form a distinction far greater than would at first be imagined, and will entirely separate the composition from the vulgarity and meanness of ordinary life; and, if metre be superadded thereto, I believe that a dissimilitude will be produced altogether sufficient for the gratification of a rational mind. What other distinction would we have? Whence is it to come? And where is it to exist? Not, surely, where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters: it cannot be necessary here, either for elevation of style, or any of its supposed ornaments; for, if the Poet's subject be judiciously chosen, it will naturally, and upon fit occasion, lead him to passions, the language of which, if selected truly and judiciously, must necessarily be dignified and variegated, and alive with metaphors and figures. I forbear to speak of an incongruity which would shock the intelligent Reader, should the Poet interweave any foreign splendour of his own with that which the passion naturally suggests: it is sufficient to say that such addition is unnecessary. And, surely, it is more probable that those passages, which with propriety abound with

and synonymous with metrical composition. But much confusion has been introduced into criticism by this contradistinction of Poetry and Prose, instead of the more philosophical one of Poetry and Matter of Fact, or Science. The only strict antithesis to Prose is Metre; nor is this, in truth, a *strict* antithesis, because lines and passages of metre so naturally occur in writing prose, that it would be scarcely possible to avoid them, even were it desirable.

metaphors and figures, will have their due effect if, upon other occasions where the passions are of a milder character, the style also be subdued and temperate.

But, as the pleasure which I hope to give by the Poems now presented to the Reader must depend entirely on just notions upon this subject, and as it is in itself of high importance to our taste and moral feelings, I cannot content myself with these detached remarks. And if, in what I am about to say, it shall appear to some that my labour is unnecessary, and that I am like a man fighting a battle without enemies, such persons may be reminded that, whatever be the language outwardly holden by men, a practical faith in the opinions which I am wishing to establish is almost unknown. If my conclusions are admitted, and carried as far as they must be carried if admitted at all, our judgments concerning the works of the greatest Poets, both ancient and modern, will be far different from what they are at present, both when we praise and when we censure: and our moral feelings influencing and influenced by these judgments will, I believe, be corrected and purified.

Taking up the subject, then, upon general grounds, let me ask, what is meant by the word Poet? What is a Poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him?—He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general sympathy which are pleasing and delightful)

do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events than anything which, from the motions of their own minds merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves:—whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement.

But whatever portion of this faculty we may suppose even the greatest Poet to possess, there cannot be a doubt that the language which it will suggest to him must often, in liveliness and truth, fall short of that which is uttered by men in real life under the actual pressure of those passions, certain shadows of which the Poet thus produces, or feels to be produced, in himself.

However exalted a notion we would wish to cherish of the character of a Poet, it is obvious that, while he describes and imitates passions, his employment is in some degree mechanical compared with the freedom and power of real and substantial action and suffering. So that it will be the wish of the Poet to bring his feelings near to those of the persons whose feelings he describes, nay, for short spaces of time, perhaps, to let himself slip into an entire delusion, and even confound and identify his own feelings with theirs; modifying only the language which is thus suggested to him by a consideration that he describes for a particular purpose, that of giving pleasure. Here, then, he will apply the principle of selection which has been already insisted upon. He will depend upon this for removing what would otherwise be painful or disgusting in the passion; he will feel that there is no necessity to trick out or to elevate nature: and the more industriously he applies this principle the deeper will be his faith that no words, which *his* fancy or imagination can suggest, will be to be compared with those which are the emanation of reality and truth.

But it may be said by those who do not object to the general spirit of these remarks that, as it is impossible for the Poet to produce upon all occasions language as exquisitely fitted for the passion as that which

the real passion itself suggests, it is proper that he should consider himself as in the situation of a translator, who does not scruple to substitute excellences of another kind for those which are unattainable by him; and endeavours occasionally to surpass his original, in order to make some amends for the general inferiority to which he feels that he must submit. But this would be to encourage idleness and unmanly despair. Further, it is the language of men who speak of what they do not understand; who talk of Poetry, as of a matter of amusement and idle pleasure; who will converse with us as gravely about a *taste* for Poetry, as they express it, as if it were a thing as indifferent as a taste for rope-dancing, or Frontinac or Sherry. Aristotle, I have been told, has said, that Poetry is the most philosophic of all writing: it is so: its object is truth, not individual and local, but general and operative; not standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion; truth which is its own testimony, which gives competence and confidence to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. Poetry is the image of man and nature. The obstacles which stand in the way of the fidelity of the Biographer and Historian, and of their consequent utility, are incalculably greater than those which are to be encountered by the Poet who comprehends the dignity of his art. The Poet writes under one restriction only, namely, the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human Being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a Man. Except this one restriction, there is no object standing between the Poet and the image of things; between this, and the Biographer and Historian, there are a thousand.

Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the Poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment the more sincere because not formal, but indirect; it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love: further, it is a homage paid to the native

and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. We have no sympathy but what is propagated by pleasure: I would not be misunderstood; but wherever we sympathise with pain, it will be found that the sympathy is produced and carried on by subtle combinations with pleasure. We have no knowledge, that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of particular facts, but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone. The Man of science, the Chemist and Mathematician, whatever difficulties and disgusts they may have had to struggle with, know and feel this. However painful may be the objects with which the Anatomist's knowledge is connected, he feels that his knowledge is pleasure; and where he has no pleasure he has no knowledge. What then does the Poet? He considers man and the objects that surround him as acting and re-acting upon each other, so as to produce an infinite complexity of pain and pleasure; he considers man in his own nature and in his ordinary life as contemplating this with a certain quantity of immediate knowledge, with certain convictions, intuitions, and deductions, which from habit acquire the quality of intuitions; he considers him as looking upon this complex scene of ideas and sensations, and finding everywhere objects that immediately excite in him sympathies which, from the necessities of his nature, are accompanied by an overbalance of enjoyment.

To this knowledge which all men carry about with them, and to these sympathies in which, without any other discipline than that of our daily life, we are fitted to take delight, the Poet principally directs his attention. He considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting properties of nature. And thus the Poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure, which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature, with affections akin to those which, through labour and length of time, the Man of science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of nature

which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the Poet and the Man of science is pleasure; but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and unalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings. The Man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the Poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science. Emphatically may it be said of the Poet, as Shakspeare hath said of man, "that he looks before and after." He is the rock of defence for human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs: in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed; the Poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth and over all time. The objects of the Poet's thoughts are everywhere; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favourite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labours of Men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will sleep then no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of the Man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, or Mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the Poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us,

and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarised to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the Poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the Being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.—It is not, then, to be supposed that any one, who holds that sublime notion of Poetry which I have attempted to convey, will break in upon the sanctity and truth of his pictures by transitory and accidental ornaments, and endeavour to excite admiration of himself by arts, the necessity of which must manifestly depend upon the assumed meanness of his subject.

What has been thus far said applies to Poetry in general, but especially to those parts of compositions where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters; and upon this point it appears to authorise the conclusion that there are few persons of good sense who would not allow that the dramatic parts of composition are defective in proportion as they deviate from the real language of nature, and are coloured by a diction of the Poet's own, either peculiar to him as an individual Poet or belonging simply to Poets in general; to a body of men who, from the circumstance of their compositions being in metre, it is expected will employ a particular language.

It is not, then, in the dramatic parts of composition that we look for this distinction of language; but still it may be proper and necessary where the Poet speaks to us in his own person and character. To this I answer by referring the Reader to the description before given of a Poet. Among the qualities there enumerated as principally conducing to form a Poet, is implied nothing differing in kind from other men, but only in degree. The sum of what was said is, that the Poet is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement, and a greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in him in that manner. But these passions

and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of men. And with what are they connected? Undoubtedly with our moral sentiments and animal sensations, and with the causes which excite these; with the operations of the elements, and the appearances of the visible universe; with storm and sunshine, with the revolutions of the seasons, with cold and heat, with loss of friends and kindred, with injuries and resentments, gratitude and hope, with fear and sorrow. These, and the like, are the sensations and objects which the Poet describes, as they are the sensations of other men and the objects which interest them. The Poet thinks and feels in the spirit of human passions. How, then, can his language differ in any material degree from that of all other men who feel vividly and see clearly? It might be *proved* that it is impossible. But supposing that this were not the case, the Poet might then be allowed to use a peculiar language when expressing his feelings for his own gratification, or that of men like himself. But Poets do not write for Poets alone, but for men. Unless, therefore, we are advocates for that admiration which subsists upon ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing what we do not understand, the Poet must descend from this supposed height; and, in order to excite rational sympathy, he must express himself as other men express themselves. To this it may be added, that while he is only selecting from the real language of men, or, which amounts to the same thing, composing accurately in the spirit of such selection, he is treading upon safe ground, and we know what we are to expect from him. Our feelings are the same with respect to metre; for, as it may be proper to remind the Reader, the distinction of metre is regular and uniform, and not, like that which is produced by what is usually called POETIC DICTION, arbitrary, and subject to infinite caprices, upon which no calculation whatever can be made. In the one case, the Reader is utterly at the mercy of the Poet, respecting what imagery or diction he may choose to connect with the passion; whereas, in the other, the metre obeys certain laws, to which the Poet and Reader

both willingly submit because they are certain, and because no interference is made by them with the passion but such as the concurring testimony of ages has shown to heighten and improve the pleasure which co-exists with it.

It will now be proper to answer an obvious question, namely, Why, professing these opinions, have I written in verse? To this, in addition to such answer as is included in what has been already said, I reply, in the first place, Because, however I may have restricted myself, there is still left open to me what confessedly constitutes the most valuable object of all writing, whether in prose or verse; the great and universal passions of men, the most general and interesting of their occupations, and the entire world of nature before me—to supply endless combinations of forms and imagery. Now, supposing for a moment that whatever is interesting in these objects may be as vividly described in prose, why should I be condemned for attempting to superadd to such description the charm which, by the consent of all nations, is acknowledged to exist in metrical language? To this, by such as are yet unconvinced, it may be answered that a very small part of the pleasure given by Poetry depends upon the metre, and that it is injudicious to write in metre, unless it be accompanied with the other artificial distinctions of style with which metre is usually accompanied, and that, by such deviation, more will be lost from the shock which will thereby be given to the Reader's associations than will be counterbalanced by any pleasure which he can derive from the general power of numbers. In answer to those who still contend for the necessity of accompanying metre with certain appropriate colours of style in order to the accomplishment of its appropriate end, and who also, in my opinion, greatly under-rate the power of metre in itself, it might, perhaps, as far as relates to these Volumes, have been almost sufficient to observe, that poems are extant, written upon more humble subjects, and in a still more naked and simple style, which have continued to give pleasure from generation to generation. Now, if nakedness and simplicity be a defect, the fact here mentioned affords a strong presumption

that poems somewhat less naked and simple are capable of affording pleasure at the present day; and, what I wished *chiefly* to attempt, at present, was to justify myself for having written under the impression of this belief.

But various causes might be pointed out why, when the style is manly, and the subject of some importance, words metrically arranged will long continue to impart such a pleasure to mankind as he who proves the extent of that pleasure will be desirous to impart. The end of poetry is to produce excitement in co-existence with an overbalance of pleasure; but, by the supposition, excitement is an unusual and irregular state of the mind; ideas and feelings do not, in that state, succeed each other in accustomed order. If the words, however, by which this excitement is produced be in themselves powerful, or the images and feelings have an undue proportion of pain connected with them, there is some danger that the excitement may be carried beyond its proper bounds. Now the co-presence of something regular, something to which the mind has been accustomed in various moods and in a less excited state, cannot but have great efficacy in tempering and restraining the passion by an intertexture of ordinary feeling, and of feeling not strictly and necessarily connected with the passion. This is unquestionably true; and hence, though the opinion will at first appear paradoxical, from the tendency of metre to divest language, in a certain degree, of its reality, and thus to throw a sort of half-consciousness of unsubstantial existence over the whole composition, there can be little doubt but that more pathetic situations and sentiments, that is, those which have a greater proportion of pain connected with them, may be endured in metrical composition, especially in rhyme, than in prose. The metre of the old ballads is very artless, yet they contain many passages which would illustrate this opinion; and, I hope, if the following poems be attentively perused, similar instances will be found in them. This opinion may be further illustrated by appealing to the Reader's own experience of the reluctance with which he comes to the reperusal of

the distressful parts of "Clarissa Harlowe," or the "Gamester"; while Shakspeare's writings, in the most pathetic scenes, never act upon us, as pathetic, beyond the bounds of pleasure—an effect which, in a much greater degree than might at first be imagined, is to be ascribed to small, but continual and regular impulses of pleasurable surprise from the metrical arrangement.—On the other hand (what it must be allowed will much more frequently happen), if the Poet's words should be incommensurate with the passion, and inadequate to raise the Reader to a height of desirable excitement, then (unless the Poet's choice of his metre has been grossly injudicious), in the feelings of pleasure which the Reader has been accustomed to connect with metre in general, and in the feeling, whether cheerful or melancholy, which he has been accustomed to connect with that particular movement of metre, there will be found something which will greatly contribute to impart passion to the words, and to effect the complex end which the Poet proposes to himself.

If I had undertaken a SYSTEMATIC defence of the theory here maintained, it would have been my duty to develop the various causes upon which the pleasure received from metrical language depends. Among the chief of these causes is to be reckoned a principle which must be well known to those who have made any of the Arts the object of accurate reflection; namely, the pleasure which the mind derives from the perception of similitude in dissimilitude. This principle is the great spring of the activity of our minds, and their chief feeder. From this principle the direction of the sexual appetite, and all the passions connected with it, take their origin: it is the life of our ordinary conversation; and upon the accuracy with which similitude in dissimilitude, and dissimilitude in similitude, are perceived, depend our taste and our moral feelings. It would not be a useless employment to apply this principle to the consideration of metre, and to show that metre is hence enabled to afford much pleasure, and to point out in what manner that pleasure is produced. But my limits will not permit me to enter upon this subject,

and I must content myself with a general summary.

I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity; the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of re-action, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind. In this mood successful composition generally begins, and in a mood similar to this it is carried on; but the emotion, of whatever kind, and in whatever degree, from various causes, is qualified by various pleasures, so that in describing any passions whatsoever, which are voluntarily described, the mind will, upon the whole, be in a state of enjoyment. If Nature be thus cautious to preserve in a state of enjoyment a being so employed, the Poet ought to profit by the lesson held forth to him, and ought especially to take care that, whatever passions he communicates to his Reader, those passions, if his Reader's mind be sound and vigorous, should always be accompanied with an over-balance of pleasure. Now the music of harmonious metrical language, the sense of difficulty overcome, and the blind association of pleasure which has been previously received from works of rhyme or metre of the same or similar construction, an indistinct perception perpetually renewed of language closely resembling that of real life, and yet, in the circumstance of metre, differing from it so widely—all these imperceptibly make up a complex feeling of delight, which is of the most important use in tempering the painful feeling always found intermingled with powerful descriptions of the deeper passions. This effect is always produced in pathetic and impassioned poetry; while, in lighter compositions, the ease and gracefulness with which the Poet manages his numbers are themselves confessedly a principal source of the gratification of the Reader. All that it is necessary to say, however, upon this subject, may be effected by affirming, what few persons will deny, that of two descriptions, either of passions, manners, or characters, each of them equally well executed, the one in prose and

the other in verse, the verse will be read a hundred times where the prose is read once.

Having thus explained a few of my reasons for writing in verse, and why I have chosen subjects from common life, and endeavoured to bring my language near to the real language of men, if I have been too minute in pleading my own cause, I have at the same time been treating a subject of general interest; and for this reason a few words shall be added with reference solely to these particular poems, and to some defects which will probably be found in them. I am sensible that my associations must have sometimes been particular instead of general, and that, consequently, giving to things a false importance, I may have sometimes written upon unworthy subjects; but I am less apprehensive on this account, than that my language may frequently have suffered from those arbitrary connections of feelings and ideas with particular words and phrases from which no man can altogether protect himself. Hence I have no doubt that, in some instances, feelings, even of the ludicrous, may be given to my Readers by expressions which appeared to me tender and pathetic. Such faulty expressions, were I convinced they were faulty at present, and that they must necessarily continue to be so, I would willingly take all reasonable pains to correct. But it is dangerous to make these alterations on the simple authority of a few individuals, or even of certain classes of men; for where the understanding of an author is not convinced, or his feelings altered, this cannot be done without great injury to himself: for his own feelings are his stay and support; and, if he set them aside in one instance, he may be induced to repeat this act till his mind shall lose all confidence in itself, and become utterly debilitated. To this it may be added, that the critic ought never to forget that he is himself exposed to the same errors as the Poet, and, perhaps, in a much greater degree: for there can be no presumption in saying of most readers, that it is not probable they will be so well acquainted with the various stages of meaning through which words have passed, or with the fickleness or stability of the relations of particular ideas to each other; and, above

all, since they are so much less interested in the subject, they may decide lightly and carelessly.

Long as the reader has been detained, I hope he will permit me to caution him against a mode of false criticism which has been applied to poetry, in which the language closely resembles that of life and nature. Such verses have been triumphed over in parodies, of which Dr. Johnson's stanza is a fair specimen:—

“I put my hat upon my head
And walked into the Strand,
And there I met another man
Whose hat was in his hand.”

Immediately under these lines let us place one of the most justly-admired stanzas of the *Babes in the Wood*.

“These pretty Babes with hand in hand
Went wandering up and down;
But never more they saw the Man
Approaching from the Town.”

In both these stanzas the words, and the order of the words, in no respect differ from the most unimpassioned conversation. There are words in both, for example, “the Strand,” and “the Town,” connected with none but the most familiar ideas; yet the one stanza we admit as admirable, and the other as a fair example of the superlatively contemptible. Whence arises this difference? Not from the metre, not from the language, not from the order of the words; but the *matter* expressed in Dr. Johnson's stanza is contemptible. The proper method of treating trivial and simple verses, to which Dr. Johnson's stanza would be a fair parallelism, is not to say, this is a bad kind of poetry, or, this is not poetry; but, this wants sense; it is neither interesting in itself, nor can *lead* to anything interesting; the images neither originate in that sane state of feeling which arises out of thought, nor can excite thought or feeling in the Reader. This is the only sensible manner of dealing with such verses. Why trouble yourself about the species till you have previously decided upon the genus? Why take pains to prove that an ape is not a Newton, when it is self-evident that he is not a man?

One request I must make of my Reader, which is, that in judging these Poems he would decide by his own feelings genuinely, and not by reflection upon what will probably be the judgment of others. How common is it to hear a person say, I myself do not object to this style of composition or this or that expression, but to such and such classes of people it will appear mean or ludicrous! This mode of criticism, so destructive of all sound unadulterated judgment, is almost universal: let the Reader then abide, independently, by his own feelings, and, if he finds himself affected, let him not suffer such conjectures to interfere with his pleasure.

If an Author, by any single composition, has impressed us with respect for his talents, it is useful to consider this as affording a presumption that on other occasions where we have been displeased he, nevertheless, may not have written ill or absurdly; and further, to give him so much credit for this one composition as may induce us to review what has displeased us with more care than we should otherwise have bestowed upon it. This is not only an act of justice, but, in our decisions upon poetry especially, may conduce, in a high degree, to the improvement of our own taste: for an *accurate* taste in poetry, and in all the other arts, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed, is an *acquired* talent, which can only be produced by thought and a long-continued intercourse with the best models of composition. This is mentioned, not with so ridiculous a purpose as to prevent the most inexperienced Reader from judging for himself (I have already said that I wish him to judge for himself), but merely to temper the rashness of decision, and to suggest that, if Poetry be a subject on which much time has not been bestowed, the judgment may be erroneous; and that, in many cases, it necessarily will be so.

Nothing would, I know, have so effectually contributed to further the end which I have in view, as to have shown of what kind the pleasure is, and how that pleasure is produced, which is confessedly produced by metrical composition essentially different from that which I have here endeavoured to recommend: for the Reader will say that

he has been pleased by such composition; and what more can be done for him? The power of any art is limited; and he will suspect that, if it be proposed to furnish him with new friends, that can be only upon condition of his abandoning his old friends. Besides, as I have said, the Reader is himself conscious of the pleasure which he has received from such composition, composition to which he has peculiarly attached the endearing name of Poetry; and all men feel an habitual gratitude, and something of an honourable bigotry, for the objects which have long continued to please them: we not only wish to be pleased, but to be pleased in that particular way in which we have been accustomed to be pleased. There is in these feelings enough to resist a host of arguments; and I should be the less able to combat them successfully, as I am willing to allow that, in order entirely to enjoy the Poetry which I am recommending, it would be necessary to give up much of what is ordinarily enjoyed. But would my limits have permitted me to point out how this pleasure is produced, many obstacles might have been removed, and the Reader assisted in perceiving that the powers of language are not so limited as he may suppose; and that it is possible for poetry to give other enjoyments, of a purer, more lasting, and more exquisite nature. This part of the subject has not been altogether neglected, but it has not been so much my present aim to prove, that the interest excited by some other kinds of poetry is less vivid, and less worthy of the nobler powers of the mind, as to offer reasons for presuming that if my purpose were fulfilled, a species of poetry would be produced which is genuine poetry; in its nature well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and likewise important in the multiplicity and quality of its moral relations.

From what has been said, and from a perusal of the Poems, the Reader will be able clearly to perceive the object which I had in view: he will determine how far it has been attained, and, what is a much more important question, whether it be worth attaining: and upon the decision of these two questions will rest my claim to the approbation of the Public.

APPENDIX

See page 857—"by what is usually called POETIC DICTION."

PERHAPS, as I have no right to expect that attentive perusal, without which, confined, as I have been, to the narrow limits of a preface, my meaning cannot be thoroughly understood, I am anxious to give an exact notion of the sense in which the phrase poetic diction has been used; and for this purpose, a few words shall here be added, concerning the origin and characteristics of the phraseology which I have condemned under that name.

The earliest poets of all nations generally wrote from passion excited by real events; they wrote naturally, and as men: feeling powerfully as they did, their language was daring, and figurative. In succeeding times, Poets, and Men ambitious of the fame of Poets, perceiving the influence of such language, and desirous of producing the same effect without being animated by the same passion, set themselves to a mechanical adoption of these figures of speech, and made use of them, sometimes with propriety, but much more frequently applied them to feelings and thoughts with which they had no natural connection whatsoever. A language was thus insensibly produced, differing materially from the real language of men in *any situation*. The Reader or Hearer of this distorted language found himself in a perturbed and unusual state of mind: when affected by the genuine language of passion he had been in a perturbed and unusual state of mind also: in both cases he was willing that his common judgment and understanding should be laid asleep, and he had no instinctive and infallible perception of the true to make him reject the false; the one served as a passport for the other. The emotion was in both cases delightful, and no wonder if he confounded the one with the other, and believed them both to be produced by the same or similar causes. Besides, the Poet spake to him in the character of a man to be looked up to, a man of genius and authority. Thus, and from a variety of other causes, this distorted language was received with

admiration; and Poets, it is probable, who had before contented themselves for the most part with misapplying only expressions which at first had been dictated by real passion, carried the abuse still further, and introduced phrases composed apparently in the spirit of the original figurative language of passion, yet altogether of their own invention, and characterised by various degrees of wanton deviation from good sense and nature.

It is indeed true that the language of the earliest Poets was felt to differ materially from ordinary language, because it was the language of extraordinary occasions; but it was really spoken by men, language which the Poet himself had uttered when he had been affected by the events which he described, or which he had heard uttered by those around him. To this language it is probable that metre of some sort or other was early superadded. This separated the genuine language of Poetry still further from common life, so that whoever read or heard the poems of these earliest Poets felt himself moved in a way in which he had not been accustomed to be moved in real life, and by causes manifestly different from those which acted upon him in real life. This was the great temptation to all the corruptions which have followed: under the protection of this feeling succeeding Poets constructed a phraseology which had one thing, it is true, in common with the genuine language of poetry, namely, that it was not heard in ordinary conversation; that it was unusual. But the first Poets, as I have said, spake a language which, though unusual, was still the language of men. This circumstance, however, was disregarded by their successors; they found that they could please by easier means: they became proud of modes of expression which they themselves had invented, and which were uttered only by themselves. In process of time metre became a symbol or promise of this unusual language, and whoever took upon him to write in metre, according as he possessed more or less of true poetic genius, introduced less or more of this adulterated phraseology into his compositions, and the true and the false were inseparably interwoven until, the taste of men becoming

gradually perverted, this language was received as a natural language, and at length, by the influence of books upon men, did to a certain degree really become so. Abuses of this kind were imported from one nation to another, and with the progress of refinement this diction became daily more and more corrupt, thrusting out of sight the plain humanities of nature by a motley masquerade of tricks, quaintnesses, hieroglyphics, and enigmas.

It would not be uninteresting to point out the causes of the pleasure given by this extravagant and absurd diction. It depends upon a great variety of causes, but upon none, perhaps, more than its influence in impressing a notion of the peculiarity and exaltation of the Poet's character, and in flattering the Reader's self-love by bringing him nearer to a sympathy with that character; an effect which is accomplished by unsettling ordinary habits of thinking, and thus assisting the Reader to approach to that perturbed and dizzy state of mind in which if he does not find himself, he imagines that he is *balked* of a peculiar enjoyment which poetry can and ought to bestow.

The sonnet quoted from Gray in the Preface, except the lines printed in Italics, consists of little else but this diction, though not of the worst kind; and indeed, if one may be permitted to say so, it is far too common in the best writers, both ancient and modern. Perhaps in no way, by positive example, could more easily be given a notion of what I mean by the phrase *poetic diction* than by referring to a comparison between the metrical paraphrases which we have of passages in the Old and New Testament, and those passages as they exist in our common Translation. See Pope's "Messiah" throughout; Prior's "Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue," etc. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels," etc. 1st Corinthians, chap. xiii. By way of immediate example, take the following of Dr. Johnson:—

Turn on the prudent Ant thy heedless eyes,
Observe her labours, Sluggard, and be wise;
No stern command, no monitory voice,
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away

To snatch the blessings of a plenteous day ;
 When fruitful Summer loads the reining plain,
 She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.
 How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,
 Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy powers ?
 While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,
 And soft solicitation courts repose,
 Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,
 Year chases year with unremitted flight,
 Till Want now following, fraudulent and slow,
 Shall spring to seize thee, like an ambush'd foe.

From this hubbub of words pass to the original. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard ; consider her ways, and be wise : which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest. How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard ? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep ? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep : so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man." Proverbs, chap. vi.

One more quotation, and I have done. It is from Cowper's Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk :—

Religion ! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word !
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I must visit no more.
 My Friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me ?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

This passage is quoted as an instance of three different styles of composition. The first four lines are poorly expressed ; some Critics would call the language prosaic ; the fact is, it would be bad prose, so bad, that it is scarcely worse in metre. The epithet "church-going" applied to a bell, and that by so chaste a writer as Cowper, is an instance of the strange abuses which Poets have introduced into their language, will they and their Readers take them as

matters of course, if they do not single them out expressly as objects of admiration. The two lines "Ne'er sighed at the sound," etc., are, in my opinion, an instance of the language of passion wrested from its proper use, and, from the mere circumstance of the composition being in metre, applied upon an occasion that does not justify such violent expressions ; and I should condemn the passage, though perhaps few Readers will agree with me, as vicious poetic diction. The last stanza is throughout admirably expressed : it would be equally good whether in prose or verse, except that the Reader has an exquisite pleasure in seeing such natural language so naturally connected with metre. The beauty of this stanza tempts me to conclude with a principle which ought never to be lost sight of, and which has been my chief guide in all I have said,—namely, that in works of *imagination and sentiment*, for of these only have I been treating, in proportion as ideas and feelings are valuable, whether the composition be in prose or in verse, they require and exact one and the same language. Metre is but adventitious to composition, and the phraseology for which that passport is necessary, even where it may be graceful at all, will be little valued by the judicious.

ESSAY, SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE PREFACE

WITH the young of both sexes, Poetry is, like love, a passion ; but, for much the greater part of those who have been proud of its power over their minds, a necessity soon arises of breaking the pleasing bondage ; or it relaxes of itself ;—the thoughts being occupied in domestic cares, or the time engrossed by business. Poetry then becomes only an occasional recreation, while to those whose existence passes away in a course of fashionable pleasure, it is a species of luxurious amusement. In middle and declining age, a scattered number of serious persons resort to poetry, as to religion, for a protection against the pressure of trivial employments, and as a consolation for the afflictions of life. And, lastly, there are many who, having been

enamoured of this art in their youth, have found leisure, after youth was spent, to cultivate general literature; in which poetry has continued to be comprehended *as a study*.

Into the above classes the Readers of poetry may be divided; Critics abound in them all; but from the last only can opinions be collected of absolute value, and worthy to be depended upon, as prophetic of the destiny of a new work. The young, who in nothing can escape delusion, are especially subject to it in their intercourse with Poetry. The cause, not so obvious as the fact is unquestionable, is the same as that from which erroneous judgments in this art, in the minds of men of all ages, chiefly proceed; but upon Youth it operates with peculiar force. The appropriate business of poetry (which, nevertheless, if genuine, is as permanent as pure science), her appropriate employment, her privilege and her *duty*, is to treat of things not as they *are*, but as they *appear*; not as they exist in themselves, but as they *seem* to exist to the *senses*, and to the *passions*. What a world of delusion does this acknowledged obligation prepare for the inexperienced! what temptations to go astray are here held forth for them whose thoughts have been little disciplined by the understanding, and whose feelings revolt from the sway of reason!—When a juvenile Reader is in the height of his rapture with some vicious passage, should experience throw in doubts, or common sense suggest suspicions, a lurking consciousness that the realities of the Muse are but shows, and that her liveliest excitements are raised by transient shocks of conflicting feeling and successive assemblages of contradictory thoughts—is ever at hand to justify extravagance, and to sanction absurdity. But, it may be asked, as these illusions are unavoidable, and, no doubt, eminently useful to the mind as a process, what good can be gained by making observations, the tendency of which is to diminish the confidence of youth in its feelings, and thus to abridge its innocent and even profitable pleasures? The reproach implied in the question could not be ward off, if Youth were incapable of being delighted with what is truly excellent; or if these errors always terminated of themselves

in due season. But, with the majority, though their force be abated, they continue through life. Moreover, the fire of youth is too vivacious an element to be extinguished or damped by a philosophical remark; and, while there is no danger that what has been said will be injurious or painful to the ardent and the confident, it may prove beneficial to those who, being enthusiastic, are, at the same time, modest and ingenuous. The intimation may unite with their own misgivings to regulate their sensibility, and to bring in, sooner than it would otherwise have arrived, a more discreet and sound judgment.

If it should excite wonder that men of ability, in later life, whose understandings have been rendered acute by practice in affairs, should be so easily and so far imposed upon when they happen to take up a new work in verse, this appears to be the cause;—that, having discontinued their attention to poetry, whatever progress may have been made in other departments of knowledge, they have not, as to this art, advanced in true discernment beyond the age of youth. If, then, a new poem fall in their way, whose attractions are of that kind which would have enraptured them during the heat of youth, the judgment not being improved to a degree that they shall be disgusted, they are dazzled; and prize and cherish the faults for having had power to make the present time vanish before them, and to throw the mind back, as by enchantment, into the happiest season of life. As they read, powers seem to be revived, passions are regenerated, and pleasures restored. The Book was probably taken up after an escape from the burden of business, and with a wish to forget the world, and all its vexations and anxieties. Having obtained this wish, and so much more, it is natural that they should make report as they have felt.

If Men of mature age, through want of practice, be thus easily beguiled into admiration of absurdities, extravagances and misplaced ornaments, thinking it proper that their understandings should enjoy a holiday, while they are unbending their minds with verse, it may be expected that such Readers will resemble their former selves also in strength of prejudice, and a

inaptitude to be moved by the unostentatious beauties of a pure style. In the higher poetry, an enlightened Critic chiefly looks for a reflection of the wisdom of the heart and the grandeur of the imagination. Wherever these appear, simplicity accompanies them; Magnificence herself, when legitimate, depending upon a simplicity of her own, to regulate her ornaments. But it is a well-known property of human nature, that our estimates are ever governed by comparisons, of which we are conscious with various degrees of distinctness. Is it not, then, inevitable (confining these observations to the effects of style merely) that an eye, accustomed to the glaring hues of diction by which such Readers are caught and excited, will for the most part be rather repelled than attracted by an original Work, the colouring of which is disposed according to a pure and refined scheme of harmony? It is in the fine arts as in the affairs of life, no man can *serve* (*i.e.* obey with zeal and fidelity) two Masters.

As Poetry is most just to its own divine origin when it administers the comforts and breathes the spirit of religion, they who have learned to perceive this truth, and who betake themselves to reading verse for sacred purposes, must be preserved from numerous illusions to which the two Classes of Readers, whom we have been considering, are liable. But as the mind grows serious from the weight of life, the range of its passions is contracted accordingly; and its sympathies become so exclusive that many species of high excellence wholly escape, or but languidly excite, its notice. Besides, men who read from religious or moral inclinations, even when the subject is of that kind which they approve, are beset with misconceptions and mistakes peculiar to themselves. Attaching so much importance to the truths which interest them, they are prone to over-rate the Authors by whom those truths are expressed and enforced. They come prepared to impart so much passion to the Poet's language, that they remain unconscious how little, in fact, they received from it. And, on the other hand, religious faith is to him who holds it so momentous a thing, and error appears to be attended with such tremendous consequences, that, if opinions touching

upon religion occur which the Reader condemns, he not only cannot sympathise with them, however animated the expression, but there is, for the most part, an end put to all satisfaction and enjoyment. Love, if it before existed, is converted into dislike; and the heart of the Reader is set against the Author and his book.—To these excesses they, who from their professions ought to be the most guarded against them, are perhaps the most liable; I mean those sects whose religion, being from the calculating understanding, is cold and formal. For when Christianity, the religion of humility, is founded upon the proudest faculty of our nature, what can be expected but contradictions? Accordingly, believers of this cast are at one time contemptuous; at another, being troubled, as they are and must be, with inward misgivings, they are jealous and suspicious;—and at all seasons they are under temptations to supply, by the heat with which they defend their tenets, the animation which is wanting to the constitution of the religion itself.

Faith was given to man that his affections, detached from the treasures of time, might be inclined to settle upon those of eternity:—the elevation of his nature, which this habit produces on earth, being to him a presumptive evidence of a future state of existence, and giving him a title to partake of its holiness. The religious man values what he sees chiefly as an "imperfect shadowing forth" of what he is incapable of seeing. The concerns of religion refer to indefinite objects, and are too weighty for the mind to support them without relieving itself by resting a great part of the burthen upon words and symbols. The commerce between Man and his Maker cannot be carried on but by a process where much is represented in little, and the Infinite Being accommodates himself to a finite capacity. In all this may be perceived the affinity between religion and poetry; between religion—making up the deficiencies of reason by faith; and poetry—passionate for the instruction of reason; between religion—whose element is infinitude, and whose ultimate trust is the supreme of things, submitting herself to circumscription, and reconciled to substitutions; and poetry—ethereal and transcendent, yet incapable

to sustain her existence without sensuous incarnation. In this community of nature may be perceived also the lurking incitements of kindred error;—so that we shall find that no poetry has been more subject to distortion than that species, the argument and scope of which is religious; and no lovers of the art have gone farther astray than the pious and the devout.

Whither then shall we turn for that union of qualifications which must necessarily exist before the decisions of a critic can be of absolute value? For a mind at once poetical and philosophical; for a critic whose affections are as free and kindly as the spirit of society, and whose understanding is severe as that of dispassionate government? Where are we to look for that initiatory composure of mind which no selfishness can disturb? For a natural sensibility that has been tutored into correctness without losing anything of its quickness; and for active faculties, capable of answering the demands which an Author of original imagination shall make upon them, associated with a judgment that cannot be duped into admiration by aught that is unworthy of it?—among those and those only, who, never having suffered their youthful love of poetry to remit much of its force, have applied to the consideration of the laws of this art the best power of their understandings. At the same time it must be observed that, as this Class comprehends the only judgments which are trustworthy, so does it include the most erroneous and perverse. For to be mistaught is worse than to be untaught; and no perverseness equals that which is supported by system, no errors are so difficult to root out as those which the understanding has pledged its credit to uphold. In this Class are contained censors, who, if they be pleased with what is good, are pleased with it only by imperfect glimpses, and upon false principles; who, should they generalise rightly to a certain point, are sure to suffer for it in the end; who, if they stumble upon a sound rule, are fettered by misapplying it, or by straining it too far; being incapable of perceiving when it ought to yield to one of higher order. In it are found critics too petulant to be passive to a genuine poet, and too feeble to grapple with him; men,

who take upon them to report of the course which *he* holds whom they are utterly unable to accompany,—confounded if he turn quick upon the wing, dismayed if he soar steadily “into the region;”—men of palsied imaginations and indurated hearts; in whose minds all healthy action is languid, who therefore feed as the many direct them, or, with the many, are greedy after vicious provocatives;—judges, whose censure is auspicious, and whose praise ominous! In this class meet together the two extremes of best and worst.

The observations presented in the foregoing series are of too ungracious a nature to have been made without reluctance; and, were it only on this account, I would invite the reader to try them by the test of comprehensive experience. If the number of judges who can be confidently relied upon be in reality so small, it ought to follow that partial notice only, or neglect, perhaps long continued, or attention wholly inadequate to their merits, must have been the fate of most works in the higher departments of poetry; and that, on the other hand, numerous productions have blazed into popularity, and have passed away, leaving scarcely a trace behind them: it will be further found, that when Authors shall have at length raised themselves into general admiration and maintained their ground, errors and prejudices have prevailed concerning their genius and their works, which the few who are conscious of those errors and prejudices would deplore; if they were not recompensed by perceiving that there are select Spirits for whom it is ordained that their fame shall be in the world an existence like that of Virtue, which owes its being to the struggles it makes, and its vigour to the enemies whom it provokes;—a vivacious quality, ever doomed to meet with opposition, and still triumphing over it; and, from the nature of its dominion, incapable of being brought to the sad conclusion of Alexander, when he wept that there were no more worlds for him to conquer.

Let us take a hasty retrospect of the poetical literature of this Country for the greater part of the last two centuries, and see if the facts support these inferences.

Who is there that now reads the

"Creation" of Dubartas? Yet all Europe once resounded with his praise; he was caressed by kings; and, when his Poem was translated into our language, the Faery Queen faded before it. The name of Spenser, whose genius is of a higher order than even that of Ariosto, is at this day scarcely known beyond the limits of the British Isles. And if the value of his works is to be estimated from the attention now paid to them by his countrymen, compared with that which they bestow on those of some other writers, it must be pronounced small indeed.

"The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets *sage*"—

are his own words; but his wisdom has, in this particular, been his worst enemy: while its opposite, whether in the shape of folly or madness, has been *their* best friend. But he was a great power, and bears a high name: the laurel has been awarded to him.

A dramatic Author, if he write for the stage, must adapt himself to the taste of the audience, or they will not endure him; accordingly the mighty genius of Shakspeare was listened to. The people were delighted; but I am not sufficiently versed in stage antiquities to determine whether they did not flock as eagerly to the representation of many pieces of contemporary Authors, wholly undeserving to appear upon the same boards. Had there been a formal contest for superiority among dramatic writers, that Shakspeare, like his predecessors Sophocles and Euripides, would have often been subject to the mortification of seeing the prize adjudged to sorry competitors, becomes too probable, when we reflect that the admirers of Settle and Shadwell were, in a later age, as numerous, and reckoned as respectable in point of talent, as those of Dryden. At all events, that Shakspeare stooped to accommodate himself to the People, is sufficiently apparent; and one of the most striking proofs of his almost omnipotent genius is, that he could turn to such glorious purpose those materials which the prepossessions of the age compelled him to make use of. Yet even this marvellous skill appears not to have been enough to prevent his rivals from having some advantage over him in

public estimation; else how can we account for passages and scenes that exist in his works, unless upon a supposition that some of the grossest of them, a fact which in my own mind I have no doubt of, were foisted in by the Players, for the gratification of the many?

But that his Works, whatever might be their reception upon the stage, made but little impression upon the ruling Intellects of the time, may be inferred from the fact that Lord Bacon, in his multifarious writings, nowhere either quotes or alludes to him.¹—His dramatic excellence enabled him to resume possession of the stage after the Restoration; but Dryden tells us that in his time two of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher were acted for one of Shakspeare's. And so faint and limited was the perception of the poetic beauties of his dramas in the time of Pope, that, in his Edition of the Plays, with a view of rendering to the general reader a necessary service, he printed between inverted commas those passages which he thought most worthy of notice.

At this day, the French Critics have abated nothing of their aversion to this darling of our Nation: "the English, with their bouffon de Shakspeare," is as familiar an expression among them as in the time of Voltaire. Baron Grimm is the only French writer who seems to have perceived his infinite superiority to the first names of the French Theatre; an advantage which the Parisian critic owed to his German blood and German education. The most enlightened Italians, though well acquainted with our language, are wholly incompetent to measure the proportions of Shakspeare. The Germans only, of foreign nations, are approaching towards a knowledge and feeling of what he is. In some respects they have acquired a superiority over the fellow-countrymen of the Poet: for among us it is a current, I might say an established opinion, that Shakspeare is justly praised

¹ The learned Hakewill (a third edition of whose book bears date 1635), writing to refute the error "touching Nature's perpetual and universal decay," cites triumphantly the names of Ariosto, Tasso, Barts, and Spenser, as instances that poetic genius had not degenerated; but he makes no mention of Shakspeare.

when he is pronounced to be "a wild irregular genius, in whom great faults are compensated by great beauties." How long may it be before this misconception passes away, and it becomes universally acknowledged that the judgment of Shakspeare in the selection of his materials, and in the manner in which he has made them, heterogeneous as they often are, constitute a unity of their own, and contribute all to one great end, is not less admirable than his imagination, his invention, and his intuitive knowledge of human Nature!

There is extant a small Volume of miscellaneous poems, in which Shakspeare expresses his own feelings in his own person. It is not difficult to conceive that the Editor, George Steevens, should have been insensible to the beauties of one portion of that Volume, the Sonnets; though in no part of the writings of this Poet is found, in an equal compass, a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed. But, from regard to the Critic's own credit, he would not have ventured to talk of an¹ act of parliament not being strong enough to compel the perusal of those little pieces, if he had not known that the people of England were ignorant of the treasures contained in them: and if he had not, moreover, shared the too common propensity of human nature to exult over a supposed fall into the mire of a genius whom he had been compelled to regard with admiration, as an inmate of the celestial regions—"there sitting where he durst not soar."

Nine years before the death of Shakspeare, Milton was born; and early in life he published several small poems, which, though on their first appearance they were praised by a few of the judicious, were afterwards neglected to that degree, that Pope in his youth could borrow from them without risk of its being known. Whether these poems are at this day justly appreciated, I will not undertake to decide: nor

¹ This flippancy insensibility was publicly reprehended by Mr. Coleridge in a course of Lectures upon Poetry given by him at the Royal Institution. For the various merits of thought and language in Shakspeare's Sonnets see Numbers 27, 29, 30, 32, 33, 54, 64, 66, 68, 73, 76, 86, 91, 92, 93, 97, 98, 105, 107, 108, 109, 111, 113, 114, 116, 117, 129, and many others.

would it imply a severe reflection upon the mass of readers to suppose the contrary; seeing that a man of the acknowledged genius of Voss, the German poet, could suffer their spirit to evaporate; and could change their character, as is done in the translation made by him of the most popular of those pieces. At all events, it is certain that these Poems of Milton are now much read, and loudly praised; yet were they little heard of till more than 150 years after their publication; and of the Sonnets, Dr. Johnson, as appears from Boswell's Life of him, was in the habit of thinking and speaking as contemptuously as Steevens wrote upon those of Shakspeare.

About the time when the Pindaric odes of Cowley and his imitators, and the productions of that class of curious thinkers whom Dr. Johnson has strangely styled metaphysical Poets, were beginning to lose something of that extravagant admiration which they had excited, the *Paradise Lost* made its appearance. "Fit audience find though few," was the petition addressed by the Poet to his inspiring Muse. I have said elsewhere that he gained more than he asked; this I believe to be true; but Dr. Johnson has fallen into a gross mistake when he attempts to prove, by the sale of the work, that Milton's Countrymen were "just to it" upon its first appearance. Thirteen hundred Copies were sold in two years; an uncommon example, he asserts, of the prevalence of genius in opposition to so much recent enmity as Milton's public conduct had excited. But, be it remembered that, if Milton's political and religious opinions, and the manner in which he announced them, had raised him many enemies, they had procured him numerous friends; who, as all personal danger was passed away at the time of publication, would be eager to procure the master-work of a man whom they revered, and whom they would be proud of praising. Taken from the number of purchasers, persons of this class, and also those who wished to possess the Poem as a religious work, and but few, I fear, would be left who sought for it on account of its poetical merits. The demand did not immediately increase "for," says Dr. Johnson, "many more readers" (he means persons in the habit of

reading poetry) "than were supplied at first the Nation did not afford." How careless must a writer be who can make this assertion in the face of so many existing title-pages to belie it! Turning to my own shelves, I find the folio of Cowley, seventh edition, 1681. A book near it is Flatman's Poems, fourth edition, 1686; Waller, fifth edition, same date. The Poems of Norris of Bemerton not long after went, I believe, through nine editions. What further demand there might be for these works I do not know; but I well remember that, twenty-five years ago, the booksellers' stalls in London swarmed with the folios of Cowley. This is not mentioned in disparagement of that able writer and amiable man; but merely to show that, if Milton's work were not more read, it was not because readers did not exist at the time. The early editions of the *Paradise Lost* were printed in a shape which allowed them to be sold at a low price, yet only three thousand copies of the Work were sold in eleven years; and the Nation, says Dr. Johnson, had been satisfied from 1623 to 1664, that is, forty-one years, with only two editions of the Works of Shakspeare, which probably did not together make one thousand Copies; facts adduced by the critic to prove the "paucity of Readers."—There were readers in multitudes; but their money went for other purposes, as their admiration was fixed elsewhere. We are authorized, then, to affirm that the reception of the *Paradise Lost*, and the slow progress of its fame, are proofs as striking as can be desired that the positions which I am attempting to establish are not erroneous.¹—How amusing to shape to one's self such a critique as a Wit of Charles's days, or a Lord of the Miscellanies or trading Journalist of King William's time, would have brought forth, if he had set his faculties industriously to work upon this Poem, everywhere impregnated with original excellence.

So strange indeed are the obliquities of

¹ Hughes is express upon this subject: in his dedication of Spenser's Works to Lord Somers, he writes thus: "It was your Lordship's encouraging a beautiful Edition of *Paradise Lost* that first brought that incomparable Poem to be generally known and esteemed."

admiration, that they whose opinions are much influenced by authority will often be tempted to think that there are no fixed principles² in human nature for this art to rest upon. I have been honoured by being permitted to peruse in MS. a tract composed between the period of the Revolution and the close of that century. It is the Work of an English Peer of high accomplishments, its object to form the character and direct the studies of his son. Perhaps nowhere does a more beautiful treatise of the kind exist. The good sense and wisdom of the thoughts, the delicacy of the feelings, and the charm of the style, are throughout equally conspicuous. Yet the Author, selecting among the Poets of his own country those whom he deems most worthy of his son's perusal, particularises only Lord Rochester, Sir John Denham, and Cowley. Writing about the same time, Shaftesbury, an author at present unjustly depreciated, describes the English Muses as only yet lisping in their cradles.

The arts by which Pope, soon afterwards, contrived to procure to himself a more general and a higher reputation than perhaps any English Poet ever attained during his life-time, are known to the judicious. And as well known is it to them, that the undue exertion of those arts is the cause why Pope has for some time held a rank in literature, to which, if he had not been seduced by an over-love of immediate popularity, and had confided more in his native genius, he never could have descended. He bewitched the nation by his melody, and dazzled it by his polished style, and was himself blinded by his own success. Having wandered from humanity in his Eclogues with boyish inexperience, the praise which these compositions obtained tempted him into a belief that Nature was not to be trusted, at least in pastoral Poetry. To prove this by example, he put his friend Gay upon writing those Eclogues, which their author intended to be burlesque. The instigator of the work, and his admirers, could perceive in them nothing but what

² This opinion seems actually to have been entertained by Adam Smith, the worst critic, David Hume not excepted, that Scotland, a soil to which this sort of weed seems natural, has produced.

was ridiculous. Nevertheless, though these Poems contain some detestable passages, the effect, as Dr. Johnson well observes, "of reality and truth became conspicuous even when the intention was to show them grovelling and degraded." The Pastorals, ludicrous to such as prided themselves upon their refinement, in spite of those disgusting passages, "became popular, and were read with delight, as just representations of rural manners and occupations."

Something less than sixty years after the publication of the *Paradise Lost* appeared Thomson's *Winter*; which was speedily followed by his other *Seasons*. It is a work of inspiration; much of it is written from himself, and nobly from himself. How was it received? "It was no sooner read," says one of his contemporary biographers, "than universally admired: those only excepted who had not been used to feel, or to look for anything in poetry, beyond a *point* of satirical or epigrammatic wit, a smart *antithesis* richly trimmed with rhyme, or the softness of an *elegiac* complaint. To such his manly classical spirit could not readily commend itself; till, after a more attentive perusal, they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired or affected a truer taste. A few others stood aloof, merely because they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and resigned themselves to an absolute despair of ever seeing anything new and original. These were somewhat mortified to find their notions disturbed by the appearance of a poet, who seemed to owe nothing but to nature and his own genius. But, in a short time, the applause became unanimous; every one wondering how so many pictures, and pictures so familiar, should have moved them but faintly to what they felt in his descriptions. His digressions too, the overflowings of a tender benevolent heart, charmed the reader no less; leaving him in doubt, whether he should more admire the Poet or love the Man."

This case appears to bear strongly against us:—but we must distinguish between wonder and legitimate admiration. The subject of the work is the changes produced in the appearances of nature by the revolution of the year: and, by undertaking to write in verse, Thomson pledged himself to

treat his subject as became a Poet. Now it is remarkable that, excepting the nocturnal *Reverie* of Lady Winchilsea, and a passage or two in the *Windsor Forest* of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the *Paradise Lost* and the *Seasons* does not contain a single new image of external nature, and scarcely presents a familiar one from which it can be inferred that the eye of the Poet had been steadily fixed upon his object, much less that his feelings had urged him to work upon it in the spirit of genuine imagination. To what a low state knowledge of the most obvious and important phenomena had sunk, is evident from the style in which Dryden has executed a description of Night in one of his Tragedies, and Pope his translation of the celebrated moonlight scene in the *Iliad*. A blind man, in the habit of attending accurately to descriptions casually dropped from the lips of those around him, might easily depict these appearances with more truth. Dryden's lines are vague, bombastic, and senseless;¹ those of Pope, though he had Homer to guide him, are throughout false and contradictory. The verses Dryden, once highly celebrated, are forgotten; those of Pope still retain their hold upon public estimation,—nay, there is not a passage of descriptive poetry, which at this day finds so many and such ardent admirers. Strange to think of an enthusiast, as may have been the case with thousands, reciting those verses under the cope of a moonlight sky, without having his raptures in the least disturbed by a suspicion of their absurdity!—If these two distinguished writers could habitually think that the visible universe was of so little consequence to a poet, that it was scarcely necessary for him to cast his eyes upon it, we may be assured that those passages of the elder poets which faithfully and poetically describe the phenomena of nature, were not at that time holden in

¹ CORTES *alone in a night-gown.*

All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead;
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head.
The little Birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping Flowers beneath the Night-dew sweat:

Even Lust and Envy sleep; yet Love denies
Rest to my soul, and slumber to my eyes.

DRYDEN'S *Indian Emperor.*

much estimation, and that there was little accurate attention paid to those appearances.

Wonder is the natural product of Ignorance; and as the soil was *in such good condition* at the time of the publication of the Seasons, the crop was doubtless abundant. Neither individuals nor nations become corrupt all at once, nor are they enlightened in a moment. Thomson was an inspired poet, but he could not work miracles; in cases where the art of seeing had in some degree been learned, the teacher would further the proficiency of his pupils, but he could do little *more*; though so far does vanity assist men in acts of self-deception, that many would often fancy they recognised a likeness when they knew nothing of the original. Having shown that much of what his biographer deemed genuine admiration must in fact have been blind wonderment—how is there to be accounted for?—Thomson was fortunate in the very title of his poem, which seemed to bring it home to the prepared sympathies of every one: in the next place, notwithstanding his high powers, he writes a vicious style; and his false ornaments are exactly of that kind which would be most likely to strike the undiscerning. He likewise abounds with sentimental commonplaces that, from the manner in which they were brought forward, bore an imposing air of novelty. In any well-used copy of the Seasons the book generally opens of itself with the rhapsody on love, or with one of the stories (perhaps Damon and Musidora); these also are prominent in our collections of Extracts, and are the parts of his Work which, after all, were probably most efficient in first recommending the author to general notice. Pope, repaying praises which he had received, and wishing to extol him to the highest, only styles him "an elegant and philosophical Poet;" nor are we able to collect any unquestionable proofs that the true characteristics of Thomson's genius as an imaginative poet¹ were perceived, till

the elder Warton, almost forty years after the publication of the Seasons, pointed them out by a note in his *Essay on the Life and Writings of Pope*. In the *Castle of Indolence* (of which Gray speaks so coldly) these characteristics were almost as conspicuously displayed, and in verse more harmonious and diction more pure. Yet that fine poem was neglected on its appearance, and is at this day the delight only of a few!

When Thomson died, Collins breathed forth his regrets in an *Elegiac Poem*, in which he pronounces a poetical curse upon *him* who should regard with insensibility the place where the Poet's remains were deposited. The Poems of the mourner himself have now passed through innumerable editions, and are universally known; but if, when Collins died, the same kind of imprecation had been pronounced by a surviving admirer, small is the number whom it would not have comprehended. The notice which his poems attained during his life-time was so small, and of course the sale so insignificant, that not long before his death he deemed it right to repay to the bookseller the sum which he had advanced for them, and threw the edition into the fire.

Next in importance to the Seasons of Thomson, though at considerable distance from that work in order of time, come the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, collected, new-modelled, and in many instances (if such a contradiction in terms may be used) composed by the Editor, Dr. Percy. This work did not steal silently into the world, as is evident from the number of legendary tales that appeared not long after its publication; and had been modelled, as the authors persuaded themselves, after the old Ballad. The Compilation was however ill suited to the then existing taste of city society; and Dr. Johnson, 'mid the little senate to which he gave laws, was not sparing in his exertions to make it an object of contempt. The critic triumphed, the legendary imitators were deservedly disregarded, and, as undeservedly, their ill-imitated models sank, in this country, into temporary neglect; while Bürger, and other able writers of Germany, were translating or imitating

¹ Since these observations upon Thomson were written, I have perused the second edition of his *Seasons*, and find that even *that* does not contain the most striking passages which Warton points out for admiration; these, with other improvements, throughout the whole work, must have been added at a later period.

these Reliques, and composing, with the aid of inspiration thence derived, poems which are the delight of the German nation. Dr. Percy was so abashed by the ridicule flung upon his labours from the ignorance and insensibility of the persons with whom he lived, that, though while he was writing under a mask he had not wanted resolution to follow his genius into the regions of true simplicity and genuine pathos (as is evinced by the exquisite ballad of Sir Cauline and by many other pieces), yet when he appeared in his own person and character as a poetical writer, he adopted, as in the tale of the Hermit of Warkworth, a diction scarcely in any one of its features distinguishable from the vague, the glossy, and unfeeling language of his day. I mention this remarkable fact¹ with regret, esteeming the genius of Dr. Percy in this kind of writing superior to that of any other man by whom in modern times it has been cultivated. That even Bürger (to whom Klopstock gave in my hearing a commendation which he denied to Goethe and Schiller, pronouncing him to be a genuine poet, and one of the few among the Germans whose works would last) had not the fine sensibility of Percy, might be shown from many passages, in which he has deserted his original only to go astray. For example,

"Now daye was gone, and night was come,
And all were fast asleepe,
All save the Lady Emeline,
Who sate in her bowre to weepe:
And soone she heard her true Love's voice
Low whispering at the walle,
Awake, awake, my dear Ladye,
'Tis I thy true-love call."

Which is thus tricked out and dilated :

"Als nun die Nacht Gebirg' und Thal
Vermummt in Rabenschatten,

¹ Shenstone, in his *Schoolmistress*, gives a still more remarkable instance of this timidity. On its first appearance, (see D'Israeli's 2d Series of the *Curiosities of Literature*) the Poem was accompanied with an absurd prose commentary, showing, as indeed some incongruous expressions in the text imply, that the whole was intended for burlesque. In subsequent editions the commentary was dropped, and the People have since continued to read in seriousness, doing for the Author what he had not courage openly to venture upon for himself.

Und Hochburgs Lampen überall
Schon ausgeflammt hatten,
Und alles tief entschlafen war;
Doch nur das Fräulein immerdar,
Voll Fieberängst, noch wachte,
Und seinen Ritter dachte:
Da horch! Ein süßer Liebeston
Kam leis' empor geflogen.
"Ho, Trudchen, ho! Da bin ich schon!
Frisch auf! Dich angezogen!"

But from humble ballads we must ascend to heroics.

All hail, Macpherson! hail to thee, Sire of Ossian! The Phantom was begotten by the snug embrace of an impudent Highlander upon a cloud of tradition—it travelled southward, where it was greeted with acclamation, and the thin Consistence took its course through Europe, upon the breath of popular applause. The Editor of the "Reliques" had indirectly preferred a claim to the praise of invention, by not concealing that his supplementary labours were considerable! how selfish his conduct, contrasted with that of the disinterested Gael, who, like Lear, gives his kingdom away, and is content to become a pensioner upon his own issue for a beggarly pittance!—Open this far-famed Book!—I have done so at random, and the beginning of the "Epic Poem Temora," in eight Books, presents itself. "The blue waves of Ullin roll in light. The green hills are covered with day. Trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze. Grey torrents pour their noisy streams. Two green hills with aged oaks surround a narrow plain. The blue course of a stream is there. On its banks stood Cairbar of Atha. His spear supports the king; the red eyes of his fear are sad. Cormac rises on his soul with all his ghastly wounds." Precious memorandums from the pocket-book of the blind Ossian!

If it be unbecoming, as I acknowledge that for the most part it is, to speak disrespectfully of Works that have enjoyed for a length of time a widely-spread reputation, without at the same time producing irrefragable proofs of their unworthiness, let me be forgiven upon this occasion.—Having had the good fortune to be born and reared in a mountainous country, from my very childhood I have felt the falsehood that pervades the volumes imposed upon the

world under the name of Ossian. From what I saw with my own eyes, I knew that the imagery was spurious. In nature everything is distinct, yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness. In Macpherson's work, it is exactly the reverse; everything (that is not stolen) is in this manner defined, insulated, dislocated, deadened,—yet nothing distinct. It will always be so when words are substituted for things. To say that the characters never could exist, that the manners are impossible, and that a dream has more substance than the whole state of society, as there depicted, is doing nothing more than pronouncing a censure which Macpherson defied; when, with the steeps of Morven before his eyes, he could talk so familiarly of his Car-borne heroes;—of Morven, which, if one may judge from its appearance at the distance of a few miles, contains scarcely an acre of ground sufficiently accommodating for a sledge to be trailed along its surface.—Mr. Malcolm Laing has ably shown that the diction of this pretended translation is a motley assemblage from all quarters; but he is so fond of making out parallel passages as to call poor Macpherson to account for his “*ands*” and his “*butts!*” and he has weakened his argument by conducting it as if he thought that every striking resemblance was a *conscious* plagiarism. It is enough that the coincidences are too remarkable for its being probable or possible that they could arise in different minds without communication between them. Now as the Translators of the Bible, and Shakspeare, Milton, and Pope, could not be indebted to Macpherson, it follows that he must have owed his fine feathers to them; unless we are prepared gravely to assert, with Madame de Staël, that many of the characteristic beauties of our most celebrated English Poets are derived from the ancient Fingallian; in which case the modern translator would have been but giving back to Ossian his own.—It is consistent that Lucien Buonaparte, who could censure Milton for having surrounded Satan in the infernal regions with courtly and regal splendour, should pronounce the modern Ossian to be the glory of Scotland;—a country that has produced a Dunbar, a Buchanan, a Thomson, and a Burns!

These opinions are of ill omen for the Epic ambition of him who has given them to the world.

Yet, much as those pretended treasures of antiquity have been admired, they have been wholly unimportant upon the literature of the Country. No succeeding writer appears to have caught from them a ray of inspiration; no author, in the least distinguished, has ventured formally to imitate them—except the boy, Chatterton, on their first appearance. He had perceived, from the successful trials which he himself had made in literary forgery, how few critics were able to distinguish between a real ancient medal and a counterfeit of modern manufacture; and he set himself to the work of filling a magazine with *Saxon Poems*,—counterparts of those of Ossian, as like his as one of his misty stars is to another. This incapability to amalgamate with the literature of the Island is, in my estimation, a decisive proof that the book is essentially unnatural; nor should I require any other to demonstrate it to be a forgery, audacious as worthless.—Contrast, in this respect, the effect of Macpherson's publication with the Reliques of Percy, so unassuming, so modest in their pretensions!—I have already stated how much Germany is indebted to this latter work; and for our own country, its poetry has been absolutely redeemed by it. I do not think that there is an able writer in verse of the present day who would not be proud to acknowledge his obligations to the Reliques; I know that it is so with my friends; and, for myself, I am happy in this occasion to make a public avowal of my own.

Dr. Johnson, more fortunate in his contempt of the labours of Macpherson than those of his modest friend, was solicited not long after to furnish Prefaces, biographical and critical, for the works of some of the most eminent English Poets. The booksellers took upon themselves to make the collection; they referred probably to the most popular miscellanies, and, unquestionably, to their books of accounts; and decided upon the claim of authors to be admitted into a body of the most eminent from the familiarity of their names with the readers of that day, and by the profits which, from the sale of his works, each had

brought and was bringing to the Trade. The Editor was allowed a limited exercise of discretion, and the Authors whom he recommended are scarcely to be mentioned without a smile. We open the volume of Prefatory Lives, and to our astonishment the *first* name we find is that of Cowley!—What is become of the morning-star of English Poetry? Where is the bright Elizabethan constellation? Or, if names be more acceptable than images, where is the ever-to-be-honoured Chaucer? where is Spenser? where Sidney? and, lastly, where he, whose rights as a poet, contradistinguished from those which he is universally allowed to possess as a dramatist, we have vindicated,—where Shakspeare?—These, and a multitude of others not unworthy to be placed near them, their contemporaries and successors, we have *not*. But in their stead, we have (could better be expected when precedence was to be settled by an abstract of reputation at any given period made, as in this case before us?) Roscommon, and Stepney, and Phillips, and Walsh, and Smith, and Duke, and King, and Spratt—Halifax, Granville, Sheffield, Congreve, Broome, and other reputed Magnates—metrical writers utterly worthless and useless, except for occasions like the present, when their productions are referred to as evidence what a small quantity of brain is necessary to procure a considerable stock of admiration, provided the aspirant will accommodate himself to the likings and fashions of his day.

As I do not mean to bring down this retrospect to our own times, it may with propriety be closed at the era of this distinguished event. From the literature of other ages and countries, proofs equally cogent might have been adduced, that the opinions announced in the former part of this Essay are founded upon truth. It was not an agreeable office, nor a prudent undertaking, to declare them; but their importance seemed to render it a duty. It may still be asked, where lies the particular relation of what has been said to these Volumes?—The question will be easily answered by the discerning Reader who is old enough to remember the taste that prevailed when some of these poems were first published, seventeen years ago; who

has also observed to what degree the poetry of this Island has since that period been coloured by them; and who is further aware of the unremitting hostility with which, upon some principle or other, they have each and all been opposed. A sketch of my own notion of the constitution of Fame has been given; and, as far as concerns myself, I have cause to be satisfied. The love, the admiration, the indifference, the slight, the aversion, and even the contempt, with which these Poems have been received, knowing, as I do, the source within my own mind from which they have proceeded, and the labour and pains which, when labour and pains appeared needful, have been bestowed upon them, must all, if I think consistently, be received as pledges and tokens, bearing the same general impression, though widely different in value;—they are all proofs that for the present time I have not laboured in vain; and afford assurances, more or less authentic, that the products of my industry will endure.

If there be one conclusion more forcibly pressed upon us than another by the review which has been given of the fortunes and fate of poetical Works, it is this,—that every author, as far as he is great and at the same time *original*, has had the task of *creating* the taste by which he is to be enjoyed: so has it been, so will it continue to be. This remark was long since made to me by the philosophical Friend for the separation of whose poems from my own I have previously expressed my regret. The predecessors of an original Genius of a high order will have smoothed the way for all that he has in common with them;—and much he will have in common; but, for what is peculiarly his own, he will be called upon to clear and often to shape his own road:—he will be in the condition of Hannibal among the Alps.

And where lies the real difficulty of creating that taste by which a truly original poet is to be relished? Is it in breaking the bonds of custom, in overcoming the prejudices of false refinement, and displacing the aversions of inexperience? Or, is he labour for an object which here and elsewhere I have proposed to myself, does it consist in divesting the reader of the

pride that induces him to dwell upon those points wherein men differ from each other, to the exclusion of those in which all men are alike, or the same; and in making him ashamed of the vanity that renders him insensible of the appropriate excellence which civil arrangements, less unjust than might appear, and Nature illimitable in her bounty, have conferred on men who may stand below him in the scale of society? Finally, does it lie in establishing that dominion over the spirits of readers by which they are to be humbled and humanised, in order that they may be purified and exalted?

If these ends are to be attained by the mere communication of *knowledge*, it does *not* lie here.—TASTE, I would remind the reader, like IMAGINATION, is a word which has been forced to extend its services far beyond the point to which philosophy would have confined them. It is a metaphor, taken from a *passive* sense of the human body, and transferred to things which are in their essence *not* passive,—to intellectual *acts* and *operations*. The word Imagination has been overstrained, from impulses honourable to mankind, to meet the demands of the faculty which is perhaps the noblest of our nature. In the instance of Taste, the process has been reversed; and from the prevalence of dispositions at once injurious and discreditable, being no other than that selfishness which is the child of apathy,—which, as Nations decline in productive and creative power, makes them value themselves upon a presumed refinement of judging. Poverty of language is the primary cause of the use which we make of the word Imagination; but the word Taste has been stretched to the sense which it bears in modern Europe by habits of self-conceit, inducing that inversion in the order of things whereby a passive faculty is made paramount among the faculties conversant with the fine arts. Proportion and congruity, the requisite knowledge being supposed, are subjects upon which taste may be trusted; it is competent to this office;—for in its intercourse with these the mind is *passive*, and is affected painfully or pleasurable as by an instinct. But the profound and the exquisite in feeling, the lofty and universal in thought and imagination; or, in ordinary language, the

pathetic and the sublime;—are neither of them, accurately speaking, objects of a faculty which could ever without a sinking in the spirit of Nations have been designated by the metaphor—*Taste*. And why? Because without the exertion of a co-operating *power* in the mind of the Reader, there can be no adequate sympathy with either of these emotions: without this auxiliary impulse, elevated or profound passion cannot exist.

Passion, it must be observed, is derived from a word which signifies *suffering*; but the connection which suffering has with effort, with exertion, and *action*, is immediate and inseparable. How strikingly is this property of human nature exhibited by the fact that, in popular language, to be in a passion is to be angry!—But,

“Anger in hasty words or blows
Itself discharges on its foes.”

To be moved, then, by a passion, is to be excited, often to external, and always to internal, effort; whether for the continuance and strengthening of the passion, or for its suppression, accordingly as the course which it takes may be painful or pleasurable. If the latter, the soul must contribute to its support, or it never becomes vivid,—and soon languishes, and dies. And this brings us to the point. If every great poet with whose writings men are familiar, in the highest exercise of his genius, before he can be thoroughly enjoyed, has to call forth and to communicate *power*, this service, in a still greater degree, falls upon an original writer at his first appearance in the world.—Of genius the only proof is the act of doing well what is worthy to be done, and what was never done before: Of genius, in the fine arts, the only infallible sign is the widening the sphere of human sensibility for the delight, honour, and benefit of human nature. Genius is the introduction of a new element into the intellectual universe: or, if that be not allowed, it is the application of powers to objects on which they had not before been exercised, or the employment of them in such a manner as to produce effects hitherto unknown. What is all this but an advance, or a conquest, made by the soul of the poet? Is it to be supposed that the reader

can make progress of this kind, like an Indian prince or general—stretched on his palanquin, and borne by slaves? No; he is invigorated and inspired by his leader, in order that he may exert himself; for he cannot proceed in quiescence, he cannot be carried like a dead weight. Therefore to create taste is to call forth and bestow power, of which knowledge is the effect; and *there* lies the true difficulty.

As the pathetic participates of an *animal* sensation, it might seem that, if the springs of this emotion were genuine, all men, possessed of competent knowledge of the facts and circumstances, would be instantaneously affected. And, doubtless, in the works of every true poet will be found passages of that species of excellence which is proved by effects immediate and universal. But there are emotions of the pathetic that are simple and direct, and others that are complex and revolutionary; some to which the heart yields with gentleness; others against which it struggles with pride; these varieties are infinite as the combinations of circumstance and the constitutions of character. Remember, also, that the medium through which, in poetry, the heart is to be affected is language; a thing subject to endless fluctuations and arbitrary associations. The genius of the poet melts these down for his purpose; but they retain their shape and quality to him who is not capable of exerting, within his own mind, a corresponding energy. There is also a meditative, as well as a human, pathos; an enthusiastic as well as an ordinary sorrow; a sadness that has its seat in the depths of reason, to which the mind cannot sink gently of itself—but to which it must descend by treading the steps of thought. And for the sublime,—if we consider what are the cares that occupy the passing day, and how remote is the practice and the course of life from the sources of sublimity in the soul of Man, can it be wondered that there is little existing preparation for a poet charged with a new mission to extend its kingdom, and to augment and spread its enjoyments?

Away, then, with the senseless iteration of the word *popular* applied to new works in poetry, as if there were no test of excellence in this first of the fine arts but that all men should run after its productions,

as if urged by an appetite, or constrained by a spell!—The qualities of writing best fitted for eager reception are either such as startle the world into attention by their audacity and extravagance; or they are chiefly of a superficial kind, lying upon the surfaces of manners; or arising out of a selection and arrangement of incidents, by which the mind is kept upon the stretch of curiosity, and the fancy amused without the trouble of thought. But in everything which is to send the soul into herself, to be admonished of her weakness, or to be made conscious of her power; wherever life and nature are described as operated upon by the creative or abstracting virtue of the imagination; wherever the instinctive wisdom of antiquity and her heroic passions uniting, in the heart of the poet, with the meditative wisdom of later ages, have produced that accord of sublimated humanity, which is at once a history of the remote past and a prophetic enunciation of the remotest future; *there*, the poet must reconcile himself for a season to few and scattered hearers. —Grand thoughts (and Shakspeare must often have sighed over this truth), as they are most naturally and most fitly conceived in solitude, so can they not be brought forth in the midst of plaudits without some violation of their sanctity. Go to a silent exhibition of the productions of the sister Art, and be convinced that the qualities which dazzle at first sight, and kindle the admiration of the multitude, are essentially different from those by which permanent influence is secured. Let us not shrink from following up these principles as far as they will carry us, and conclude with observing that there never has been a period, and perhaps never will be, in which vicious poetry, of some kind or other, has not excited more zealous admiration, and been far more generally read, than good; but this advantage attends the good, that the *individual* as well as the species, survives from age to age; whereas, of the depraved, though the species be immortal, the individual quickly *perishes*; the object of present admiration vanishes, being supplanted by some other as easily produced; which, though no better, brings with it at least the irritation of novelty,—with adaptation, more or less

skilful, to the changing humours of the majority of those who are most at leisure to regard poetical works when they first solicit their attention.

Is it the result of the whole that, in the opinion of the Writer, the judgment of the People is not to be respected? The thought is most injurious; and, could the charge be brought against him, he would repel it with indignation. The People have already been justified, and their eulogium pronounced by implication, when it was said above that, of *good* poetry, the *individual*, as well as the species, *survives*. And how does it survive but through the People? What preserves it but their intellect and their wisdom?

"—Past and future, are the wings
On whose support, harmoniously conjoined,
Moves the great Spirit of human knowledge——"
MS.

The voice that issues from this Spirit, is that Vox Populi which the Deity inspires. Foolish must he be who can mistake for this a local acclamation, or a transitory outcry—transitory though it be for years, local though from a Nation. Still more lamentable is his error who can believe that there is anything of divine infallibility in the clamour of that small though loud portion of the community, ever governed by factitious influence, which, under the name of the PUBLIC, passes itself, upon the unthinking, for the PEOPLE. Towards the Public, the Writer hopes that he feels as much deference as it is entitled to: but to the People, philosophically characterised, and to the embodied spirit of their knowledge, so far as it exists and moves, at the present, faithfully supported by its two wings, the past and the future, his devout respect, his reverence, is due. He offers it willingly and readily; and, this done, takes leave of his Readers, by assuring them that, if he were not persuaded that the contents of these Volumes, and the Work to which they are subsidiary, evince something of the "Vision and the Faculty divine"; and that, both in words and things, they will operate in their degree to extend the domain of sensibility for the delight, the honour, and the benefit of human nature, notwithstanding the many happy hours

which he has employed in their composition, and the manifold comforts and enjoyments they have procured to him, he would not, if a wish could do it, save them from immediate destruction—from becoming at this moment, to the world, as a thing that had never been.

1815.

DEDICATION

PREFIXED TO THE EDITION OF 1815

TO

SIR GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT,
BART.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

Accept my thanks for the permission given me to dedicate these Volumes to you. In addition to a lively pleasure derived from general considerations, I feel a particular satisfaction; for, by inscribing these Poems with your Name, I seem to myself in some degree to repay, by an appropriate honour, the great obligation which I owe to one part of the Collection—as having been the means of first making us personally known to each other. Upon much of the remainder, also, you have a peculiar claim,—for some of the best pieces were composed under the shade of your own groves, upon the classic ground of Coleorton; where I was animated by the recollection of those illustrious Poets of your name and family, who were born in that neighbourhood; and, we may be assured, did not wander with indifference by the dashing stream of Grace Dieu, and among the rocks that diversify the forest of Charnwood.—Nor is there any one to whom such parts of this Collection as have been inspired or coloured by the beautiful Country from which I now address you, could be presented with more propriety than to yourself—to whom it has suggested so many admirable pictures. Early in life, the sublimity and beauty of this region excited your admiration; and I know that you are bound to it in mind by a still strengthening attachment.

Wishing and hoping that this Work, with the embellishments it has received

from your pencil,¹ may survive as a lasting memorial of a friendship, which I reckon among the blessings of my life,

I have the honour to be,

My dear Sir George,

Yours most affectionately and faithfully,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,

February 1, 1815

PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1815

THE powers requisite for the production of poetry are: first, those of Observation and Description,—*i.e.*, the ability to observe with accuracy things as they are in themselves, and with fidelity to describe them, unmodified by any passion or feeling existing in the mind of the describer: whether the things depicted be actually present to the senses, or have a place only in the memory. This power, though indispensable to a Poet, is one which he employs only in submission to necessity, and never for a continuance of time: as its exercise supposes all the higher qualities of the mind to be passive, and in a state of subjection to external objects, much in the same way as a translator or engraver ought to be to his original. 2dly, Sensibility,—which, the more exquisite it is, the wider will be the range of a poet's perceptions; and the more will he be incited to observe objects, both as they exist in themselves and as re-acted upon by his own mind. (The distinction between poetic and human sensibility has been marked in the character of the Poet delineated in the original preface.) 3dly, Reflection,—which makes the Poet acquainted with the value of actions, images, thoughts, and feelings; and assists the sensibility in perceiving their connection with each other. 4thly, Imagination and Fancy,—to modify, to create, and to associate. 5thly, Invention,—by which characters are composed out of materials supplied by observation; whether of the Poet's own heart and mind, or of external life and

nature; and such incidents and situations produced as are most impressive to the imagination, and most fitted to do justice to the characters, sentiments, and passions, which the Poet undertakes to illustrate. And, lastly, Judgment,—to decide how and where, and in what degree, each of these faculties ought to be exerted; so that the less shall not be sacrificed to the greater; nor the greater, slighting the less, arrogate, to its own injury, more than its due. By judgment, also, is determined what are the laws and appropriate graces of every species of composition.²

The materials of Poetry, by these powers collected and produced, are cast, by means of various moulds, into divers forms. The moulds may be enumerated, and the forms specified, in the following order. 1st, The Narrative,—including the Epopeia, the Historic Poem, the Tale, the Romance, the Mock-heroic, and, if the spirit of Homer will tolerate such neighbourhood, that dear production of our days, the metrical Novel. Of this Class, the distinguishing mark is, that the Narrator, however liberally his speaking agents be introduced, is himself the source from which everything primarily flows. Epic Poets, in order that their mode of composition may accord with the elevation of their subject, represent themselves as *singing* from the inspiration of the Muse, "*Arma virumque cano*," but this is a fiction, in modern times, of slight value: the *Iliad* or the *Paradise Lost* would gain little in our estimation by being chanted. The other poets who belong to this class are commonly content to *tell* their tale;—so that of the whole it may be affirmed that they neither require nor reject the accompaniment of music.

2dly, The Dramatic,—consisting of Tragedy, Historic Drama, Comedy, and Masque, in which the poet does not appear at all in his own person, and where the whole action is carried on by speech and dialogue of the agents; music being admitted only incidentally and rarely. The Opera may be placed here, inasmuch as it proceeds by dialogue; though depending,

² As sensibility to harmony of numbers, and the power of producing it, are invariably attendants upon the faculties above specified, nothing has been said upon those requisites.

¹ The state of the plates has, for some time, not allowed them to be repeated.

to the degree that it does, upon music, it has a strong claim to be ranked with the lyrical. The characteristic and impassioned Epistle, of which Ovid and Pope have given examples, considered as a species of monodrama, may, without impropriety, be placed in this class.

3dly, The Lyrical—containing the Hymn, the Ode, the Elegy, the Song, and the Ballad; in all which, for the production of their *full* effect, an accompaniment of music is indispensable.

4thly, The Idyllium,—descriptive chiefly either of the processes and appearances of external nature, as the Seasons of Thomson; or of characters, manners, and sentiments, as are Shenstone's Schoolmistress, The Cotter's Saturday Night of Burns, the Two Dogs of the same Author; or of these in conjunction with the appearances of Nature, as most of the pieces of Theocritus, the Allegro and Penseroso of Milton, Beattie's Minstrel, Goldsmith's Deserted Village. The Epitaph, the Inscription, the Sonnet, most of the epistles of poets writing in their own persons, and all loco-descriptive poetry, belong to this class.

5thly, Didactic,—the principal object of which is direct instruction; as the Poem of Lucretius, the Georgics of Virgil, The Fleece of Dyer, Mason's English Garden, &c.

And, lastly, philosophical Satire, like that of Horace and Juvenal; personal and occasional Satire rarely comprehending sufficient of the general in the individual to be dignified with the name of poetry.

Out of the three last has been constructed a composite order, of which Young's Night Thoughts, and Cowper's Task, are excellent examples.

It is deducible from the above, that poems, apparently miscellaneous, may with propriety be arranged either with reference to the powers of mind *predominant* in the production of them; or to the mould in which they are cast; or, lastly, to the subjects to which they relate. From each of these considerations, the following Poems have been divided into classes; which, that the work may more obviously correspond with the course of human life, and for the sake of exhibiting in it the

three requisites of a legitimate whole, a beginning, a middle, and an end, have been also arranged, as far as it was possible, according to an order of time, commencing with Childhood, and terminating with Old Age, Death, and Immortality. My guiding wish was that the small pieces of which these volumes consist, thus discriminated, might be regarded under a two-fold view; as composing an entire work within themselves, and as adjuncts to the philosophical Poem, "The Recluse." This arrangement has long presented itself habitually to my own mind. Nevertheless, I should have preferred to scatter the contents of these volumes at random, if I had been persuaded that, by the plan adopted, anything material would be taken from the natural effect of the pieces, individually, on the mind of the unreflecting Reader. I trust there is a sufficient variety in each class to prevent this; while, for him who reads with reflection, the arrangement will serve as a commentary unostentatiously directing his attention to my purposes, both particular and general. But as I wish to guard against the possibility of misleading by this classification, it is proper first to remind the Reader that certain poems are placed according to the powers of mind, in the Author's conception, predominant in the production of them; *predominant*, which implies the exertion of other faculties in less degree. Where there is more imagination than fancy in a poem, it is placed under the head of imagination, and *vice versâ*. Both the above classes might without impropriety have been enlarged from that consisting of "Poems founded on the Affections;" as might this latter from those, and from the class "proceeding from Sentiment and Reflection." The most striking characteristics of each piece, mutual illustration, variety, and proportion, have governed me throughout.

None of the other Classes, except those of Fancy and Imagination, require any particular notice. But a remark of general application may be made. All Poets, except the dramatic, have been in the practice of feigning that their works were composed to the music of the harp or lyre: with what degree of affectation this has been done in modern times, I leave to the

judicious to determine. For my own part, I have not been disposed to violate probability so far, or to make such a large demand upon the Reader's charity. Some of these pieces are essentially lyrical; and, therefore, cannot have their due force without a supposed musical accompaniment; but, in much the greatest part, as a substitute for the classic lyre or romantic harp, I require nothing more than an animated or impassioned recitation, adapted to the subject. Poems, however humble in their kind, if they be good in that kind, cannot read themselves; the law of long syllable and short must not be so inflexible,—the letter of metre must not be so impassive to the spirit of versification,—as to deprive the Reader of all voluntary power to modulate, in subordination to the sense, the music of the poem;—in the same manner as his mind is left at liberty, and even summoned, to act upon its thoughts and images. But, though the accompaniment of a musical instrument be frequently dispensed with, the true Poet does not therefore abandon his privilege distinct from that of the mere Proseman;

"He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own."

Let us come now to the consideration of the words Fancy and Imagination, as employed in the classification of the following Poems. "A man," says an intelligent author, "has imagination in proportion as he can distinctly copy in idea the impressions of sense: it is the faculty which *images* within the mind the phenomena of sensation. A man has fancy in proportion as he can call up, connect, or associate, at pleasure, those internal images (*φαντάζειν* is to cause to appear), so as to complete ideal representations of absent objects. Imagination is the power of depicting, and fancy of evoking and combining. The imagination is formed by patient observation; the fancy by a voluntary activity in shifting the scenery of the mind. The more accurate the imagination, the more safely may a painter, or a poet, undertake a delineation, or a description, without the presence of the objects to be characterised. The more versatile the fancy, the more original and striking will be the decorations

produced."—*British Synonyms discriminated*, by W. Taylor.

Is not this as if a man should undertake to supply an account of a building, and be so intent upon what he had discovered of the foundation, as to conclude his task without once looking up at the superstructure? Here, as in other instances throughout the volume, the judicious Author's mind is enthralled by Etymology; he takes up the original word as his guide and escort, and too often does not perceive how soon he becomes its prisoner, without liberty to tread in any path but that to which it confines him. It is not easy to find out how imagination, thus explained, differs from distinct remembrance of images; or fancy from quick and vivid recollection of them: each is nothing more than a mode of memory. If the two words bear the above meaning, and no other, what term is left to designate that faculty of which the Poet is "all compact;" he whose eye glances from earth to heaven, whose spiritual attributes body forth what his pen is prompt in turning to shape; or what is left to characterise Fancy, as insinuating herself into the heart of objects with creative activity?—Imagination, in the sense of the word as giving title to a class of the following Poems, has no reference to images that are merely faithful copy, existing in the mind, of absent external objects; but is a word of higher import, denoting operations of the mind upon those objects, and processes of creation or of composition, governed by certain fixed laws. I proceed to illustrate my meaning by instances. A parrot *hangs* from the wires of his cage by his beak or by his claws; or a monkey from the bough of a tree by his paws or his tail. Each creature does so literally and actually. In the first Eclogue of Virgil, the shepherd thinking of the time when he is to take leave of his farm, thus addresses his goats:—

"Non ego vos posthac viridi projectus in antro
Dumosa pendere procul de rupe videbo."

———"half way down

Hangs one who gathers sapphire,"

is the well-known expression of Shakspeare delineating an ordinary image upon the cliffs of Dover. In these two instances

a slight exertion of the faculty which I denominate imagination, in the use of one word: neither the goats nor the samphire-gatherer do literally hang, as does the parrot or the monkey; but, presenting to the senses something of such an appearance, the mind in its activity, for its own gratification, contemplates them as hanging.

"As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate or Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply, stemming nightly toward the Pole: so
seemed
Far off the flying Fiend."

Here is the full strength of the imagination involved in the word *hangs*, and exerted upon the whole image: First, the fleet, an aggregate of many ships, is represented as one mighty person, whose track, we know and feel, is upon the waters; but, taking advantage of its appearance to the senses, the Poet dares to represent it as *hanging in the clouds*, both for the gratification of the mind in contemplating the image itself, and in reference to the motion and appearance of the sublime objects to which it is compared.

From impressions of sight we will pass to those of sound; which, as they must necessarily be of a less definite character, shall be selected from these volumes:

"Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods,"
of the same bird,

"His voice was *buried* among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze;"

"O, Cuckoo! shall I call thee *Bird*,
Or but a wandering *Voice*?"

The stock-dove is said to *coo*, a sound well imitating the note of the bird; but, by the intervention of the metaphor *broods*, the affections are called in by the imagination to assist in marking the manner in which the bird reiterates and prolongs her soft note, as if herself delighting to listen to it, and participating of a still and quiet satisfaction, like that which may be supposed inseparable from the continuous

process of incubation. "His voice was buried among trees," a metaphor expressing the love of *seclusion* by which this Bird is marked; and characterising its note as not partaking of the shrill and the piercing, and therefore more easily deadened by the intervening shade; yet a note so peculiar and withal so pleasing, that the breeze, gifted with that love of the sound which the Poet feels, penetrates the shades in which it is entombed, and conveys it to the ear of the listener.

"Shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?"

This concise interrogation characterises the seeming ubiquity of the voice of the cuckoo, and dispossesses the creature almost of a corporeal existence; the Imagination being tempted to this exertion of her power by a consciousness in the memory that the cuckoo is almost perpetually heard throughout the season of spring, but seldom becomes an object of sight.

Thus far of images independent of each other, and immediately endowed by the mind with properties that do not inhere in them, upon an incitement from properties and qualities the existence of which is inherent and obvious. These processes of imagination are carried on either by conferring additional properties upon an object, or abstracting from it some of those which it actually possesses, and thus enabling it to re-act upon the mind which hath performed the process like a new existence.

I pass from the Imagination acting upon an individual image to a consideration of the same faculty employed upon images in a conjunction by which they modify each other. The Reader has already had a fine instance before him in the passage quoted from Virgil, where the apparently perilous situation of the goat, hanging upon the shaggy precipice, is contrasted with that of the shepherd contemplating it from the seclusion of the cavern in which he lies stretched at ease and in security. Take these images separately, and how unaffected the picture compared with that produced by their being thus connected with, and opposed to, each other!

"As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence,

Wonder to all who do the same espy
By what means it could thither come, and
whence,

So that it seems a thing endued with sense,
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, which on a shelf
Of rock or sand repositeth, there to sun himself.

Such seemed this Man; not all alive or dead,
Nor all asleep, in his extreme old age.

* * * * *

Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
And moveth altogether if it move at all."

In these images, the conferring, the abstracting, and the modifying powers of the Imagination, immediately and mediately acting, are all brought into conjunction. The stone is endowed with something of the power of life to approximate it to the sea-beast; and the sea-beast stripped of some of its vital qualities to assimilate it to the stone; which intermediate image is thus treated for the purpose of bringing the original image, that of the stone, to a nearer resemblance to the figure and condition of the aged Man; who is divested of so much of the indications of life and motion as to bring him to the point where the two objects unite and coalesce in just comparison. After what has been said, the image of the cloud need not be commented upon.

Thus far of an endowing or modifying power; but the Imagination also shapes and *creates*; and how? By innumerable processes; and in none does it more delight than in that of consolidating numbers into unity, and dissolving and separating unity into number,—alternations proceeding from, and governed by, a sublime consciousness of the soul in her own mighty and almost divine powers. Recur to the passage already cited from Milton. When the compact Fleet, as one Person, has been introduced "Sailing from Bengala," "They," *i.e.* the "merchants," representing the fleet resolved into a multitude of ships, "ply" their voyage towards the extremities of the earth: "So" (referring to the word "As" in the commencement) "seemed the flying Fiend;" the image of his Person acting to recombine the multitude of ships into one body,—the point from which the comparison set out. "So seemed," and to whom seemed? To the

heavenly Muse who dictates the poem, to the eye of the Poet's mind, and to that of the Reader, present at one moment in the wide Ethiopian, and the next in the solitudes, then first broken in upon, of the infernal regions!

"Modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis."

Hear again this mighty Poet,—speaking of the Messiah going forth to expel from heaven the rebellious angels,

"Attended by ten thousand thousand Saints
He onward came: far off his coming shone,"—

the retinue of Saints, and the Person of the Messiah himself, lost almost and merged in the splendour of that indefinite abstraction "His coming"!

As I do not mean here to treat this subject further than to throw some light upon the present Volumes, and especially upon one division of them, I shall spare myself and the Reader the trouble of considering the Imagination as it deals with thoughts and sentiments, as it regulates the composition of characters, and determines the course of actions: I will not consider it (more than I have already done by implication) as that power which, in the language of one of my most esteemed Friends, "draws all things to one; which makes things animate or inanimate, beings with their attributes, subjects with their accessories, take one colour and serve to one effect."¹ The grand storehouses of enthusiastic and meditative Imagination, of poetical, as contradistinguished from human and dramatic Imagination, are the prophetic and lyrical parts of the Holy Scriptures, and the works of Milton; to which I cannot forbear to add those of Spenser. I select these writers in preference to those of ancient Greece and Rome because the anthropomorphism of the Pagan religion subjected the minds of the greatest poets in those countries too much to the bondage of definite form; from which the Hebrews were preserved by their abhorrence of idolatry. This abhorrence was almost as strong in our great epic Poet both from circumstances of his life, and from the constitution of his mind. How

¹ Charles Lamb upon the genius of Hogarth.

ever imbued the surface might be with classical literature, he was a Hebrew in soul; and all things tended in him towards the sublime. Spenser, of a gentler nature, maintained his freedom by aid of his allegorical spirit, at one time inciting him to create persons out of abstractions; and, at another, by a superior effort of genius, to give the universality and permanence of abstractions to his human beings, by means of attributes and emblems that belong to the highest moral truths and the purest sensations,—of which his character of *Una* is a glorious example. Of the human and dramatic Imagination the works of Shakspeare are an inexhaustible source.

"I tax not you, ye Elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you
Daughters!"

And if, bearing in mind the many Poets distinguished by this prime quality, whose names I omit to mention, yet justified by recollection of the insults which the ignorant, the incapable, and the presumptuous, have heaped upon these and my other writings, I may be permitted to anticipate the judgment of posterity upon myself, I shall declare (censurable, I grant, if the notoriety of the fact above stated does not justify me) that I have given in these unfavourable times evidence of exertions of this faculty upon its worthiest objects, the external universe, the moral and religious sentiments of Man, his natural affections, and his acquired passions; which have the same ennobling tendency as the productions of men, in this kind, worthy to be holden in undying remembrance.

To the mode in which Fancy has already been characterised as the power of evoking and combining, or, as my friend Mr. Coleridge has styled it, "the aggregative and associative power," my objection is only that the definition is too general. To aggregate and to associate, to evoke and to combine, belong as well to the Imagination as to the Fancy; but either the materials evoked and combined are different, or they are brought together under a different law, and for a different purpose. Fancy does not require that the materials which she makes use of should be suscep-

tible of change in their constitution from her touch; and, where they admit of modification, it is enough for her purpose if it be slight, limited, and evanescent. Directly the reverse of these are the desires and demands of the Imagination. She recoils from everything but the plastic, the pliant, and the indefinite. She leaves it to Fancy to describe Queen Mab as coming,

"In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman."

Having to speak of stature, she does not tell you that her gigantic Angel was as tall as Pompey's Pillar; much less that he was twelve cubits or twelve hundred cubits high; or that his dimensions equalled those of Teneriffe or Atlas;—because these, and if they were a million times as high it would be the same, are bounded: The expression is, "His stature reached the sky!" the illimitable firmament!—When the Imagination frames a comparison, if it does not strike on the first presentation, a sense of the truth of the likeness, from the moment that it is perceived, grows—and continues to grow—upon the mind; the resemblance depending less upon outline of form and feature than upon expression and effect; less upon casual and outstanding than upon inherent and internal properties: moreover, the images invariably modify each other.—The law under which the processes of Fancy are carried on is as capricious as the accidents of things, and the effects are surprising, playful, ludicrous, amusing, tender, or pathetic, as the objects happen to be appositely produced or fortunately combined. Fancy depends upon the rapidity and profusion with which she scatters her thoughts and images; trusting that their number, and the felicity with which they are linked together, will make amends for the want of individual value: or she prides herself upon the curious subtilty and the successful elaboration with which she can detect their lurking affinities. If she can win you over to her purpose, and impart to you her feelings, she cares not how unstable or transitory may be her influence, knowing that it will not be out of her power to resume it upon an apt occasion. But the Imagination is con-

scious of an indestructible dominion;—the Soul may fall away from it, not being able to sustain its grandeur; but, if once felt and acknowledged, by no act of any other faculty of the mind can it be relaxed, impaired, or diminished.—Fancy is given to quicken and to beguile the temporal part of our nature, Imagination to incite and to support the eternal.—Yet is it not the less true that Fancy, as she is an active, is also, under her own laws and in her own spirit, a creative faculty. In what manner Fancy ambitiously aims at a rivalry with Imagination, and Imagination stoops to work with the materials of Fancy, might be illustrated from the compositions of all eloquent writers, whether in prose or verse; and chiefly from those of our own Country. Scarcely a page of the impassioned parts of Bishop Taylor's Works can be opened that shall not afford examples.

—Referring the Reader to those inestimable volumes, I will content myself with placing a conceit (ascribed to Lord Chesterfield) in contrast with a passage from the *Paradise Lost* :—

"The dews of the evening most carefully shun,
They are the tears of the sky for the loss of the sun."

After the transgression of Adam, Milton, with other appearances of sympathising Nature, thus marks the immediate consequence,

"Sky lowered, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin."

The associating link is the same in each instance: Dew and rain, not distinguishable from the liquid substance of tears, are employed as indications of sorrow. A flash of surprise is the effect in the former case; a flash of surprise, and nothing more; for the nature of things does not sustain the combination. In the latter, the effects from the act, of which there is this immediate consequence and visible sign, are so momentous that the mind acknowledges the justice and reasonableness of the sympathy in nature so manifested; and the sky weeps drops of water as if with human eyes, as "Earth had before trembled from her entrails, and Nature given a second groan."

Finally, I will refer to Cotton's "Ode upon Winter," an admirable composition, though stained with some peculiarities of the age in which he lived, for a general illustration of the characteristics of Fancy. The middle part of this ode contains a most lively description of the entrance of Winter, with his retinue, as "A palsied king," and yet a military monarch,—advancing for conquest with his army; the several bodies of which, and their arms and equipments, are described with a rapidity of detail, and a profusion of *fanciful* comparisons, which indicate on the part of the poet extreme activity of intellect, and a correspondent hurry of delightful feeling. Winter retires from the foe into his fortress, where

———"a magazine
Of sovereign juice is cellared in;
Liquor that will the siege maintain
Should Phœbus ne'er return again."

Though myself a water-drinker, I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing what follows, as an instance still more happy of Fancy employed in the treatment of feeling than, in its preceding passages, the Poem supplies of her management of forms.

"'Tis that, that gives the poet rage,
And thaws the gelly'd blood of age;
Matures the young, restores the old,
And makes the fainting coward bold.

It lays the careful head to rest,
Calms palpitations in the breast,
Renders our lives' misfortune sweet;
* * * * *

Then let the chill Sirocco blow,
And gird us round with hills of snow,
Or else go whistle to the shore,
And make the hollow mountains roar,

Whilst we together jovial sit
Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit,
Where, though bleak winds confine us home
Our fancies round the world shall roam.

We'll think of all the Friends we know,
And drink to all worth drinking to;
When having drunk all thine and mine,
We rather shall want healths than wine.

But where Friends fail us, we'll supply
Our friendships with our charity;
Men that remote in sorrows live,
Shall by our lusty brimmers thrive.

We'll drink the wanting into wealth,
And those that languish into health,
The afflicted into joy ; th' opprest
Into security and rest.

The worthy in disgrace shall find
Favour return again more kind,
And in restraint who stifled lie,
Shall taste the air of liberty.

The brave shall triumph in success,
The lovers shall have mistresses,
Poor unregarded Virtue, praise,
And the neglected Poet, bays.

Thus shall our healths do others good,
Whilst we ourselves do all we would ;
For, freed from envy and from care,
What would we be but what we are ?"

When I sate down to write this Preface, it was my intention to have made it more comprehensive ; but, thinking that I ought rather to apologise for detaining the reader so long, I will here conclude.

POSTSCRIPT

1835

In the present Volume, as in those that have preceded it, the reader will have found occasionally opinions expressed upon the course of public affairs, and feelings given vent to as national interests excited them. Since nothing, I trust, has been uttered but in the spirit of reflective patriotism, those notices are left to produce their own effect ; but, among the many objects of general concern, and the changes going forward, which I have glanced at in verse, are some especially affecting the lower orders of society : in reference to these, I wish here to add a few words in plain prose.

Were I conscious of being able to do justice to those important topics, I might avail myself of the periodical press for offering anonymously my thoughts, such as they are, to the world ; but I feel that in procuring attention, they may derive some advantage, however small, from my name, in addition to that of being presented in a less fugitive shape. It is also not impossible that the state of mind which some of the foregoing poems may have produced in the reader, will dispose him to receive more

readily the impression which I desire to make, and to admit the conclusions I would establish.

I. The first thing that presses upon my attention is the Poor-Law Amendment Act. I am aware of the magnitude and complexity of the subject, and the unwearied attention which it has received from men of far wider experience than my own ; yet I cannot forbear touching upon one point of it, and to this I will confine myself, though not insensible to the objection which may reasonably be brought against treating a portion of this, or any other, great scheme of civil polity separately from the whole. The point to which I wish to draw the reader's attention is, that *all* persons who cannot find employment, or procure wages sufficient to support the body in health and strength, are entitled to a maintenance by law.

This dictate of humanity is acknowledged in the Report of the Commissioners : but is there not room for apprehension that some of the regulations of the new act have a tendency to render the principle nugatory by difficulties thrown in the way of applying it ? If this be so, persons will not be wanting to show it, by examining the provisions of the act in detail,—an attempt which would be quite out of place here ; but it will not, therefore, be deemed unbecoming in one who fears that the prudence of the head may, in framing some of those provisions, have supplanted the wisdom of the heart, to enforce a principle which cannot be violated without infringing upon one of the most precious rights of the English people, and opposing one of the most sacred claims of civilised humanity.

There can be no greater error, in this department of legislation, than the belief that this principle does by necessity operate for the degradation of those who claim, or are so circumstanced as to make it likely they may claim, through laws founded upon it, relief or assistance. The direct contrary is the truth : it may be unanswerably maintained that its tendency is to raise, not to depress ; by stamping a value upon life, which can belong to it only where the laws have placed men who are willing to work, and yet cannot find employment, above the

necessity of looking for protection against hunger and other natural evils, either to individual and casual charity, to despair and death, or to the breach of law by theft or violence.

And here, as, in the Report of the Commissioners, the fundamental principle has been recognised, I am not at issue with them any farther than I am compelled to believe that their "remedial measures" obstruct the application of it more than the interests of society require.

And, calling to mind the doctrines of political economy which are now prevalent, I cannot forbear to enforce the justice of the principle, and to insist upon its salutary operation.

And first for its justice: If self-preservation be the first law of our nature, would not every one in a state of nature be morally justified in taking to himself that which is indispensable to such preservation, where, by so doing, he would not rob another of that which might be equally indispensable to *his* preservation? And if the value of life be regarded in a right point of view, may it not be questioned whether this right of preserving life, at any expense short of endangering the life of another, does not survive man's entering into the social state; whether this right can be surrendered or forfeited, except when it opposes the divine law, upon any supposition of a social compact, or of any convention for the protection of mere rights of property?

But if it be not safe to touch the abstract question of man's right in a social state to help himself even in the last extremity, may we not still contend for the duty of a christian government, standing *in loco parentis* towards all its subjects, to make such effectual provision, that no one shall be in danger of perishing either through the neglect or harshness of its legislation? Or, waiving this, is it not indisputable that the claim of the state to the allegiance involves the protection of the subject? And, as all rights in one party impose a correlative duty upon another, it follows that the right of the state to require the services of its members, even to the jeoparding of their lives in the common defence, establishes a right in the people (not to be gainsaid by utilitarians and economists) to public sup-

port when from any cause they may be unable to support themselves.

Let us now consider the salutary and benign operation of this principle. Here we must have recourse to elementary feelings of human nature, and to truths which from their very obviousness are apt to be slighted, till they are forced upon our notice by our own sufferings or those of others. In the *Paradise Lost*, Milton represents Adam, after the Fall, as exclaiming, in the anguish of his soul—

"Did I request Thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man; did I solicit Thee
From darkness to promote me?
My will
Concurred not to my being."

Under how many various pressures of misery have men been driven thus, in a strain touching upon impiety, to expostulate with the Creator! and under few so afflictive as when the source and origin of earthly existence have been brought back to the mind by its impending close in the pangs of destitution. But as long as, in our legislation, due weight shall be given to this principle, no man will be forced to bewail the gift of life in hopeless want of the necessities of life.

Englishmen have, therefore, by the progress of civilisation among them, been placed in circumstances more favourable to piety and resignation to the divine will than the inhabitants of other countries, where a like provision has not been established. And as Providence, in this care of our countrymen, acts through a human medium, the objects of that care must, in like manner, be more inclined towards a grateful love of their fellow-men. Thus, also, do stronger ties attach the people to their country, whether while they tread its soil, or, at a distance, think of their native land as an indulgent parent, to whose arms even they who have been imprudent and undeserving may, like the prodigal son, betake themselves, without fear of being rejected.

Such is the view of the case that would first present itself to a reflective mind; and it is in vain to show, by appeals to experience, in contrast with this view, that the provisions founded upon the principle have promoted profaneness of life and dispos-

tions the reverse of philanthropic, by spreading idleness, selfishness, and rapacity: for these evils have arisen, not as an inevitable consequence of the principle, but for want of judgment in framing laws based upon it; and, above all, from faults in the mode of administering the law. The mischief that has grown to such a height from granting relief in cases where proper vigilance would have shown that it was not required, or in bestowing it in undue measure, will be urged by no truly enlightened statesman as a sufficient reason for banishing the principle itself from legislation.

Let us recur to the miserable states of consciousness that it precludes.

There is a story told, by a traveller in Spain, of a female who, by a sudden shock of domestic calamity, was driven out of her senses, and ever after looked up incessantly to the sky, feeling that her fellow-creatures could do nothing for her relief. Can there be Englishmen who, with a good end in view, would, upon system, expose their brother Englishmen to a like necessity of looking upwards only; or downwards to the earth, after it shall contain no spot where the destitute can demand, by civil right, what by right of nature they are entitled to?

Suppose the objects of our sympathy not sunk into this blank despair, but wandering about as strangers in streets and ways, with the hope of succour from casual charity; what have we gained by such a change of scene? Woful is the condition of the famished Northern Indian, dependent, among winter snows, upon the chance-passage of a herd of deer, from which one, if brought down by his rifle-gun, may be made the means of keeping him and his companions alive. As miserable is that of some savage Islander, who, when the land has ceased to afford him sustenance, watches for food which the waves may cast up, or in vain endeavours to extract it from the inexorable deep. But neither of these is in a state of wretchedness comparable to that which is so often endured in civilised society: multitudes, in all ages, have known it, of whom may be said:—

"Homeless, near a thousand homes they stood,
And near a thousand tables pined, and wanted
food."

Justly might I be accused of wasting time in an uncalled-for attempt to excite the feelings of the reader, if systems of political economy, widely spread, did not impugn the principle, and if the safeguards against such extremities were left unimpaired. It is broadly asserted by many, that every man who endeavours to find work *may* find it: were this assertion capable of being verified, there still would remain a question, what kind of work, and how far may the labourer be fit for it? For if sedentary work is to be exchanged for standing, and some light and nice exercise of the fingers, to which an artisan has been accustomed all his life, for severe labour of the arms, the best efforts would turn to little account, and occasion would be given for the unthinking and the unfeeling unwarrantably to reproach those who are put upon such employment as idle, froward, and unworthy of relief, either by law or in any other way! Were this statement correct, there would indeed be an end of the argument, the principle here maintained would be superseded. But, alas! it is far otherwise. That principle, applicable to the benefit of all countries, is indispensable for England, upon whose coast families are perpetually deprived of their support by shipwreck, and where large masses of men are so liable to be thrown out of their ordinary means of gaining bread, by changes in commercial intercourse, subject mainly or solely to the will of foreign powers; by new discoveries in arts and manufactures; and by reckless laws, in conformity with theories of political economy, which, whether right or wrong in the abstract, have proved a scourge to tens of thousands by the abruptness with which they have been carried into practice.

But it is urged,—refuse altogether compulsory relief to the able-bodied, and the number of those who stand in need of relief will steadily diminish through a conviction of an absolute necessity for greater forethought and more prudent care of a man's earnings. Undoubtedly it would, but so also would it, and in a much greater degree, if the legislative provisions were retained, and parochial relief administered under the care of the upper classes, as it ought to be.

For it has been invariably found, that wherever the funds have been raised and applied under the superintendence of gentlemen and substantial proprietors, acting in vestries and as overseers, pauperism has diminished accordingly. Proper care in that quarter would effectually check what is felt in some districts to be one of the worst evils in the poor law system, viz. the readiness of small and needy proprietors to join in imposing rates that seemingly subject them to great hardships, while, in fact, this is done with a mutual understanding that the relief each is ready to bestow upon his still poorer neighbours will be granted to himself, or his relatives, should it hereafter be applied for.

But let us look to inner sentiments of a nobler quality, in order to know what we have to build upon. Affecting proofs occur in every one's experience, who is acquainted with the unfortunate and the indigent, of their unwillingness to derive their subsistence from aught but their own funds or labour, or to be indebted to parochial assistance for the attainment of any object, however dear to them. A case was reported, the other day; from a coroner's inquest, of a pair who, through the space of four years, had carried about their dead infant from house to house, and from lodging to lodging, as their necessities drove them, rather than ask the parish to bear the expense of its interment:—the poor creatures lived in the hope of one day being able to bury their child at their own cost. It must have been heart-rendering to see and hear the mother, who had been called upon to account for the state in which the body was found, make this deposition. By some, judging coldly, if not harshly, this conduct might be imputed to an unwarrantable pride, as she and her husband had, it is true, been once in prosperity. But examples, where the spirit of independence works with equal strength, though not with like miserable accompaniments, are frequently to be found even yet among the humblest peasantry and mechanics. There is not, then, sufficient cause for doubting that a like sense of honour may be revived among the people, and their ancient habits of independence restored, without resorting to those severi-

ties which the new Poor Law Act has introduced.

But even if the surfaces of things only are to be examined, we have a right to expect that lawgivers should take into account the various tempers and dispositions of mankind: while some are led, by the existence of a legislative provision, into idleness and extravagance, the economical virtues might be cherished in others by the knowledge that, if all their efforts fail, they have in the Poor Laws a "refuge from the storm and a shadow from the heat." Dependancy and distraction are no friends to prudence: the springs of industry will relax, if cheerfulness be destroyed by anxiety; without hope men become reckless, and have a sullen pride in adding to the heap of their own wretchedness. He who feels that he is abandoned by his fellow-men will be almost irresistibly driven to care little for himself; will lose his self-respect accordingly, and with that loss what remains to him of virtue?

With all due deference to the particular experience and general intelligence of the individuals who framed the Act, and of those who in and out of parliament have approved of and supported it, it may be said that it proceeds too much upon the presumption that it is a labouring man's own fault if he be not, as the phrase is, beforehand with the world. But the most prudent are liable to be thrown back by sickness, cutting them off from labour, and causing to them expense: and who but has observed how distress creeps upon multitudes without misconduct of their own; and merely from a gradual fall in the price of labour, without a correspondent one in the price of provisions; so that men who may have ventured upon the marriage state with a fair prospect of maintaining their families in comfort and happiness, see them reduced to a pittance which no effort of theirs can increase? Let it be remembered, also, that there are thousands with whom vicious habits of expense are not the cause why they do not store up their gains; but they are generous and kind-hearted, and ready to help their kindred and friends; moreover, they have a faith in Providence that those who have been prompt to assist others will not be left destitute, should they them-

selves come to need. By acting from these blended feelings, numbers have rendered themselves incapable of standing up against a sudden reverse. Nevertheless, these men, in common with all who have the misfortune to be in want, if many theorists had their wish, would be thrown upon one or other of those three sharp points of condition before adverted to, from which the intervention of law has hitherto saved them.

All that has been said tends to show how the principle contended for makes the gift of life more valuable, and has, it may be hoped, led to the conclusion that its legitimate operation is to make men worthier of that gift: in other words, not to degrade but to exalt human nature. But the subject must not be dismissed without adverting to the indirect influence of the same principle upon the moral sentiments of a people among whom it is embodied in law. In our criminal jurisprudence there is a maxim, deservedly eulogised, that it is better that ten guilty persons should escape, than that one innocent man should suffer; so, also, might it be maintained, with regard to the Poor Laws, that it is better for the interests of humanity among the people at large, that ten undeserving should partake of the funds provided, than that one morally good man, through want of relief, should either have his principles corrupted or his energies destroyed; than that such a one should either be driven to do wrong or be cast to the earth in utter hopelessness. In France the English maxim of criminal jurisprudence is reversed; there, it is deemed better that ten innocent men should suffer than one guilty escape: in France there is no universal provision for the poor; and we may judge of the small value set upon human life in the metropolis of that country, by merely noticing the disrespect with which, after death, the body is treated, not by the thoughtless vulgar, but in schools of anatomy, presided over by men allowed to be, in their own art and in physical science, among the most enlightened in the world. In the East, where countries are overrun with population as with a weed, infinitely more respect is shown to the remains of the deceased; and what a bitter mockery is it, that this insensibility should be found where

civil polity is so busy in minor regulations, and ostentatiously careful to gratify the luxurious propensities, whether social or intellectual, of the multitude! Irreligion is, no doubt, much concerned with this offensive disrespect shown to the bodies of the dead in France; but it is mainly attributable to the state in which so many of the living are left by the absence of compulsory provision for the indigent so humanely established by the law of England.

Sights of abject misery, perpetually recurring, harden the heart of the community. In the perusal of history and of works of fiction we are not, indeed, unwilling to have our commiseration excited by such objects of distress as they present to us; but, in the concerns of real life, men know that such emotions are not given to be indulged for their own sakes: there, the conscience declares to them that sympathy must be followed by action; and if there exist a previous conviction that the power to relieve is utterly inadequate to the demand, the eye shrinks from communication with wretchedness, and pity and compassion languish, like any other qualities that are deprived of their natural aliment. Let these considerations be duly weighed by those who trust to the hope that an increase of private charity, with all its advantages of superior discrimination, would more than compensate for the abandonment of those principles, the wisdom of which has been here insisted upon. How discouraging, also, would be the sense of injustice, which could not fail to arise in the minds of the well-disposed, if the burden of supporting the poor, a burden of which the selfish have hitherto by compulsion borne a share, should now, or hereafter, be thrown exclusively upon the benevolent.

By having put an end to the Slave Trade and Slavery, the British people are exalted in the scale of humanity; and they cannot but feel so, if they look into themselves, and duly consider their relation to God and their fellow-creatures. That was a noble advance; but a retrograde movement will assuredly be made, if ever the principle which has been here defended should be either avowedly abandoned or but ostensibly retained.

But, after all, there may be a little reason

to apprehend permanent injury from any experiment that may be tried. On the one side will be human nature rising up in her own defence, and on the other prudential selfishness acting to the same purpose, from a conviction that, without a compulsory provision for the exigencies of the labouring multitude, that degree of ability to regulate the price of labour, which is indispensable for the reasonable interest of arts and manufactures, cannot, in Great Britain, be upheld.

II. In a poem of the foregoing collection allusion is made to the state of the workmen congregated in manufactories. In order to relieve many of the evils to which that class of society are subject, and to establish a better harmony between them and their employers, it would be well to repeal such laws as prevent the formation of joint-stock companies. There are, no doubt, many and great obstacles to the formation and salutary working of these societies, inherent in the mind of those whom they would obviously benefit. But the combinations of masters to keep down, unjustly, the price of labour would be fairly checked by them, as far as they were practicable; they would encourage economy, inasmuch as they would enable a man to draw profit from his savings, by investing them in buildings or machinery for processes of manufacture with which he was habitually connected. His little capital would then be working for him while he was at rest or asleep; he would more clearly perceive the necessity of capital for carrying on great works; he would better learn to respect the larger portions of it in the hands of others; he would be less tempted to join in unjust combinations; and, for the sake of his own property, if not for higher reasons, he would be slow to promote local disturbance or endanger public tranquillity; he would, at least, be loth to act in that way *knowingly*: for it is not to be denied that such societies might be nurseries of opinions unfavourable to a mixed constitution of government, like that of Great Britain. The democratic and republican spirit which they might be apt to foster would not, however, be dangerous in itself, but only as it might act without

being sufficiently counterbalanced, either by landed proprietorship, or by a Church extending itself so as to embrace an ever-growing and ever-shifting population of mechanics and artisans. But if the tendencies of such societies would be to make the men prosper who might belong to them, rulers and legislators should rejoice in the result, and do their duty to the state by upholding and extending the influence of that Church to which it owes, in so great a measure, its safety, its prosperity, and its glory.

This, in the temper of the present times, may be difficult, but it is become indispensable, since large towns in great numbers have sprung up, and others have increased tenfold, with little or no dependence upon the gentry and the landed proprietors; and apart from those mitigated feudal institutions, which, till of late, have acted so powerfully upon the composition of the House of Commons. Now it may be affirmed that, in quarters where there is not an attachment to the Church, or the landed aristocracy, and a pride in supporting them, *there* the people will dislike both and be ready, upon such incitements as are perpetually recurring, to join in attempts to overthrow them. There is no neutral ground here: from want of due attention to the state of society in large towns and manufacturing districts, and ignorance or disregard of these obvious truths, innumerable well-meaning persons became zealous supporters of a Reform Bill, the qualities and powers of which, whether destructive or constructive, they would otherwise have been afraid of; and even the framers of that bill, swayed as they might be by party resentments and personal ambition, could not have gone so far, had not they too been lamentably ignorant or neglectful of the same truths both of fact and philosophy.

But let that pass; and let no opponent of the bill be tempted to compliment his own foresight, by exaggerating the mischiefs and dangers that have sprung from it: let not time be wasted in profitless regrets; and let those party distinctions vanish to their very names that have separated men who, whatever course they may have pursued, have ever had a bond o

union in the wish to save the limited monarchy and those other institutions that have, under Providence, rendered for so long a period of time this country the happiest and worthiest of which there is any record since the foundation of civil society.

III. A philosophic mind is best pleased when looking at religion in its spiritual bearing; as a guide of conduct, a solace under affliction, and a support amid the instabilities of mortal life: but the Church having been forcibly brought by political considerations to my notice, while treating of the labouring classes, I cannot forbear saying a few words upon that momentous topic.

There is a loud clamour for extensive change in that department. The clamour would be entitled to more respect if they who are the most eager to swell it with their voices were not generally the most ignorant of the real state of the Church and the service it renders to the community. *Reform* is the word employed. Let us pause and consider what sense it is apt to carry, and how things are confounded by the lax use of it. The great religious Reformation, in the sixteenth century, did not profess to be a new construction, but a restoration of something fallen into decay, or put out of sight. That familiar and justifiable use of the word seems to have paved the way for fallacies with respect to the term reform, which it is difficult to escape from. Were we to speak of improvement and the correction of abuses, we should run less risk of being deceived ourselves or of misleading others. We should be less likely to fall blindly into the belief that the change demanded is a renewal of something that has existed before, and that, therefore, we have experience on our side; nor should we be equally tempted to beg the question that the change for which we are eager must be advantageous. From generation to generation, men are the dupes of words; and it is painful to observe that so many of our species are most tenacious of those opinions which they have formed with the least consideration. They who are the readiest to meddle with public affairs, whether in church or state, fly to

generalities, that they may be eased from the trouble of thinking about particulars; and thus is deputed to mechanical instrumentality the work which vital knowledge only can do well.

"Abolish pluralities, have a resident incumbent in every parish," is a favourite cry; but, without adverting to other obstacles in the way of this specious scheme, it may be asked what benefit would accrue from its indiscriminate adoption to counterbalance the harm it would introduce, by nearly extinguishing the order of curates, unless the revenues of the church should grow with the population, and be greatly increased in many thinly-peopled districts, especially among the parishes of the North.

The order of curates is so beneficial, that some particular notice of it seems to be required in this place. For a church poor as, relatively to the numbers of people, that of England is, and probably will continue to be, it is no small advantage to have youthful servants, who will work upon the wages of hope and expectation. Still more advantageous is it to have, by means of this order, young men scattered over the country, who being more detached from the temporal concerns of the benefice, have more leisure for improvement and study, and are less subject to be brought into secular collision with those who are under their spiritual guardianship. The curate, if he reside at a distance from the incumbent, undertakes the requisite responsibilities of a temporal kind, in that modified way which prevents him, as a new-comer, from being charged with selfishness: while it prepares him for entering upon a benefice of his own with something of a suitable experience. If he should act under and in co-operation with a resident incumbent, the gain is mutual. His studies will probably be assisted; and his training, managed by a superior, will not be liable to relapse in matters of prudence, seemliness, or in any of the highest cares of his functions; and by way of return for these benefits to the pupil, it will often happen that the zeal of a middle-aged or declining incumbent will be revived, by being in near communion with the ardour of youth, when his own efforts may have languished through a melancholy consciousness that they have

not produced as much good among his flock as, when he first entered upon the charge, he fondly hoped.

Let one remark, and that not the least important, he added. A curate, entering for the first time upon his office, comes from college after a course of expense, and with such inexperience in the use of money that in his new situation he is apt to fall un-awares into pecuniary difficulties. If this happens to him, much more likely is it to happen to the youthful incumbent, whose relations, to his parishioners and to society, are more complicated; and, his income being larger and independent of another, a costlier style of living is required of him by public opinion. If embarrassment should ensue, and with that unavoidably some loss of respectability, his future usefulness will be proportionably impaired: not so with the curate, for he can easily remove and start afresh with a stock of experience and an unblemished reputation; whereas the early indiscretions of an incumbent being rarely forgotten, may be impediments to the efficacy of his ministry for the remainder of his life. The same observations would apply with equal force to doctrine. A young minister is liable to errors, from his notions being either too lax or overstrained. In both cases it would prove injurious that the error should be remembered, after study and reflection, with advancing years, shall have brought him to a clearer discernment of the truth, and better judgment in the application of it.

It must be acknowledged that, among the regulations of ecclesiastical polity, none at first view are more attractive than that which prescribes for every parish a resident incumbent. How agreeable to picture to one's self, as has been done by poets and romance-writers, from Chaucer down to Goldsmith, a man devoted to his ministerial office, with not a wish or a thought ranging beyond the circuit of its cares! Nor is it in poetry and fiction only that such characters are found; they are scattered, it is hoped not sparingly, over real life, especially in sequestered and rural districts, where there is but small influx of new inhabitants, and little change of occupation. The spirit of the Gospel, unaided by acquisitions of profane learning and experience in the

world,—that spirit and the obligations of the sacred office may, in such situations, suffice to effect most of what is needful. But for the complex state of society that prevails in England much more is required, both in large towns and in many extensive districts of the country. A minister there should not only be irreproachable in manners and morals, but accomplished in learning, as far as is possible without sacrifice of the least of his pastoral duties. As necessary, perhaps more so, is it that he should be a citizen as well as a scholar; thoroughly acquainted with the structure of society and the constitution of civil government, and able to reason upon both with the most expert; all ultimately in order to support the truths of Christianity and to diffuse its blessings.

A young man coming fresh from the place of his education cannot have brought with him these accomplishments; and if the scheme of equalising church incomes, which many advisers are much bent upon, be realised, so that there should be little or no secular inducement for a clergyman to desire a removal from the spot where he may chance to have been first set down; surely not only opportunities for obtaining the requisite qualifications would be diminished, but the motives for desiring to obtain them would be proportionably weakened. And yet these qualifications are indispensable for the diffusion of that knowledge by which alone the political philosophy of the New Testament can be rightly expounded, and its precepts adequately enforced. In these times, when the press is daily exercising so great a power over the minds of the people, for wrong or for right as may happen, *that* preacher ranks among the first of benefactors who, without stooping to the direct treatment of current politics and passing events, can furnish infallible guidance through the delusions that surround them; and who, appealing to the sanctions of Scripture, may place the grounds of its injunctions in so clear a light that disaffection shall cease to be cultivated as a laudable propensity, and loyalty cleansed from the dishonour of a blind and prostrate obedience.

It is not, however, in regard to civil duties alone, that this knowledge in a minister of the Gospel is important; it is

still more so for softening and subduing private and personal discontents. In all places, and at all times, men have gratuitously troubled themselves, because their survey of the dispensations of Providence has been partial and narrow; but now that readers are so greatly multiplied, men judge as they are *taught*, and repinings are engendered everywhere, by imputations being cast upon the government; and are prolonged or aggravated by being ascribed to misconduct or injustice in rulers, when the individual himself only is in fault. If a Christian pastor be competent to deal with these humours, as they may be dealt with, and by no members of society so successfully, both from more frequent and more favourable opportunities of intercourse, and by aid of the authority with which he speaks; he will be a teacher of moderation, a dispenser of the wisdom that blunts approaching distress by submission to God's will, and lightens, by patience, grievances which cannot be removed.

We live in times when nothing, of public good at least, is generally acceptable, but what we believe can be traced to preconceived intention and specific acts and formal contrivances of human understanding. A Christian instructor thoroughly accomplished would be a standing restraint upon such presumptuousness of judgment, by impressing the truth that

"In the unreasoning progress of the world
A wiser spirit is at work for us,
A better eye than ours." *MS.*

Revelation points to the purity and peace of a future world; but our sphere of duty is upon earth; and the relations of impure and conflicting things to each other must be understood, or we shall be perpetually going wrong, in all but goodness of intention; and goodness of intention will itself relax through frequent disappointment. How desirable, then, is it, that a minister of the Gospel should be versed in the knowledge of existing facts, and be accustomed to a wide range of social experience! Nor is it as desirable for the purpose of countervailing and tempering in his own mind that ambition with which spiritual power is apt to be tainted as any other species of power which men covet or possess.

It must be obvious that the scope of the argument is to discourage an attempt which would introduce into the Church of England an equality of income and station, upon the model of that of Scotland. The sounder part of the Scottish nation know what good their ancestors derived from their church, and feel how deeply the living generation is indebted to it. They respect and love it, as accommodated in so great a measure to a comparatively poor country, through the far greater portion of which prevails a uniformity of employment; but the acknowledged deficiency of theological learning among the clergy of that church is easily accounted for by this very equality. What else may be wanting there it would be unpleasant to inquire, and might prove invidious to determine: one thing, however, is clear; that in all countries the temporalities of the Church Establishment should bear an analogy to the state of society, otherwise it cannot diffuse its influence through the whole community. In a country so rich and luxurious as England, the character of its clergy must unavoidably sink, and their influence be everywhere impaired, if individuals from the upper ranks, and men of leading talents, are to have no inducements to enter into that body but such as are purely spiritual. And this "tinge of secularity" is no reproach to the clergy, nor does it imply a deficiency of spiritual endowments. Parents and guardians, looking forward to sources of honourable maintenance for their children and wards, often direct their thoughts early towards the church, being determined partly by outward circumstances, and partly by indications of seriousness or intellectual fitness. It is natural that a boy or youth, with such a prospect before him, should turn his attention to those studies, and be led into those habits of reflection, which will in some degree tend to prepare him for the duties he is hereafter to undertake. As he draws nearer to the time when he will be called to these duties, he is both led and compelled to examine the Scriptures. He becomes more and more sensible of their truth. Devotion grows in him; and what might begin in temporal considerations, will end (as in a majority of instances we trust it does) in a spiritual-mindedness not unworthy

of that Gospel, the lessons of which he is to teach, and the faith of which he is to inculcate. Not inappositely may be here repeated an observation which, from its obviousness and importance, must have been frequently made, viz. that the impoverishing of the clergy, and bringing their incomes much nearer to a level, would not cause them to become less worldly-minded: the emoluments, howsoever reduced, would be as eagerly sought for, but by men from lower classes in society; men who, by their manners, habits, abilities, and the scanty measure of their attainments, would unavoidably be less fitted for their station, and less competent to discharge its duties.

Visionary notions have in all ages been afloat upon the subject of best providing for the clergy; notions which have been sincerely entertained by good men, with a view to the improvement of that order, and eagerly caught at and dwelt upon by the designing, for its degradation and disparagement. Some are beguiled by what they call the *voluntary system*, not seeing (what stares one in the face at the very threshold) that they who stand in most need of religious instruction are unconscious of the want, and therefore cannot reasonably be expected to make any sacrifices in order to supply it. Will the licentious, the sensual, and the depraved, take from the means of their gratifications and pursuits, to support a discipline that cannot advance without uprooting the trees that bear the fruit which they devour so greedily? Will *they* pay the price of that seed whose harvest is to be reaped in an invisible world? A voluntary system for the religious exigencies of a people numerous and circumstanced as we are! Not more absurd would it be to expect that a knot of boys should draw upon the pittance of their pocket-money to build schools, or out of the abundance of their discretion be able to select fit masters to teach and keep them in order! Some, who clearly perceive the incompetence and folly of such a scheme for the agricultural part of the people, nevertheless think it feasible in large towns, where the rich might subscribe for the religious instruction of the poor. Alas! they know little of the thick darkness that spreads over the streets and alleys of our large towns. The parish of Lambeth, a

few years since, contained not more than one church and three or four small proprietary chapels, while dissenting chapels of every denomination were still more scantily found there; yet the inhabitants of the parish amounted at that time to upwards of 50,000. Were the parish church and the chapels of the Establishment existing there an *impediment* to the spread of the Gospel among that mass of people? Who shall dare to say so? But if any one, in the face of the fact which has just been stated, and in opposition to authentic reports to the same effect from various other quarters, should still contend that a voluntary system is sufficient for the spread and maintenance of religion, we would ask what kind of religion? wherein would it differ, among the many, from deplorable fanaticism?

For the preservation of the Church of the Establishment, all men, whether they belong to it or not, could they perceive their true interest, would be strenuous; but how inadequate are its provisions for the needs of the country! and how much is it to be regretted that, while its zealous friends yield to alarms on account of the hostility of dissent, they should so much overrate the danger to be apprehended from that quarter and almost overlook the fact that hundreds of thousands of our fellow-countrymen, though formally and nominally of the Church of England, never enter her places of worship, neither have they communication with her ministers! This deplorable state of things was partly produced by a decay of zeal among the rich and influential, and partly by a want of due expansive power in the constitution of the Establishment as regulated by law. Private benefactors, and their efforts to build and endow churches, have been frustrated or too much impeded by legal obstacles; these, where they are unreasonable or unfitted for the times, ought to be removed; and, keeping clear of intolerance and injustice, means should be used to render the presence and powers of the church commensurate with the wants of a shifting and still-increasing population.

This cannot be effected, unless the English Government vindicate the truth that, as her church exists for the benefit of all (though not in equal degree), whether

of her communion or not, all should be made to contribute to its support. If this ground be abandoned, cause will be given to fear that a moral wound may be inflicted upon the heart of the English people, for which a remedy cannot be speedily provided by the utmost efforts which the members of the Church will themselves be able to make.

But let the friends of the church be of good courage. Powers are at work, by which, under Divine Providence, she may be strengthened and the sphere of her usefulness extended; not by alterations in her Liturgy, accommodated to this or that demand of finical taste, nor by cutting off this or that from her articles or Canons, to which the scrupulous or the overweening may object. Covert schism, and open nonconformity, would survive after alterations, however promising in the eyes of those whose subtlety had been exercised in making them. Latitudinarianism is the parhelion of liberty of conscience, and will ever successfully lay claim to a divided worship. Among Presbyterians, Socinians, Baptists, and Independents, there will always be found numbers who will tire of their several creeds, and some will come over to the Church. Conventicles may disappear, congregations in each denomination may fall into decay or be broken up, but the conquests which the National Church ought chiefly to aim at, lie among the thousands and tens of thousands of the unhappy outcasts who grow up with no religion at all. The wants of these cannot but be feelingly remembered. Whatever may be the disposition of the new constituencies under the reformed parliament, and the course which the men of their choice may be inclined or compelled to follow, it may be confidently hoped that individuals, acting in their private capacities, will endeavour to make up for the deficiencies of the legislature. Is it too much to expect that proprietors of large estates, where the inhabitants are without religious instruction, or where it is sparingly supplied, will deem it their duty to take part in this good work; and that thriving manufacturers and merchants will, in their several neighbourhoods, be sensible of the like obligation, and act upon it with generous valour?

Moreover, the force of public opinion is rapidly increasing, and some may bend to it, who are not so happy as to be swayed by a higher motive; especially they who derive large incomes from lay-impropriations in tracts of country where ministers are few and meagrely provided for. A claim still stronger may be acknowledged by those who, round their superb habitations, or elsewhere, walk over vast estates which were lavished upon their ancestors by royal favouritism or purchased at insignificant prices after church-spoliation; such proprietors, though not conscience-stricken (there is no call for that), may be prompted to make a return for which their tenantry and dependents will learn to bless their names. An impulse has been given; an accession of means from these several sources, co-operating with a well-considered change in the distribution of some parts of the property at present possessed by the church, a change scrupulously founded upon due respect to law and justice, will, we trust, bring about so much of what her friends desire, that the rest may be calmly waited for, with thankfulness for what shall have been obtained.

Let it not be thought unbecoming in a layman to have treated at length a subject with which the clergy are more intimately conversant. All may, without impropriety, speak of what deeply concerns all; nor need an apology be offered for going over ground which has been trod before so ably and so often: without pretending, however, to anything of novelty, either in matter or manner, something may have been offered to view which will save the writer from the imputation of having little to recommend his labour but goodness of intention.

It was with reference to thoughts and feelings expressed in verse, that I entered upon the above notices, and with verse I will conclude. The passage is extracted from my MSS. written above thirty years ago: it turns upon the individual dignity which humbleness of social condition does not preclude, but frequently promotes. It has no direct bearing upon clubs for the discussion of public affairs, nor upon political or trade-unions; but if a single workman—who, being a member of one of those clubs, runs the risk of becoming an

agitator, or who, being enrolled in a union, must be left without a will of his own, and therefore a slave—should read these lines, and be touched by them, I should indeed rejoice, and little would I care for losing credit as a poet with intemperate critics, who think differently from me upon political philosophy or public measures, if the sober-minded admit that, in general views, my affections have been moved, and my imagination exercised, under and *for* the guidance of reason.

“ Here might I pause, and bend in reverence
To Nature, and the power of human minds ;
To men as they are men within themselves.
How oft high service is performed within,
When all the external man is rude in show ;
Not like a temple rich with pomp and gold,
But a mere mountain chapel that protects
Its simple worshippers from sun and shower !
Of these, said I, shall be my song ; of these,
If future years mature me for the task,
Will I record the praises, making verse
Deal boldly with substantial things—in truth
And sanctity of passion, speak of these,
That justice may be done, obeisance paid
Where it is due. Thus haply shall I teach,
Inspire, through unadulterated ears
Pour rapture, tenderness, and hope ; my theme
No other than the very heart of man,
As found among the best of those who live,
Not unexalted by religious faith,
Nor uninformed by books, good books, though few,

In Nature's presence : thence may I select
Sorrow that is not sorrow, but delight,
And miserable love that is not pain
To hear of, for the glory that redounds
Therefrom to human kind, and what we are.
Be mine to follow with no timid step
Where knowledge leads me ; it shall be my pride
That I have dared to tread this holy ground,
Speaking no dream, but things oracular,
Matter not lightly to be heard by those
Who to the letter of the outward promise
Do read the invisible soul ; by men adroit
In speech, and for communion with the world
Accomplished, minds whose faculties are then
Most active when they are most eloquent,
And elevated most when most admired.
Men may be found of other mould than these ;
Who are their own upholders, to themselves
Encouragement and energy, and will ;
Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively words
As native passion dictates. Others, too,
There are, among the walks of homely life,
Still higher, men for contemplation framed ;
Shy, and unpractised in the strife of phrase ;
Meek men, whose very souls perhaps would sink
Beneath them, summoned to such intercourse.
Theirs is the language of the heavens, the power,
The thought, the image, and the silent joy :
Words are but under-agents in their souls ;
When they are grasping with their greatest
strength
They do not breathe among them ; this I speak
In gratitude to God, who feeds our hearts
For his own service, knoweth, loveth us,
When we are unregarded by the world.”

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF WORDSWORTH:

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL LIST of the WRITINGS in VERSE and PROSE of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, Published from 1793 to 1888; arranged in Chronological Order, with NOTES; also a LIST OF BIOGRAPHIES and BEST CRITICAL ARTICLES. Compiled by J. R. TUTIN.

[PREFATORY NOTE.—My plan in preparing the following list of Editions of Wordsworth's Verse and Prose has been to include not only every distinctive Edition published during the Poet's life, but every authoritative and worthy edition published since his death. Cheap reprints (inedited) and School Editions of Selections I have not thought it necessary to enumerate.]

1

AN EVENING WALK. An Epistle; in verse. Addressed to a Young Lady, from the Lakes of the North of England. By W. Wordsworth, B.A., of St. John's, Cambridge. London: printed for J. Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard, 1793. 4to. Boards.

Collation.—Title; Argument and Errata, 2 leaves; pp. 27.

2

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES. In verse. Taken during a pedestrian tour in the Italian, Grison, Swiss, and Savoyard Alps. By W. Wordsworth, B.A., of St. John's, Cambridge. *Loca pastorum deserta atque otia dia.—Lucret.* *Castella in tumulis.—Et longe saltus lateque vacantes.—Virgil.* London: printed for J. Johnson, St. Paul's Churchyard, 1793. 4to. Boards.

Collation.—Title; Errata, 1 leaf; Dedication to the Rev. Robert Jones, 1 leaf; Argument, 1 leaf; pp. 55.

3

LYRICAL BALLADS, with a few other Poems. Joseph Cottle, Bristol, 1798. 12mo. Boards.

LYRICAL BALLADS, with a few other Poems. London: printed for J. & A. Arch, Gracechurch Street, 1798. 12mo. Boards.

Collation.—Title and Advertisement, pp. i-v; Text, pp. 1-210.

Notes.—These are both the same Edition, but the larger portion of the copies bear the name of Arch as publisher, the Bristol publisher having sold to Arch the greater number of copies printed.

Four of the poems in this Edition were by S. T. Coleridge. Their titles are:—"The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere;" "The Foster-Mother's Tale;" "The Nightingale, a Conversational Poem;" and "The Dungeon."

4

LYRICAL BALLADS, with other Poems. In two volumes. By W. Wordsworth. *Quam nihil ad genium, Papiniane,*

tuum ! Vol. I. Second Edition. [Vol. II.] London : printed for T. N. Longman and O. Rees, Paternoster Row, by Biggs and Co., Bristol. 1800. 12mo. Paper boards.

Collation.—Vol. I.—pp. xlv, 215 (including five pages of Notes, unnumbered); Title and Contents, pp. i-iv; Preface, pp. v-xlv; Text of Poems, pp. 1-210; Notes, pp. 211-215. Vol. II.—pp. iv, 228; Title and Contents, pp. i-iv; Text, pp. 1-225; Notes, pp. 226-7; Errata list, p. 228.

Notes.—In the first volume of this Edition there is one poem (by Coleridge) which is not included in the Edition of 1798. It is entitled "Love." The second volume is a first Edition, the poems it contains being here printed for the first time. The lengthy preface given in Volume I. is the original form in which Wordsworth's poetical theory was expressed. It was included in the 1802 and 1805 Editions of Lyrical Ballads, and, in an expanded form, in every Collective Edition of his poems.

5

LYRICAL BALLADS, with Pastoral and other Poems. In two volumes. By W. Wordsworth. Quam nihil ad genium, Papiniane, tuum ! Third Edition. London : printed for T. N. Longman & O. Rees, Paternoster-Row, by Biggs and Cottle, Crane-Court, Fleet-Street. 1802. 12mo. Boards.

Collation.—Vol. I.—pp. lxiv, 200, and 2 leaves of Notes. Vol. II.—Contents, 1 leaf; pp. 247; and 1 leaf Notes.

Notes.—This Edition is mainly a reproduction of the two volumes of 1800; there is additional matter in the preface, which makes it 24 pages longer than in the previous Edition; and there are a few variations of text. These volumes were republished in Philadelphia, U.S.A., in one volume in 1802.

6

LYRICAL BALLADS, with Pastoral and other Poems. In two volumes. By W. Wordsworth. Quam nihil ad genium, Papiniane, tuum ! Fourth Edition. London : printed for Longman, Hurst,

Rees, & Orme, by R. Taylor and Co. 38 Shoe Lane. 1805. 12mo. Boards.

Collation.—Vol. I.—pp. lxiv, 200; Title, Contents, and Preface, pp. i-lxiv; Text, pp. 1-200; Notes, 1 leaf. Vol. II.—pp. iv, 248; Title and Contents, 2 leaves. Text and Notes, pp. 1-248.

Note.—A reprint of the 1802 Edition with a few slight variations of text.

7

POEMS, in two volumes, By William Wordsworth, Author of the Lyrical Ballads. *Posterius graviore sono tibi Musa loquetur Nostra: dabunt cum securos mihi tempora fructus.* Vol. I. [Vol. II.] London : printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, Paternoster Row. 1807. 12mo. Paper boards.

Collation.—Vol. I. pp. viii (unnumbered), 158; Titles and Contents, pp. viii; Poems, pp. 1-152; Notes, 153-158. Vol. II.—pp. viii (unnumbered), 170; Titles and Contents, pp. i-viii; Poems, pp. 1-158; Notes, pp. 159-170.

8

CONCERNING THE RELATIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN, SPAIN, AND PORTUGAL, TO EACH OTHER, AND TO THE COMMON ENEMY, AT THIS CRISIS; and specially as affected by the Convention of Cintra: *The whole brought to the test those principles by which alone the Independence and Freedom of Nations can be Preserved or Recovered.* Qui dicit patriæ quid debeat;—Quod conscripti, quod iudicis officium; quod Partes in bellum missi ducis. By William Wordsworth. London : printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, Paternoster-Row. 1809. 8vo.

Collation.—Pp. 216; Appendix, pp. 193-216.

9

THE EXCURSION, being a portion of The Recluse, a Poem. By William Wordsworth. London : printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster Row. 1814. 4to. Paper boards.

Collation.—Pp. xx, 447; Titles, Dedicatory Sonnet, and Preface, pp. i-xiv; Text of Poem, pp. 1-423; Errata leaf (inserted, unpagéd); Summary of Contents, pp. xv-xx (inserted here in error); Notes (including "Essay on Epitaphs"), pp. 431-447.

Note.—The "Essay on Epitaphs" inserted in the Notes to this volume was originally published in *The Friend* February 22, 1810.

10

POEMS BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: including Lyrical Ballads, and the Miscellaneous Pieces of the Author. With additional Poems, a new Preface, and a Supplementary Essay. In two volumes. Vol. I. [Vol. II.] London: printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster Row. 1815. Demy 8vo. Paper boards.

Collation.—Vol. I.—pp. lii, 375; Title, Dedication (to Sir George Beaumont), Preface, Contents, and Errata and Corrections (to both volumes), pp. i-iii; Poems, pp. 1-337; Notes p. 339; Essay, pp. 341-375. Vol. II.—pp. ii, 440; Title, pp. i-ii; Poems, pp. 1-355; Notes, pp. 357-361; Preface (to "Lyrical Ballads"), pp. 363-440.

Notes.—This is the first collected Edition (to date) of Wordsworth's Poems, excluding "The Excursion." In it the poet for the first time arranges the pieces under various headings, viz. "Poems referring to the Period of Childhood," "Juvenile Pieces," "Poems founded on the Affections," etc.

Facing title of Vol. I. is an Engraving by Bromley from a picture by Sir George Beaumont; Vol. II. has an Engraving of Peel Castle after the same painter.

11

THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE; or The Fate of the Nortons. A Poem. By William Wordsworth. London: printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster-row, by James Ballantyne and Co., Edinburgh. 1815. 4to. Boards.

Collation.—Pp. xi, 162; Title, Advertisement, Mottoes, and Dedicatory Verses

("In trellis'd shed"), pp. i-xi; Text, pp. 1-138; Notes, pp. 139-162.

Notes.—The poem "The Force of Prayer" follows the "White Doe"; and facing title is an Engraving by Bromley from a painting by Sir George Beaumont.

12

A LETTER TO A FRIEND OF ROBERT BURNS: occasioned by an intended republication of the account of the Life of Burns, by Dr. Currie; and of the Selection made by him from his Letters. By William Wordsworth. London: printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster Row. 1816. 8vo.

Collation.—Pp. 37.

13

THANKSGIVING ODE, January 18, 1816. With other short Pieces, chiefly referring to Recent Public Events. By William Wordsworth. London: printed by Thomas Davison, Whitefriars; for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster-Row. 1816. Demy 8vo.

Collation.—Pp. ix, 52; Title and Advertisement, pp. i-ix; Contents, p. xii; Poems, pp. 1-52.

14

TWO ADDRESSES TO THE FREEHOLDERS OF WESTMORELAND. Kendal: Printed by Airey and Bellingham, 1818. 8vo.

Collation.—Pp. 74, and 2 leaves of Notes.

15

PETER BELL, a tale in verse, by William Wordsworth. London: Printed by Strahan and Spottiswoode, Printers Street; for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster Row. 1819. Demy 8vo. Boards.

Collation.—Pp. vii, 88.

Note.—Facing title there is an Engraving by Bromley from a painting by Sir George Beaumont. In addition to "Peter Bell," the volume contains four sonnets.

16

THE WAGGONER, a Poem, to which are added, Sonnets. By William Words-

worth. "*What's in a NAME?* Brutus will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar*." London: printed by Strahan & Spottiswoode, Printers-Street, for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Brown, Paternoster-Row, 1819. Demy 8vo. Boards.

Collation.—Pp. iv, 68; Title and Dedication, pp. i-iv; Poems, pp. 5-68.

17

PETER BELL, *A Tale in Verse*, by William Wordsworth. Second Edition. London: printed by Strahan and Spottiswoode, Printers-Street, for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster-Row. 1819. Demy 8vo. Boards.

Collation.—Same as No. 15.

Notes.—The Note to No. 15 applies also to this second Edition. There are a few variations of text (in "*Peter Bell*") from the previous issue, and only the first and second Editions contain the oft-quoted stanza—

"Is it a party in a parlour?
Cramm'd just as they on earth were cramm'd—
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
But, as you by their faces see,
All silent and all damn'd!"

18

THE RIVER DUDDON, *a Series of Sonnets: Vaudracour and Julia: and other Poems. To which is annexed, a Topographical Description of the Country of the Lakes, in the North of England.* By William Wordsworth. London: Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster Row. 1820. Demy 8vo. Paper boards.

Collation.—Pp. viii, 321; Title, Dedication, Advertisement, and Contents, pp. i-viii. Poems and Notes, pp. 1-212; Description of the Lakes, pp. 213-321.

[In 1820 the four separate publications, "*The Waggoner*," etc.; "*Thanksgiving Ode*," etc.; "*Peter Bell*," etc.; and "*The River Duddon*," "*Vaudracour and Julia*," etc., were all bound up together with their separate title-pages, and issued under the title, *Poems by William Wordsworth*, making Vol. III. of the *Miscellaneous Poems*.]

19

THE MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. In four volumes. Vol. I. [Vol. II., Vol. III., Vol. IV.] London: printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster Row 1820. Fcap. 8vo. Paper boards.

Collation.—Vol. I.—pp. xlvii, 317. Title, Dedication, Advertisement, Preface and Contents, pp. i-xlvii; Poems, pp. 1-317; after which follows a leaf of "Errata" for the four volumes. Vol. II.—pp. vii, 347; Title and Contents, pp. vii; Poems and Notes, pp. 1-347. Vol. III.—pp. xi, 338; Title and Contents, pp. i-xi; Poems, pp. 1-298; Essay, pp. 299-338. Vol. IV.—pp. viii, 331; Title and Contents, pp. i-viii; Poems and Notes, pp. 1-285; Preface (to "*Lyrical Ballads*") and Appendix (on "*Poetic Diction*"), pp. 325-331.

Notes.—To each volume there is an Engraving, two of which first appeared in the two volumes of *Poems* published in 1815, one in the quarto "*White Doe*" (1815), and one in "*Peter Bell*" (1819). The "Advertisement" states that this Edition contains the whole of the published poems (to date) of the Author, with the exception of "*The Excursion*," and that a few Sonnets "are now first published." This edition was republished at Boston, U.S.A. in 1824, in 4 vols. 12mo.

20

THE EXCURSION being a portion of *THE RECLUSE, A Poem*. By William Wordsworth. Second Edition. London: printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, 1820. Demy 8vo. Paper boards.

Collation.—Pp. xx, 452; Titles, Dedication, Sonnet, Preface, and Summary of Contents, pp. i-xx; Text of Poem, pp. 1-423; Notes (including "*Essay on Epitaphs*"), pp. 425-452.

21

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT, 1820. By William Wordsworth. London: printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster Row, 1822. Demy 8vo. Paper boards.

Collation.—Pp. viii, 103; Titles, Dedication (a Sonnet), and Contents, pp. i-viii; Poems, pp. 1-79; Notes, pp. 81-103.

22

ECCLESIASTICAL SKETCHES By William Wordsworth. London: printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster-Row. 1822. Demy 8vo. Paper boards.

Collation.—Pp. x, 123; Titles and Advertisement, pp. i-vi; Contents, pp. vii-x; Poems (Sonnets), pp. 1-108; Notes, pp. 109-123.

Notes.—In after-editions Wordsworth added to this series of Sonnets, the one-volume, (1845) edition containing 132. This, the first edition, contains 102.

23

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENERY OF THE LAKES IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND. Third Edition (now first published separately), with additions, and illustrative remarks upon the Scenery of the Alps. By William Wordsworth. London: printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster-Row. 1822. 12mo. Boards.

Collation.—Pp. iv, 156. Preceding title is a map of the Lake District; Title and Contents, pp. i-iv; Text pp. 1-156.

Note.—A portion of this book originally appeared as an Introduction to Wilkinson's *Select Views* [48] in *Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire*, published in 1810. In 1820 it was included in the volume, "The River Uddon: A Series of Sonnets," etc. (See No. 18.)

24

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. In five volumes. Vol. I. [Vol. II.-V.] London: printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, Paternoster-Row. 1827. Fcap. 8vo. Paper boards.

Collation.—Vol. I. pp. xlvii, 354; Title, Dedication (to Sir Geo. Beaumont), and Preface (to the two 8vo vols. of 1815), pp. i-xliv; Contents, pp. xlv-xlvii; Poems, pp. 1-354. Vol. II.—pp. viii, 391; Title

and Contents, pp. i-viii; Poems pp. 1-349; Notes, pp. 351-356; Essay, supplementary to the Preface, pp. 357-391. Vol. III.—pp. xvi, 455; Titles and Contents, pp. i-xvi; Poems, pp. 1-444; Notes, pp. 445-455. Vol. IV.—pp. vii, 397; Title and Contents, pp. i-vii, Poems, pp. 1-355; Preface (to "Lyrical Ballads"), pp. 357-389; Appendix (on "Poetic Diction"), pp. 391-397. Vol. V.—pp. xvii, 421; Titles, Dedictory Sonnet, Preface, and Contents, pp. i-xvii; Poem ("The Excursion"), pp. 1-391; Notes, including "Essay on Epitaphs," pp. 393-421. (Errata leaves are inserted after Contents in Vols. I., II., III., IV., and V.)

Notes.—"In these volumes will be found the whole of the Author's published poems, for the first time collected in a uniform edition, with several new pieces interspersed."—*Advertisement by the Author.*

This Edition was republished, in one volume, at Paris in 1828. See No. 25.

25

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Complete in one volume. (Woodcut of Harp, etc.) Paris published by A. and W. Galignani, No. 18, Rue Vivienne. 1828. Demy 8vo. Paper boards.

Collation.—Pp. xvi, 340; Titles, Advertisement, and Contents, pp. i-xii; Memoir, pp. xiii-xvi; Preface and Poems, 1-340.

Notes.—Facing title-page is an engraved portrait of Wordsworth by Wedgewood, after the painting by Carruthers. This Edition is a reprint of the 5 vol. London Edition published in 1827.

26

SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ., chiefly for the use of schools and Young Persons. [Motto from *Rasselas*.] London: Edward Moxon, 64 New Bond Street, 1831. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

Collation.—Pp. xvi, 365; Title, Dedication, Preface, and Contents, pp. i-xvi; Text, pp. 1-365.

Notes.—This selection was republished in slightly different form in 1834. See No. 28. The selection was made by Joseph Hine.

27

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. A new Edition. In four volumes. Vol. I. [Vol. II., Vol. III., Vol. IV.] London: Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, & Longman, Paternoster-Row. 1832. Fcap. 8vo. Paper boards.

Collation.—Vol. I.—pp. xlvii, 343; Titles, Dedication, Advertisement, and Preface, pp. i-xli; Contents, pp. xlii-xlvii, one leaf of Errata for the four volumes; Poems, pp. 1-310; Essay, supplementary to Preface, pp. 311-342; note, p. 343. Vol. II.—pp. xv, 377; Titles and Contents pp. i-xv; Poems, pp. 1-364; Notes, pp. 365-377. Vol. III.—pp. xi, 358; Titles and Contents, pp. i-xi; Poems (with notes), pp. 1-322; Preface (to "Lyrical Ballads"), pp. 323-352; Appendix (on "Poetic Diction"), pp. 353-358. Vol. IV.—pp. viii, 357; Titles and Contents, pp. i-viii; Poem ("The Excursion"), with Preface and Dedictory Sonnet, pp. 1-326; Notes, including the "Essay upon Epitaphs," pp. 327-357.

Note.—The "Advertisement" to this Edition is as follows:—"The contents of the last Edition in five volumes are compressed into the present of four, with some additional pieces reprinted from miscellaneous publications."

28

SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ., chiefly for the use of Schools and young persons. [Motto from *Rasselas*.] London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. MDCCCXXXIV. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth.

Collation.—Pp. xvi, 326.

Note.—This selection was made by Joseph Hine, and was first issued (in different form) in 1831. See No. 26.

29

YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS. By William Wordsworth. "Poets . . .

dwell on earth To clothe whate'er the soul admires and loves With language and with numbers."—*Akenside*. London: printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, & Longman, Paternoster-Row; and Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1835. Fcap. 8vo. Paper Boards.

Collation.—Pp. xv, 349. Titles, Dedication, Advertisement, and Contents, pp. i-xv; Poems and Postscript, pp. 1-349.

30

A GUIDE THROUGH THE DISTRICT OF THE LAKES IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND, with a Description of the Scenery &c. For the use of Tourists and Residents. Fifth Edition, with considerable additions. By William Wordsworth. Kendal: published by Hudson and Nicholson; and in London by Longman & Co., Moxon, and Whittaker and Co., 1835. 12mo. Cloth.

Collation.—Pp. xxiv, 139. Fronting Title is a "Map of the Lakes"; Title and Contents take up 2 leaves (unpaged); "Directions and information for the Tourist," pp. i-xxiv; "Description of the Scenery," pp. 1-112; "Excursions," pp. 112-134; "Itinerary of the Lakes," pp. 135-139.

31

YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS. By William Wordsworth. "Poets . . . dwell on earth To clothe whate'er the soul admires and loves With language and with numbers."—*Akenside*. Second Edition. London: printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, & Longman, Paternoster Row; and Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1836. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth.

Collation.—Pp. xii, 323. Title, Dedication, Advertisement, and Contents, pp. i-xii; Poems and Postscript, pp. 1-323.

32

THE EXCURSION. A Poem. By William Wordsworth. A New Edition. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. MDCCCXXXVI. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth.

Collation.—Pp. xv, 374.

Note.—A page for page reprint of Vol. VI. of the 1836-37 Edition. Reprinted in 1841, 1844, and 1847.

33

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. A New Edition. In six volumes. Vol. I. (Vol. II.-VI.) London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street, MDCCCXXXVI. - MDCCCXXXVII. Fcap 8vo. Cloth.

Collation.—Vol. I.—pp. xlviii, 313; Titles, Dedication, Advertisement, Preface to the Edition of 1815, and Contents, pp. i-xlviii; Poems, pp. 1-310; Notes, pp. 311-313. Vol. II.—pp. viii, 351: Titles and Contents, pp. i-viii; Poems, pp. 1-302; Preface to "Lyrical Ballads," pp. 303-337; Appendix, pp. 339-345; Notes, pp. 347-351. Vol. III.—pp. xii, 355: Titles and Contents, pp. i-xii; Poems, pp. 1-313; Essay, supplementary to the Preface, pp. 315-352; Notes, pp. 353-355. Vol. IV.—pp. xi, 364: Title and Contents, pp. i-xi; Poems, pp. 1-310; Postscript, Notes, etc., pp. 311-364. Vol. V.—pp. xi, 412: Titles and Contents, pp. i-xi; Poems, pp. 1-345; Postscript, 1835, pp. 347-373; Notes, pp. 375-388; Index to the Poems, pp. 389-396; Index to the First Lines, pp. 397-412. Vol. VI.—pp. xvii, 374: Titles, pp. i-iv; Dedictory Sonnet, Preface, and Contents to "The Excursion," pp. v-xvi; Poem, pp. 1-343; Notes (including "Essay on Epitaphs"), pp. 345-372. ("Errata" leaves are inserted after Contents in Vols. I. and VI.)

Notes.—This Edition includes the poems published in 1835, in the Volume entitled, "Yarrow Revisited," etc. Vols. I. and II. are dated 1836; the remaining four 1837. The Edition was stereotyped, and reprinted in 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, 1846, 1849, etc., but there are a few slight variations of text, etc., from the 1836-37 Edition. The variations, however, do not warrant a separate description of their titles and contents. All the issues after 1841 include the Volume, "Poems of Early and Late Years," as Vol. VII., and after 1850 "The Prelude" was added, making an eighth volume.

The frontispiece to Vol. I. of this 1836-37 Edition is a steel engraved portrait of the Poet by Watt, from the painting by Pickersgill. It was repeated in the 1840, 1841, and following Editions.

(In 1837 an American reprint of the poetical works of Wordsworth was published, edited by Professor Reed. It contained the poems issued in London in 5 vols. in 1827, and the contents of the Volume, "Yarrow Revisited," etc., published in 1835. It was a Royal 8vo double-column edition, and had a portrait from a painting by W. Boxall. After the Poet's death Professor Reed published a revised and complete Edition, which included not only the whole of the poems published by Wordsworth in 1849-50, but "The Prelude," and one or two pieces which have never been included in any other collective Edition of his works.)

34

THE SONNETS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Collected in one volume, with a few additional ones, now first published. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1838. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth.

Collation.—Pp. xi, 477; Title, Contents, etc., pp. i-xi; Text, pp. 1-448; Notes, pp. 449-477.

Note.—This collective Edition of the Sonnets was reprinted, with an Essay on the History of the English Sonnet, by the late Archbishop Trench, in 1884. See No. 62.

35

YARROW REVISITED; and Other Poems. By William Wordsworth. [Woodcut, Cupid with a Harp.] London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. MDCCCXXXIX. 18mo. Cloth.

Collation.—Pp. xi, 249; Titles and Contents, pp. i-xi; Text, pp. 1-249.

Note.—This Pocket Edition of "Yarrow Revisited," etc., is the third separate issue of the Poem. It seems to have been intended as a supplementary volume to the four vol. Edition of 1832, as the sheets of it are all imprinted "Vol. V.," but I have no direct proof that it was ever so issued.

36

POEMS, CHIEFLY OF EARLY AND LATE YEARS; including *The Borderers*, a Tragedy. By William Wordsworth. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1842. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth.

Collation.—Pp. xii, 405; Title and Contents, pp. i-viii; Prelude ("In desultory walk," etc.), pp. ix-xi; Erratum, p. xii; Advertisement, pp. 1-4; Poems, pp. 5-397; Notes, pp. 399-405.

Notes.—In the Advertisement the Author states that about one-third of the Poem "Guilt and Sorrow" was published in the year 1798, under the title of "The Female Vagrant," and was written in 1794. This volume, with an additional title, was added to the collected edition in 1843, and formed Vol. VII.

37

SELECT PIECES FROM THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. London: James Burns 1843. Sq. 12mo.

Collation.—Pp. viii, 240.

Note.—I have not been able to ascertain the name of the compiler of this selection. The little volume is dedicated "to her Most Sacred Majesty, Victoria."

[About this date (1843) there was a selection from Wordsworth's Poems made by Henry Reed, and published by Leavitt and Co., New York.]

38

KENDAL AND WINDERMERE RAILWAY.

Two Letters, reprinted from the Morning Post. Revised, with additions. Kendal: printed by R. Branthwaite and Son [1844].

Collation.—Pp. 23; Title and Sonnet, pp. 1-3; Letters, pp. 5-23.

39

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, D.C.L., Poet Laureate, etc. etc. A New Edition. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. MDCCCXLV. Royal 8vo. Cloth.

Collation.—Pp. xxiv, 619; Title, Motto ("If thou indeed derive thy light") and Contents, pp. i-xxiv; Poems, pp. 1-535;

Notes, pp. 537-566; Appendix, Prefaces, etc., pp. 567-608; Index to Poems and Index to first lines, pp. 609-619.

Notes.—This Edition was frequently re-published; the Editions after 1830 or 1851 include "The Prelude," and the Edition 1869 has "nine additional poems" dated 1846. The addition of "The Prelude" and "nine additional poems" increases the number of pages to 704. All copies contain an engraved portrait from the bust by Chantrey, and a Vignette Title-page containing a picture of Rydal Mount.

40

ODE, performed in the Senate-House Cambridge, on the sixth of July M.DCCC.XLVII. At the first commencement after the Installation of his Royal Highness the Prince Albert Chancellor of the University. Cambridge: printed at the University Press 1847. 4to. Paper wrapper.

Collation.—Pp. 8, including Title.

41

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, D.C.L., Poet Laureate, etc. etc. In six volumes. Vol. I. [Vol. II., Vol. III., Vol. IV., Vol. V., Vol. VI.] A new Edition. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. MDCCCXLIX. [—MDCCCL] 16mo. Cloth.

Collation.—Vol. I.—pp. x, 299; Titles and Motto ("If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven") and Contents, pp. i-x; Poems, pp. 1-297; Notes, 298-299. Vol. II.—pp. xii, 327; Titles and Contents, pp. i-xii; Poems, pp. 1-321; Notes, pp. 322-327. Vol. III.—pp. xiv, 271; Titles and Contents, pp. i-xiv; Poems, pp. 1-238; Notes, pp. 239-271. Vol. IV.—pp. xvi, 292; Titles and Contents, pp. i-xvi; Poems, pp. 1-272; Notes, pp. 273-292, and "additional note" on following leaf (unpaged). Vol. V.—pp. viii, 307; Titles and Contents, pp. i-viii; Poems, pp. 1-154; Notes, pp. 155-156; Appendix, Prefaces, etc., pp. 157-279; Index to Poems, pp. 281-290; Index to first lines, pp. 291-307. Vol. VI.—pp. vi, 301; Titles and Contents, pp. i-vi; Poem ("The

Excursion," with Dedicatory Sonnet and Preface), pp. 1-281; Notes, pp. 283-301.

Note.—Vols. I. and II. are dated 1849, and Vols. III.-VI., 1850. "The Excursion," forming the sixth volume of this Edition, was reprinted separately in 1851, 1853, and 1857.

[No. 41 is the last Edition issued during the poet's lifetime.]

42

THE PRELUDE, OR GROWTH OF A POET'S MIND; an Autobiographical Poem. By William Wordsworth. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1850. Demy 8vo. Cloth.

Collation.—Pp. x, 374; Titles, Advertisement, and Contents, pp. i-x; Text, pp. 1-372; Notes, pp. 373-4.

43

THE PRELUDE, OR GROWTH OF A POET'S MIND; an Autobiographical Poem; By William Wordsworth. Second Edition. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1851. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth.

Collation.—Pp. x, 304; Titles, Advertisement, and Contents, pp. i-x; Text, pp. 1-302; Notes, pp. 303-4.

Note.—This was issued uniform with the seven-volume Edition of the Poetical Works, and formed Vol. VIII.

[In 1854 Messrs. Little, Brown, and Co., of Boston, U.S.A., published an Edition of Wordsworth's Poetical Works in seven volumes, with a memoir (unsigned) by James Russell Lowell. This Edition was re-issued in 1880 in their series of "The British Poets." These, along with Professor Reed's Editions of 1837 and 1851, are the most satisfactory American Editions of the poems.]

44

SELECT PIECES FROM THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. London: Edward Moxon [1855]. Sq. 12mo.

Collation.—Pp. viii, 264.

45

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. In six volumes. Vol.

I. [Vols. II.-VI.] A new Edition. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street, 1857. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth.

Collation.—Vol. I.—pp. xii, 362; Titles, Advertisement, Motto, and Contents, pp. i-xii; Text, pp. 1-360; Notes, pp. 361-362. Vol. II.—pp. xii, 377; Titles and Contents, pp. i-xii; Text, pp. 1-370, Notes, pp. 371-377. Vol. III.—pp. xii, 368; Titles and Contents, pp. i-xii; Text, pp. 1-328; Notes, pp. 329-368. Vol. IV.—pp. xvi, 395; Titles and Contents, pp. i-xvi; Text, pp. 1-374; Notes, pp. 375-395. Vol. V.—pp. viii, 368; Titles and Contents, pp. i-viii; Text, pp. 1-366; Notes, pp. 367-368. Vol. VI.—pp. vi, 454; Titles and Contents, pp. i-vi; Text, pp. 1-304; Notes, pp. 305-322; Appendix, Prefaces, Indices, pp. 323-454.

Notes.—This Edition was reprinted in 1870 (and called "The Centenary Edition"), in 1881, and in 1882, on thick crown 8vo paper. In this Edition the Fenwick notes to the poems (notes dictated by the poet to Miss Fenwick) are first printed, and form the prefatory notes to the poems explained.

46

THE EARLIER POEMS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Corrected as in the latest Editions. With Preface, and Notes showing the text as it stood in 1815. By William Johnston. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1857. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth.

Collation.—Pp. xxxvi, 435; Titles, Dedication, and Preface, pp. i-xxvi; Contents, xxvii-xxxvi; Text, pp. 1-435.

47

THE DESERTED COTTAGE By William Wordsworth. Illustrated with twenty-one designs by Birket Foster, J. Wolf, and John Gilbert, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. London: George Routledge and Co., Farringdon Street. New York: 18 Beekman Street. 1859. Small 4to. Cloth.

Collation.—Pp. 114.

Note.—Most of the illustrations to this volume were afterwards reproduced in the

selection from the poems edited by Rev. R. A. Willmott, and published by the same firm in the same year.

48

POEMS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Selected and Edited by Robert Aris Willmott, Incumbent of Bear Wood. Illustrated with one hundred designs by Birket Foster, J. Wolf, and John Gilbert, Engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. London: George Routledge and Co., Farringdon Street. New York: 18, Beekman Street, MDCCCLIX. Small 4to. Cloth.

Collation.—Pp. xvi, 388; Frontispiece, Title, Preface, Contents, and List of Illustrations, pp. i-xvi; Poems, pp. 1-384; Notes, 385-388.

49

THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE; OR, THE FATE OF THE NORTONS. By William Wordsworth. [With Illustrations by H. N. Humphreys and Birket Foster.] London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, and Roberts. 1859. Small 4to.

Collation.—Pp. 165; Title, Introduction, Text, etc., pp. 1-156; Notes, pp. 157-165.

Note.—This illustrated Edition of "The White Doe" was re-issued in a different form, in 1867, by Bell and Daldy. See No. 53.

50

PASSAGES FROM "THE EXCURSION," by William Wordsworth, Illustrated with Etchings on Steel by Agnes Fraser. London: published by Paul and Dominic Colnaghi and Co., publishers to Her Majesty, 13 and 14 Pall Mall East, 1859. Oblong 4to. *Contains eleven plates.*

51

THE SELECT POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Copyright Edition. In two volumes. Vol. I. [Vol. II.] Leipzig Bernhard Tauchnitz 1864.

Collation.—Vol. I.—pp. xii., 411. Vol. II.—pp. xvi, 400.

Notes.—This forms Vols. 707 and 708 of Tauchnitz's "Collection of British Authors." Though called "The Select Poetical Works," the selecting has been

done in a very haphazard sort of way. As an instance of the editor's discrimination I may mention that the immortal lines on "Tintern Abbey" are not included!

52

MOXON'S MINIATURE POETS. A Selection from the Works of William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate. Selected and arranged by Francis Turner Palgrave. London: Edward Moxon & Co., Dover Street. 1865. Sq. 12mo. Cloth.

Collation.—Pp. xxviii, 279. A steel portrait of the Poet "from an original bust" faces title; Title and Preface, pp. i-xxi; Contents, pp. xxiii-xxviii; Text, pp. 1-279.

Note.—This selection was re-issued in 1869; and, recently, in a small pocket Edition.

53

THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE; OR, THE FATE OF THE NORTONS. By William Wordsworth. [Woodcut of a Doe.] London: Bell and Daldy, 186 Fleet Street. 1867. Small 4to. Cloth.

Collation.—Pp. xvi, 17-128; Titles, List of Illustrations, and Introduction, pp. i-xvi; Dedictory Poem ("In trellised shed") and "White Doe," pp. 17-123. Notes, pp. 124-128.

Notes.—This Edition contains forty-two illustrations "designed by Birket Foster and H. N. Humphreys. Engraved by Henry N. Woods." It is a reprint, in a different form, of No. 49.

54

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. (The only complete cheap Edition.) Edited, with a critical Memoir, by William Michael Rossetti. Illustrated by artistic etchings by Edwin Edwards. London: E. Moxon, Son, & Co., Dover Street [1870]. Small 4to.

Collation.—Pp. xxiv, 568.

Note.—See Notes to No. 55.

55

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. [The only complete

cheap Edition.] Edited, with a critical Memoir, by William Michael Rossetti. Illustrated by Henry Dell. London: E. Moxon, Son, & Co., Dover Street. N.D. Post 8vo. Cloth.

Collation.—Pp. xxiv, 568; Titles and Contents, pp. i-xiv; Prefatory Notice, pp. xv-xxiv; Poems, pp. 1-497; Notes, pp. 499-534; Appendix, Prefaces, etc., pp. 535-568.

Notes.—There is an engraved portrait to this Edition. It is from one of the portraits of the poet by Miss Gillies. The engraving first appeared in Volume I. of *The New Spirit of the Age*, Edited by R. H. Horne. The date of the first publication of this Edition is not given, but it was 1870. It is a reprint, on smaller paper, of No. 54.

56

THE PROSE WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. For the first time collected, with additions from unpublished manuscripts. Edited, with Preface, Notes and Illustrations, by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, St. George's, Blackburn, Lancashire. In three volumes. Vol. I. Political and Ethical. [Vol. II. Æsthetical and Literary.] [Vol. III. Critical and Ethical.] London: Edward Moxon, Son, and Co., 1 Amen Corner, Paternoster Row. 1876. [*All rights reserved.*] Demy 8vo. Cloth.

Collation.—Vol. I.—pp. xxxviii, 360; Titles, Dedication ("To the Queen;" with poem by Wordsworth not previously published), and Preface, pp. i-xxxviii; Contents, one leaf; Text, pp. 1-356; Notes and Illustrations, pp. 357-360. Vol. II.—pp. iv, 347; Title and Contents, pp. i-iv; Text, pp. 1-341; Notes and Illustrations, pp. 343-347. Vol. III.—pp. xii, 516; Titles and Contents, pp. i-xii; Text, pp. 1-504; Notes and Illustrations, pp. 505-516.

Note.—There was also a private issue of this Edition printed on hand-made paper, with portrait, facsimiles, and autotype plates, of which there were only 112 copies.

57

THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT as inter-

preted in the Poems of Wordsworth By William Knight Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy in the University of St. Andrews Edinburgh David Douglas. 1878. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth.

Collation.—Pp. xxiv, 248; Titles, Contents, and Preface, pp. i-xxiv; Text, pp. 1-248.

Notes.—This little book is an attempt to explain Wordsworth's numerous allusions, in his poems, to localities in the English Lake District. Nearly all the poems, or portions of poems, containing such allusions, are here given, with a mass of topographical detail. It may not inappropriately be included in this Bibliography, as it is a good collection of Wordsworth's pieces associated with the District.

58

POEMS OF WORDSWORTH chosen and edited by Matthew Arnold [Engraved portrait by C. H. Jeens, after the "Wordsworth upon Helvellyn" portrait by Haydon.] London Macmillan and Co., 1879. 18mo. Cloth.

Collation.—Pp. xxxi, 325; Fly leaf (with motto), Title, and Preface, pp. i-xxvi; Contents, xxvii-xxx; Poems, pp. 1-317; Index of first lines, pp. 319-325.

Notes.—In this admirable selection Mr. Arnold arranges the poems under the following headings:—Poems of Ballad Form; Narrative Poems; Lyrical Poems; Poems akin to the Antique, and Odes; Sonnets; Reflective and Elegiac Poems. It has been several times reprinted, and is still in print. There was a large paper Edition, of which a limited number were printed.

59

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH Edited by William Knight, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy, St Andrews. [Woodcut, The Small Celandine.] Volume First. [Volume Second—Volume Eighth.] Edinburgh: William Paterson, MDCCCLXXXII. [MDCCCLXXXII-MDCCCLXXXVI.] 8 vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth.

Collation.—Volume First—pp. lxxxiii, 313; Titles, Dedication, Contents, Note, and Preface, pp. i-1; Chronological Order of the Poems, pp. li-lxxxiii; Text, pp. 1-279; Appendix (containing three early productions of the Poet), pp. 281-313. Volume Second—pp. viii, 396; Titles and Contents, pp. i-viii; Text, pp. 1-389; Appendix, pp. 391-396. Volume Third—pp. vii, 424; Titles and Contents, pp. i-vii; Text, pp. 1-403; Appendix, pp. 405-424. Volume Fourth—pp. viii, 387; Titles and Contents, pp. i-viii; Text (of Poems), pp. 1-271; Appendix (comprising the Author's Prefaces, Dedication, Appendix, Essay, and Postscript), pp. 272-387. Volume Fifth—pp. viii, 434; Titles, Prefatory Note, and Contents, pp. i-viii; Text (of "The Excursion"), pp. 1-394; Notes (including the "Essay upon Epitaphs") pp. 395-412; Appendix (of Notes by the Editor), pp. 413-434. Volume Sixth—pp. xii, 379; Titles, Preface, and Contents, pp. i-xii; Text, pp. 1-353; Appendix (of Editor's Notes), pp. 355-379. Volume Seventh—pp. xvi, 401; Titles and Contents, pp. i-xvi; Text, pp. 1-400; Appendix (Note by Editor), p. 401. Volume Eighth—pp. xi, 435; Titles, Prefatory Note, and Contents, pp. i-xi; Text (of Poems), pp. 1-178; Prose Fragments (comprising "Guide to the Lakes" and "Letters on the Kendal and Windermere Railway"), pp. 179-321; "List of Wordsworth's Poems, arranged in Chronological Order," pp. 323-387; Appendix (of Editor's Notes), pp. 389-391; Index to the Poems, pp. 393-414; Index to First Lines, pp. 415-435. (Seven etchings are given as frontispieces to Vols. I.-VII.)

Notes.—This splendid Library Edition is an adequate monument of the great Poet's genius. There is probably no other man who could have so exhaustively edited the Poems as Professor Knight has done. The special features of this Edition are as follow:—The Poems are arranged in chronological order of composition; all the changes of text, in the successive Editions of the Poems, are given in footnotes, with the exact dates of these changes; several new readings, or suggested changes of text, which exist in MS., and were written by the Poet on the margins of a copy of

the Edition of 1836-37, kept at Rydal Mount and now in the possession of Lord Coleridge, are added; all the Fenwick Notes (dictated by Wordsworth to Miss Fenwick) to the Poems, giving the Poet's account of the circumstances under which his Poems were composed, are printed; Prefatory Notes to the Poems explained Topographical Notes to the Poems, containing allusions to localities in the English Lake District and elsewhere, are given; several Poems and Fragments, hitherto unpublished, are printed; a Bibliography of the Poems, and the successive Editions published in England and America, from 1793 to 1850, is added; [a Bibliography of Critical Articles on the Poet's Works will be given in one of the forthcoming volumes of the *Life of Wordsworth*, by Professor Knight, which will be published as supplementary to the present Edition of his *Poetical Works*]; Etchings of localities associated with the Poet are given as frontispieces to Vols. I., II., III., IV., V., VI., and VII. The text adopted for this Edition is Wordsworth's final text of 1849-50. In addition to the ordinary Demy 8vo Edition there was printed a Large Paper Edition (of 140 copies) with proofs of the Etchings on China Paper and Hollander Paper, size, Imperial 8vo; and a Large Paper Edition (of 25 copies) on the finest Laid Paper, with the Etchings (threefold) on China, India, and Dutch Paper, size Super-imperial 8vo.

60

SELECTIONS FROM WORDSWORTH. Edited with an Introductory Memoir, by J. S. Fletcher. London: Alex. Gardner, 12 Paternoster Row, and Paisley MDCCCLXXXIII. Fcap. 8vo. Parchment.

Collation.—Pp. xii, 13-37, 1-295; Front Leaf contains a mounted Engraving of Rydal Mount; Titles, Motto (from Matthew Arnold's *Memorial Verses*), and Contents, pp. i-xii; Introductory Memoir, pp. 13-37; Poems, pp. 1-295.

Notes.—In 1885 (?) a number of copies were issued bearing "J. S. Fletcher and

Co." on title-page as the publishers. The volume is very prettily printed on hand-made paper.

61

THE RIVER DUDDON A Series of Sonnets By William Wordsworth With ten Etchings by R. S. Chattock The Fine Art Society 148 New Bond Street, London 1884. Folio. Cloth.

The leaves of this volume are unpagged; preceding each etching is a leaf giving title of the picture, a quotation from one of the sonnets, and a prose description.

62

THE SONNETS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH Collected in one volume with an Essay on The History of the English Sonnet by Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin Chancellor of the Order of St. Patrick [Mounted Etching of Rydal Water.] London Suttaby and Co., Amen Corner MDCCCLXXXIV. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

Collation.—Pp. xlv, 246; Titles, Publishers' Note, and History of the Sonnet, pp. i-xxxvi; Advertisement and Contents, pp. xxxvii-xlv; Sonnets, pp. 1-246.

Note.—This volume is a reprint—with the addition of "The History of the English Sonnet"—of Wordsworth's own collected Edition of Sonnets, published in 1838. See No. 34.

63

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, With a Prefatory Notice, Biographical and Critical. By Andrew James Symington. London: Walter Scott, 14 Paternoster Square, and Newcastle-on-Tyne. 1885. 16mo. Cloth.

Collation.—Pp. vi, 7-285; Title and Contents, pp. i-vi; Inscription (on p. 7); Prefatory Notice, pp. 9-46; Poems, pp. 47-285.

Notes.—This (which is one of the vols. of "The Canterbury Poets") is only a

selection, though described on the title as "The Poetical Works." The Prefatory Memoir and Criticism is sympathetically written, and the poems chosen are fairly representative.

64

THROUGH THE WORDSWORTH COUNTRY. By Harry Goodwin and Professor Knight. [Publishers' ornament.] London: Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co., Paternoster Square. 1887. Imperial 8vo. Cloth.

Collation.—Pp. xix, 268; Titles, Contents, and Preface, pp. i-xix; Text, pp. 1-268.

Notes.—This is a volume containing fifty-five engravings from drawings by Harry Goodwin of scenes in the English Lake District associated with Wordsworth, with all the poems, or portions of poems, referring to the places. The volume is edited and prefaced, with introductions to the poems and pictures, by Professor Knight. There is an emblematic design on cover, which contains title as follows:—*Pictures by Harry Goodwin. Text by William Knight.* THROUGH THE WORDSWORTH COUNTRY.

65

SELECTIONS FROM WORDSWORTH. By William Knight and other Members of the Wordsworth Society. With Preface and Notes. [Publishers' Motto ornament.] London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., 1 Paternoster Square. MDCCCLXXXVIII. Large Crown 8vo. In two bindings, parchment and vellum.

Collation.—Pp. xxiv, 309; Titles and Preface, pp. i-xv; Contents, pp. xvii-xxiv; Poems, pp. 1-304; Notes, pp. 305-309.

Notes.—The poems are arranged in chronological order of composition, and there is an admirable etched portrait of the poet—"from a miniature by Margaret Gillies in the possession of Sir Henry Doulton"—given as frontispiece. It is the intention of the publishers to issue this selection in a smaller and cheaper form.

66

THE RECLUSE By William Wordsworth
London Macmillan and Co. And
New York 1888

Collation.—Pp. vi, 60; Titles and Preface, i-vi; Text, pp. 1-60.

Note.—In the prefatory advertisement to

the First Edition of the Prelude, 1850, it is stated that that poem was designed to be introductory to the Recluse, and that the Recluse, if completed, would have consisted of three parts. The second part is "The Excursion." The third part was only planned. The first book of the first part was left in manuscript by Wordsworth. It is now (1888) published for the first time *in extenso*.

LIST OF BIOGRAPHIES OF WORDSWORTH AND BEST CRITICAL ARTICLES ON HIS WRITINGS

[PREFATORY NOTE.—The following List of Biographies and Critical Essays on Wordsworth is, as nearly as can be ascertained, arranged in Chronological Order, except in cases where more than one article by the same writer is enumerated, in which cases they are all put together. Biographies, and articles partly biographical, are marked with an *]

- SOUTHEY (Robert), Life and Correspondence of: comments on Wordsworth in Chaps. ix., x., xi., xii., xiii., xv., xix., xxvi., xxxii., and xxxvi.
- *WORDSWORTH (Dorothy), Tour in Scotland, 1803. Edited by J. C. Shairp. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)
- COLERIDGE (S. T.), Biographia Literaria: Wordsworth's Poems criticised in Chaps. v., xiv., xvii., xviii., xix., xx., xxi., xxii.
- LAMB (Charles), Works: Review of "The Excursion."
- HAZLITT (William), The Spirit of the Age: Mr. Wordsworth; Winterslow: My first acquaintance with Poets.
- EMERSON (R. W.), English Traits: First Visit to England, pp. 13-18. (London: Macmillan and Co., 1883.)
- *COTTLE'S Early Recollections of S. T. Coleridge, 2 Vols. (London, 1837.) Numerous Reminiscences of Wordsworth.
- TAYLOR (Henry), Notes from Books: Wordsworth's Poetical Works; and Wordsworth's Sonnets.
- HORNE (R. H.), A New Spirit of the Age: William Wordsworth and Leigh Hunt, Vol. I. pp. 307-332. (London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1844.)
- BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, xxxvii. 699.
- WILSON (John), Blackwood's Magazine, xii. 175.
- WILSON (John), Essays, Critical, etc., Vol. I.: On Wordsworth, pp. 387-408. (London: Blackwood and Sons, 1866.)
- KEBLE (Rev. John), Inscription to Wordsworth (*Prælectiones Academicæ*, 1838-41 and 1844).
- *WORDSWORTH (Chr.), Memoirs of William Wordsworth, 2 Vols. (London: Moxon, 1851.)
- *JANUARY SEARLE, Memoirs of W. Wordsworth. (London, 1852.)
- PRESCOTT (W. H.), North American Review, xxxv. 174.
- MOIR (D. M.), Poetical Literature of Past Half-Century: Wordsworth, pp. 61-83. (London: Blackwood and Sons.)
- ROBINSON (H. Crabb), Diary: Numerous Reminiscences, etc., of Wordsworth. (London: Macmillan and Co.)
- *DE QUINCEY (Thomas), Works: Vol. II., Recollections of Wordsworth, etc.; Vol. V., On Wordsworth's Poetry, etc. (Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.)
- WALLER (J. F.), Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography, vi. 1389.
- *HOOD (Edwin Paxton), William Wordsworth: A Biography. (London, 1856.)
- BRIMLEY (George), Essays: Wordsworth's Poems, pp. 102-183. (London: Macmillan and Co., 1868.)
- REED (Henry), Lectures on English Poetry: Lecture xv., Wordsworth. (London, 1859.)
- GILFILLAN (George), First Gallery of Literary Portraits: William Wordsworth.
- GILFILLAN (George), Second Gallery of Literary Portraits: William Wordsworth.
- WHIPPLE (E. P.), Essays and Reviews: Wordsworth, Vol. I. p. 222. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.)
- LOWELL (J. R.), Among my Books: Wordsworth.
- CLOUGH (Arthur H.), Poems and Prose Remains: Lecture on Poetry of Words-

- worth; Vol. I. pp. 307-325. (London: Macmillan and Co.)
- **ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA*, 8th Edition, xxi., 1860, 929 (by R. Carruthers).
- HOWITT (William), Homes and Haunts of the most Eminent British Poets: William Wordsworth, pp. 532-555.
- MASSON (David), Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, etc.: Wordsworth, pp. 3-74. (London: Macmillan and Co., 1875.)
- ROBERTSON (Rev. F. W.), Lectures: Lecture on Wordsworth. (London: Paul, Trench, and Co.)
- SHAIRP (J. C.), Aspects of Poetry: "The Three Yarrows," pp. 316-344; "White Doe of Rylstone," pp. 345-376. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1881.)
- *SHAIRP (J. C.), Studies in Poetry and Philosophy: Wordsworth, the Man and the Poet, pp. 1-103. (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1876.)
- SHAIRP (J. C.), Poetic Interpretation of Nature: Wordsworth as an Interpreter of Nature, pp. 225-270. (Edinburgh: D. Douglas, 1877.)
- DOYLE (F. H.), Lectures on Poetry, 2d Series: On Wordsworth's "Prelude," etc., "The Excursion," etc., pp. 1-77.
- KNIGHT (Prof. W.), Studies in Philosophy and Literature: Wordsworth, pp. 283-317; Nature as Interpreted by Wordsworth, pp. 405-426. (London: Kegan Paul and Co., 1879.)
- STEPHEN (Leslie), Hours in a Library, Third Series: Wordsworth's Ethics, pp. 178-229. (London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1879.)
- HUTTON (R. H.), Essays, Theological and Literary: Wordsworth and his Genius.
- DEVY (Joseph), A Comparative Estimate of Modern English Poets: Wordsworth, pp. 87-103. (London: Moxon.)
- BROOKE (Rev. Stopford A.), Theology in the English Poets: Wordsworth, pp. 93-286. (London: Paul, Trench, and Co.)
- *CALVERT (George), Wordsworth: A Study. (Boston, U.S.A., 1878.)
- DOWDEN (E.), Studies in Literature: The Prose Works of Wordsworth, pp. 122-158. (London: Paul, Trench, and Co.)
- DOWDEN (E.), On Text of the Poems, Contemporary Review, xxxiii. 734.
- ARNOLD (Matthew), Macmillan's Magazine, xxviii. 289.
- BAGEHOT (Walter), Literary Studies: Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning; or Pure, Ornate, and Grotesque Art in English Poetry, Vol. II. pp. 338-390. (London, 1884.)
- *MYERS (F. W. H.), Wordsworth (*English Men of Letters Series*). (London: Macmillan and Co.)
- BAYNE (Peter), Two Great Englishwomen, etc.: Essay on Poetry, illustrated from Wordsworth, etc., pp. xi-lxxviii. (London: Clarke and Co., 1881.)
- SHORTHOUSE (J. H.), The Platonism of Wordsworth. (London: Macmillan and Co.)
- MACDONALD (George), The Imagination and other Essays: Wordsworth's Poetry, pp. 245-263. (Boston: D. Lothrop and Co. (1883).)
- *SYMINGTON (A. J.), William Wordsworth: A Biographical Sketch, with Selections from his writings, 2 vols. (London: Blackie and Son, 1881.)
- CHURCH (Dean), Dante and other Essays: Wordsworth, pp. 193-219. (Macmillan and Co., 1888.)
- *HUDSON (Henry N.), Studies in Wordsworth. (Boston: Little, Brown, and Co. 1884.)
- DENNIS (John), Heroes of Literature: English Poets—William Wordsworth, pp. 278-299. (London: S.P.C.K.)
- NOEL (Hon. Roden), Essays on Poetry and Poets: Wordsworth, pp. 132-149. (London: Paul, Trench, and Co., 1886.)
- SWINBURNE (A. C.), Miscellanies: Wordsworth and Byron, pp. 63-156. (London: Chatto and Windus, 1886.)
- DE VERE (Aubrey), Essays, Chiefly on Poetry: The Genius and Passion of Wordsworth, Vol. I. pp. 101-173; The Wisdom and Truth of Wordsworth's Poetry, Vol. I. pp. 174-264; Recollections of Wordsworth, Vol. II. pp. 275-295. (London: Macmillan and Co. 1887.)
- *SUTHERLAND (J. M.), William Wordsworth: the Story of his Life, with critical remarks on his Writings. (London: Elliot Stock, 1887.)
- **ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA*, Wordsworth, by Prof. W. Minto, Vol. XXIV pp. 668-676, 9th Edition (Edinburgh: A. & C. Black, 1888).

INDEX TO THE POEMS

- AAR, The Fall of the, 584
 Abbeys, Old, 637
 Address from the Spirit of Cockermouth Castle, 712
 Address to a Child, 357
 Address to Kilchurn Castle, 193
 Address to my Infant Daughter, 208
 Address to the Scholars of the Village School of ———, 116
 Admonition, 352
 Æneid, Translation of Part of the First Book of the, 557
 Aerial Rock, 574
 Affliction of Margaret ———, The, 205
 Afflictions of England, 629
 After-thought (Tour on the Continent), 585
 After-thought (Duddon), 607
 Ailsa Crag, Frith of Clyde, 719
 Airey-Force Valley, 780
 Aix-la-Chapelle, 582
 Alban Hills, From the, 755
 Albano, At, 755
 Alfred, 615
 Alfred, Canute and, 559
 Alfred, his Descendants, 616
 Alice Fell, or Poverty, 168
 Aloys Reding, 584
 Ambleside, 784
 America, Aspects of Christianity in (Three Son.), 632
 American Episcopacy, 633
 American Tradition, 602
 Ancient History, On a celebrated Event in (Two Son.), 392
 Andrew Jones, 153
 Anecdote for Fathers, 75
 Animal Tranquillity and Decay, 98
 Anio, 755
 Anna, 656
 Anticipation (October 1803), 202
 Anticipation of leaving School, Composed in, 2
 Apennines, Among the Ruins of a Convent in the, 761
 Apology (Eccl. Son., 1st Part), 614
 Apology (Eccl. Son., 2d Part), 624
 Apology (Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death), 769
 Apology (Yarrow Revisited), 700
 Applethwaite, 212
 Aquapendente, Musings near, 747
 Armenian Lady's Love, The, 674
 Artegal and Elidure, 540
 Authors, A plea for, 765
 Author's Portrait, To the, 690
 Autumn (September), 543
 Autumn (Two Poems), 577
 Avarice, The last Stage of, 153
 Avon, The (Annan), 698
 BALA-SALA, At, 718
 Balbi, 396
 Ballot, Protest against the, 766
 Bangor, Monastery of Old, 612
 Baptism, 634
 Barbara, 150
 Beaumont, Sir George, Epistle to, 398
 Beaumont, Sir George, Upon perusing the foregoing Epistle to, 403
 Beaumont, Sir George, Picture of Peele Castle painted by, 217
 Beaumont, Sir George, Beautiful picture painted by, 404
 Beaumont, Sir George, Elegiac Stanzas addressed to, 646
 Beaumont, To the Lady, 363
 Beggar, Old Cumberland, 95
 Beggars, 169
 Beggars, Sequel to the, 569
 Benefits, Other (Two Son.), 620
 Bible, Translation of the, 625
 Binnorie, The Solitude of, 208
 Bird of Paradise, Coloured Drawing of the, 742
 Bird of Paradise, Suggested by a Picture of, 791
 Biscayan Rite (Two Son.), 391
 Bishops, Acquittal of the, 631
 Bishops and Priests, 633
 Black Comb, Inscription on a stone on the side of, 407
 Black Comb, View from the top of, 407
 Bologna, At (Three Son.), 762
 Bolton Priory, The founding of, 386
 Books (Prelude), 263
 Books and Newspapers, Illustrated, 793
 Borderers, The, 34
 Bothwell Castle, 698
 Boulogne, On being stranded near the Harbour of, 595
 Bran, Effusion on the Banks of, 536
 Broadalbane, Ruined Mansion of the Earl of, 606
 Brientz, Scene on the Lake of, 585
 Brigham, Nun's Well, 712
 Britons, Struggle of the, 612
 Brothers, The, 125
 Brother's Water, Bridge at the foot of, 171
 Brougham Castle, Song at the Feast of, 363
 Brownie's Cell, 534
 Brownie, The, 697
 Bruges (Two Poems), 581
 Bruges, Incident at, 668
 Buonaparte, 177
 Buonaparte, 179
 Buonaparte, 390
 Burial Place in the South of Scotland, 693
 Burns, At the Grave of, 188
 Burns, Thoughts suggested near the residence of, 189
 Burns, To the Sons of, 190
 Butterfly, To a, 170
 Butterfly, To a, 172
 CALAIS (Three Son.), 179
 Calais, Composed by the Seaside near (1802), 178
 Calais, Fish-women at, 581
 Calvert, Raisley, 356
 Canaldoli, At the Convent of (Three Son.), 758
 Cambridge and the Alps (Prelude), 270
 Cambridge, Residence at (Prelude), 249
 Canute, 616
 Canute and Alfred, 559
 Castle, Composed at ———, 195
 "Castle of Indolence," Written in my Pocket Copy of, 182
 Casual Incitement, 612
 Catechising, 634
 Cathedrals, etc., 639
 Catholic Cantons, Composed in one of the, 584
 Celandine, The Small, 212
 Celandine, To the Small (Two Poems), 173
 Cenotaph (Mrs. Fermor), 647
 Chamouny, Processions in the Vale of, 593
 Character, A, 154
 Charles the First, Troubles of, 628
 Charles the Second, 630
 Chatsworth, 689
 Chaucer, Selections from (Three Poems), 156

- Chiabrera, Epitaphs translated from, 393
 Chichely, Archbishop, to Henry the Fifth, 622
 Child, Address to a, 357
 Child, Three years old, Characteristics of a, 397
 Childless Father, The, 150
 Child, To a (written in her Album), 735
 Childhood and School-time (Preface), 235
 Christianity in America, Aspects of (Three Son.), 632
 Church to be erected (Two Son.), 638
 Churches, New, 638
 Churchyard among the Mountains (Excursion), 482
 Churchyard among the Mountains (Excursion), 498
 Churchyard, New, 639
 Cintra, Convention of (Two Son.), 387
 Cistercian Monastery, 619
 Clarkson, Thomas, To, 361
 Clergy, Corruptions of the Higher, 622
 Clergy, Emigrant French, 637
 Clerical Integrity, 630
 Clermont, The Council of, 617
 Clifford, Lord, 363
 Clouds, To the, 781
 Clyde, In the Frith of (Ailsa Craig), 719
 Clyde, On the Frith of, 719
 Cockermouth Castle, Address from the Spirit of, 712
 Cockermouth, In sight of, 712
 Coleorton, Elegiac Musings in the grounds of, 688
 Coleorton, A Flower Garden at, 644
 Coleorton, Inscription for an Urn in the grounds of, 405
 Coleorton, Inscription for a Seat in the groves of, 405
 Coleorton, Inscription in a garden of, 404
 Coleorton, Inscription in the grounds of, 404
 Collins, Remembrance of, 10
 Cologne, In the Cathedral of, 582
 Communion Service, 636
 Complaint, A, 347
 "Complete Angler," Written on a blank leaf in the, 574
 Conclusion (Duddon), 606
 Conclusion (Ecc. Son.), 640
 Conclusion (Miscell. Son.), 658
 Conclusion (Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death), 769
 Confirmation (Two Son.), 634
 Congratulation, 638
 Conjectures, 610
 Contrast, The. The Parrot and the Wren, 648
 Convent in the Apennines, 761
 Convention of Cintra, Composed while writing a Traot occasioned by the (Two Son.), 387
 Conversion, 613
 Cora Linn, Composed at, 536
 Cordelia M——, To, 728
 Cottage Girls, The Three, 591
 Council of Clermont, The, 617
 Countess' Pillar, 699
 Covenanters, Persecution of Scottish, 631
 Cranmer, 626
 Crosthwaite Church, 784
 Crusades, 620
 Crusades, 617
 Cuckoo and the Nightingale, The, 160
 Cuckoo at Laverna, The, 756
 Cuckoo Clock, The, 789
 Cuckoo, To the, 204
 Cuckoo, To the, 656
 Cumberland Beggar, The Old, 95
 Cumberland, Coast of (In the Channel), 716
 Cumberland, On a high part of the coast of, 710
 DAFFODILS, 205
 Daisy, To the (Two Poems), 184
 Daisy, To the, 186
 Daisy, To the, 216
 Daniel, Picture of (Hamilton Palace), 698
 Danish Boy, The, 120
 Danish Conquests, 616
 Danube, Source of the, 583
 Dati, Roberto, 395
 Dedication (Miscell. Son.), 654
 Dedication (Tour on the Continent), 581
 Dedication (White Doe of Rylstone), 366
 Departure from the Vale of Grasmere, 188
 Derwent, To the River, 712
 Descriptive Sketches, 10
 Despondency (Excursion), 440
 Despondency Corrected (Excursion), 452
 Desultory Stanzas, 596
 Detraction which followed the Publication of a certain Poem, On the, 579
 Devil's Bridge, To the Torrent at, 646
 Devotional Incitements, 702
 Dion, 532
 Dissensions, 611
 Distractions, 628
 Dog, Incident Characteristic of a, 215
 Dog, Tribute to the Memory of the same, 215
 Donnerdale, The Plain of, 603
 Dora, To (A little onward), 560
 Douglas Bay, Isle of Man, On entering, 717
 Dover, Composed in the Valley near, 180
 Dover, Near, 181
 Dover, The Valley of (Two Son.), 595
 Dragon's Eye, 545
 Druidical Excommunication, 610
 Druids, Trepidation of the, 610
 Duddon, The River, 597
 Dungeon-Ghyll Force, 138
 Dunollie Castle (Eagles), 695
 Dunolly Castle, On revisiting 719
 Dunolly Eagle, The, 720
 Duty, Ode to, 213
 Dyer, To the Poet John, 546
 EAGLE and the Dove, The, 782
 Eagles (Dunollie Castle), 695
 Eagle, The Dunolly, 720
 Easter Sunday, Composed on 575
 Ecclesiastical Sonnets, 609
 Echo, The Mountain, 350
 Echo upon the Gemmi, 592
 Eclipse of the Sun, 1820, The 590
 Eden, The River (Cumberland), 724
 Edward the Sixth, 625
 Edward signing the Warrant 626
 Egremont Castle, The Horn of 346
 Egyptian Maid, The, 681
 Ejaculation, 640
 Elegiac Musings (Coleorton Hall), 688
 Elegiac Stanzas (Goddard), 591
 Elegiac Stanzas (Mrs. Fermor), 646
 Elegiac Stanzas (Peele Castle), 217
 Elegiac Verses (John Wordsworth), 218
 Elizabeth, 627
 Ellen Irwin, 152
 Emigrant French Clergy, 637
 Emigrant Mother, The, 170
 Eminent Reformers (Two Son.), 627
 Emma's Dell, 141
 Engelberg, 585
 Enghien, Duke d', 557
 England, 201
 England, Afflictions of, 629
 Enterprise, To, 607
 Episcopacy, American, 633
 Epistle to Sir George Beaumont 398
 Epistle to Sir George Beaumont Upon perusing the foregoing 403
 Epitaph, A Poet's, 115
 Epitaph in the Chapel-yard Langdale, 647
 Epitaphs translated from Chiabrera, 393
 Evening of extraordinary splendour, Composed upon an, 5
 Evening Walk, An, 3
 Event in Ancient History, On Celebrated (Two Son.), 392

Excursion, The, 408
Expostulation and Reply, 85
FACT, A, and an Imagination, 559
Aery Chasm, 601
Ancy, 352
Ancy and Tradition, 699
Ancy, Hints for the, 602
Arewell, A, 177
Arewell Lines, 779
Arewell (Four, 1833), 711
Armer of Tilsbury Vale, The, 202
Ar-Terrace, The, 651
Ather, The Childless, 150
Athers, Anecdote for, 75
Aermor, Mrs. (Cenotaph), 647
Aermor, Mrs. (Elegiac Stanzas), 646
Aidility, 214
Ailial Piety, 704
Air Grove (John Wordsworth), 219
Aish-women, 581
Aleming, To the Lady (Rydal Chapel), (Two Poems), 641
Aloating Island, 773
Alorence (Four Son.), 760
Alower Garden, A (Coleorton), 644
Aowers, 600
Aowers (Cave of Staffa), 722
Aowers in the Island of Madeira, 788
Aoresight, 172
Aorms of Prayer at Sea, 636
Aorsaken Indian Woman, Complaint of a, 85
Aorsaken, The, 206
Aort Fuentes, 587
Aountain, The, 118
Aox, Mr., Lines composed on the expected death of, 356
Arance, 200
Arance, Residence in (Prelude), 299
Arance, Residence in (Prelude), 306
Arance, Residence in (Prelude), 314
Arance, Sky-prospect from the Plain of, 595
Aranresco Pozzobonelli, 395
Aran Army in Russia (Two Poems), 555
Arench Clergy, Emigrant, 637
Arench Revolution, 234
Arench Revolution, In allusion to Histories of the (Three Son.), 775
Arench Royalist, Feelings of a, 357
Arend, To a (Banks of the Derwent), 713
Arenal Service, 636
Aarness Abbey, At, 785
Aarness Abbey, At, 787
AEMI, Echo upon the, 592

General Fast, Upon the late (1832), 704
George the Third (November 1813), 408
George the Third, On the death of, 579
Geraldine, 649
Germans on the Heights of Hochheim, 556
Germany, 288
Germany, Written in, 124
Gillies, Margaret (Two Poems), 770
Gillies, Margaret, 771
Gillies, Robert Pearce, 539
Gipsies, 362
Glad Tidings, 613
Gleaner, The, 664
Glen-Almain, or the Narrow Glen, 191
Glencroe, At the Head of, 697
Glow-worm, The Star and the, 569
Goddard, Elegiac Stanzas, 594
Gold and Silver Fishes in a Vase (Two Poems), 668
Goody Blake and Harry Gill, 79
Gordale, 574
Grace Darling, 782
Grasmere, Departure from the Vale of (August 1803), 188
Grasmere, Inscription on the Island at, 155
Grasmere, Return to, 197
Grasmere Lake, Composed by the side of, 353
Gravestone, A (Worcester Cathedral), 674
Great Men (Sydney, Marvel, etc.), 181
Green, George and Sarah, 387
Green Linnet, The, 186
Greenock, 723
Greta, To the River, 712
Guernica, Oak of, 392
Guilt and Sorrow, 21
Gunpowder Plot, 628
Gustavus IV., 390
H. C., Six years old, To, 184
Hambleton Hills, After a Journey across the, 182
Happy Warrior, Character of the, 345
Harp, The ("Why, Minstrel"), 654
Hart-leap Well, 147
Hart's-horn Tree, 699
Haunted Tree, The, 576
Hawkshead, Written as a School Exercise at, 1
Hawkshead School, In Anticipation of leaving, 2
Haydon (Picture of the Duke of Wellington), 771
Haydon, To B. R., 540
Haydon, To B. R. (Picture of Napoleon Buonaparte), 705
Hazels, 545

Heidelberg, Castle of (Hymn for Boatmen), 583
Helvellyn, To ———, on her first ascent of, 561
Henry the Eighth, Portrait of, 656
Her eyes are wild, 81
Hermitage (St. Herbert's Island), 154
Hermitage, Near the Spring of the, 571
Hermit's Cell, Inscriptions in and near, 570
Hesperus, 187
Highland Boy, The Blind, 197
Highland Broach, The, 700
Highland Girl, To a, 191
Highland Hut, 697
Hint from the Mountains, 566
Hints for the Fancy, 602
Historian, Plea for the, 754
Hoffer, 388
Hogg, James, Extempore Effusion upon the death of, 741
Honour, 390
Horn of Egremont Castle, The, 346
Howard, Mrs., Monument of (Wetherall), (Two Son.), 724
Humanity, 671
Hymn for Boatmen (Heidelberg) 583
Hymn, The Labourer's Noon-day, 731
I. F., To, 770
Idiot Boy, The, 88
Illustrated Books and Newspapers, 793
Illustration. (The Jung-Frau), 628
Imagination, 544
Imagination and Taste (Prelude), 320
Imagination and Taste (Prelude), 324
Immortality, Intimations of, 357
Indian Woman, Complaint of a Forsaken, 85
Infant Daughter, Address to my, 208
Infant M—— M——, To the, 657
Infant, The Cottager to her, 225
Influence Abused, 616
Influences, Other, 614
Inglewood Forest, Suggested by a View in, 699
Inscription for a Monument in Crosthwaite Church (Southey), 784
Inscriptions (Coleorton), 404
Inscriptions (Hermit's Cell), 570
Installation Ode, 794
Interdict, An, 618
Introduction (Eccles. Son.), 609
Introduction (Prelude), 235
Invasion, Lines on the expected 202
Inversneyde, 191

Invocation to the Earth (1816), 551
 Iona (Two Son.), 722
 Iona, Black Stones of, 722
 Isle of Man (Two Son.), 717
 Isle of Man, At Bala-Sala, 718
 Isle of Man, At Sea, off, 716
 Isle of Man, By the Seashore, 717
 Isle of Man (Douglas Bay), 717
 Italian Itinerant, The, 588
 Italy, After leaving (Two Son.), 762
 JEDBOROUGH, The Matron of, 196
 Jewish Family, A, 663
 Joanna, 141
 Joan of Kent, Warrant for Execution of, 626
 Jones, Rev. Robert, 10
 Jones, Rev. Robert, 179
 Journey renewed, 605
 Jung-Frau, The, and the Fall of the Rhine, 628
 KENDAL Upon hearing of the death of the Vicar of, 539
 Kendal and Windermere Railway, On the projected, 785
 Kent, To the Men of, 201
 Kilchurn Castle, Address to, 193
 Killieranky, In the Pass of, 201
 King's College Chapel, Cambridge, Inside of (Three Son.), 639
 Kirkstone, The Pass of, 567
 Kirtle, The Braes of, 152
 Kitten and Falling Leaves, The, 209
 LABOURER'S Noon-day Hymn, 731
 Lady, To a, upon Drawings she had made of Flowers in Madeira, 788
 Lady E. B. and the Hon. Miss P., To the, 645
 Lamb, Charles, Written after the death of, 739
 Lancaster Castle, Suggested by the view of, 767
 Langdale, Epitaph in the Chapel-yard of, 647
 Laodamia, 530
 Last of the Flock, The, 87
 Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, The, 589
 Latimer and Ridley, 626
 Latitudinarianism, 630
 Laud, 629
 Lawn, The, 673
 Leonardo da Vinci, The Last Supper, 589
 Lesbia, 745
 Liberty (Gold and Silver Fishes), 669
 Liberty (Tyrolese Sonnets), 388
 Liberty, Obligations of Civil to Religious, 631

Liege, Between Namur and, 582
 Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, 93
 Lines composed on the expected death of Mr. Fox, 356
 Lines, Farewell, 779
 Lines left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree, 33
 Lines on the expected Invasion, 1803, 202
 Lines suggested by a Portrait from the Pencil of F. Stone (Two Poems), 733
 Lines written as a School Exercise at Hawkshead, 1
 Lines written in Early Spring, 83
 Lines written in the Album of the Countess of Lonsdale, 736
 Lines written upon a Stone, upon one of the Islands at Rydal, 155
 Lines written upon hearing of the death of the late Vicar of Kendal, 539
 Lines written while sailing in a Boat at Evening, 9
 Liturgy, The, 634
 Loch Etive, Composed in the Glen of, 695
 Lombardy, In, 762
 London, Residence in (Prelude), 280
 London, Written in (1802), (Two Son.), 181
 Longest Day, The, 565
 Long Meg and her Daughters, 725
 Lonsdale, The Countess of (Album), 736
 Lonsdale, To the Earl of, 414
 Lonsdale, To the Earl of, 726
 Louisa, 220
 Love, The Birth of, 72
 Love lies bleeding (Two Poems), 788
 Loving and Liking, 703
 Lowther, 726
 Lowther, To the Lady Mary, 579
 Lucca Giordano, 793
 Lucy Gray, or Solitude, 120
 Lucy (Three Poems), 114
 Lucy (Three years she grew), 115
 Lycoris, Ode to (Two Poems), 563
 M. H., To, 144
 Madeira, Flowers in the Island of, 788
 Malham Cove, 573
 Man, 792
 Manse, On the sight of a (Scotland), 694
 Margaret ———, The Affliction of, 205
 March, Written in, 171
 Mariner, By a retired, 718

Marriage Ceremony, The, 635
 Marriage of a Friend, On the Eve of, 406
 Marshall, To Cordelia, 728
 Mary Queen of Scots, Captivity of, 575
 Mary Queen of Scots, Lament of, 568
 Mary Queen of Scots (Workington), 713
 Maternal Grief, 396
 Matron of Jedburgh, The, 196
 Matthew, 117
 May Morning, Composed (1838), 764
 May Morning, Ode composed on, 649
 May, To, 650
 Meditation, 728
 Memory, 640
 Memory (The Duddon), 604
 Men of the Western World, 1
 Mental Affliction, 765
 Merry England, 711
 Michael, 131
 Michael Angelo, From Italian of, 212
 Michael Angelo, From Italian of, 355
 Milton, 181
 Missions and Travels, 615
 Monasteries, Dissolution of (Three Son.), 623
 Monasteries, Saxon, 615
 Monastery, Cistercian, 619
 Monastery of Old Bangor
 Monastic Power, Abuse of, 619
 Monastic Voluptuousness, 620
 Monks, 619
 Monks and Schoolmen, 620
 Monument of Mrs. Howland (Two Son.), 724
 Monument (Long Meg and her Daughters), 725
 Moon, The (The Shepherd looking eastward), 545
 Moon, The (With how sad steps), 353
 Moon, The (The crescent-Moon the Star of Love), 774
 Moon, The (Seaside), 737
 Moon, The (Rydal), 738
 Moon, The (Who but is pleased), 793
 Moon, The (How beautiful the Queen of Night), 793
 Moon, The (Once I could have), 651
 Morning Exercise, A, 658
 Moscow, self-devoted to a battle, By, 555
 Mossiel Farm (Burns), 723
 Mother's Return, The, 361
 Mountains, Hint from the, 54
 Mountain (November 1), 54
 Music, Power of, 348
 Mutability, 637
 NAMING of Places, Poems the, 141

- Namur and Liege, Between, 582
 Natural Objects, Influence of, 112
 Needle-case in the form of a Harp, On seeing a, 653
 Negro Woman, 180
 Newspaper, After reading a, 743
 Nightingale and Stock-dove, 302
 Nightingale, The Cuckoo and the, 160
 Night-piece, A, 73
 Night-thought, A, 763
 Nith, On the Banks of, 189
 Norman Boy, The, 776
 Norman Conquest, The, 617
 North Wales, Composed among the Ruins of a Castle in, 646
 Nortons, The Fate of the, 365
 Nunnery, 725
 Nun's Well, Brigham, 712
 Nutting, 113
- OAK and the Broom, The, 145
 Oak of Guernica, The, 392
 Octogenarian, To an, 794
 Ode, Installation, 794
 Ode, Vernal, 562
 Ode (Who rises on the Banks of Seine), 554
 Ode (1814. When the soft hand), 552
 Ode (1815. Imagination—ne'er before content), 549
 Ode, The Morning of the day of Thanksgiving, 546
 Ode to Duty, 213
 Ode to Lycoris (Two Poems), 563
 Ode composed on May Morning, 649
 Ode, Intimations of Immortality, 357
 Oker Hill in Darley Dale, A Tradition of, 674
 Open Prospect, 602
 Ossian, Written in a blank leaf of Macpherson's, 720
 Our Lady of the Snow, 585
 Owl, The, 731
 Oxford, May 30, 1820 (Two Son.), 580
- PAINTER, To a (Two Son.), 771
 Palafox, 391
 Papal Abuses, 618
 Papal Dominion, 618
 Papal Power, 619
 Papal Unity, 620
 Parrot and the Wren, The, 648
 Parsonage in Oxfordshire, A, 607
 Parsonage, The (Excursion), 512
 Pastor, The (Excursion), 469
 Pastoral Character, 633
 Patriotic Sympathies, 630
 Paulinus, 613
 Peel Castle, Suggested by a Picture of, 217
 Pelion and Ossa, 156
 Pennsylvanians, To the, 790
- Persecution, 611
 Personal Talk, 351
 Persuasion, 613
 Peter Bell, 98
 Peter Bell, on the detraction which followed, etc., 579
 Pet Lamb, The, 139
 Phantom of Delight, 205
 Philoctetes, 656
 Picture, Upon the sight of a beautiful, 404
 Piety, Decay of, 655
 Piety, Filial, 704
 Pilgrim Fathers (Two Son.), 632
 Pilgrim's Dream, 569
 Pillar of Trajan, 652
 Places of Worship, 633
 Plea for Authors, A, 765
 Plea for the Historian, 754
 Poet and the caged Turtle-dove, The, 687
 Poet's Dream, The, 777
 Poet's Epitaph, 115
 Poet to his Grandchild, A, 766
 Point at issue, The, 625
 Point Rash Judgment, 143
 Poor Robin, 770
 Poor Susan, The Reverie of, 72
 Popery, Revival of, 626
 Portrait, Lines suggested by a, (Two Poems), 733
 Portrait of I. F., On a, 770
 Portrait of the Duke of Wellington, On a, 771
 Portrait, to the Author's, 690
 Power of Music, 348
 Power of Sound, 665
 Prayer at Sea, Forms of, 636
 Prayer, The force of, 386
 Prelude, Poems of early and late Years, 772
 Prelude, The, 234
 Presentiments, 687
 Primrose of the Rock, The, 690
 Prioress' Tale, The, 156
 Processions (Chamquny), 593
 Prophecy, A (Feb. 1807), 360
 Punishment of Death, Sonnets upon the, 767
- RAILWAY, On' the projected Kendal and Windermere, 785
 Railways, etc., 725
 Rainbow, 171
 Ranz des Vaches, On hearing the, 587
 Recovery, 611
 Recluse, The, 334
 Redbreast chasing the Butterfly, The, 172
 Redbreast, The, 732
 Redbreast, To a, 774
 Redbreast, 792
 Reflections, 625
 Reformation, General View of the Troubles of the, 627
 Reformers, Eminent (Two Son.), 627
 Reformers in Exile (English), 627
- Regrets, 637
 Regrets, Imaginative, 625
 Repentance, 207
 Reproof, 615
 Resolution and Independence, 174
 Rest and be thankful, 697
 Resting-place, The, 604
 Retirement, 655
 Retrospect (Prelude), 290
 Return, 603
 Return, The Mother's, 361
 Return to Grasmere, 197
 Reverie of Poor Susan, 72
 Rhine, upon the Banks of the, 583
 Richard the First, 618
 Richmond Hill (Thomson), 580
 Ridley, Latimer and, 626
 Rill, The, 578
 Robinson, to Henry Crabb (Tour in Italy, 1837), 747
 Rob Roy's Grave, 193
 Rock, Inscribed upon a (Hermit's Cell), 570
 Rocks, Two heath-clad, 786
 Rocky Stream, Composed on the Banks of a, 578
 Rocky Stream, On the Banks of a, 794
 Rogers, Samuel, To, 692
 Roman Antiquities, 744
 Roman Antiquities, (Old Penrith), 700
 Roman Refinements, Temptations from, 611
 Romance of the Water Lily, 681
 Rome (Two Son.), 754
 Rome, At (Three Son.), 753
 Rome, The Pine of Monte Mario at, 753
 Roslin Chapel, Composed in, 694
 Rotha Q——, To, 657
 Ruins of a Castle in North Wales, 646
 Rural Architecture, 151
 Rural Ceremony, 637
 Rural Illusions, 703
 Russian Fugitive, The, 677
 Ruth, 121
 Rydal, At, on May Morning (1838), 764
 Rydal Chapel, 641
 Rydal, Inscription upon a stone upon one of the Islands at, 155
 Rydal, In the woods of, 658
 Rydal Mere, By the side of, 730
- S. H., To, 654
 Sacheverel, 632
 Sacrament, 635
 Sailor's Mother, The, 167
 Saint Bees' Heads, In a Steam-boat off, 713
 Saint Catherine of Ledbury, 744
 Saint Gothard (Ranz des Vaches on the Pass of), 587
 Saint Herbert's Island, Derwentwater (Hermitage), 154
 Saint Kilda, 723

Saints, 624
 Salinero, Ambrosio, 395
 Salisbury Plain, Incidents upon, 21
 San Salvador, The Church of, 858
 Saxon Clergy, Primitive, 614
 Saxon Conquest, 612
 Saxon Monasteries, 615
 Saxons, 617
 Schill, 390
 Scholars of the Village School of —, Address to the, 116
 School, composed in anticipation of leaving, 2
 School Exercise at Hawkshead, Written as a, 1
 School-Time (Prelude), 243
 School-Time, Childhood and (Prelude), 235
 Schwytz, 586
 Scottish Covenanters, Persecution of the, 631
 Scott, Sir Walter, Departure of, 693
 Seashore, Composed by the, 728
 Seaside, Composed by the, 710
 Seasons, Thought on the, 673
 Seathwaite Chapel, 603
 Seclusion (Two Son.), 614
 Seven Sisters, The, 208
 Sexton, To a, 119
 Sheep-washing, 604
 Shepherd Boys—Dungeon-Ghyll Force, 138
 Ships (Two Son.), 354
 Simon Lee, 82
 Simplon Pass, Column lying in the, 591
 Simplon Pass, Stanzas composed in the, 592
 Simplon Pass, The, 112
 Sister, To my, 84
 Skiddaw, 156
 Sky-lark, To a, 213
 Sky-lark, To a, 648
 Sky-prospect from the Plain of France, 595
 Sleep, To (Three Son.), 354
 Snowdrop Rock, 187
 Snowdrop, To a, 575
 Snowdrops, 575
 Sobieski, John, 556
 Solitary Reaper, The, 192
 Solitary, The (Excursion), 428
 Solitude (The Duddon), 602
 Somnambulist, The, 726
 Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, 363
 Song for the Spinning Wheel, 406
 Song for the Wandering Jew, 151
 Sonnet, The, 655
 Sonnet, June 1820 (Fame tells of groves), 580
 Sonnet, September 1, 1802 (We had a female Passenger), 180
 Sonnet, September 1802 (Inland, within a hollow vale), 181
 Sonnet, September 1815 (While not a leaf seems faded), 543

Sonnet, October 1803 (One might believe), 206
 Sonnet, October 1803 (These times strike monied worldlings), 200
 Sonnet, October 1803 (When looking on the present face of things), 201
 Sonnet, November 1806 (Another year), 356
 Sonnet, November 1813 (Now that all hearts are glad), 408
 Sonnet, November 1, 1815 (How clear, how keen), 544
 Sonnet, November 1836 (Even so for me), 746
 Sound of Mull, In the, 696
 Sound, The Power of, 665
 Southey, Edith May, 653
 Southey (Inscription for monument), 784
 Spade of a Friend, To the, 211
 Spaniards (Three Son.), 392
 Spanish Guerillas, 397
 Spanish Guerillas, The French and the, 393
 Sparrow's Nest, The, 156
 Spinning Wheel, 576
 Spinning Wheel, Song for the, 406
 Sponsors, 634
 Staffa, Cave of (Four Son.), 721
 Star and the Glow-worm, The, 569
 Star-gazers, 349
 Star, Slowly-sinking, 576
 Stars are Mansions, The, 579
 Statesman, The, 766
 Staub-bach, On approaching the, 584
 Steamboats, Viaducts, and Railways, 725
 Stepping-stones, The (Two Son.), 601
 Stepping Westward, 192
 Stone, F., Lines suggested by a Portrait from the pencil of (Two Poems), 733
 Storm, Composed during a, 573
 Stray Pleasures, 348
 Stream, Composed on the Banks of a rocky, 578
 Stream, On the Banks of a rocky, 794
 Stream, Tributary, 603
 Streams (The Duddon), 605
 Streams, The unremitting Voice of nightly, 794
 Summer Vacation (Prelude), 257
 Sunset (France), 179
 Swan, The, 576
 Sweden, The King of, 180
 Sweden, The King of, 390
 Switzerland, Subjugation of, 361
 TABLES Turned, The, 85
 Tell, Effusion in the presence of Tower of, 586
 Temptations from Roman Refinements, 611

Thanksgiving after Childbirth, 635
 There was a Boy, 113
 Thomson's "Castle of Innocence," Written in Pocket of, 182
 Thorn, The, 76
 Thrasymane, Near the Lake (Two Son.), 756
 Thrush, The (Two Son.), 756
 Thun, Memorial near the Lake of, 584
 Tillbrook, 544
 Tilsbury Vale, Farmer of, 20
 Tintern Abbey, Lines composed a few miles above, 93
 To —, in her seventieth year, 657
 To —, on her First Ascension of Helvellyn, 561
 To —, Upon the birth of her Firstborn Child, 706
 To — (Happy the feeling), 654
 To — (Look at the faded Summer Flowers), 644
 To — (Miscellaneous Sonnets—Conclusion), 658
 To — (Mrs. Wordsworth's Two Poems), 643
 To — (The Haunted Tower), 576
 To — (Wait, prithee, wait), 745
 Torrent at Devil's Bridge, 6
 Tour among the Alps (1799) (Descriptive Sketches), 10
 Tour in Italy (1837), Memorial of a, 746
 Tour in Scotland (1803), Memorials of a, 188
 Tour in Scotland (1814), Memorials of a, 534
 Tour in Scotland (1831), 69
 Tour in the Summer of 1811, 711
 Tour on the Continent (1811) Memorials of a, 580
 Toussaint L'Ouverture, 180
 Tradition, 604
 Tradition, American, 602
 Tradition, Fancy and, 699
 Trajan, The Pillar of, 652
 Translation of the Bible, 62
 Transubstantiation, 621
 Triad, The, 659
 Tributary Stream, 603
 Troilus and Cressida, 165
 Trosachs, The, 695
 Turtle-dove, The Poet and Caged, 687
 Twilight, 544
 Twilight (Evening Voluntary), 730
 Two April Mornings, The
 Two Thieves, The, 153
 Tyndrum, Suggested at, 6
 Tynwald Hill, 718
 Tyrolese, Feelings of the,

- Tyrolese, On the final submission of the, 389
Tyrolese Sonnets, 388
- ULPHA, Kirk of, 606
Uncertainty, 610
- VALE, Beloved, 352
Valedictory Sennet (Misc. Son.), 766
Vallombrosa, At, 759
Vaudois, The (Two Son.), 621
Vaudracour and Julia, 221
Venetian Republic, On the Extinction of, 179
Venice, Scene in, 618
Venus, To the Planet (January 1838), 764
Venus, To the Planet (Loch Lomond), 698
Vernal Ode, 562
Vienna, Siege of, raised by John Sobieski, 556
Virgin, The, 624
Vision, A, 629
Visitation of the Sick, 636
- WAGGONER, The, 225
Waldenses, 622
Wallace, 536
- Walton's Book of "Lives," 630
Wanderer, Discourse of the (Excursion), 520
Wanderer, The (Excursion), 415
Wandering Jew, Song for the, 151
Wansfell, 782
Warning, The, 707
Wars of York and Lancaster, 622
Waterfall and the Eglantine, The, 144
Water-fowl, 406
Waterloo, After visiting the Field of, 581
Waterloo, Occasioned by the Battle of (Two Son.), 556
We are Seven, 73
Wellington, On a Portrait of the Duke of, 771
Westall, Mr. W., Views of the Caves, etc., in Yorkshire by (Three Poems), 573
Westminster Bridge, Composed upon, 178
Westmoreland Girl, The, 786
Whirl-blast, 84
Whistlers, The Seven, 363
White Doe of Rylstone, 365
Wicliffe, 622
Widow on Windermere Side, The, 779
- Wild Duck's Nest, The, 574
William the Third, 631
Winter (French Army), (Two Poems), 555
Wishing-gate, The, 662
Wishing-gate Destroyed, The, 663
Worcester Cathedral, A Grave-stone in, 674
Wordsworth, John, Elegiac Verses in memory of, 218
Wordsworth, John (Fir Grove), 219
Wordsworth, To the Rev. Christopher, 784
Wordsworth, To the Rev. Dr. (Duddon), 598
Wren's Nest, A, 705
- YARROW Unvisited, 195
Yarrow Visited, 538
Yarrow Revisited, 691
Yew-Trees, 186
Yew-tree Seat, 33
York and Lancaster, Wars of, 622
Young England, 791
Young Lady, To a, 220
Youth, Written in very early, 3
- ZARAGOZA, 389

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES

A BARKING sound the Shepherd hears, 214
 A Book came forth of late, called Peter Bell, 579
 A bright-haired company of youthful slaves, 612
 Abruptly paused the strife;—the field through-
 out, 556
 A dark plume fetch me from yon blasted yew, 603
 Adieu, Rydalian Laurels! that have grown, 711
 Advance—come forth from thy Tyrolean ground,
 388
 Aerial Rock—whose solitary brow, 574
 A famous man is Robin Hood, 193
 Affections lose their object; Time brings forth,
 794
 A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by, 354
 A genial hearth, a hospitable board, 633
 Age! twine thy brows with fresh spring flowers,
 196
 Ah, think how one compelled for life to abide, 769
 A humming bee—a little tinkling rill, 440
 Ah, when the Body, round which in love we
 clung, 614
 Ah! where is Palafox? Nor tongue nor pen, 391
 Ah why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit, 762
 Aid, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of light,
 627
 Alas! what boots the long laborious quest, 388
 A little onward lend thy guiding hand, 560
 All praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed, 771
 A love-lorn Maid, at some far-distant time, 604
 Ambition—following down this far-famed slope,
 591
 Amid a fertile region green with wood, 698
 Amid the smoke of cities did you pass, 142
 Amid this dance of objects sadness steals, 583
 Among a grave fraternity of Monks, 735
 Among all lovely things my Love had been, 171
 Among the dwellers in the silent fields, 782
 Among the dwellings framed by birds, 705
 Among the mountains were we nursed, loved
 Stream, 712
 A month, sweet Little-ones, is past, 361
 An age hath been when Earth was proud, 564
 A narrow girdle of rough stones and crags, 143
 And has the Sun his flaming chariot driven, 1
 And is it among rude untutored Dales, 389
 And is this—Yarrow?—*This* the Stream, 538
 And, not in vain embodied to the sight, 620
 And shall, the Pontiff asks, profaneness flow, 617
 And what is Penance with her knotted thong, 623
 And what melodious sounds at times prevail, 620
 An Orpheus! an Orpheus! yes, Faith may grow
 bold, 348
 Another year!—another deadly blow, 356
 A pen—to register; a key, 640
 A Pilgrim, when the summer day, 569
 A plague on your languages, German and Norse,
 124
 A pleasant music floats along the Mere, 616

A Poet!—He hath put his heart to school, 774
 A point of life between my Parents' dust, 712
 Army of Clouds! ye winged Host in troops, 781
 A Rock there is whose homely front, 690
 A Roman Master stands on Grecian ground, 392
 Around a wild and woody hill, 584
 Arran! a single-crested Teneriffe, 719
 Art thou a Statist in the van, 115
 Art thou the bird whom Man loves best, 172
 As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest, 620
 —A simple Child, 74
 As indignation mastered grief, my tongue, 762
 As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow, 763
 A slumber did my spirit seal, 115
 As often as I murmur here, 687
 As star that shines dependent upon star, 633
 As the cold aspect of a sunless way, 575
 A Stream, to mingle with your favourite Dee, 645
 A sudden conflict rises from the swell, 632
 As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain,
 611
 As with the Stream our voyage we pursue, 618
 At early dawn, or rather when the air, 574
 A Traveller on the skirt of Sarum's Plain, 21
 A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain, 693
 At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight
 appears, 72
 Avaunt all specious pliancy of mind, 393
 A voice, from long-expecting thousands sent, 631
 A volant Tribe of Bards on earth are found, 643
 Avon—a precious, an immortal name, 698
 A weight of awe not easy to be borne, 725
 A whirl-blast from behind the hill, 84
 A winged Goddess—clothed in vesture wrought,
 581
 A youth too certain of his power to wade, 717
 BARD of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made,
 546
 Beaumont! it was thy wish that I should rear, 212
 Before I see another day, 86
 Before the world had past her time of youth, 768
 Begone, thou fond presumptuous Elf, 145
 Beguiled into forgetfulness of care, 733
 Behold an emblem of our human mind, 794
 Behold a pupil of the monkish gown, 615
 Behold her, single in the field, 192
 Behold, within the leafy shade, 156
 Beloved Vale! I said, when I shall con, 352
 Beneath the concave of an April sky, 562
 Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed, 186
 Beneath yon eastern ridge, the craggy bound, 405
 Be this the chosen site, the virgin sod, 638
 Between two sister moorland rills, 120
 Bishops and Priests, blessed are ye, if deep, 633
 Black Demons hovering o'er his mitred head,
 618
 Blest is this Isle—our native Land, 641

Blest Statesman He, whose Mind's unselfish will,
766
Bold words affirmed, in days when faith was
strong, 716
Brave Schill ! by death delivered, take thy flight,
390
Bright Flower ! whose home is everywhere, 186
Bright was the summer's noon when quickening
steps, 257
Broken in fortune, but in mind entire, 718
——— Brook and road, 112
Brook ! whose society the Poet seeks, 546
Bruges I saw attired with golden light, 581
But Cytherea, studious to invent, 557
But here no cannon thunders to the gale, 606
But liberty, and triumphs on the Main, 638
But, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book, 625
But, to remote Northumbria's royal Hall, 613
But what if One, through grove or flowery mead,
615
But whence came they who for the Saviour Lord,
621
By a blest Husband guided, Mary came, 743
By antique Fancy trimmed—though lowly, bred,
586
By Art's bold privilege Warrior and War-horse
stand, 771
By chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied, 635
By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze, 555
By playful smiles, (alas, too oft, 647
By such examples moved to unbought pains, 615
By their floating mill, 348
By vain affections unenthralled, 647

CALL not the royal Swede unfortunate, 390
Calm as an under-current, strong to draw, 631
Calm is all nature as a resting wheel, 3
Calm is the fragrant air, and loth to lose, 702
"Alvert ! it must not be unheard by them, 356
Change me, some God, into that breathing rose,
(488)
Chatsworth ! thy stately mansion, and the pride,
689
Child of loud-throated War ! the mountain
Stream, 193
Child of the clouds ! remote from every taint, 599
Clarkson ! it was an obstinate hill to climb, 361
Closing the sacred Book which long has fed, 637
Clouds, lingering yet, extend in solid bars, 353
Coldly we spake. The Saxons, overpowered, 617
Come ye—who, if (which Heaven avert !) the
Land, 202
Companion ! by whose buoyant Spirit cheered,
747
Complacent Fictions were they, yet the same, 754

DARK and more dark the shades of evening fell, 182
Darkness surrounds us ; seeking, we are lost, 610
Days passed—and Monte Calvo would not clear,
755
Days undefiled by luxury or sloth, 790
Dear be the Church, that, watching o'er the
needs, 634
Dear Child of Nature, let them rail, 221
Dear fellow-travellers ! think not that the Muse,
581
Dear native regions, I foretell, 2
Dear Reliques ! from a pit of vilest mould, 557
Dear to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed, 713
Deep is the lamentation ! Not alone, 625

Degenerate Douglas ! oh, the unworthy Lord, 195
Departed Child ! I could forget thee once, 396
Departing summer hath assumed, 577
Deplorable his lot who tills the ground, 619
Desire we past illusions to recall, 716
Desponding Father ! mark this altered bough,
744
Despond who will—I heard a voice exclaim, 718
Destined to war from very infancy, 395
Did pangs of grief for lenient time too keen, 717
Discourse was deemed Man's noblest attribute,
793
Dishonoured Rock and Ruin ! that, by law, 696
Dogmatic Teachers, of the snow-white fur, 578
Doomed as we are our native dust, 584
Doubling and doubling with laborious walk, 697
Down a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design, 632
Dread hour ! when, upheaved by war's sulphur-
ous blast, 587
Driven in by Autumn's sharpening air, 732

EARTH has not anything to show more fair, 178
Eden ! till now thy beauty had I viewed, 724
Emperors and Kings, how oft have temples rung,
557
England ! the time is come when thou should'st
wean, 201
Enlightened Teacher, gladly from thy hand, 784
Enough ! for see, with dim association, 621
Enough of climbing toil !—Ambition treads, 564
Enough of garlands, of the Arcadian crook, 696
Enough of rose-bud lips, and eyes, 677
Ere the Brothers through the gateway, 346
Ere with cold beads of midnight dew, 649
Ere yet our course was graced with social trees,
600
Eternal Lord ! eased of a cumbrous load, 761
Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky, 648
Even as a dragon's eye that feels the stress, 545
Even as a river,—partly (it might seem), 299
Even so for me a Vision sanctified, 746
Even such the contrast that, where'er we move, 628
Even while I speak, the sacred roofs of France,
637
Excuse is needless when with love sincere, 654

FAILING impartial measure to dispense, 765
Fair Ellen Irwin, when she sate, 152
Fair Lady ! can I sing of flowers, 788
Fair Land ! Thee all men greet with joy ; how
few, 762
Fair Prime of life ! were it enough to gild, 655
Fair Star of evening, Splendour of the west, 178
Fallen, and diffused into a shapeless heap, 605
Fame tells of groves—from England far away,
580
Fancy, who leads the pastimes of the glad, 658
Farewell, deep Valley, with thy one rude House,
169
Farewell, thou little nook of mountain-ground,
177
Far from my dearest friend ; 'tis mine to rove, 4
Far from our home by Grasmere's quiet Lake, 399
Father ! to God himself we cannot give, 634
Fear hath a hundred eyes, that all agree, 628
Feel for the wrongs to universal ken, 775
Festivals have I seen that were not names, 179
Fit retribution, by the moral code, 768
Five years have past ; five summers, with the
length, 93

Flattered with promise of escape, 673
 Fly, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere-dale, 197
 Fond words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep,

355

For action born, existing to be tried, 756
 Forbear to deem the Chronicler unwise, 754
 For ever hallowed be this morning fair, 613
 For gentlest uses, oft-times Nature takes, 585
 Forgive, illustrious Country! these deep sighs,

755

Forth from a jutting ridge, around whose base,

786

For thirst of power that Heaven disowns, 794

Forth rushed from Envy sprung and Self-conceit,

766

For what contend the wise?—for nothing less, 625

Four fiery steeds impatient of the rein, 745

From Bolton's old monastic tower, 367

From early youth I ploughed the restless Main,

718

From false assumption rose, and, fondly hailed,

619

From Little down to Least, in due degree, 634

From low to high doth dissolution climb, 637

From Nature doth emotion come, and moods, 324

From Rite and Ordinance abused they fled, 632

From Stirling Castle we had seen, 195

From that time forth, Authority in France, 314

From the Baptismal hour, thro' weal and woe, 636

From the dark chambers of dejection freed, 539

From the fierce aspect of this River, throwing, 584

From the Pier's head, musing, and with increase,

596

From this deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams

play, 602

Frowns are on every Muse's face, 653

Furl we the sails, and pass with tardy oars, 620

GENIUS of Raphael! if thy wings, 664

Giordano, verily thy Pencil's skill, 793

Glad sight! wherever new with old, 788

Glide gently, thus for ever glide, 10

Glory to God! and to the Power who came, 640

Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes, 658

Go, faithful Portrait! and where long hath knelt,

600

Grant, that by this unsparing hurricane, 625

Grateful is Sleep, my life in stone bound fast, 355

Great men have been among us; hands that

penned, 181

Greta, what fearful listening! when huge stones,

712

Grief, thou hast lost an ever-ready friend, 576

Grieve for the Man who hither came bereft, 758

HAD this effulgence disappeared, 572

Hail, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night, 546

Hail to the crown by Freedom shaped—to gird,

482

Hail to the fields—with Dwellings sprinkled o'er,

602

Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour,

544

Hail, Virgin Queen! o'er many an envious bar,

627

Hail, Zaragoza! If with unwet eye, 389

Happy the feeling from the bosom thrown, 654

Hard task! exclaim the undisciplined, to lean,

763

Hark! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest, 765

Harmonious Powers with Nature work, 773
 Harp! couldst thou venture, on thy bolde
 string, 629

Hast thou seen, with flash incessant, 571

—Hast thou then survived, 208

Haydon! let worthier judges praise the skill, 70

Here closed the Tenant of that lonely vale, 450

Here Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall,

Here, on our native soil, we breathe once more

180

Here on their knees men swore: the stones were

black, 722

Here pause; the poet claims at least this praise

398

Here stood an Oak, that long had borne affixed

699

Here, where, of havoc tired and rash undoing, 78

Her eyes are wild, her head is bare, 81

Her only pilot the soft breeze, the boat, 654

"High bliss is only for a higher state," 779

High deeds, O Germans, are to come from you

360

High in the breathless hall the Minstrel sate, 36

High is our calling, Friend!—Creative Art, 540

High on a broad unfertile tract of forest-skirts

Down, 775

High on her speculative tower, 590

His simple truths did Andrew glean, 145

Holy and heavenly Spirits as they are, 628

Homeward we turn. Isle of Columba's Cell, 70

Hope rules a land for ever green, 662

Hope smiled when your nativity was cast, 722

Hopes, what are they?—Beads of morning, 570

How art thou named? In search of what strange

land, 646

How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high, 70

How beautiful, when up a lofty height, 779

How beautiful your presence, how benign, 614

How blest the Maid whose heart—yet free, 591

How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright

544

How disappeared he? Ask the newt and toad

697

How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled, 626

How profitless the relics that we cull, 700

How richly glows the water's breast, 9

How rich that forehead's calm expanse, 644

How sad a welcome! To each voyager, 722

How shall I paint thee?—Be this naked stone, 6

How soon—alas! did Man, created pure, 619

How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks, 351

Humanity, delighting to behold, 555

Hunger, and sultry heat, and nipping blast, 39

I AM not One who much or oft delight, 351

I come, ye little noisy Crew, 116

I dropped my pen; and listened to the Wind, 3

If from the public way you turn your steps, 131

If Life were slumber on a bed of down, 713

If Nature, for a favourite child, 117

If there be prophets on whose spirits rest, 610

If these brief Records, by the Muses' art, 658

If the whole weight of what we think and feel

655

If this great world of joy and pain, 709

If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven, 7

If thou in the dear love of some one Friend, 15

If to Tradition faith be due, 701

If with old love of you, dear Hills! I share, 70

I grieved for Buonaparté, with a vain, 177

I hate that Andrew Jones; he'll breed, 153
 I have a boy of five years old, 76
 I heard (alas! 'twas only in a dream), 576
 I heard a thousand blended notes, 83
 I know an aged Man constrained to dwell, 792
 I listen—but no faculty of mine, 587
 I'magination—ne'er before content, 549
 I marvel how Nature could ever find space, 154
 I met Louisa in the shade, 220
 Immured in Bothwell's towers, at times the Brave,
 698
 In Bruges town is many a street, 668
 In days of yore how fortunately fared, 428
 In desultory walk through orchard grounds, 772
 In distant countries have I been, 87
 In due observance of an ancient rite, 391
 Inland, within a hollow vale, I stood, 181
 Inmate of a mountain-dwelling, 561
 In my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud, 657
 In one of those excursions (may they ne'er, 329
 Intent on gathering wool from hedge and brake,
 772
 In these fair vales hath many a Tree, 688
 In the sweet shire of Cardigan, 82
 In this still place, remote from men, 191
 In trellised shed with clustering roses gay, 366
 Intrepid sons of Albion! not by you, 556
 In youth from rock to rock I went, 184
 I rose while yet the cattle, heat-oppressed, 605
 I saw a Mother's eye intensely bent, 635
 I saw an aged Beggar in my walk, 95
 I saw far off the dark top of a Pine, 753
 I saw the figure of a lovely Maid, 629
 Is *Death*, when evil against good has fought, 767
 I shiver, Spirit fierce and bold, 188
 Is it a reed that's shaken by the wind, 179
 Is then no nook of English ground secure, 785
 Is then the final page before me spread, 596
 Is there a power that can sustain and cheer, 391
 Is this, ye Gods, the Capitoline Hill, 753
 I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide, 607
 It is a beauteous evening, calm and free, 179
 It is no Spirit who from Heaven hath flown, 187
 It is not to be thought of that the Flood, 182
 It is the first mild day of March, 84
 I travelled among unknown men, 115
 —It seems a day, 113
 It was a beautiful and silent day, 306
 It was a dreary morning when the wheels, 249
 It was a *moral* end for which they fought, 389
 It was an April morning: fresh and clear, 141
 I've watched you now a full half-hour, 172
 I wandered lonely as a cloud, 205
 I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile, 217
 I watch, and long have watched, with calm regret,
 576
 I, who accompanied with faithful pace, 609

 JESU! bless our slender Boat, 583
 Jones! as from Calais southward you and I, 179
 Just as those final words were penned, the sun
 broke out in power, 777

 KERR for the young the impassioned smile, 607

 LADY! a Pen (perhaps with thy regard, 736
 Lady! I rifled a Parnassian Cave, 579
 Lady! the songs of Spring were in the grove, 363
 Lament! for Diocletian's fiery sword, 611

Lance, shield, and sword relinquished—at his
 side, 614
 Last night, without a voice, that Vision spake, 630
 Let other bards of angels sing, 643
 Let thy wheel-barrow alone, 119
 Let us quit the leafy arbour, 565
 Lie here, without a record of thy worth, 215
 Life with you Lambs, like day, is just begun, 764
 Like a shipwrecked Sailor tost, 706
 List, the winds of March are blowing, 707
 List—'twas the Cuckoo.—O with what delight, 756
 List, ye who pass by Lylph's Tower, 726
 Lo! in the burning west, the craggy nape, 595
 Lone Flower hemmed in with snows, and white
 as they, 575
 Long-favoured England! be not thou misled, 775
 Long has the dew been dried on tree and lawn, 755
 Long time have human ignorance and guilt, 320
 Long time his pulse hath ceased to beat, 117
 Lonsdale! it were unworthy of a Guest, 726
 Look at the fate of summer flowers, 644
 Look now on that Adventurer who hath paid, 390
 Lord of the vale! astounding Flood, 536
 Loud is the Vale! the Voice is up, 356
 Loving she is, and tractable, though wild, 397
 Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance,
 776
 Lo! where the Moon along the sky, 764
 Lowther! in thy majestic Pile are seen, 726
 Lulled by the sound of pastoral bells, 594
 Lyre! though such power do in thy magic live, 780

 MAN's life is like a Sparrow, mighty King, 613
 Mark how the feathered tenants of the flood, 406
 Mark the concentrated hazels that enclose, 545
 Meek Virgin Mother, more benign, 585
 Men of the Western World! in Fate's dark book,
 776
 Men, who have ceased to reverence, soon defy,
 628
 Mercy and Love have met thee on thy road, 610
 Methinks that I could trip o'er heaviest soil, 627
 Methinks that to some vacant hermitage, 614
 Methinks 'twere no unprecedented feat, 604
 Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne, 356
 'Mid crowded obelisks and urns, 190
 Mid-noon is past;—upon the sultry mead, 604
 Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour, 181
 Mine ear has rung, my spirit sunk subdued, 638
Miserrinus! and neither name nor date, 674
 Monastic Domes! following my downward way
 637
 Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes, 728
 Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrost, 624
 Motions and Means, on land and sea at war, 725
 My frame hath often trembled with delight, 603
 My heart leaps up when I behold, 171

 NAV, Traveller! rest. This lonely Yew-tree
 stands, 33
 Near Anio's stream, I spied a gentle Dove, 755
 Never enlivened with the liveliest ray, 789
 Next morning Troilus began to clear, 165
 No fiction was it of the antique age, 601
 No more: the end is sudden and abrupt, 700
 No mortal object did these eyes behold, 355
 No record tells of lance opposed to lance, 605
 Nor scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend, 614
 Nor shall the eternal roll of praise reject, 630
 Nor wants the cause the panic-striking aid, 612

——Not a breath of air, 780
 Not envying Latian shades—if yet they throw,
 599
 Not hurled precipitous from steep to steep, 606
 Not in the lucid intervals of life, 729
 Not in the mines beyond the western main, 728
 Not, like his great Compeers, indignantly, 583
 Not Love, not War, nor the tumultuous swell, 643
 Not 'mid the world's vain objects that enslave, 387
 Not sedentary all : there are who roam, 615
 Not seldom, clad in radiant vest, 571
 Not so that Pair whose youthful spirits dance, 601
 Not the whole warbling grove in concert heard,
 656
 Not to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew, 720
 Not to the object specially designed, 767
 Not utterly unworthy to endure, 624
 Not without heavy grief of heart did He, 395
 Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright, 408
 Now that the farewell tear is dried, 588
 Now we are tired of boisterous joy, 197
 Now when the primrose makes a splendid show,
 770
 Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room, 350
 OAK of Guernica! Tree of holier power, 392
 O blithe New-comer! I have heard, 204
 O dearer far than light and life are dear, 643
 O'er the wide earth, on mountain and on plain,
 389
 O'erweening Statesmen have full long relied, 393
 O Flower of all that springs from gentle blood,
 396
 Of mortal parents is the Hero born, 388
 O Friend! I know not which way I must look,
 181
 Oft have I caught, upon a fitful breeze, 720
 Oft have I seen, ere Time had ploughed my cheek,
 655
 Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray, 120
 Oft is the medal faithful to its trust, 405
 Oft, through thy fair domains, illustrious peer, 414
 O for a dirge! But why complain, 646
 O for the help of Angels to complete, 582
 O gentle Sleep! do they belong to thee, 354
 O happy time of youthful lovers (thus, 221
 Oh, for a kindling touch from that pure flame, 556
 Oh! pleasant exercise of hope and joy, 234
 Oh there is blessing in this gentle breeze, 235
 Oh what a Wreck! how changed in mien and
 speech, 765
 Oh! what's the matter? what's the matter, 79
 O Life! without thy chequered scene, 585
 O Lord, our Lord! how wondrously (quoth she),
 156
 O mountain Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot,
 602
 Once did She hold the gorgeous east in fee, 179
 Once I could hail (how'er serene the sky), 651
 Once in a lonely hamlet I sojourned, 170
 Once more the Church is seized with sudden fear,
 622
 Once on the top of Tynwald's formal mound, 718
 Once to the verge of yon steep barrier came,
 334
 One might believe that natural miseries, 200
 One morning (raw it was and wet, 167
 One who was suffering tumult in his soul, 573
 On his morning rounds the Master, 215
 O Nightingale! thou surely art, 362

On, loitering Muse—the swift Stream chides us
 —on, 602
 O now that the genius of Bewick were mine, 153
 On to Iona!—What can she afford, 722
 Open your gates, ye everlasting Piles, 639
 O thou who movest onward with a mind, 394
 O thou! whose fancies from afar are brought, 18
 Our bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine
 768
 Our walk was far among the ancient trees, 144
 Outstretching flame-ward his upbraided hand, 626
 PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies, 173
 Part fenced by man, part by a rugged steep, 693
 Pastor and Patriot!—at whose bidding rise, 713
 Patriots informed with Apostolic light, 633
 Pause, courteous Spirit!—Balbi supplicates, 396
 Pause, Traveller! whosoe'er thou be, 571
 Pelion and Ossa flourish side by side, 156
 People! your chains are severing link by link, 743
 Perhaps some needful service of the State, 394
 Pleasures newly found are sweet, 174
 Portentous change when History can appear, 775
 Praised be the Art whose subtle power could
 stay, 404
 Praised be the Rivers, from their mountain
 springs, 621
 Prejudged by foes determined not to spare, 629
 Presentiments! they judge not right, 687
 Prompt transformation works the novel Lore, 613
 Proud were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old,
 785
 Pure element of waters! wheresoe'er, 573
 QUEEN of the stars!—so gentle, so benign, 738
 RANGING the heights of Scawfell or Black-comb,
 716
 Rapt above earth by power of one fair face, 761
 Realms quake by turns: proud Arbitress of grace,
 618
 Record we too, with just and faithful pen, 620
 Redoubted King, of courage leonine, 618
 Reluctant call it was; the rite delayed, 704
 Rest, rest, perturbed Earth, 551
 Return, Content! for fondly I pursued, 605
 Rise!—they have risen; of brave Aneurin ask,
 612
 Rotha, my Spiritual Child! this head was grey,
 657
 Rude is this Edifice, and thou hast seen, 155
 SACRED Religion! mother of form and fear, 603
 Sad thoughts, avault!—partake we their blithe
 cheer, 604
 Said Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud, 745
 Say, what is Honour?—'Tis the finest sense, 390
 Say, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills, 694
 Scattering, like birds escaped the fowler's net, 627
 Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
 655
 Screams round the Arch-druid's brow the sea-mew
 —white, 610
 Seek who will delight in fable, 786
 See the Condemned alone within his cell, 769
 See what gay wildflowers deck this earth-built
 Cot, 697
 See, where his difficult way that Old Man wins,
 762
 Serene, and fitted to embrace, 532

- Serving no haughty Muse, my hands have here,
766
Seven Daughters had Lord Archibald, 208
Shade of Caractacus, if spirits love, 782
Shame on this faithless heart! that could allow,
580
She dwelt among the untrodden ways, 114
She had a tall man's height or more, 169
She was a Phantom of delight, 205
Shout, for a mighty Victory is won, 202
Show me the noblest Youth of present time, 659
Shun not this Rite, neglected, yea abhorred, 636
Since risen from ocean, ocean to defy, 719
Six changeful years have vanished since I first,
880
Six months to six years added he remained, 746
Six thousand veterans practised in war's game,
201
Small service is true service while it lasts, 735
Smile of the Moon!—for so I name, 568
So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive, 790
Soft as a cloud is yon blue ridge—the Mere, 730
Sole listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played,
600
Son of my buried Son, while thus thy hand, 766
Soon did the Almighty Giver of all rest, 403
Spade! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his
lands, 211
Stay, bold Adventurer; rest awhile thy limbs, 407
Stay, little cheerful Robin! stay, 774
Stay near me—do not take thy flight, 170
Stern Daughter of the Voice of God, 213
Strange fits of passion have I known, 114
Stranger! this hillock of mis-shapen stones, 155
Stretched on the dying Mother's lap, lies dead,
724
Such age how beautiful! O Lady bright, 657
Such fruitless questions may not long beguile, 602
Surprised by joy—impatient as the Wind, 546
Sweet Flower! belike one day to have, 216
Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower, 191
Sweet is the holiness of Youth—so felt, 625
Swiftly turn the murmuring wheel, 406
Sylph was it? or a Bird more bright, 703

TAKE, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take, 600
Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense, 639
Tell me, ye Zephyrs! that unfold, 644
Tenderly do we feel by Nature's law, 767
Thanks for the lessons of this Spot—fit school, 721
That happy gleam of vernal eyes, 664
That heresies should strike (if truth be scanned,
611
That is work of waste and ruin, 172
That way look, my Infant, lo, 209
The Baptist might have been ordained to cry, 760
The Bard—whose soul is meek as dawning day,
556
The captive Bird was gone;—to cliff or moor, 719
The cattle crowding round this beverage clear,
713
The cock is crowing, 172
The Crescent-moon, the Star of Love, 774
The Danish Conqueror, on his royal chair, 559
The days are cold, the nights are long, 225
The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink,
139
The embowering rose, the acacia, and the pine,
491
The encircling ground in native turf arrayed, 639

The fairest, brightest hues of ether fade, 544
The feudal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn, 717
The fields which with covetous spirit we sold, 207
The floods are roused, and will not soon be weary,
725
The forest huge of ancient Caledon, 699
The formal World relaxes her cold chain, 769
The gallant Youth, who may have gained, 692
The gentlest Poet, with free thoughts endowed,
791
The gentlest Shade that walked Elysian plains,
188
The God of Love—*ah, benedicite!* 160
The imperial Consort of the Fairy-king, 574
The imperial Stature, the colossal stride, 656
The Kirk of Ulpha to the pilgrim's eye, 606
The Knight had ridden down from Wensley
Moor, 147
The Land we from our fathers had in trust, 388
The leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill,
731
The leaves were fading when to Esthwaite's banks,
270
The linner's warble, sinking towards a close, 730
—The little hedge-row birds, 98
The lovely Nun (submissive, but more meek, 623
The Lovers took within this ancient grove, 699
The martial courage of a day is vain, 390
The massy Ways, carried across these heights,
51
The Minstrels played their Christmas tune, 598
The most alluring clouds that mount the sky, 774
The old inventive Poets, had they seen, 603
The oppression of the tumult—wrath and scorn,
612
The peace which others seek they find, 207
The pensive Sceptic of the lonely vale, 512
The pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute,
695
The post-boy drove with fierce career, 168
The power of Armies is a visible thing, 398
The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
212
There are no colours in the fairest sky, 630
There is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear, 200
There is a change—and I am poor, 347
There is a Flower, the lesser Celandine, 212
There is a little unpretending Rill, 578
There is an Eminence,—of these our hills, 143
There is a pleasure in poetic pains, 656
There is a Thorn—it looks so old, 76
There is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale, 187
There never breathed a man who, when his life,
394
“There!” said a Stripling, pointing with meet
pride, 723
There's George Fisher, Charles Fleming, and
Reginald Shore, 151
There's more in words than I can teach, 703
There's not a nook within this solemn Pass, 695
There's something in a flying horse, 99
There was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs,
113
There was a roaring in the wind all night, 174
There was a time when meadow, grove, and
stream, 353
The Roman Consul doomed his sons to die, 767
The Sabbath bells renew the inviting peal, 636
The saintly Youth has ceased to rule, dis-crowned,
626

- These times strike monied worldlings with dismay, 200
 These Tourists, Heaven preserve us ! needs must live, 125
 The Sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo ! 218
 The Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said, 545
 —The sky is overcast, 73
 The soaring lark is blest as proud, 669
 The Spirit of Antiquity—enshrined, 581
 The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand, 579
 The star which comes at close of day to shine, 770
 The struggling Rill insensibly is grown, 601
 The sun has long been set, 178
 The sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to rest, 710
 The Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire, 710
 The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields, 577
 The tears of man in various measure gush, 626
 The troop will be impatient ; let us hie, 35
 The turbaned Race are poured in thickening swarms, 617
 The unremitting voice of nightly streams, 794
 The valley rings with mirth and joy, 138
 The Vested Priest before the Altar stands, 635
 The Virgin Mountain, wearing like a Queen, 628
 The Voice of Song from distant lands shall call, 180
 The wind is now thy organist ;—a clank, 694
 The woman-hearted Confessor prepares, 617
 The world forsaken, all its busy cares, 758
 The world is too much with us, late and soon, 553
 They call Thee Merry England, in old time, 711
 They dreamt not of a perishable home, 640
 The Young-ones gathered in from hill and dale, 634
 They seek, are sought ; to daily battle led, 397
 They—who have seen the noble Roman's scorn, 754
 This Height a ministering Angel might select, 407
 This Land of Rainbows spanning glens whose walls, 695
 This Lawn, a carpet all alive, 673
 This Spot—at once unfolding sight so fair, 767
 Those breathing Tokens of your kind regard, 669
 Those had given earliest notice, as the lark, 622
 Those old credulities, to nature dear, 754
 Those silver clouds collected round the sun, 576
 Those words were uttered as in pensive mood, 353
 Though I beheld at first with blank surprise, 771
 Though joy attend Thee orient at the birth, 698
 Though many suns have risen and set, 650
 Though narrow be that old Man's cares, and near, 363
 Tho' searching damps and many an envious flaw, 589
 Though the bold wings of Poesy affect, 791
 Though the torrents from their fountains, 151
 Though to give timely warning and deter, 768
 Thou look'st upon me, and dost fondly think, 712
 Thou sacred Pile ! whose turrets rise, 588
 Threats come which no submission may assuage, 623
 Three years she grew in sun and shower, 115
 Through shattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls, 646
 Thus all things lead to Charity, secured, 638
 Thus far, O Friend ! have we, though leaving much, 243
 Thus is the storm abated by the craft, 622
 Thy functions are ethereal, 665
- 'Tis eight o'clock,—a clear March night, 83
 'Tis gone—with old belief and dream, 663
 'Tis He whose yester-evening's high disdain, 765
 'Tis not for the unfeeling, the falsely refined, 202
 'Tis said, fantastic ocean doth unfold, 581
 'Tis said, that some have died for love, 150
 'Tis said that to the brow of yon fair hill, 674
 'Tis spent—this burning day of June, 225
 To a good Man of most dear memory, 739
 To appease the Gods ; or public thanks to yield, 593
 To barren heath, bleak moor, and quaking fen, 534
 To every Form of being is assigned, 520
 To kneeling Worshippers, no earthly floor, 636
 Too frail to keep the lofty vow, 189
 To public notice, with reluctance strong, 539
 Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men, 180
 Tradition, be thou mute ! Oblivion, throw, 696
 Tranquillity ! the sovereign aim wert thou, 724
 Troubled long with warring notions, 571
 True is it that Ambrosio Salinero, 395
 'Twas Summer, and the sun had mounted high, 415
 Two Voices are there ; one is of the sea, 361
- UNDER the shadow of a stately Pile, 760
 Ungrateful Country, if thou e'er forget, 631
 Unless to Peter's Chair the viewless wind, 618
 Unquiet childhood here by special grace, 657
 Untouched through all severity of cold, 704
 Up, Timothy, up with your staff and away, 150
 Up to the throne of God is borne, 731
 Up ! up ! my Friend, and quit your books, 85
 Up with me ! up with me into the clouds, 213
 Urged by Ambition, who with subtlest skill, 616
 Uttered by whom, or how inspired—designed, 582
- VALLOMBROSA ! I longed in thy shadiest wood, 592
 Vallombrosa—I longed in thy shadiest wood, 759
 Vanguard of Liberty, ye men of Kent, 201
- WAIT, prithee, wait ! this answer Lesbia threw, 745
 Wanderer ! that stoop'st so low, and com'st so near, 737
 Wansfell ! this Household has a favoured lot, 782
 Ward of the Law !—dread Shadow of a King, 576
 Was it to disenchant, and to undo, 582
 Was the aim frustrated by force or guile, 573
 Watch, and be firm ! for, soul-subduing vice, 611
 Weak is the will of Man, his judgment blind, 541
 We can endure that He should waste our lands, 392
 Weep not, beloved Friends ! nor let the air, 393
 We had a female Passenger who came, 180
 We have not passed into a doleful City, 723
 Well have yon Railway Labourers to this ground, 787
 Well may'st thou halt—and gaze with brightening eye, 352
 Well sang the Bard who called the grave, in strains, 696
 Well worthy to be magnified are they, 632
 We gaze—nor grieve to think that we must die, 770
 Were there, below, a spot of holy ground, 11
 We saw, but surely in the motley crowd, 721
 We talked with open heart, and tongue, 118

- We walked along, while bright and red, 118
 What aim had they, the Pair of Monks, in size,
 758
 What aspect bore the Man who roved or fled,
 601
 What awful perspective! while from our sight,
 639
 What beast in wilderness or cultured field, 622
 What beast of chase hath broken from the cover,
 592
 What cause is this? what have we here! we must
 not pass it by, 349
 What heavenly smiles! O Lady mine, 787
 What He—who, 'mid the kindred throng, 537
 What if our numbers barely could defy, 763
 What is good for a bootless bene, 386
 What know we of the Blest above, 586
 What lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose,
 582
 What mischief cleaves to unsubdued regret, 729
 What need of clamorous bells, or ribands gay,
 406
 What sounds are those, Helvellyn, that are heard,
 290
 What strong allurements draw, what spirit guides,
 764
 What though the Accused, upon his own appeal,
 671
 What though the Italian pencil wrought not here,
 585
 What way does the Wind come? What way does
 he go, 357
 What, you are stepping westward?—Yea, 192
 When Alpine Vales threw forth a suppliant cry,
 631
 Whence that low voice?—A whisper from the
 heart, 604
 When Contemplation, like the night-calm felt,
 263
 When, far and wide, swift as the beams of morn,
 392
 When first descending from the moorlands, 742
 When haughty expectations prostrate lie, 575
 When here with Carthage Rome to conflict came,
 756
 When human touch (as monkish books attest), 744
 When I have borne in memory what has tamed,
 182
 When in the antique age of bow and spear, 642
 When, looking on the present face of things, 201
 When Love was born of heavenly line, 72
 When Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle, 656
 When Ruth was left half desolate, 121
 When Severn's sweeping flood had overthrown,
 772
 When the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch,
 552
 When thy great soul was freed from mortal chains,
 616
 When, to the attractions of the busy world, 219
 Where are they now, those wanton Boys, 569
 Where art thou, my beloved Son, 205
 Where be the noisy followers of the game, 595
 Where be the temples which, in Britain's Isle,
 540
 Where holy ground begins, unhallowed ends, 607
 Where lies the Land to which yon ship must go,
 334
 Where lies the truth? has Man, in wisdom's
 creed, 792
 Where long and deeply hath been fixed the root,
 621
 Where towers are crushed, and unforbidden
 weeds, 652
 Where will they stop, those breathing powers,
 702
 While Anna's peers and early playmates tread,
 656
 While beams of orient light shoot wide and high,
 784
 While flowing rivers yield a blameless sport, 574
 While from the purpling east departs, 649
 While Merlin paced the Cornish sands, 681
 While not a leaf seems faded; while the fields, 543
 While poring Antiquarians search the ground,
 744
 While the Poor gather round, till the end of time,
 700
 While thus from theme to theme the Historian
 passed, 498
 Who but hails the sight with pleasure, 566
 Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high,
 793
 Who comes—with rapture greeted, and caressed,
 630
 Who fancied what a pretty sight, 187
 Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he, 345
 Who ponders National events shall find, 775
 Who rashly strove thy Image to portray, 743
 Who rises on the banks of Seine, 554
 Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce,
 606
 Who weeps for strangers? Many wept, 387
 Why art thou silent! Is thy love a plant, 745
 Why cast ye back upon the Gallic shore, 595
 Why, Minstrel, these untuneful murmurings, 654
 Why should the Enthusiast, journeying through
 this Isle, 711
 Why should we weep or mourn,—Angelic boy, 792
 Why sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled, 640
 Why stand we gazing on the sparkling Brine, 717
 Why, William, on that old grey stone, 85
 Wild Redbreast! hadst thou at Jemima's lip, 658
 Wisdom and Spirit of the universe, 112
 With copious eulogy in prose or rhyme, 688
 With each recurrence of this glorious morn, 575
 With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the
 sky, 353
 Within her gilded cage confined, 648
 Within our happy Castle there dwelt One, 183
 Within the mind strong fancies work, 567
 With little here to do or see, 185
 With sacrifice before the rising morn, 530
 With ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh,
 354
 Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey, 616
 Woe to you, Prelates! rioting in ease, 622
 Woman! the Power who left his throne on high,
 635
 Wouldst thou be taught, when sleep has taken
 flight, 789
 Would that our scrupulous Sires had dared to
 leave, 637
 Ye Apennines! with all your fertile vales, 748
 Ye brood of conscience,—Spectres! that frequent,
 768
 Ye Lime-trees, ranged before this hallowed Urn,
 405
 Ye sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth, 580

Ye shadowy Beings, that have rights and claims,

721

Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,

355

Yes, if the intensities of hope and fear, 634

Yes, it was the mountain Echo, 350

Yes! thou art fair, yet be not moved, 787

Yes, though He well may tremble at the sound,

769

Ye Storms, resound the praises of your King, 555

Yet are they here the same unbroken knot, 362

Yet many a Novice of the cloistral shade, 624

Yet more—round many a Convent's blazing fire

623

Ye, too, must fly before a chasing hand, 624

Ye trees! whose slender roots entwine, 761

Yet Truth is keenly sought for, and the wind, 6

Yet, yet, Biscayans! we must meet our Foes, 3

Ye vales and hills whose beauty hither drew,

You call it, "Love lies bleeding,"—so you may

788

You have heard "a Spanish Lady, 674

YOUNG ENGLAND—what is then become of O

791

THE END

